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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

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WASHINGTON
AT
HOME

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THE

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NUMBER 4 PARK STREET.

In the days before the souvenir postal card was employed to advertise every corner of the globe, it was always a pleasure to receive one of those tinted cards, decorated with a sprawling picture of some German town, and bearing a word of hearty German greeting. *Gruss aus Heidelberg!* Or perhaps it was Jena, Munich, or Nuremberg which furnished the cheap little picture and the friendly word that wished you welfare and good cheer. How that pleasant custom warmed one's heart toward the far-away, thrifty city, and the old friends and old ways. It refreshed one's memory better than any Baedeker, — that simple, big-chested, deep-throated word *Gruss!* And it emboldens the Atlantic's Toastmaster to voice in similar fashion the salutation of the magazine to its readers, as the New Year again comes round. Greeting, Cheerful Readers all! Let it be a greeting from Number 4 Park Street.

And what and where is Park Street? The Atlantic prints those words upon its cover, but gives no souvenir picture of the place. It is a short, sloping, prosperous little highway in what Rufus Choate called our "denationalized" Boston town. It begins at Park Street Church, on Brimstone Corner. (If you ever happened to read, on a chilly Sunday afternoon in boyhood, the sermons of the Rev. Dr. Edward Dorr Griffin, the first minister of Park Street Church, you will perceive how Brimstone Corner won its name.) Thence it climbs leisurely westward toward the Shaw Memorial and the State House for twenty rods or so, and ends at the George Ticknor house, on the corner of Beacon. The street is bordered on the south by the Common, and its solid-built, sunward-fronting houses have something of a holiday air, perhaps because the green, outdoors world lies just at their feet. They are mostly given over, in these latter days, to trade. The habitual passer is conscious of a pleasant blend of bookshops, flowers, prints, silverware, Scotch suitings, more books, more prints, a club or two, a Persian rug, — and then Park Street is behind him.

Number 4 is the round-arched doorway halfway up the street, between the Scotch suitings and the Book Room. Poets often pass it with haughty and averted face, — the face of the Temporarily Rejected, — and yet sometimes, on the Atlantic's publication days, they may be detected standing outside the show windows of the Book Room, and reading their names upon the fresh cover of the magazine with that bland emotion of publicity which makes the whole world kin. The present editorial room is two flights up, fronting the Common. It is a more quiet abiding-place than the early home of the magazine in the Old Corner Bookstore, or the later quarters on Tremont Street. Even within the substantial walls of Number 4, built as it was for a family mansion, and long identified with a widely honored name, the magazine used to flit

upstairs and down like a restless guest. Mr. Howells's tiny sanctum was on the second floor; and many a delighted caller remembers that third-floor back room, looking out upon the Granary Burying-Ground, where Mr. Aldrich was wont to mitigate the severities of his position with an Irish setter and a pipe.

But the restless guest has settled down at last in this spacious sunny room on a level with the elm-tops. Once, at least, in its century-old history, the room was the chamber of a bride. Here are her initials, scratched upon the window-pane with her ring, while she was waiting for the carriage to bear her to the church, more than forty years ago. Later it was the nest of a quaint old pair of abolitionists, who, when the days of their warfare were accomplished, here lived out their lives in peace. Many pairs of eyes have gazed into the plain marble fireplace, or out across the treetops toward the open country, without leaving behind them any memory or sign. The walls of the room now speak of literary associations merely. They are hung with portraits of former editors, and with autograph manuscripts of the brilliant group of writers who gave to the Atlantic its early fame. Yet some human quality other than literary, some touch of the ardor, the curiosity, the silent endurance of the men and women who have lived within the stout brick walls of Number 4 may still be present here, secretly fashioning the fortunes of the Atlantic of to-day.

Does this lurking *genius loci* affect the magazine, whether its conductors will or no? Take, for instance, the view from these sunny windows. They look down upon the mild activities of Park Street, to the left upon the black lines of people streaming in and out of the Subway, in front toward the Common with its fountain that never flows and its Frog Pond gleaming through the elms, and to the right toward the monument to Colonel Robert Gould Shaw. Is all this fairly typical of American life, — its work and play, its resourcefulness and its carelessness, its tolerant respect for the past, its posthumous honors gladly paid to the leaders of forlorn hopes? Or is it merely a view of Boston, something local, provincial; and our outlook from the Park Street windows, instead of summarizing and symbolizing the American, the human spectacle, is it only "Frogpondium" — as the scoffers have dubbed it — after all?

It is an interesting question, and one which the readers of the magazine must answer for themselves. Very likely they can determine, better than any observer stationed at Number 4 Park Street, whether the Atlantic is provincial or national. Or rather, since every magazine is necessarily provincial in some sort, it is for them to say whether the Atlantic's provincialism is of that honest kind which is rooted in the soil, and hence is truly representative of and contributory to the national life.

Certain it is, on the one hand, that the Atlantic has always been peculiarly identified with Boston. "Our Boston magazine," Emerson called it somewhat proudly, shortly after the first number was published. "Of Boston, Bostonese," wrote a New Orleans critic the other day, — "full of visionary ideals, impressed by a certain dogmatic scholarship, and when not riding any one of its literary hobbies, profoundly intellectual." Other contemporary notices are not always so gracious in their identification of Bostonian characteristics with the traits of the Atlantic. The faithful clipping bureaus furnish a choice collection of denunciatory epithets, aimed partly at Boston, partly at Number 4 Park Street, whenever the politics and philosophy of the magazine are not such as our journalistic friends approve. For instance — but no! One should not begin the New Year by "talking back."

Yet neither the original founders of the Atlantic Monthly, nor any of its

conductors, have ever purposed to make it an organ of Bostonian or New England opinion. Its aim from the first has been national. It has striven to give expression to the best thought of the whole country, and an examination of the long rows of its bound volumes is the most convincing evidence of the cosmopolitan character of its articles. In the earlier years of its existence, it is true that the majority of the best known American writers were living within twenty-five miles of the Massachusetts State House. These authors, by reason of their unsigned, but easily recognized contributions, gave the magazine the reputation which it has been fortunate enough to maintain. But before the civil war was over, the number of different writers for the Atlantic had greatly increased, and the "red-eyed men" who examined the manuscripts which were submitted to it found themselves struggling, like their successors to-day, with a flood of blackened paper from every quarter of the country. There is no longer any "literary centre" in America. The publishing centre is New York, but our writers cannot now be "rounded up" in the old easy fashion.

In the twelve issues of the Atlantic during 1902 there were printed 317 different contributions. Sixty per cent of these contributions came from outside of New England. More than sixty per cent of its present circulation is likewise outside of New England. Among the special features announced for 1903, only Mr. Howe's Chapters of Boston History are devoted to local themes; and even these papers derive their chief interest from the light they throw upon typical factors in the growth of the American nation. But such facts reveal nothing that is exceptional. All of the greater American magazines disclaim a special "sphere of influence." They pride themselves upon their national quality, and fear the provincial note.

The publishers of many periodicals have reasoned that the readiest way of acquiring the air of cosmopolitanism was to give their magazine the imprint of the commercial capital of the country. Witness the opinion of that shrewdest of prospectus makers, Edgar Allan Poe. In the last year of his life he was invited by a Mr. E. H. N. Patterson to become the editor of a new magazine. In Mr. Patterson's judgment, "The Boston Reviewers are, generally, too much affected by local prejudices to give impartial criticisms; the Philadelphia Magazines have become mere monthly bulletins for booksellers." He therefore proposes to found, under Poe's editorship, an "influential periodical" at Oquawka, Ill. "Oquawka," he admits, "is comparatively an unimportant point, but I think that such being the case would not injure at all the circulation of the magazine. . . . Here I can enjoy every mail advantage that I could at St. Louis, being but thirty hours' travel from that city, and being situated immediately upon the Mississippi, with daily connection with the Northern Canal and St. Louis, and directly upon the great daily mail line from the East, through Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana." This is very charming. But Poe, while assenting to the proposal, and incidentally borrowing from his new publisher $50 on account, balks at that ominous word Oquawka. "I submit to you," he replies, "whether it be not possible to put on our title-page *Published simultaneously at New York and St. Louis* — or something equivalent."

There speaks, with unashamed frankness, your seasoned editor and author. To live in Oquawka, and yet to convey the impression of being "Published simultaneously at New York"! What a dream it is! And how it makes cowards of us all! The Atlantic, at least, owns to its Oquawka; it puts "4 Park Street, Boston" in bold-faced type upon its cover, and prints "New York" in diminutive italics.

But rusticity will betray itself; your man from the provinces remains a provincial to the end. Very possibly that lurking genius loci controls the Atlantic, and makes it, not an All-American, as one would like to think it, but only a Boston magazine. In vain, perhaps, does it summon men reared in Ohio, North Carolina, or New York to become its editors; in vain does it select its writers from every state in the Union, — including Pennsylvania. Doubtless the influence of the old brick mansion, in the pleasant provincial street, pervades, like a subtle spell, every editorial act of invitation, acceptance, or rejection. One cannot escape it even by that simple device of putting a few hundred miles between himself and his desk. Number 4 Park Street still keeps its viewless, immitigable grip upon the fleeing editor. It gives him what the Atlantic's prosperous Christian Scientist neighbors call "absent treatment." In vain does he mingle with "common fowlers, tobacco-takers, and other persons who can give no good account of how they spend their time;" in vain does he seat himself at noontide upon some stump in the North Country, light an innocent pipe, and count the fish in his basket. Telegrams find their way through; the very birds of the air keep twittering of articles; Park Street and "the traditions of the Atlantic" are with him still. The skies change, but not that habit of trying all things — even the trout in one's basket — by the test of "availability." It is a case of *cœlum non animum.*

Well, so let it be! The New Year's season preaches a cheerful acceptance of one's lot, whether he be editor or reader. Here is the Atlantic for 1903, — for better or worse, — stamped ineffaceably, it may be, with the characteristics of its physical environment. An up-to-date journal has just remarked that "the venerable Park Street publication has bats in its belfry." Very likely. But is not its habitation just back of the steeple of Park Street Church? Do not its rear windows look out upon a graveyard, and its front windows upon that sorriest symbol of New England sterility, a fountain which has long since forgotten how to flow? Is a mere magazine to be luckier than the New Englander himself? He too, poor soul, tries to be friendly with all the world, but he cannot learn that trick of the "glad hand," so easily acquired elsewhere. He would like to be hospitable, but somehow his fountains do not spontaneously bubble with oil and wine. By nature he is no hater of his kind, and yet Heaven has placed him in a climate best described by Cotton Mather: "*New England,* a country where splenetic Maladies are prevailing and pernicious, perhaps above any other, hath afforded numberless instances, of even pious people, who have contracted these *Melancholy Indispositions,* which have unhinged them from all service or comfort; yea, not a few persons have been hurried thereby to lay *Violent Hands* upon themselves at the last. These are among the *unsearchable Judgments* of God."

If the Atlantic shares these inexplicable defects of the New England qualities, will not its readers, on New Year's Day at least, accept its greetings none the less? For the Atlantic, upon the word of the Toastmaster, means well. Jesting aside, it is mightily proud of its own little corner of the world. It has a stubborn affection for the simple ways of the older American life. It loves the memory of the gentlemen and scholars and men of letters who once frequented Park Street. It is housed more happily in the ancient Quincy mansion than in any tall office building of Gath or Askelon. The skyscraper has not yet become the sacred emblem of America, nor has it been proved that the vortex of the mob is the best place wherein to observe and comment upon the growth of our civilization. Park Street is somewhat apart from the insane whirl which

is miscalled "progress." Yet the magazine published at Number 4 somehow made a place for itself before the days of "commercial invasions" and "world-records" and "Anglo-Saxon domination;" and it will continue to prosper long after the fads of the present hour have given place to others. If ghosts of dead abolitionists still haunt its sanctum, they are honest ghosts, and will do the editorial policy no harm. And if the outlook from its windows is only upon Boston Common instead of upon one of the great arteries of the world's trade, here, nevertheless, upon the corner of that Common, is something which far more than makes amends. No magazine that has the Shaw Memorial before its windows can be quite indifferent to human liberty, or be persuaded that commercial supremacy is the noblest ideal of an American citizen.

But the Toastmaster is already betraying the common weakness of his office, in talking quite too long. It is time to push back the coffee cups, settle the chairs at a more comfortable angle, and listen to the other voices. There are many of them waiting for their turn; some familiar, others as yet unknown to the Atlantic's friendly table. Will you listen to that veteran who shares with Professor Norton alone, among living men, the honor of contributing to the first number of the magazine? After delighting millions of his countrymen with stories about imaginary personages, he has been persuaded to tell us his Own Story at last. Or will you turn first to that younger writer, — yet a veteran, too, so swiftly do the years glide by, — the author of But Yet a Woman and Passe Rose? Or would you prefer to hear what the West has contributed to American Democracy, or about Charles Dickens as a Man of Letters, or about The Land of Little Rain? You will have your own preferences, no matter what the Toastmaster may say. As for him, his duties allow him no preferences, except that ineradicable one of liking best what is best of its kind. So he takes his seat, too tardily, wishing all the Atlantic's readers, scattered up and down the world, an untroubled hospitality of spirit, windows — like those of Park Street — facing sunward, and a Happy New Year.

B. P.

HIS DAUGHTER FIRST.

I.

THE train was late and the station was dark. A single employee with a lantern stood on the platform. There were no lights, nothing to indicate the presence of a village or even a house.

Paul walked forward for his portmanteau, and then followed the platform to the rear of the station where a sleigh was waiting.

"Is this Mrs. Kensett's carriage?" he asked.

The coachman touched his hat and Paul took his seat, turning up the collar of his coat and drawing the robe close about his feet, for the night was bitterly cold.

"How far is it?" he asked.

"About a mile, sir."

The road followed the bank of the river, invisible under its double covering of ice and snow. A long slope of dark pines shut out the eastern horizon, but on the west the plain, broken only by the straight lines of the fences with their fringe of leafless bushes, stretched as far as the eye could see, white and silent under the winter stars. Nowhere a sign of life, nor any sound save the

monotonous singsong of the sleigh-bells and the sharp crunching of the hardened snow under the hoofs of the horse.

Paul was wondering whether his cousin Dolly had changed since she had become Mrs. Cecil Kensett.

"Think of Dolly a mother and a widow!" he said to himself.

The road curved sharply into a covered bridge, climbed a long hill through a dark gorge, and then emerged upon a wide undulating plain. The sky was clear, yet one could not see far. A fine crystal mist, that winter haze which only the North knows, crisp as the frozen snow and glittering with myriad points of light, filled the silent air. A few isolated farmhouses, white and naked as the fields, were passed; then, in the distance, huddled like sheep in a storm, the houses of a village became visible.

In her letter of invitation Dolly had said Miss Frazer was still with her, — Margaret. Dolly was always writing about Margaret, with that reiterated note of admiration which finally provokes resentment. How enthusiastic Dolly always was about people for whom she cared!

As they neared the village the outlines of a low ridge detached themselves from the background of distant hills, and from one of the dark clusters of pines which patched its surface shone a glare of lights, blurred by intervening branches and reflected by the snow.

"That must be the house," thought Paul; and then his mind reverted again to Miss Frazer, of whom he had unconsciously formed that mental picture which grows up about the name of a person we have never seen. Now that he was nearing his destination he began to wonder whether he should see her tonight. The train was two hours late, — it was already after midnight. Dolly of course would be at the door. "No, probably not," he said half aloud, thinking of Miss Frazer again.

"Sir?" said the coachman, turning on his seat.

"Is that the house?" asked Paul.

"Yes, sir, on the hill."

At the foot of the ridge there was a wide gateway, like the entrance to an Italian villa, with curved wing-walls, and high posts surmounted by large balls; then a long driveway that seemed to wander in an aimless fashion between the pines and hemlocks, until it suddenly disclosed the white gambrel-roofed house with its broad piazzas and Ionic portico. One cannot always tell what is in men or houses which on the first approach seems to say, "Ah, it is you! I was expecting you, and I am glad," — a certain warmth of welcome, which does not, however, descend to familiarity. Paul felt this at the first glimpse of the brightly lighted windows, even before the door opened and he heard Dolly at the head of the stairs crying, —

"Paul, Paul, is it you, is it you?"

"No," he thought, "she has not changed; she is the same dear Dolly." She had her arms about him before he could reply.

"Yes, it is I. The train was fearfully late, Dolly. I thought you would be in bed."

"I, in bed! what an idea! We have been waiting for you for two hours. Come up to your room, there 's hot tea there. Oh, how glad I am you are here!" she cried, turning to look back at him as he followed her up the stairs.

Dolly was not beautiful. Her hair was too light, her face too colorless. But her blue mobile eyes and sudden smile atoned for all that was lacking in color and form. She could not keep the warmth of her heart out of that smile or its quick impulses out of those eyes.

"Margaret has gone to bed," she said, as she opened his door. "She knew we would have such a lot of things to talk over. Are you cold?"

"No, not in the least, but this fire is just the thing!" he exclaimed, crossing the room to the blazing hearth, beside which the tea was smoking in its silver urn. "Who is Margaret?"

Dolly looked at him with one of her quick reproachful smiles. The question seemed to give him back to her more than his actual presence.

"How like you! You know perfectly well who Margaret is. But take off your coat, Paul," she added, unbuttoning it with her own fingers. "And you have not yet asked me how I am."

"You don't give me any time, Dolly. Besides, you are always well, and — happy too?" he said inquiringly, stooping to kiss her hair.

"Oh, how good it is, how good it is to see you!" she murmured, paying no attention to this last sentence.

"And Dorothy, she is well? How old is she now, Dolly?"

"Five. You shall see her to-morrow. Sit down, Paul; I just want to look at you."

He laughed and dropped into the easy-chair drawn up before the fire, watching her as she poured the tea. Her hands trembled a little, and something very like tears was shining in her eyes. Yes, she had changed. She was a little older, of course; and there was something in her manner which made him observe her sharply, although he put it down to the excitement of his arrival. Dolly used to be as clear as day.

A servant had brought in Paul's portmanteau and taken it into the adjoining room, through whose open door Paul could see his cousin moving about, silently inspecting the bed and toilet-table, as if to see that everything was in order, and as if she had not already done so a dozen times during the day.

"I wanted you near me, Paul. This is my own parlor," she said, coming back to sit down on the arm of his chair. And then she began to tell him about Dorothy, and to question him about his journey and plans. But there was an air of constraint in all she said.

"Margaret said we should have so much to talk over," she explained, as though aware that he was conscious of her manner; "so we have. I thought we should begin now, before the fire. I have been looking forward to it every minute of the day. And now that you are here," — she drew a long sigh, — "that is enough." She lingered a moment. There was apparently much to say which she did not say. When the moment of meeting comes one does not always plunge into all one anticipated.

"I am so happy that you are here," she said, when she bade him good-night.

Paul remained sitting before the fire a long time after she had gone. Though he had scarcely looked about him, everything in this room seemed familiar. For some reason that he could not have explained it satisfied him, — as a woman's dress satisfies the eye that is not afterwards able to describe it. Was it because it was so comfortable, because he felt the touches of a hand he had so long missed? Or simply because he himself was so glad to be there? He felt as if it were his own room, in which he had lived for a long time.

"It is like home," he thought.

Above the fireplace hung the portrait of a young girl in a large hat with a black plume. He watched the firelight shadows flickering on the wall and passing like a caress over the face in the dark Florentine frame, — a face with something more than mere beauty in it, for mere beauty can even repel. No, beauty was not the word, but fascination, — the confiding smile about the mouth, the fearlessness in the earnest gray eyes, and the indescribable charm of modesty with which the hand held the green drapery over the breast. He wondered who it was, as rousing himself at last he began to unpack his valise and undress.

From his window he looked out upon the fields and hills, gaunt and bare, over which the newly risen moon spread a cold even light. It was a picture without color or feeling or depth, such as a savage might have drawn in outline on the sand. Nature herself seemed to have died out of this white world, but

his heart warmed and responded to it. It seemed to say to him: "You have seen other lands, the fluent shadows, the murmuring life, the mystery and lure of other nights. But you were born here, in my arms. You are my child, and I only can touch your heart."

On the way to her room Dolly stopped at Miss Frazer's door.

"Margaret, are you asleep?"

"No, come in. Did your cousin come? I heard the sleigh-bells."

"Yes, the train was two hours late. I am so happy, Margaret. I just came to tell you that. I don't expect you to like Paul," she added, after a pause.

"It is of no consequence whether I do or not," said Margaret, "but I shall not quarrel, Dolly dear, with any one whom you love."

II.

When Paul came down to the breakfast-room the morning after his arrival the winter landscape was radiant with sunshine. It poured in through the deep window which, extending out upon the piazza, seemed to take in a part of the outside world, and to bring into the room the light and freedom of the sky. There are windows which are merely holes in a wall, which make one feel a prisoner, and shut out all they reveal.

A bowl of roses stood in the centre of the breakfast-table, and the butler who brought in the coffee said he was to call Mrs. Kensett when breakfast was served. Dolly came in almost immediately, as radiant as the world outside.

"It seems too good to be true to see you sitting here; I shall never get used to it," she said, hovering about the table in search of unsupplied wants.

"Sit down, sit down, Dolly," remonstrated Paul; "are n't you going to eat any breakfast yourself?"

"Oh, I had my breakfast long ago. I really did n't sleep much last night. What I am hungry for is a talk, a long, long talk. But it 's not easy to begin. Think! it is years since we saw each other." She was sitting opposite him, her chin on her hands and her elbows on the table. "I suppose starving people feel as I do, — they can't satisfy themselves in an orderly manner. They just want to — to cram."

"Well, there is no hurry, Dolly; and hurry always wastes. Where is Dorothy?"

"She has gone to school. There is a very excellent school here, and Margaret often goes with her. We shall have just ourselves this morning. Which would you rather do? sit here, or shall we take a walk? It 's a perfect day."

"A walk by all means. I am glad you have n't forgotten how to walk. Some people always give up a lot of things when they marry, — some things that made them attractive."

"Yes, I know. But perhaps it 's age, not marriage. I 'll go and get my furs. You will find some cigars there in the cabinet. They were Cecil's. He used to think them good." And Dolly smiled at him as she closed the door.

It would have been thought by any observer that these two were brother and sister rather than cousins; and such they were in sympathy and affection, though not by blood. Left an orphan at an early age, Paul had been promptly received into the family of his uncle, who never shirked a duty as he never confessed a fault. In his new environment Paul had acquired a deadly aversion for many things excellent in themselves, and in his revolt had reached the extreme which generally follows a surfeit or infelicitous compound, whether in morals or food. He never heard a church-bell now without experiencing that sense of dreariness which had characterized his childhood Sunday, and certain profane melodies which had been appropriated by the hymnal brought what used to be called the meeting-house, with its slow-passing hours, so vividly before him that he shuddered

when he heard them on the stage. Morning prayers had been too often connected with bodily punishment for the derivation from either of whatever good they might have contained for him had they been less frequent, less inevitable, and less intimately associated; and the mere gurgle of water poured into a glass was enough to transport him back to the awful stillness of the communion hour, when, sitting beside his uncle in the green-upholstered pew, he used to watch the deacons make their silent round, and wonder what it was all about. What solemn deserts of the Incomprehensible his little feet had traversed!

It is not well to speak ill of the dead. But Mr. Graham was one of those past realities in the shadow of which Paul still walked. Much good might be said of him in all things wherein the opinions of other people did not conflict with his own, and it must be admitted that a rigid conscientiousness had often led him to the verge of heroism under circumstances in which the worldly wise would have beaten a retreat. Paul was of another nature, but cast in the same mould of self-will; and being happily not altogether held down by the chains of dependence, on reaching his majority had quickly packed his trunk and set out to make his own way.

It had not been quite so easy for Dolly to emancipate herself. She had a real and genuine affection for Mr. Kensett when that gentleman asked her to share his life, but it would have been as idle to deny that the thought of freedom had not had its weight as to assert that her husband was the master-hand to sound all the deeper chords of her nature. After her mother's death she had presided with admirable tact and sweetness over her father's house, in which she counted for everything so long as she agreed with its head and nothing when she did not. Mr. Graham was one of those fathers in whose eyes children never grow up. Dolly had had many suitors, but either she was too young to marry, in the estimation of the man who had married a girl of eighteen, or the suitors themselves were always affected with moral disorders and deficiencies which placed them outside the pale. Mr. Kensett, however, had proved a lover whom discouragement did not discourage; and although the framework of Mr. Graham's mental and moral system grew more rigid with age, like his physical one it grew more brittle, less enduring against importunity, and finally snapped under Dolly's and Cecil's united pressure. Paul, who had in the meantime obtained a position as engineer in a South African mining company, returned for the wedding; and now again, after a career whose success he regretted his uncle was not alive to witness, had come back once more, to find all these things but memories and Dolly alone in her big house at Cedar Hill.

He had needed no invitation to make his home with her during his stay in America. His first and immediate thought had been to visit her, who, much to his surprise, and for the first time since her husband's death, was passing the winter in the country. She was by no means dependent upon society, yet Paul could not help wondering what influences had decided her to prolong her usual summer sojourn at Westford into the winter, and why her well-known hospitality had contented itself with a single guest.

He was thinking over these things when with one of Cecil's cigars he stepped out upon the piazza. With one of those sudden changes common to a New England winter, an almost spring air had succeeded the still cold of the previous day, and the sun had already begun to undo the work of the night. The trees stirred with a suggestion of renewed life, and their branches, relieved one by one of their icy coverings, seemed to be stretching themselves for the first time after a long sleep. "It 's

a glorious view," he said, as Dolly joined him on the porch, "but are you not beginning to long for a street of shops?"

"No," she said. "I love this quiet and solitude. I quite agree with Dorothy, who is allowed to play anywhere in the grounds on condition that she does not go outside the gate alone. The other day we found her in the road, and when I reminded her of her promise she said with perfect sincerity, 'I was n't alone, mamma. I was with myself.'" Paul laughed, and there was a little pause, which Dolly appeared to be utilizing in preparation for a more important communication. "But I am not so contented with *my*self, Paul," she resumed, "and have been waiting for you to talk to. You know there is no one but you, — and I am glad you have come."

"Is it anything serious, Dolly?" asked Paul, looking at her quickly.

"No, not exactly, — that is, I think not. There are several things. First, some business. You must listen patiently, and not form any judgments until you have heard me through. I am not sure whether you know Mr. Heald. No? Well, I was n't sure. He was one of Cecil's business friends, — that is, he says he was. I never met him until last year, — at a house party in Lenox, — and we naturally spoke of Cecil. He said he used to be associated with Cecil in certain enterprises, enterprises which always turned out well; that he owed his start and much of his success to my husband, and that he regretted that he had never been able to discharge the debt. I can't put it all as he did, and what I am saying sounds very crude and abrupt, I know. But it sounded very natural at the time."

"What did?" asked Paul, as she paused for a moment.

"Well," pursued Dolly, who had nerved herself to her task and could not be diverted from her orderly narration by unexpected questions, "not then, you know, but later, and with a great deal of delicacy, he told me he had been concerned in the development of some copper properties in Arizona, and that if Cecil had been alive he should have proposed their working together. He said the mines had turned out quite beyond his expectations, that they were paying twenty per cent on the investment, that in fact he was making more money than he knew what to do with, and that if I had any funds for investment and would permit him, as a matter of sentiment and gratitude, he would be very glad to give me some of the stock at par. He gave me all the details and showed me all the papers. The par value of the stock was twenty-five dollars, and it had been issued at ten. There had been two assessments of two dollars and a half, which made the amount paid in fifteen dollars a share. That was very plain, was n't it? The shares were selling then, as I saw in the papers, at sixty. He said they were sure to go to twice or perhaps three times that, even after the issue of some treasury stock which insiders were to have at par; and that if I consented he would like to put a part of his share of the new issue in my name" —

"You to pay for it."

"Of course," assented Dolly. "I could n't accept a gift."

"How much did you present him with?" snapped Paul, foreseeing the end of such romances.

"You promised to hear me through." Paul remembered no such promise, but shut his teeth and held his peace. "It 's nothing very serious, as I told you, only, — but let me tell you in my own way. I had a good deal of money in the bank, and I took a thousand shares, — twenty-five thousand dollars. I was n't thinking so much of myself, for you know Cecil left me all I can ever possibly need. I was thinking of Margaret. You know she has n't a great deal" — .

"I know nothing whatever about Miss Frazer," Paul retorted shortly.

"Don't get angry, Paul, please."

"I am not getting angry, but" —

"Everything has turned out just as he said," continued Dolly. "I have had twelve hundred and fifty dollars every quarter in dividends" —

"Since when?" interrupted Paul.

"Since a year ago last September."

"But how does this concern Miss Frazer?"

"Well, in the summer I spoke to Margaret about it. She is very proud, and of course she would not accept a gift in money from me" —

"Any more than you would from Mr. Heald."

"No, certainly not," acquiesced Dolly tranquilly. "But she said she would put some of her own money into my hands if I wished her to, and that it was not necessary for her to say that she trusted me implicitly."

Paul refrained from further comparisons which a like confidence on Dolly's part suggested, contenting himself with an impatient sigh.

"So I wrote Mr. Heald I would take another thousand shares if he could spare them," — Paul groaned inwardly, — "and I had them put in Margaret's name."

"Did Mr. Heald let you have them on the same generous terms?"

"Nearly. He said the stock was selling at eighty then, but he could get me what I wanted for forty. Margaret sold some bonds she had which were paying her only about three and one half per cent, but I insisted upon guaranteeing her the twenty per cent on the Argonaut shares, and had an agreement drawn up to that effect by her lawyer. So you see Margaret is perfectly safe."

"What did Jack Temple say to all this?" asked Paul dryly.

"He knows nothing about it," replied Dolly. "Cecil told me before he died that so far as money was concerned I need not worry, and that in all that related to it I could trust Mr. Temple as I would have trusted him. So after a time I went to see him, — naturally I had to see him frequently then, — and I said to him frankly this: Mr. Temple, you know I have absolutely no knowledge of business, and can only trust my affairs to you as implicitly as my husband told me to do. What I have to propose is this: I wish you to manage all my investments, and to deposit my income, subject to your commissions, to my credit. On the other hand I shall draw all my checks through you and not directly on the bank. Then you will know exactly what I am spending, and I shall feel, whenever I cash my check, that I have a perfect right to do with it just as I please without consulting you. Of course you will send me statements from time to time of my balances, but if ever you think I am spending more money than I can afford, I wish you to return my check and tell me so frankly, as my husband would have done. This he has never done yet."

Paul smiled at the simplicity and ingenuousness of this arrangement.

"I begin to think you know the essentials of business after all," he said, somewhat relieved.

"It seems to me business is perfectly simple if you are dealing with people whom you can trust, I mean as to their judgment as well as their honesty," replied Dolly. "And that is just it. I am not worried, because I have paid for the Argonaut shares out of my income, and I am sure Mr. Temple would have warned me had there been any need. But, as you see, of the particular uses to which I put what I draw he knows nothing. He knows I have been making some improvements at Cedar Hill, and I suppose he thinks, if he thinks about it at all, that the money has gone there. If it should be lost it would be lost, and that would be the end of it. For myself I am not concerned. But Margaret's case is different. I should be bound to return her forty thousand

dollars if the worst should come. But I think, if that did come, I should not do so. It would be dreadfully hard for her to go back from twenty to three and a half per cent, and I think the best way would be to continue paying her the Argonaut income and say nothing more about it."

"Deceiving her in the meantime," said Paul.

"There are some things which are quite right to do if people do not know that you do them," replied Dolly resolutely. "And that is just what I am worried about, — that she would find out."

"Certainly she would. But we will talk about that later. Finish your story first."

"About two weeks ago," continued Dolly, "I noticed the shares were going down. I never took any interest in such things before, but naturally I looked in the papers once in a while to see what was happening to Argonaut shares. I thought I should sell them when they were very high, — to make a lot of money for Margaret, without giving it to her, you know. But after a while they began to go down, very slowly, first to seventy, and then to fifty. And then I wrote Mr. Heald and asked him the reason. I will show you his letter. He said I was not to be troubled in the least; that the fall in the stock was due to what he called general market conditions, and had nothing to do with the mine itself; that, on the contrary, they were enlarging the plant, and that possibly there would be another assessment of five dollars for new machinery; that under ordinary circumstances an assessment for a new mine which had passed its trial period would not affect much, if any, the price of the stock, as it meant that the outlook justified increasing the working equipment; but that just now, — I am repeating exactly what he wrote," — "and you are doing it remarkably well," thought Paul, — "there was a falling off in the foreign demand, and that speculators were taking advantage of lower prices for the metal to hammer the market, as he called it, and to secure control. But that I must just sit still and all would come out right."

"There are always two parties to a speculation, Dolly, and one of them generally finds it difficult to sit still."

"I don't call it a speculation, Paul. Mr. Heald said it was an investment."

"Well, call it an investment. What did you reply?"

"Nothing. What could I?" Mrs. Kensett ejaculated, with an explanatory wave of her sable muff. "I understand everything he tells me, — nothing more. But, as I told you, about two weeks ago the stock fell suddenly, to forty, and I am beginning to be frightened, — on Margaret's account."

They walked on in silence, Dolly stealing an occasional rapid and inquiring glance at Paul's face. He flung away his cigar at length and stopped short, facing her.

"You have asked my advice. Are you prepared to take it?"

"Certainly, Paul dear. That is precisely what I wish to do."

"Well then," he said, "I shall go directly to Jack, tell him the whole story, and see what can be done."

"I was prepared for that, for I thought that was what you would probably decide," Dolly said simply, taking Paul's arm in her affectionate way, and inwardly thanking him for not having told her she should have done so long ago herself. "I should have seen him had you not been coming home, only it would have hurt my pride, and it was ever so much easier to speak to you. You know I never could speak to father without" — "without a row," thought Paul, as Dolly left her sentence in the air — "and I never want to feel that I cannot come to you with everything — everything," she repeated a little tremulously.

Paul stooped and kissed her, in the

broad sunshine, and took the hand in the sable muff in his own.

"That 's right, Dolly dear. You are not in very deep, and we 'll see what can be done. It may be all right, but I 've heard such stuff as this Heald has been giving you before. As lambs go you have been remarkably prudent, and now that you have confessed you will feel better."

The hand in the muff grasped his more tightly.

"I am not quite through yet, Paul."

He stopped short again and looked at her gravely.

"Oh, it 's not about money," she added quickly, coloring a little and avoiding his gaze. And then, with evident relief for the respite, and running ahead to meet two figures which had just turned a bend in the road, "Why! there 's Dorothy and Margaret."

III.

A New England country road in winter permits only two to walk abreast. "Come with mamma, Dorothy dear," said Dolly, after the first words of greeting and presentation were over. But Dorothy, with a child's not unusual preference for male society, clung shyly to her new acquisition, and Paul found himself following the tall slender figure of Miss Frazer with a small mittened hand in his.

As often happens before taking a single step toward any real knowledge of a new acquaintance, he was instantly conscious of liking Miss Frazer. She had given him her hand cordially, and greeted him with a frank smile from her gray fearless eyes, but her whole manner was instinct with a quiet dignity, — the reserve which attracts rather than repels. But his thoughts were still occupied with Dolly's affairs, and had he never seen Miss Frazer again he would probably have said that she made no particular impression upon him.

A branch road sloped steeply down to the plain below where, veiled in the bluish smoke from its chimneys and the mist of the morning sun, lay Westford; and from the deep valley beyond, where the river ran hidden from view, came the shrill whistle of an engine.

"Dolly," said Paul suddenly, "I have some rather important matters to talk over with Temple. What should you say to my inviting him up for the night?" Dolly turned and looked at him hesitatingly. "There 's a train that leaves New York at three o'clock which would bring him here for dinner. That will give him time enough, if the telegram finds him and he can come."

"Why certainly," Dolly replied, recovering herself. "We will hurry back and send to the office at once."

"No, if you don't mind I will go myself now. It will save time, and there 's none to lose. I would ask you to go with me," he said, glancing from Dolly to Miss Frazer, "but these little legs of Dorothy's hardly more than mark time."

"Margaret, you go with Paul," Dolly suggested. "Dorothy can come with me."

"I should like the walk very much," said Miss Frazer, "if Mr. Graham does not intend to run all the way."

"We can come back as slowly as you please," he laughed, taking out his watch; "but we shall have to hurry, — and we 'll see what there is for little girls down there," he said, waving his hand to Dorothy.

They set off side by side, in the narrow lanes traced by the runners of sleighs and horses' feet, at a brisk walk quite different from Dolly's rather indolent pace. The road dipped sharply into a hollow where a small brook, fringed with willows, bubbled under the ice; rose again to the plain, and, after passing a few straggling houses whose slovenly appearance and untidy yards proclaimed their occupants to be residents of what Westford called the "back

street," opened upon a long wide avenue of magnificent elms, bordered by comfortable looking and in some instances strikingly large and well-proportioned houses, from which, however, life seemed to have ebbed away in some distant past like a receding tide, leaving them to all appearances empty and silent amid their lilacs and pines. The wide grass-grown spaces bordering the road between the double lines of elms were forsaken in winter, although a snow-plough had evidently made an attempt to find the paths. Pedestrians, sleighs, and sledges shared alike the main road, which stretched like a narrow ribbon of dirty yellow down the broad expanse of white. At its extremity rose the square white tower of the church, looking down with its air of proprietor and guardian upon the common, — around which were gathered whatever signs of life Westford possessed, — its pointed spire above the square belfry overshadowing in silent disdain the small Gothic chapel which summer visitors had erected for their own use.

Paul and Margaret took the diagonal path traversing this open space toward the corner where the brick hotel, enlarged for the summer population with scant recognition of what the summer visitor demands, marked the centre of the village. Here were the few shops which ministered to the needs of the surrounding country, and the post office with the town hall above, before which were drawn up a few empty sleighs and wood-laden sledges.

Having sent his telegram Paul looked about for the most promising of the shop windows.

"Do you suppose we can find anything for Dorothy here?" he asked.

"It will be over there if anywhere," said Margaret, indicating what appeared to be a Doric temple on the opposite side of the street.

"I probably made a rash promise, but you must help me out. It will never do to go back empty-handed. Dorothy's imagination has doubtless been at work ever since we left her, though she must have everything money can buy already. Shall we try?"

They crossed the street, stopping for a moment under the dingy portico of pillars before the windows; but they did not prove very alluring.

"What a collection!" exclaimed Paul, as his eye searched the motley array of hardware, groceries, dry goods, and crockery. "I am fraid it is hopeless."

"I happen to know exactly what Dorothy wants," suggested Margaret. "Just a common wooden three-legged stool. It 's perfectly absurd, I know," she added, "but she has been crazy over a milking-stool she found in the barn. She wants it in the nursery, and I am sure she will think more of it than of the finest Nuremberg toy."

"I never should have selected that certainly, but I shall take your advice, and put all the blame on you if it proves bad."

"I am willing to risk it," said Margaret, and a moment later he emerged carrying his ridiculous purchase by one of its three clumsy legs.

Now and then as they retraced their way a passer-by greeted Margaret with an awkward nod of recognition, as if half ashamed of his politeness, salutations which she acknowledged by a quick "good-morning," with the result of still further increasing the embarrassment of those to whom it was addressed.

"What a strange people they are," she said. "A word of courtesy is such an effort, but an act of chivalry would be a mere matter of course."

"It is shyness, is n't it?" said Paul, "and a rugged sort of independence. They greet one another in precisely the same manner, out of a corner of the eye."

A jingle of bells caused them to step aside to allow the passage of an empty wood-team approaching from behind.

"It 's Mr. Pearson," said Margaret. "He always gives me a ride." And, in fact, the horses slackened their pace as they came up, and a rough voice exclaimed, —

"Be yer goin' my way? I 'll give yer a lift as fur as the gate."

The speaker was a thin, wiry little man, with weather-tanned face and tangled reddish beard, clad in a beaver cap pulled down over the ears, a long, faded blue army overcoat, and water-soaked boots.

"Shall we? " asked Margaret, looking at Paul.

"Oh, there 's room enough for two," said Mr. Pearson cheerily. "It ain't so clean as it might be, but chips and bark don't hurt nobody."

Paul helped Miss Frazer into the low box, open behind and boarded at the sides, above which projected stout poles festooned with chains. A bright color of health and amusement shone on her cheeks, and she laughed at Paul as she swayed to the motion of the runners on the uneven road. A haunting recollection of something seen before had come to him with every look into her face. Now he remembered. It was the child's face in the Florentine frame in Dolly's parlor.

"That 's a mighty handy stool o' your'n," remarked Mr. Pearson, inspecting Paul's purchase critically. "Cows givin' much milk up your way? "

"I am afraid I can't give you much information about Westford cows," laughed Paul. "I am a stranger here."

"Oh, be ye," said Mr. Pearson, who knew it all the time, but whose curiosity generally approached its quarry indirectly. "Come from fur? "

"From South Africa," said Paul.

"Yer don't say! " exclaimed Mr. Pearson, regarding him with evidently increased interest. "They 're a mighty long time a-gittin' through their fightin' down there."

"So were we," Paul replied, glancing at the army coat.

"That 's so, so we were," Mr. Pearson assented. "I had a hand in it myself and oughter know. I 've been a-drawin' o' my pension this very day."

"How much do you get? " inquired Paul.

"Fifteen dollars the fust of every month."

"That 's pretty good pay for thirty years of peace," Paul said.

"Waal, 't ain't enough to need a guardeen," remarked Mr. Pearson, whipping up his horses.

Paul saw that he was trenching on delicate ground and changed the subject.

"You have a good pair of horses there, Mr. Pearson."

"So they be. I raised the off one myself. The nigh one ain't so much account. I took him from a feller as could n't pay his board when I kept the tavern."

Mr. Pearson did not have exactly the air of a hotel proprietor, and Paul expressed his surprise.

"That was afore they fixed the tavern up. When the city folks began to come I sold out. They did n't understand my ways, and I did n't understand their'n. I had to take all the bells out the rooms, — they kept o' ringin' of 'em so there warn't no peace," explained Mr. Pearson.

"Then you are a farmer now, I suppose? " Paul said, exchanging a smile with Miss Frazer.

"Yaas. Farmin' summers and loggin' winters. What sort of a country is it down there in Afriky? Mostly grazin' land, I hear, — not much timber."

"That depends upon where you are. Africa is a big country; " and Paul described the veldt, its baked khaki-colored earth, rocky hills, and long thin lines of green along the chocolate-hued streams. Mr. Pearson listened attentively, but seemed to be pursuing his own line of thought.

"Them pious people are a hard lot to

tackle," he remarked at the first pause. "Yer can't drive notions so easy as yer can horses."

"Mr. Pearson," said Margaret, as they drew near the gate, "won't you come in and warm your feet? Your boots are soaked through."

Mr. Pearson contemplated the articles in question as if they had no connection with himself.

"They be sorter moist," he confessed. "I ain't had them boots off fer a week, and won't most likely as not fer another. Yer see, boots ain't like traps, — yer gets out of 'em easier 'n yer gets in," he chuckled, reining up at the entrance to Cedar Hill.

"Then you won't come in?" asked Margaret.

"No, thank ye, I guess I 'll be gettin' on towards home," he replied in an off-hand manner which hid a sudden attack of bashfulness.

"We are much obliged to you for the ride, at any rate," said Paul.

"Yer welcome," was the reply. "If it had n't been fer them fifteen dollars yer might n't a had it." And with this parting shot he chirruped to his smoking horses and went jogging on under the firs.

Dolly had returned with Dorothy in that tranquil frame of mind which results from unburdening the conscience, and, it must be added, from a somewhat indefinite knowledge of the ways of the business world, fortified by the underlying conviction that all would come out right in the end. As she had said to Paul, her disquietude arose less from the fear of personal loss than from that of having prejudiced her relations with Margaret. Above all things to be dreaded were money difficulties with one she loved.

Margaret's mother had died when her little girl was but ten years old, and thereafter Mr. Frazer had married for the second time. Margaret possessed a miniature of her mother painted shortly after the latter's marriage, when she still retained the charm of the young girl in the dignity of the young mother. The face was admirably suited to that delicate art. A complexion of dazzling brilliancy, a small arched mouth, sweet blue eyes full of intelligence, a pure forehead under brown hair that curled like the tendrils of the vine, and withal an air of gentle reserve indicating a nature both vivacious and sincere. To Margaret, who remembered only smiles in those eyes and loving words from those lips, it had often been a happiness to find her own childish recollections confirmed by her mother's friends, who always spoke of her in affectionate enthusiasm when they saw their old friend and playmate living again in her child.

Mr. Frazer's second marriage cannot be said to have been an unhappy one, partly perhaps because he did not long survive it. But Margaret, with a natural tact which never deserted her, had lived with her stepmother more happily, in view of their different natures, than might have been expected. Mrs. Frazer, on returning from the short journey which followed the wedding, had said to the little girl of twelve in a decisive tone intended to avoid all discussion, "You will call me mother, dear;" and the little girl had replied with an equally quiet decision, "I will call you mother, and I will call my own mother mamma," — a reply which gave the keynote to their subsequent relations. It was to Margaret's credit that, as years went on, though her new connection often jarred and sometimes mortified her, she never betrayed it. In a certain way she was genuinely fond of her, although companionship was out of the question. Mrs. Frazer was devoted to dress, with very imperfect conceptions of its propriety; to people, whom however she criticised unmercifully; and, while generally satisfied with herself, was never content with her own society.

After Mr. Frazer's death she had roamed the known world over, in inde-

pendent masculine fashion, in search, now of variety and adventure, now of rest, as she termed it, and finally of the altitude, climate, and waters suited to her constitution. It was strange that the Creator, who had somewhere provided these things for her own peculiar use, should have omitted to indicate where they were to be found. Fortunately Margaret had been left in sufficiently independent circumstances to free her from the necessity of following her stepmother's eccentric manœuvres. That lady, with all her faults and foibles, possessed the redeeming quality known as a good heart. Her unusual candor was without malice, her peculiarities amused rather than offended, and her independence of character and movement rarely interfered with those of her immediate neighbors. One is tolerant of people who are a law unto themselves provided they do not attempt also to be a law for others. Moreover her angles had worn down with time, a fact which betrayed itself not so much in her forms of speech, which were still as abrupt as ever, as in the good offices which were often in such flat contradiction with her utterances. All her offending was on first acquaintance. She wore well.

Dolly, somewhat prone to take up people with sudden enthusiasms, but on the other hand steadfast as such enthusiasms rarely are, had taken Margaret to her heart at their first meeting, and the visit which began after Mr. Frazer's death, when Mrs. Frazer started off on one of her periodical voyages of discovery, and Dolly, herself in mourning, was in need of companionship, had been indefinitely prolonged. At certain periods of the year, with great firmness on Margaret's part and some embarrassment on Dolly's, mysterious money transactions were effected between them which Margaret contended were absolutely necessary to her peace of mind. Women rarely take business as a matter of course.

"You are an amazing couple," once wrote Mrs. Frazer to Margaret from Biarritz. "I could not tolerate such a pretty girl as you in my house."

But jealousy was not one of Dolly's faults.

She met Paul and Margaret in the avenue as they returned from the village, and Dorothy, after delaying progress to the house by insisting at frequent intervals on sitting down on her beloved stool, was with difficulty persuaded to renounce it during luncheon.

"The mail came while you were away," said Dolly at the table; "there was nothing for you, Paul, but I had a letter from the Bishop, who has been preaching at Lemington, and who writes he is coming to spend the night with us. As the Bishop is to be here, and probably Mr. Temple, I thought I would ask the Fishers to dinner. I have just telephoned them, and they have accepted. I shall send the carriage for them. Mr. Fisher is a professor in Lemington College. I must ask Thomas about the horses. I don't understand why horses should be so lame every other day. It 's most extraordinary. When I do not want them Thomas says they must be exercised, and then they frighten me to death, they are so frisky. And when I want them dreadfully, they are lame and cannot stir a step."

The butler entered, as she spoke, with two yellow envelopes which he handed to Mrs. Kensett.

"Why," exclaimed Dolly, "here are *two* telegrams! One is for you, Margaret. I suppose this is from Mr. Temple."

"Yes," said Paul, opening it. "He will be here at seven."

Margaret meanwhile passed the message to Dolly with a queer smile.

"Mercy!" cried Dolly, reading it hurriedly and looking at Margaret. "What a woman she is!"

The message was less laconic than Mr. Temple's, but equally precise. Dolly read it again, aloud.

Will arrive by evening train. Do send plenty of robes. Such a dreadful cold country.

LAURINDA.

"It 's just like mother," laughed Margaret. "Her last letter was from Nice, and she said nothing about returning. There is no address," she added, taking up the telegram; "so I suppose she is on the way now."

"Certainly she is!" exclaimed Dolly. "One might as well try to stop a bombshell, and I have no inclination to. She and the Bishop will amuse each other famously," — and Dolly looked at Margaret with unfeigned amusement. "Paul dear, it is from Mrs. Frazer. I am dreadfully glad you are here. You and the Bishop must entertain her. You will tell her all about South Africa. But I must talk this over with Margaret, and shall leave you with your coffee and cigar. Your trunks came this morning, and you will find the papers in the library. Have you everything you want, dear?" she said, kissing his forehead gently, — "everything?" and without waiting for a reply she vanished with Margaret to discuss the unexpected news.

IV.

The dining-room at Cedar Hill was large, rather dimly lighted by windows overshadowed by a broad piazza, and for that reason not used in winter on ordinary occasions, Dolly preferring the sunny breakfast-room that faced the south and east. In summer however its four low windows were open to the piazza, itself a summer drawing-room of generous proportions, to which all the life of the house inevitably gravitated. Originally this piazza had been the usual old-fashioned narrow platform where sun and rain disputed possession with any one who risked the danger of falling off its unprotected edge. But Dolly had changed all that. Widened to an extent which had been a source of bitter controversy between the architect and the local builder, bordered by a low wall and parapet from which the nasturtiums talked to the roses that raised their heads to its level from the border beyond, screened from the sun by awnings, and furnished with innumerable divans and easy-chairs in bright colors, whence long vistas of blue hills opened between the trees on the lawn, it lacked nothing, as Dolly said when she surveyed his completed work, but the shimmer and motion of the sea to make it perfect. On this winter night, when the windows were closed and the table with its glass and silver shone in the softened light of shaded candles, and the black oak paneling winked back at the firelight leaping in the chimney recessed under the Spanish altar-piece Dolly had bought in Toledo, one forgot the summer altogether.

Dolly's guests had arrived just before the dinner hour. The Bishop, a frequent visitor, had gone directly to his room. Paul had met Temple at the station, and after having put Mrs. Frazer into a carriage, had walked back with Jack for the sake of the air and a preliminary talk after years of separation. Professor Fisher and his sister appeared just before dinner was announced. The Professor was a young man of unmistakably aggressive temperament, which betrayed itself immediately, even before he uttered a word. It was difficult in this respect to name the chief offender among the visible elements of his personality. It may have been his manner of easy assumption, as if he were thoroughly at home in all subjects and under all circumstances; it may have been his voice, which had a peculiar rasping quality; or the fluency of his speech, which never lacked the right word, and ran on with an irritating monotony and exasperating precision like a perfectly oiled machine; it may have been his eye, which looked you directly in the face from behind a very

large pair of round glasses. Dolly declared it was his nose, which had a wave-like outline terminating in a sudden upward slant altogether unexpected, and giving the face an expression of constant interrogation. Dolly had invited him to meet the Bishop because he was a most zealous churchman, the Bishop's right-hand man in a college community of rigid Congregationalism, — bishops, like the Creator, having often need of weaker vessels to carry on the affairs of this world. Miss Fisher, whose thin brown hair was brushed smoothly over her forehead, had apparently ceded to her brother all claims to notice. No art of the modiste could have surmounted the difficulty presented by her person, a difficulty arising from an unobtrusiveness of form as remarkable as her timidity of character. But her face was gentle and her voice low, and there was something quite touching in her evident devotion to her brother.

Mrs. Frazer, arrayed in a suit of mail of sparkling jet with a nodding white ostrich plume in her wig and a wonderful necklace of diamonds, stared at the Fishers through her lorgnette with great interest as she took Mr. Temple's arm to dinner.

"You have such lovely silver, Dolly dear," she said, taking off her gloves and laying them with her fan beside her plate. It was her habit to address such of her friends as she particularly fancied by their Christian names, utterly regardless of any reciprocity of sentiment. "It is very bad taste," she said, turning to the Bishop, "to make such comments. But I like to have people praise my things, and I find it a safe rule to say what you like to hear."

"A silver edition of the golden rule," said the Bishop, who was fond of his little joke.

"You have just returned from abroad, Mrs. Frazer?" said the Professor, who was quite fascinated by that lady, notwithstanding what he considered the very impertinent use of her lorgnette.

"I am always returning from abroad. I have to, in order to go abroad again. One can't stay in one place all the time, you know."

Professor Fisher, whose acquaintance with Europe was confined to the pilgrimage made in his Sabbatical year, saw his cue and took it immediately.

"One of the great sources of superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race," he rejoined, "is, it seems to me, the abstract, I might almost say the spiritual way in which it looks upon home and country. Think of the conditions of the last century in these colonies: two or three millions, of different origins, customs, characters, scattered along the sea-coast in widely separated settlements, mutually jealous, — behind them the wilderness and the savage, confronting them the organized power of England. Refugees and emigrants themselves, surely the idea of country was to them an abstraction. But the Anglo-Saxon does not look upon the fatherland from a material point of view. He loves his acre, yet is not rooted to it. He relies upon his spiritual inheritance, his personal initiative, not upon traditional institutions" —

"Quite so, quite so," interposed the Bishop. "You might remind some of the over-zealous defenders of the Constitution of that fact, — don't you think so, Mr. Temple?"

"The Constitution was certainly written under conditions radically different from those of to-day," replied Jack, with his accustomed brevity and directness. "It was a remarkably well-made suit of clothes at the time, — for a boy, — but is a rather uncomfortable fit for a grown man."

"You are quite right, Mr. Temple," said Mrs. Frazer, her white plume nodding approvingly. "It reminds me of my grandfather's will. He gave his negro servant to his son with the proviso that if he was freed the whole estate was to revert to a theological seminary, and the seminary was to lose it

also if ever the creed was modified by a comma. A pretty mess he made of it, trying to tie up posterity!"

"And who got the estate finally?" inquired the Professor.

"I did," said Mrs. Frazer, with a snap of satisfaction.

"Nevertheless, I hold it to be a very lamentable feature of modern life," pursued Professor Fisher, "this disregard for the sanctity of written documents. The individual" —

Here Mrs. Frazer cut the general conversation short by asking Dolly what she paid her cook, whom she pronounced a treasure, and the Professor was left to finish his sentence to Margaret.

Indeed it seemed to Paul that the Professor's remarks were addressed quite as much to Margaret as to the company at large, and he felt a nervous irritation as he glanced across the table to see her evincing so much interest in his conversation. "How can she talk to such a cad!" he thought. Unless an occasional monosyllable and smile of assent can be called conversation, this was precisely what Margaret was not doing. An attempt to elicit some information about life in Lemington from Miss Fisher, who had fallen to Paul's lot in the dinner distribution, had ended in a plaintive description of the difficulties of housekeeping in that community, to which Paul listened sufficiently to enable him to make appropriate replies, arguing with himself the while that it could make no possible difference to him whether Margaret liked the Professor's society or not. Suddenly his eyes met hers, flashing so quick a smile of comprehension upon him that the whole atmosphere of the room was changed as by magic, and for the first time he saw how really beautiful she was. To be sure Dolly had said so in her every letter, but to-night the vision Dolly's pen had so often tried to paint was before him. It had certainly been only a glance of frank amusement, a gleam from her sense of humor, — yet it seemed to create a bond of mutual understanding which was strangely pleasant to him; and that momentary smile, bright itself as a light against the dark shadows of the oak wainscoting, was destined long afterwards to form one of those few vivid pictures which Memory selects to sum up for us the total of the years.

"One must be greatly fatigued after such a long journey," Miss Fisher was saying to Paul as Mrs. Frazer finished a description of her winter passage.

"Tired! not a bit, my child," cried that lady, whose quick ear lost nothing. "The ocean 's nothing more than a parlor car nowadays. I rode all through Armenia once, not on a sidesaddle, either."

"A most interesting country," interposed the Professor. "A most interesting country and a most detestable people, — much worse than the Turk. People who settle the affairs of Armenia in Faneuil Hall had better go there first."

"How *could* you manage a man's saddle!" said Dolly, scenting danger and turning the subject.

"It is only the first step that costs," smiled the Bishop.

"Entirely so, a mere prejudice. A sidesaddle on a rock staircase looks as absurd as an Easter bonnet in midwinter."

"Mrs. Frazer," said Paul, "I am going to disclose a state secret. Dolly was afraid you would be bored at Cedar Hill, and commissioned me to aid the Bishop in entertaining you. You are stealing our rôle."

Mrs. Frazer laughed good-humoredly. "We all love flattery, don't we?" she said to the Bishop, taking Mr. Temple's arm as Dolly rose. "Oh, I forgot, — it 's not Continental fashion, and we are to leave you gentlemen to finish your wine."

"Jack," said Paul after the ladies had gone, "I want a little talk with you."

"All right. The Bishop always goes to bed early," replied Jack. "There 'll be plenty of time. No, thank you," to the butler who was passing what Dolly, who knew much of vintages, called the Bishop's port.

"Whiskey and soda, sir?"

"No, nothing."

"You have n't changed your habits, Jack. Come over here where we can talk quietly," said Paul, seeing the Bishop fast in the Professor's net. "That idiot drives me mad."

"Who, the Professor? You must let such fellows talk themselves out."

"Talk themselves out! I wish he could. He began with me on Pretoria and Cape Town, as if they were suburbs. One does n't forget Chicago and New York are a thousand miles apart, if one ever knew it."

Jack laughed. "Never put the lid on a boiling kettle, Paul. He began with me too, on free trade, before dinner, — and he knows a lot about it, — only, as Mrs. Frazer remarked, he has n't been there."

"Jack," said Paul abruptly, "do you know Heald?"

"Heald, Heald?" replied Jack, watching the smoke as it curled from the end of his cigar. "I know who you mean. No, I don't know him personally."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"He goes everywhere," said Jack non-committingly.

"What does the street think of him?"

"Well, I don't think he is taken very seriously. Why? Do you know him?"

"You remember a while ago Dolly drew a rather large check on you."

"Yes. Mrs. Kensett and I have a somewhat peculiar arrangement between ourselves, you know. She mails me her checks, and if her account can stand it I send her the money."

"Yes, I know. Dolly told me about it; and a very sensible arrangement it is, too. Did you ever hear of the Argonaut mine?"

"The Argonaut? Never."

"Are n't its shares listed?"

"They may be. I don't pretend to follow every wildcat scheme on the market."

"Then it is a wildcat scheme, is it?"

"Now look here," said Mr. Temple, settling himself back in his chair, "tell me what you are driving at."

"Well," said Paul, "the long and the short of it is this: this fellow Heald has invested the money you sent in Argonaut shares for Dolly. He pretends he was a great friend of Kensett's, and a lot of that rubbish. The shares have gone down and Dolly is scared. She told me the whole story this morning, and I told her I should advise with you. That is why I asked you up."

"I know nothing about Argonaut. This is the first time I have heard the word since I was at school. But I will look into it directly. The money I sent Mrs. Kensett was income, and she can afford to lose it. Of course I should not have advised her to throw it away if she had consulted me. I told Kensett I would look after her capital as I would my own, — which means, you know, in such a case, better."

"Yes," said Paul, "but she has invested other people's money too." Jack looked up quickly. "You won't ask me whose, for although she bound me to no secrecy, I know she would rather not have any names mentioned at present. The facts are these," — and Paul gave the details of Dolly's morning confession.

Temple listened without a word, and when Paul concluded smoked on in silence.

"He 's been cutting a wide swath lately," he said at last; "automobile, yacht, and all that sort of thing. He 's not my style, you know. But I have absolutely nothing against him. Are you staying here?"

"For the present. I shall have a

lot to do when the war is over, but just now I 'm in a dead calm."

"Well," as the Bishop rose, "I shall go down to-morrow. There is a directors' meeting I must attend. You will hear from me in a day or two, and if I want you I will wire. You might give me a memorandum of the number of shares and what they cost."

"One thousand at twenty-five, and one thousand at forty."

Paul expected to see Jack wince a little at these figures, but his face expressed nothing.

"Shall we join the ladies?" smiled the Bishop. And they went upstairs into the drawing-room.

Paul had often declared to himself that, whatever else he might be capable of, he would never struggle with a rival over a woman. There was a brutal reminder of the origin of the race in such rivalry that revolted him. This resolve did not occur to him now, nor did Mrs. Frazer's suggestion at the dinner-table that one's opinion of a subject sometimes changed on a nearer view of it. But it did occur to him as the Professor with his blandest manner joined Margaret, who was talking with his sister in a distant corner, how utterly unprotected a woman was against the presumption of a bore.

"Come here and sit down by me," cried Mrs. Frazer, as he stood for a moment hesitating in the doorway. "What have you been doing with yourself all these years?" — readjusting her voluminous train to make room for him beside her on the sofa, — "making money, I suppose. Have you reached the stage where you are going to retire and be a good-for-nothing? I hope not. There is nothing so lamentable as a man who takes off his harness and gives himself over to elegant leisure. It is of no use to try unless you began as a baby at the bottle. Leisure is quite bad enough for a woman, for a man it is poison. Look at me! I am bored to death. But why don't you marry, eh? Are there no pretty faces in Bul— Bulawayo? You have such queer names down there."

"Why are you women so anxious to marry off everybody?" Paul retorted, laughing. "We should not think of it if you did not put the idea into our heads. Are n't we well enough off as we are?"

"Decidedly not. Much more interesting, I grant you. But we women are quite unselfish in the matter. Moreover, we know much better than you, I assure you, the real meaning of life."

"Perhaps so, — you who have seen a good deal of it."

"No, all of us, who know nothing about it," rejoined Mrs. Frazer, with her customary disdain for logical consistency. "Now listen to me. Woman has an instinctive knowledge of what she was intended for, — mixed up, naturally, with all sorts of foolish dreams and ideals, mere air bubbles on the placid depths of her consciousness. She knows better than you what completes life, what *is* life, and she would rather live it as it was meant to be lived, live it as the plant lives it through frost and drought, from bud to seed, with all seedtime means, than to know and feel and suffer nothing, like a rose in a greenhouse. You may take my word for it. Are we not always rushing into danger more unconcernedly than you?"

"I doubt if we do think so much of these things as you do, if that 's what you mean," said Paul, looking over at the Professor.

"What possesses Dolly to ask such people here?" said Mrs. Frazer, following his gaze. "That man positively maddens me. I feel constantly tempted to do something outrageous to shock him."

"Do you?" said Paul, laughing in spite of himself, "so do I."

"I never could tolerate people I do not like," she pursued, taking a cigarette from a small jeweled case and lighting it unconcernedly. "When we

dislike people in a novel we shut up the book. It is a pity we cannot do so in society."

"What is it we cannot do in society?" asked Temple, joining them.

"What we please. But I am not speaking of you. You are an extraordinary exception. You have nothing to say to us and we all adore you. You never accept invitations and every one keeps on inviting you. You are like the Sphinx, — everybody would make a journey to hear you speak, and you say nothing."

Jack's face did not change under this compliment. He detested open praise.

"I have made a good many enemies in my life," he said quietly.

"I am quite content to have the people I dislike for enemies if they will confine their enmity to letting me alone," declared Mrs. Frazer incisively.

The Bishop, who had been meanwhile laying before Mrs. Kensett his plans for the mission church in Lemington, rose to say good-night.

"You must not think," said Dolly, "that I am not interested in what you have been saying. But I must have time to consider it and to consult with Mr. Temple." Her inclinations ran to individuals; charity in the mass appealed less quickly to her sympathies.

"Certainly, most certainly," acquiesced the Bishop. "I would not press it upon you under any consideration, and I leave the matter wholly in your hands. You have been most generous, and I assure you I am not always coming to Cedar Hill in the guise of a beggar."

"You will always be welcome in any guise, my dear friend," Dolly replied. "Are you going to take that horrid early train?"

"I must," he said, taking her hand, "and you will let me steal away as usual."

He bade each one good-night, and Dolly followed him to the door.

"You will hear from me soon," she smiled.

Then the carriage for the Fishers was announced and every one rose.

"Did I hear the Bishop say he was leaving by the early train?" asked Jack of Mrs. Kensett. "I don't like to run off so early, but there is a business meeting which I must attend to-morrow" —

He looked away as he spoke. "That is an excuse for going," thought Dolly.

"What would happen now, I should like to know, if you played truant for once, Mr. Temple?" interrupted Mrs. Frazer.

"Nothing very serious, I dare say. Mabel would lose her gold eagle for one thing."

"Mr. Temple gives all his attendance fees to Mabel, you know," explained Dolly.

"No, I did not know it, but I do know he will spoil that child," declared Mrs. Frazer emphatically.

And then Dolly sent for her fur cloak, which she insisted upon Miss Fisher's wearing home, the night was so cold; and Miss Fisher thanked her for a "most delightful evening," and the Professor shook hands ceremoniously, expressing his great pleasure at having met every one, and the ladies said good-night, and Paul went down with Jack to the billiard-room for a final smoke and talk before going to bed.

V.

It was nearly midnight when Paul, after leaving Jack in his room, knocked at Dolly's door.

"Have you gone to bed, Dolly?"

"No, come in," she said. "We have been holding an adjourned meeting. Margaret and Mrs. Frazer have just gone."

"It is late," said Paul, sitting down before the fire in one of the chairs evidently just vacated. "Are you tired?"

"No, not a bit. Jane, I shall not need you any more," and Dolly, with two long braids hanging down over her blue silk peignoir, ensconced herself in one of the two chairs opposite her cousin with her slippered feet on the fender. "How like old times this is! Do you remember how you used to come up in my room, — when we were children? " she sighed.

"I have been talking with Temple about Heald," said Paul, after a pause. "Jack knows nothing about Argonaut, but he has promised to investigate it and to tell me what he may learn. I thought you would like to know, although there is little to be said at present."

Dolly changed her position and put up one hand to screen her eyes from the firelight, but made no reply.

"You said you had something more to tell me, Dolly."

"Yes," she replied slowly. "You know I hesitated at first this morning, when you proposed asking Mr. Temple here. It was not because — because of — Mr. Temple has asked me to marry him."

In the unexpectedness and incompleteness of this announcement Paul found nothing to say.

"You are probably as much astonished as I was," Dolly went on, speaking to the fire. "A woman is not generally unprepared for such a declaration, but you know how different he is from most men. I had never dreamed of it. He was Cecil's best friend, and I — I really cannot explain how I felt toward him, — something as I feel toward you, Paul. You are not my brother, and you are not like an ordinary cousin. It would be absurd to say I looked upon him as a father, or a brother, — but can't you understand? Without a father, or a mother, or a brother, and you gone, Paul, he seemed to be something of everything without being anything in particular. I always felt as much at ease with him as I do with you. And he is so kind, so unselfish, I would not hurt his feelings for the world. When he spoke to me I could not answer him."

"But you did answer him, Dolly," said Paul.

"No, I did not answer him," she said, at length. "I just cried. He said I was not to think of it again . . . that he understood" . . . Dolly hesitated and her voice trembled — "but I do not think he did understand — I do not think I understood myself — I thought it was just surprise and pity, but" — her voice was very low now — "I do care for him."

Paul leaned forward and took her hand in both his own.

"You ought to tell him so, then," he said. She shook her head slowly, but did not speak. "Nonsense, Dolly," he began impatiently. But she seemed to shrink from what he was about to say, and he continued gently, "Why not? if you are sure of yourself, if you know your own heart. Life is not a play in which misunderstandings must be kept alive for the sake of the last act. There are a hundred ways in which you could tell him without — without his knowing that he had not discovered it himself."

"Hush, Paul, you do not know what you are saying."

"I know so well what I am saying that if you persist in such folly I" —

She drew away her hand and lifted her eyes to his with such a look that he stopped short.

"Dolly, you are keeping something back."

"No, I shall keep nothing back from you, Paul. I have been waiting too long for some one to speak to for that."

She rose as she spoke, and going to her desk unlocked a drawer from which she took a letter which she handed to him. He opened it, saw that it was in a woman's handwriting, glanced at the signature, and then began to read: —

DEAR MRS. KENSETT, — I am so glad papa took me with him to Cedar Hill, where I had such a delightful visit. He is always going away *on business*, and it is so dreadfully stupid to be left alone with Miss Gaunt. Dear papa! I am quite decided never to let him go off by himself again. You have such a lovely house at Cedar Hill, and I think Miss Frazer is charming. It is no wonder you are tempted to pass the winter in the country in such a home, and I suppose the season in town is a very old story to you. To me it is enchanting, and I am having such a gay time. Papa is very good and goes with me everywhere, though I know he is sometimes terribly bored. But I mean to be very good to him. We went to the Daytons' wedding yesterday. I think it is perfectly horrid for a woman to marry a second time, don't you? If any one should ever think of marrying my papa how I should hate her! He is such an unsuspecting dear. That is a point on which I am *quite decided*. I don't know why I am writing all this to *you*, dear Mrs. Kensett. I only intended to thank you for the lovely time you gave me.

Sincerely yours,

MABEL TEMPLE.

Paul read this letter through slowly, and then again a second time, as if not quite sure that he had at first comprehended it. It did seem quite clear, and the emphasis took on a new significance on a second reading. Yet he made an effort not to think so. "Are you sure you are not reading between the lines?" he asked at length, looking up into Dolly's face.

"Quite sure, Paul."

"What a detestable little cat!" he cried. "One would think you were going to commit a crime. It 's despicably impertinent and deadly selfish."

"Oh yes, Paul, I know all you can say," said Dolly wearily, turning her head away and leaning her cheek upon the chair. "How I have thought over it! till I can think no more." Paul rose, walking back and forth behind her chair. "Do you remember," she went on, "how papa forbade us to play even solitaire? and you to smoke? Why did we obey? There was nothing wrong in doing these things. We sacrificed — how much! — to avoid conflict, the unhappiness that would have followed if we had not yielded. We were always giving up innocent things, submitting to tyranny, while papa was alive, — for the sake of peace. There was no reason why you should not smoke except that you were forbidden to, and there is no reason why I should not marry Mr. Temple except the same insuperable one, — the unhappiness it would cause."

"Cause whom?" interrupted Paul. "Not him, not you, not a living soul except this little tyrant. And why her? You are not going to injure her. Why should you sacrifice the real happiness of two decent people to the pretended happiness of this — this egoist?" he said, restraining himself. "I tell you what, Dolly," he continued, stopping in front of her, "if I were to live my life over again I should live it very differently. What did we gain by surrendering our natural rights to egoism and tyranny? Peace, you say. The peace of slaves and cowards!"

"Hush, Paul dear. Mr. Temple loves Mabel."

"He would n't if he knew her better."

"Would you wish *me* to open his eyes?"

Paul found this question hard to answer.

"No," he said at last, resuming his walk to and fro behind her chair, "perhaps not. You love him, Mabel loves herself. That 's just the difference. And you would not hurt him for the world. But if he knew you loved him, which would hurt him most? Mabel's selfishness or your silence? Yes, I un-

derstand," replying to her gesture, "he does not know it. You have refused him. He is n't much the happier for that, I suppose. He may never find you out, but I warrant you he will find *her* out. Are you willing to have him suspect some day what he lost and why he lost it? Forgive me, Dolly dear," he said, bending over her chair, for he heard the low sobs she tried in vain to stifle; "forgive me, but I don't believe in mysteries and silence. If I were you I would go straight to Jack and tell him the truth, whatever it is. You said this morning it was right to do some things if no one knew you did them. I don't believe it. Tell him you cannot marry him, if you cannot. But tell him you love him, that you cannot marry him *because* you love him. Let him have the consolation of knowing that. He is a man, with sense and judgment. Trust him as having a little of both, — as much as you have. I have never been in love, — perhaps I am all wrong, — but if ever I am in love I hope I shall not lose the judgment of sane people who are not."

There was silence for a moment, and then Dolly lifted her face to his and touched his cheek with her lips. Her eyes were wet, but she had grown quite calm again.

"I must decide all this for myself, Paul. I knew it before I spoke to you, but it is a relief to have spoken. When you know what love is, as you will, you will know if it has no judgment it has instincts, — instincts stronger than any reasonings. I have been trying to reason, and I am tired, bewildered, — but I always come back to the same point."

"Have you seen much of her? do you know her well? It is hardly fair to judge a girl by a single letter."

"I could love any one who would let me," Dolly said, staring into the fire. "It is not easy to describe Mabel, she changes so. But she interests and fascinates me. I was just beginning to be really fond of her, when this came."

"Have you answered it?" he asked, as she took the letter from his hand.

"No, and now that you have seen it, I shall destroy it."

She went to the fire and dropped it on the coals. "If I could burn the memory of it as easily," she thought, as it burst into flame and shriveled into a little heap of black ashes.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WAIF.

I MET a threadbare waif below the town.
Sad were his eyes, and from his dusty coat
Roses no longer crimson dangled down.
Pebbles that had been kisses decked his throat.

He held a cup, and listlessly and slow
Drank wine, as one who had no joy thereof.
And when I asked his name, he answered low:
"My name is Habit — once they called me Love."

Agnes Lee.

MY OWN STORY.[1]

I. A BACKWOODS BOYHOOD.

My English ancestor, Thomas Trowbridge, of Taunton, came to this country about the year 1634. He was a grandson of that earlier Thomas who gave to the poor of Taunton the perpetual income from certain lands, to be dispensed by the wardens of St. Mary Magdalene and St. James, in which churches tablets commemorating the gift and the giver are conspicuously placed. Once a year, for now almost three hundred years, according to the terms of the will, "the Poorest, Oldest, most Honest and Impotent Poor" are assembled to hear a sermon, receive each his dole, and be reminded to thank God and the donor for the benefaction. As they receive only a shilling each, it is to be hoped the homily is not long. Despite the degrading conditions, regularly on St. Thomas's day the churches are thronged by applicants for the charity; and one of the wardens assured a kinsman of mine, some years since, that it was "a blessing to the poor." As a descendant of the well-meaning Thomas, I am thankful for the warden's further assurance that the very old and infirm are excused from hearing the sermon, and get their gratuity without going to ask for it publicly.

The emigrant, Thomas, brought his wife and two sons to America; and a third son was born to him in Dorchester, Mass., where he first settled. He removed to New Haven in 1639, made voyages of traffic to Barbados, and finally went back to England, leaving his boys in New Haven, in the care of an unfaithful steward. The oldest of these sons, Thomas, is the ancestor of the New Haven family of Trowbridges. From the third son, James, I am descended.

James returned to Dorchester, where his father must have left some property to look after, and later settled in Cambridge Village (now Newton). He was the grandfather of Judge Edmund Trowbridge, the eminent jurist, and of Lydia Trowbridge, who married the rising young barrister, Richard Dana, and became the mother of an illustrious line. A brother of Edmund and Lydia was John Trowbridge, of Framingham, the father of Major John Trowbridge, who served in the Revolutionary War.

My father, Windsor Stone Trowbridge, grandson of Major John, was born in Framingham, where I found a sister of his still living, a gray-haired woman, when I first came to New England in 1848. She showed me the site of the home of their childhood, marked only by a ruined cellar overgrown with grass and weeds, a scene full of suggestiveness to an impressible youth, returning on such a pilgrimage, to seek some trace of his parent's early years.

When still quite young my father was taken by his parents to Oneida County, in central New York, where, his mother dying, he was bound out to a Westmoreland farmer, John Townsend, with whom he lived until he was twenty-one, receiving, in return for his services, his board and clothing, a common school education, and, on attaining his majority, a yoke of oxen and a hundred dollars in money. The service could not have been unduly hard, for Mr. Townsend was a

[1] In attempting for the first time a connected story of my life, it has been necessary in a few instances to go over ground previously touched upon in two or three brief personal sketches written long since, and probably long since forgotten. Whatever in these had to be retold has been entirely reshaped and coördinated in the ampler narrative which follows in the present and succeeding numbers of this magazine.

kind man, and he treated his ward in every respect as he did his own son, John, the boys being brought up together like two brothers. But there was a prejudice against such service, the hardships of which my father, in after years, sometimes endeavored to impress upon his own youngsters, when for our disobedience he would make the threat, "I 'll bind you out if you don't behave better ! " with a prodigious frown, which, however, did not frighten us, knowing well, as we did, how much easier it was for him, with his irritable temper and kind heart, to make a threat than it was to execute it.

My father and the younger John Townsend never forgot their early attachment, but remained good friends long after my father left Westmoreland for the Genesee country, as it was then called, farther west. I was named for that companion of his boyhood, who made us at least one visit, in our backwoods home, — a visit impressed upon me by an interesting circumstance, although I was then but four years old. Mr. Townsend stood with his back to the fire, and taking from his pocket a silver half-dollar, gave it to me, as he remarked, "for my name." It was probably the first half-dollar piece I had ever seen, and I did not see much of that. I don't remember just how it disappeared, but I have a distinct recollection of my father's saying he would give me a sheep for it, a proposition with which both the big and the little John Townsend were, I suppose, content. No doubt I thought it a fine thing to have a sheep all my own. There was, moreover, a condition attached to the transaction which I did not quite grasp at the time, but which was explained and well understood by me later. In that new country a farmer too poor to purchase sheep would sometimes take a small flock of a neighbor, with the obligation to return double the number at the end of four years. My father proposed to take my sheep on those terms; it was still to be mine, but he was to have its wool and its progeny, and give me that sheep and another, or, at any rate, two sheep, on my eighth birthday. From that time it was understood that I was part owner of the flock. When I was six, I was told that I owned a sheep and a half; and in watching the flock I used to wonder which whole sheep was mine, and which half of which other sheep I could properly claim. When I was eight, I was the proud proprietor of two sheep; when I was twelve, my father continuing to hire sheep of me, I had four; and I was then able to figure out the bewildering number I would have, at that rate, when I got to be as old as he. At sixteen I had eight sheep; at seventeen I was entitled to ten; but then I left the homestead and the undivided flock, — a source of ever multiplying and illimitable riches, if there were anybody to account to me for the hundreds of thousands of sheep that should now be mine by that simple rule of increase. It was always my fault that I did not look closely after my material and, for that matter, my more ethereal interests. I kept John Townsend's worthy name, but his half-dollar, and the fortune founded upon it, vanished into air, into thin air, like so many of my early and late expectations.

That part of the Genesee country to which my father emigrated was the township of Ogden, in Monroe County, a few miles west of the river that gave the region its name. Soon after attaining his freedom he had married a Westmoreland farmer's daughter, Rebecca Willey (granddaughter of Captain John Willey, of East Haddam, Conn., a veteran of the Revolution), when she was eighteen and he twenty-one. They kept house about a year and a half in Westmoreland. Then, in the depth of winter, namely, in February, 1812, he yoked his oxen to a sleigh, on which were loaded a few farming and kitchen utensils and household goods, — all it

could safely carry in the condition of the road, if road it could be called, a mere wagon track cut through the primeval woods, — and set out with her upon their rough journey of over a hundred miles and I know not how many days. What is now Syracuse was then a frontier settlement; beyond that their way lay for the most part through the unbroken solitudes of the forest. There was no bridge over the Genesee, and but one house at the Falls, where the city of Rochester now stands. The emigrants expected to cross by a ferry at the mouth of the river, but they found the river frozen over, and the ferryboat blocked. They put up at a log tavern, and crossing the next morning on the ice, pushed on into the vast and shadowy wilderness, my father walking by the horns of the oxen to navigate the sleigh among the projecting roots and through the snow-filled hollows; the bars of sunshine slanting along the arches of great trunks and limbs, and the tinkling ice-crust dropping from the boughs overhead. They reached their destination that afternoon.

It was in the midst of dense woods, where a Westmoreland acquaintance had already made a small clearing and built a cabin. He took in the newcomers, and helped my father "roll up a house," — a mere hut, built of logs not too large for two men to roll up on inclined poles, and place one upon another. The "puncheon" floor was of split chestnut logs, the sleigh-boards serving as the floor of the loft. Not a nail was used in the construction; nails were expensive; wooden pegs took their place. No stones could be gathered on account of the deep snow, and my mother's kettles would sink down into the soft ground which formed the hearth. The snow stayed until April. When it was gone, and she went out and found some "good, nice stones" to set her kettles on in the fireplace, she "felt rich," as she used smilingly to tell us children in later years.

So my parents set up their simple housekeeping, and passed, I have no doubt, their happiest days, — days as happy, very likely, as any their children, or numerous grandchildren or great-grandchildren, have enjoyed in the stress of a more complex civilization. She sang at her work; his axe resounded in the forest. He made a clearing, and planted corn and beans and potatoes among the stumps. Their first child was born in that hut. The clearing grew, and before long a larger, well-built house replaced the primitive cabin.

This more substantial house had one large room on the ground floor, about twenty feet square, a low-roofed chamber, to which access was had by a ladder, and in the course of time a "linter" (lean-to) addition. The linter was framed, but the main part was built of logs. These were hewed on the inside, and the cracks between them filled with a plaster made of clay. The filling was liable to crack, and it was necessary to patch the broken places every fall. This was called "chinking up the house," and it made a happy time for the older children, there being always some of the moist clay left over, which they could use in making cups and saucers and other ornaments for their playhouses. The floor was of dressed chestnut planks, the beautiful grain kept scrupulously clean and smoothly polished. At one end of the room was a huge stone fireplace, with great andirons, and heavy shovel and tongs in the corners. In the linter were the spare bed with its white counterpane, a tall brass-handled bureau, and our father's large oaken chest, with its complicated tills, always a marvel to the younger children, who would run and peep wonderingly whenever he went to open it.

The large room in the main part was kitchen, parlor, and bedroom all in one. Curtained off in one corner was the parents' bed, covered by a handsome pieced quilt, and pillow-slips of fine home-made

linen, with our mother's maiden initials fancifully stitched upon them in blue letters. The curtains and pillow-slips were a part of her wedding outfit, and had been woven for her by our Grandmother Willey. Under the bed was a trundle-bed, drawn out at night for the youngest children to sleep in, and pushed back by day, when all would be concealed from view by the drawn curtains. Each child passed from the mother's arms to that trundle-bed, which generally held two or three at a time; the older ones, as their successors came, being allowed — and it was accounted a proud privilege — to go "up chamber" to sleep. There was no pantry, cupboards serving instead. Outside the house was a large brick oven, where the family baking was done. It was under a shed, which was some protection to our mother when she had "a bad day for baking."

In this log house all the nine children were born except the first and the last. I was the eighth, and in it I first saw the light (that of a tallow candle) in September, 1827, after our parents had been fifteen years in their backwoods home.

The event, of so much more importance to me than to any one else, took place so nearly on the stroke of midnight that it was uncertain whether the 17th or 18th of the month should, in strict accordance with the fact, be set down as my birthday. In my childhood, some freedom of choice being left to me in the matter, — strange as it may seem that a boy should be able to choose his own birthday, — I stoutly maintained that the 17th was the anniversary, since it added the dignity of one day to my youthful years, and brought the presents, if there chanced to be any, one day earlier. But later in life, for a sadder reason, I fixed upon the date that made me a day younger. Then there was the satisfaction of feeling that I was a child of the morning. I had, however, cause to regret, even in my boyhood, that I did not put off my entrance upon the stage a few weeks longer, for then I could have enjoyed the distinction of being born in a new framed house, which the family moved into while I was yet in the cradle. But as it made not the slightest difference to me at the time, so now I am as well content as if my eyes had first blinked and my infant lungs piped in a palace.

The house in which my boyhood was passed, a two-story farmhouse painted white, with green blinds, stood, and I believe yet stands, on the north side of a road running east and west, a mile or more from "the Basin," as we used to call it, — Spencer's Basin, now Spencerport, on the Erie Canal. This was the nearest village. It was a small village then, but it prides itself on being so much of a village now that friends of mine, living there, express surprise that I do not claim it as my birthplace, it is so much more distinctive! But I was not born in a village. Ogden includes Spencerport, and is distinctive enough for one so obscurely born and bred.

Behind the house was the well, with its iron-bound bucket; and not far beyond that was the fine orchard of apple and peach trees, which my father's hand had planted, and which were in their thrifty prime in the days of my childhood.

Beyond the barn and orchard were the rolling pastures, the grainfields where I hoed corn and pulled redroot, and the wood-lot, which had been spared when the forest was driven back to make space for farm land. Beyond the wood-lot was the canal, with its passing boats; and north of that was Lake Ontario, not many miles away, but veiled from view by a skirt of the ancient wilderness. When I revisited the farm in later years, the distant woods had disappeared, and the lake was visible from the high pasture land over which I had driven the cows hundreds of times in the summers long gone by. As I recalled

those summers on the pleasant hills, the feeling of glad surprise with which I looked off on the blue expanse was pierced by a pang of regret that that "thing of beauty" could not have been "a joy" of my barefoot boyhood.

Jessamine vines and morning-glories grew before the front windows, and in beds near by were all the old-fashioned flowers, of which the pink and the flower-de-luce were always my favorites. Roses I admired, and other flowers had their special charms, but I loved the pink, and something in the exquisite tint and velvety softness of the bosom of the flower-de-luce awakened in me a yearning no words could ever express. I remember when my sisters introduced into their garden a novelty known as the "love apple," prized for its beauty only, until it was popularized as the tomato, and banished to the vegetable garden.

In front of the house the ground fell in a gentle green slope to the road, on the other side of which, not many rods off, was an immense gloomy swamp, shaded by lofty elms that shut out the sun, and full of fallen trunks, rotten logs covered with moss as with coats of thick fur, and black, silent pools that to my childish imagination had a mysterious depth. Awe and wonder peopled for me those profound solitudes. By night raccoons whinnied and owls hooted in them, and at times clouds of mosquitoes came out of them. The roaring wind in the tossing sea of tops, the creaking of dry limbs, the fireflies fitfully embroidering, as with stars and threads of gold, the dark skirts of the swamp, and the bears and panthers and phantoms which I fancied inhabiting it, filled my childish soul with wonder and joy. There frogs held their concerts; and often, after a shower, when the wind was southerly, sulphurous odors were wafted to us from the troubled pools.

One would think our farmhouse must have been in an unhealthy place, but it was not so. We had no ague in our neighborhood, and there were probably no malarial mosquitoes in the swamp. The house stood on high ground, and our only protection against mosquitoes was a smudge-fire on summer nights.

There was a tradition among the boys that this swamp was impassable, and I think I must have been nine or ten years old before I ventured to penetrate its dim recesses very far. Then, taking advantage of an unusually dry season, and marking the trees so I could find my way back, I tramped and scrambled through it, and found to my surprise that it was only a belt of woods, with high and dry farm lands on the other side. I lost my awe of it from that day, and almost wished I had left it unexplored. I have since found many such dark and mysterious places in life, filled with shadowy terrors until, with a little resolution, they have been passed through. When last I visited the old homestead, there was no black and dismal swamp in front of it, but a well-drained broad green meadow basking in the summer sun.

The new house also had its great fireplace, and one of the pleasant recollections of my boyhood is the generous fire that on winter nights filled the room with its glow. The building of this fire was a somewhat elaborate affair. After the evening chores were done, my father would appear in the doorway with the big back-log coated with snow, often of ampler girth than himself, and fully breast high to him as he held it upright, canting it one way and another, and "walking" it before him on its wedge-shaped end. He would perhaps stand it against the chimney while he took a breathing spell and planned his campaign. Then, the andirons hauled forward on the hearth, and the bed of half-burnt brands and live coals raked open, the icy log was got into the fireplace, where a skillful turn would lay it over, hissing and steaming, in its lair of hot embers. It seemed a thing alive, and its vehement sputtering and protest-

ing made a dramatic moment for at least one small spectator. The stout shovel and tongs, or perhaps a piece of firewood used as a lever, would force it against the chimney back; then a good-sized stick, called a "back-stick," was laid on top of it, and the andirons were set in place. Across the andirons another good-sized stick was laid, called a "fore-stick," and in the interspace smaller sticks were crossed and thrust and piled, all quickly kindled by the live coals and brands.

In very cold weather a fire was kept burning all night, our father getting up once or twice to replenish it. Even in summer the coals rarely became extinct. A good heap of them, covered with embers at bedtime, would be found alive when raked open in the morning. This was a needful precaution before locofoco matches came into use. Every house had its tinderbox, but starting a flame with flint and steel was a tedious process at the best, and "borrowing fire" was usual among neighbors when one had the mischance to lose his over night. I am unable to say how long this custom continued, but I must have been seven or eight years old when a vagabondish neighbor came to our house one morning with his wife's foot-stove to get some coals. He was a reckless liar, of whom it was proverbially said that he would "lie for the fun of it" when the truth would have been more to his advantage. As we had had our breakfast, my mother said to him, "Your folks must have slept late this morning." "Bless you, no!" he replied; "we were up at daylight, and my wife has done a large ironing." I remember with what good-natured effrontery he joined in the laugh against him when my mother said she would like their receipt for doing an ironing without fire.

The foot-stove was a sheet-iron box in a wooden frame, and with a perforated cover, made for holding live coals embedded in ashes; it was used in cold weather to rest the feet on in the sleigh, or in the cold meeting-house. My mother always took hers to church with her from November until April.

The first friction matches I ever saw were brought to school by a boy who lighted one by placing it in the folds of a piece of sandpaper and drawing it out with a quick pull. When we who stood looking on saw it come out actually on fire, our wonder and envy knew no bounds. No, sir! he would n't let one of us ignite or even touch one; he would light just one more himself, and only one, and we need n't tease, for those magical bits of wood were too precious to be wasted in idle experiments. It was n't long before everybody had matches, and a new era in household economy began.

Along with matches, stoves came into the settlement. A "Franklin" was set up in our kitchen, and the arched brick oven, that had been built into the chimney by the fireplace to supersede the primitive oven outside the house, was itself superseded. The tin "baker," in which meats were roasted before an open fire, also became obsolete. We still had open fires in the sitting-room, and sometimes in the "east room" (or parlor) when my sisters came to have beaux.

When I was seven years old, my eldest sister married one of these beaux, a young Vermonter, who had taught our district school and made her acquaintance while boarding around. I do not recall the wedding ceremony, but I remember full well the beautifully frosted wedding-cake, served to a large company grouped before our sitting-room fire. It was winter, and not long after, namely, in February, 1835, the young couple emigrated to "the West," as our father and mother had done just twenty-three years before; the West, in the later instance, being Illinois.

The world was all a mystery to me, which I was forever seeking to solve; but the greatest mystery of all was that of the people around me. I can hardly

remember a time when I did not try to enter somehow into their consciousness and think with their thoughts. I would sit patiently in my little chair, and watch my mother rocking and knitting, something within me yearning to fathom something in her; wondering how it seemed to be as old as she, how life looked to her, and what it was that made her chair rock and her hands move, always just so, and not otherwise. When I was old enough to be taken to meeting, I would entertain myself by studying certain persons whose faces fascinated me, endeavoring to guess their secrets, and to make out why one was gray and wrinkled, another young and handsome, and why one was always so distinctly one's own self and not another's. I knew they never had any such thoughts as troubled a little boy like me, but what *were* their thoughts?

At times it seemed to me that while the people and things around me might be real, I was a sort of dream. Then they were the dream, and I was the sole reality; even my own father and mother and brothers and sisters were phantoms, and the earth and trees and clouds were pictures, provided for my use and entertainment. These flittings across my inner consciousness would hardly reach the surface of my thoughts; if ever they did, I was sensible enough to perceive that they were the idlest illusions, and I early outgrew them.

But the feeling that everything was provided and prearranged for me was more persistent. Invisible beings surrounded and watched over me, and shaped the world and all things for my good. They knew all that I did or thought or felt; they were so near and so real that I sometimes talked to them, and was sure they whispered to me, though I could never quite make out what they said. This belief, if anything so formless and unreasoned can be called a belief, was wholly instinctive, and could not have been suggested by, as it probably antedated, any teaching I received regarding God and the angels. God, according to my earliest conception, was a big man, taller than our well-sweep; and angels were great white things with wings. My invisibles had nothing so tangible as wings, and were as bodiless as the breeze that brushed my hair. The sense of their immediate presence became gradually obscured; but even after I was old enough to argue myself out of it, I never quite lost the feeling of their oversight and guidance, — the feeling which I have elsewhere commemorated, attempting to define what is so indefinable: —

> "The haunting faith, the shadowy superstition,
> That I was somehow chosen, the special care
> Of Powers that led me through life's changeful vision,
> Spirits and influences of earth and air."

Problems which have baffled the greatest minds oppressed me at a very early age. I can remember lying on my back under an orchard tree, when I could n't have been more than eight or nine years old, gazing up through the boughs into the blue depths of the sky, and trying to think of time and space, until my inmost sense ached with the effort. It was the *beginning* of time that troubled me, for it must have had a beginning; and yet — what was before that? And there must be a limit to the sky; but when I conceived of that limit as a great blank wall, no matter how far away, the same difficulty met me, — what was beyond that wall? My older brother seemed never to have thought of such things, and hardly to know what I meant when I spoke of them. I could never be satisfied with my mother's answer when I carried my questions to her, — "Those are things nobody can understand," — and I wondered how it could satisfy her. It was no explanation to say that God made the world, unless somebody could tell me who made God, or how he made himself, and what was before God was.

I was brought up under the shadow

of the Calvinism of those days, and listened to its preachings and teachings, sitting in the straight-backed pew of the meeting-house or on a bench of the Sunday-school. Sunday was a day of irksome restraint and gloom. It began at sundown on Saturday, and ended at sundown on Sunday, and sometimes a little earlier for us boys, if the afternoon chanced to be overcast, and we could convince our mother that it was time to relieve the pressure and let our youthful spirits effervesce. Fortunately she was more liberal than her creed, and although anything like games or sports was prohibited in the hours that were to be kept "holy," and a certain amount of serious reading was enjoined, we generally had the freedom of the barn and fields and orchard before and after church. No work was performed except the necessary chores.

Church-going was rigidly observed. Our meeting-house was at Ogden Centre, a mile away as the crows flew when they flew straight; it was considerably farther around by the road. Every Sunday morning the one-horse wagon was brought to the door about the time the ringing of the first bell sent its loud *bim-bom* over the woods and farms and into our hearts, with all its solemn associations. The mother, in her best black gown, and with her foot-stove, if the weather was cold, the father, freshly shaved, in his high black stock and equally uncomfortable tall black hat, and such of the sisters as were at home, filled the two broad seats, with perhaps one of us youngsters wedged in, though we preferred to walk in good weather; then the vehicle moved out of the front gate, and joined the procession of carriages going in the same direction, impelled by the same pious duty. With the foot-stove or without it, went luncheons for the noonday hour, for the religious exercises were an all-day affair, with forenoon and afternoon services, and the Bible class and Sunday-school in the interval which the minister took for rest between his sermons. It was not supposed that his hearers needed rest. There were sheds for the vehicles, and the man who was kind to his beasts usually put into his wagon with the family sandwiches a small bag of grain for his team. The services began at half past ten, and were over at half past two, unless the afternoon sermon was "lengthy," as it was very apt to be: four hours of doctrine and edification on which Heaven was supposed to smile; four hours of light and sunshine and recreation stricken out of our lives on that so-called day of rest.

I can remember how utterly vacuous I felt, in both mind and body, at the end of that exhausting ordeal. Often one of the family would remain at home, to take care of the house, and of my younger brother, five years my junior, before he was old enough to be subjected to that long confinement. Happy the day and blissful the chance when that care-taking was assigned to me. I was never lonely when left alone, yet I was always glad when I saw the dust and heard the rumble of carriages coming home from meeting. I knew how hungry everybody would be, and never failed to have the pot and kettle boiling.

My mother was a woman of strong devotional feelings, and with an unquestioning faith in a divine Providence and in immortality. She no more doubted that eternal life awaited her in the blissful society of friends she had known here than that she should awaken in the morning after a normal night's sleep. This belief seemed inherent in her, and she loved to dwell upon it. The doctrines of total depravity and eternal torment she accepted on the authority of her church; but that they were external to her spiritual nature I am convinced, for the reason that she never insisted upon them, nor even mentioned them, as I now recall, in her endeavors to impress upon us younger children the necessity for a "change of heart." Three of my sisters became church members in

their girlhood. I think my older brother also joined the church; if he did, he became a backslider. He got "converted" in the tremendous excitement of revival meetings, but in him the exuberance of unreflecting animal spirits did not permit the religious feeling to strike permanent root.

My father was a constant churchgoer, and he at one time led the choir. He never became a communicant, not because he had leanings toward skepticism, but because he had not consciously "experienced religion." If right living constitutes righteousness, there was no more righteous man in the church than he was out of it. But he had not met with the change of heart which was deemed essential to an admission to its fold. He was at times persuaded by our mother to conduct family worship, but he lacked the gift of prayer in which she abounded; and I recall painful occasions when, as we all knelt at our chairs, he broke down in his supplication, becoming stranded, so to speak, with his burden; whereupon she would sail in and take it up, and on a full tide of eloquence bear it into port.

I had something of my mother's natural religious feeling, yet not all the pains of perdition preached by imported revivalists — which, in the dim candlelight, amid the misty exhalations, the sobbings and moanings, of the evening meetings, frightened my mates and acquaintances into seeking the "anxious seat" — could terrify me into following their example. Something granitic within me resisted all such influences. Whatever intelligence and spiritual perception I had, revolted against the threatenings hurled down upon us by those pulpit prophets of wrath, and I sat cold and critical, at times even cynical, I fear, when the exhorters shouted, and some of the worst boys I knew, recently convicted of sin, got hold of me and implored me to come forward, be prayed for, and gain a hope.

I prayed by myself, frequently aloud, when I was walking alone in the fields; prayed earnestly that the truth might be shown to me, opening my heart to it like a flower to the light, and making vows to follow wherever it led, to live by it and confess it, at whatever cost. I remember doing this when I was about twelve years old. But the more I thought of the fall of man, total depravity, everlasting torment, and kindred tenets, the more strongly they impressed me as being unnatural and humanly contrived. Once I became angry with a sled I was making, the pieces of which would not fit according to my plan. I gave it a vindictive kick. Then I checked myself and said, "That 's like what they say God did when he made the world and found it did n't suit him." I was calmed and shamed, and at once set about putting the pieces together.

I was always wondering at the beauty and mystery of the earth and sky, — the air in its place, the water in its place, the birds adapted to their life, the fishes to theirs, the growth of trees and grass and flowers, the sun by day, and by night the moon and stars, — and I never once imagined that these visible miracles could have come about by any sort of chance. I had a vague conception of a law of adaptation in nature, some power that kept the balance of things, which in later years the theories of evolution and the survival of the fittest confirmed and explained. I clung intuitively to a belief in divine Providence and an intelligent Source of Life; not in consequence of the religious instructions I received, but rather in spite of them. I say in spite of them, because I regard those preachings and teachings as having been distinctly harmful to me in many ways. They cast a shadow over my childhood, and enshrouded in baleful gloom even the Sun of Righteousness. It was not until long after I got away from them that I came back to the Bible with a fresh sense of the beauty of its literature, and of the spiritual insight and power that illumine the best

parts of it, and make it, above all other books, the Word of God.

I was only an average pupil until about my fifteenth year. I learned my lessons readily and recited them glibly by rote, without really understanding much about them, when a slight thing gave my mind a start. In what was called the "back part of the spelling-book" there was a list of foreign words and phrases with their English equivalents affixed. We had not been required to learn these, and perhaps they interested me the more for this reason. I went through them eagerly, committed them to memory, and conceived an ardent desire to study a foreign language.

I wished to have some necessary books bought for me, but money for such things was scarce in our family, and no doubt my parents thought it better that I should confine myself to studies that were taught in school. An invalid cousin of mine, a young lady who had had a boarding-school education, heard of my ambition, and on her deathbed directed that her French books should be given to me. There were only three of these, — a grammar of the old-fashioned sort, a small dictionary, and a reader, — but I never in my life felt richer than when the precious volumes were brought home and put into my hands.

It was probably all the better for my mental discipline that the language was not made easy to me by our more modern methods. Yet I did not find it hard; there was a joy in acquiring it which made a pastime of the dry conjugations, and of the slow process of reading with the help of a dictionary.

I did not find much difficulty with anything but the pronunciation. The textbooks gave me little help in that, and since the death of my cousin I did not know anybody who had the slightest acquaintance with the language. I went through the grammar and reader, and a Télémaque which I found in the town library, and so got to read and translate the language before I ever heard it spoken.

I took other books from the library, which was supported by subscribers, of whom my father was one. I read Ivanhoe with wonder and delight, and in consequence of the historical curiosity it excited in me, took out next an abridged Hume's History of England. I read Cooper's Spy and Leather Stocking Tales, James's Richelieu, and Henri Quatre, Croly's Salathiel, and Ingraham's Lafitte the Pirate of the Gulf, and thought them all good.

I read Byron with the greatest avidity, and became possessed of a copy of Scott's Lady of the Lake, whole pages of which — I might almost say whole cantos — I was soon able to recite from memory. I was even absorbed in Pope's Essay on Man, regarding it as the most perfect combination possible of sublime philosophy and lucid verse. I read much of Shakespeare, and tried to read more. Othello, King Lear, The Tempest, Hamlet, Timon of Athens, and a few other plays interested me profoundly; but I could not get through Love's Labour 's Lost. As I look back now, I am surprised at the boyish audacity with which I criticised works so famous. The indecencies and whimsical conceits I found in the plays offended my taste, and I thought the tragical ending of Hamlet too melodramatic, although I did not have that word for what I felt to be forced and artificial in that homicidal scene.

I went through a volume of Plutarch because I liked it, and Rollin's Ancient History because I thought it one of those things a well-informed youth ought not to neglect. A similar sense of duty carried me over dreary tracts of Aiken's British Poets, which I blamed myself for finding dull, and Pope's Homer, which I thought I ought to like for the reason that Homer and Pope were both celebrated poets. But the couplets that I found so cogent and convincing in the Essay on Man became monoto-

nous in the Iliad, and left me unmoved. Of other books I remember reading at that age, I may mention Abercrombie's Intellectual Powers, Blair's Rhetoric, some volumes of the Spectator, the Arabian Nights and Gulliver's Travels, Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding (abridged edition), works on Phrenology and Physiology, Paradise Lost, and the Pirate's Own Book. When I had money of my own, I purchased books in Rochester, among others some volumes of a Bibliothèque Choisie de la Littérature Française, of which I best recall Alfred de Vigny's fine historical romance, Cinq-Mars. I procured Latin textbooks, and took up the study of that language, also without a teacher.

Up to the time of my intellectual awakening, I had scarcely any clear conception of the use and meaning of English grammar, although I could parse fluently and recite all the rules. The study of another language threw a flood of light on the grammar of my own, like a lantern shining backward on a path one has been treading in the dark. My mind also awoke to the real value of other branches, of which only a parrot-like knowledge had been required of me hitherto. And "composition" became a delight.

I began to write verses when I was thirteen, but I was accused by some of my mates of copying them out of books, until I composed an acrostic on the name of one of them. As it was a name Mrs. Hemans and Kirke White would hardly have cared to celebrate, even if they had heard of it, and as the ingenuity of altering any of their lines to suit it would have been considerable, the charge of plagiarizing was not pressed.

After I was thirteen I attended only the winter term of the school, my services being required on the farm in summer; but the teaching I missed was probably no loss to me when my mind had become independently aroused. In the hour's nooning with the books I loved, I have no doubt but I learned more than I should have done in the whole day's routine in school. I almost wonder now at the extent of my studies and readings while I was doing a boy's regular work on the farm. I was fond of sport, and liked to hunt and fish and play ball and fly kites as well as most boys. But I made a good deal of "odd spells" which others idled away. The men of learning and genius I read about, or whose writings I admired, caused in me pangs of despairing emulation, as I constantly contrasted their high achievements with my own petty, unprofitable life.

It was not alone the love of study that kept me at my books. I saw my companions give themselves up to idle talk and amusement, and often wished that I might pass my days as carelessly as they. What was that inward scourge which chastised those shallower inclinations, and drove me back to my self-allotted tasks? Many times I asked myself this question. I did not know then how much may be acquired in the course of a year by a boy engaged in almost any kind of work, who gives now and then a leisure hour to earnest reading and study without a teacher; but I was finding it out by experience.

I was in many respects fortunately situated, although I did not know it at the time. I thought it hard that I could not have the educational privileges which some boys at the Basin had, and which they scorned and wasted. I had a cousin on the Willey side living in Geneseo, where I visited him. His father was a lawyer, and the son had all the advantages of an academic course, and of a village life, simple enough, in fact, but cultured and elegant in comparison with my own. He was two or three years older than I, so learned that I hardly dared speak to him of my humble studies, and so well dressed that I was ashamed of my country clothes, as I knew he was, when his Geneseo friends saw him with me on the street. His

position and accomplishments were so far beyond anything I could hope ever to attain that I went home with a very poor opinion of my opportunities, and might have been discouraged from my endeavors at self-improvement if I had not pursued it for its own sake, or if something within me deeper than discouragement and better than ambition had not held me to my purpose. I was naturally indolent, and it was probably well for me that, instead of circumstances made easy for me, I had obstacles to overcome.

My father never drove his boys or his hired men. I generally had a good part of a rainy day to myself, and often other afternoons, when work was not pressing. I nearly always had a book handy which I could snatch up between whiles. I fear this habit was many a source of annoyance to the family, and I can remember hearing the frequent question, "Where 's John?" answered with tart impatience, "Oh, he 's got his nose in one of his everlasting books somewhere!" I am sorry to say I did not always take my nose out as soon as I should have done. My ambition did not invariably receive that encouragement from other members of the family which could have been desired. I was painfully impressed by what one of my sisters, five years older than I, once said of precocious boys, who know more at fourteen or fifteen than they ever do afterwards, adding, "I guess that is going to be the way with John." I don't suppose that this was really her opinion, but it was natural to think that any branching conceit in a younger brother should be kept well pruned. Not that I ever made a parade of my acquirements. I often wished that my reputation for reading and study had been less, in order that less might have been expected of me. I knew a little of so many things that I was credited with knowing many more, my ignorance of which was often a source of embarrassment and humiliation.

This studiousness on my part developed in me an independence of social excitements and a reliance on my own inward resources, as appeared in the way I spent the Fourth of July when I was fifteen years old. While every other boy in town went to the "celebration," I remained at home, entirely alone, with no company but my books and my own thoughts. When I was tired of reading — for I had weak eyes, and could never use them long at a time — I went out into the field and hoed corn for an hour or two, an altogether voluntary task. Then I went back to my book, and my frugal dinner which I prepared myself and ate while I read; then returned and hoed corn for another hour in the afternoon. The exercise refreshed me for the reading, and the reading made the open air and the sunshine and the society of cawing crows and wild hawks, sailing over, a renewed delight. I think it was the happiest Fourth of July of my boyhood; and I did not envy my brothers the uproarious fun they had to tell of when they came home at night. To spend an entire day in work seemed to me a wicked waste of time and opportunity; but to break it up with intervals of reading and study, in this way, was my ideal of a farm-boy's life.

In the way of literature everything was grist that came to my mill. I even have an affectionate recollection of two or three old-fashioned schoolbooks. The Historical Reader had a new interest for me after I had read Ivanhoe, and it was the selections from Milton and Shakespeare in Porter's Rhetorical Reader that sent me to Paradise Lost and Hamlet. The brief extracts from the poets in Brown's Grammar had for me an indefinable charm.

I was not particularly good in arithmetic, but algebra appealed powerfully to my understanding, and I had great pleasure in it. This I studied in school when I was fifteen and sixteen.

One of my sisters had a copy of Burritt's Astronomy and Geography of the

Heavens, which I studied by myself, tracing out the principal constellations visible in our latitude, and learning pretty thoroughly all that was then popularly taught concerning the stars and the solar system. This was welcome food to my reason and imagination.

I was not, however, so bookish a boy as this condensed and continuous account of my studies may seem to imply. They were for the most part done at odd spells, the summer's farm work, the night and morning chores in winter, sports and social recreations occupying always the greater part of my time.

The weakness of the eyes I have mentioned was another hindrance. There was no trouble with the sight, and my mother used to say that they were as strong as any child's until I had the measles, which left them irritable, and with a tendency to chronic inflammation. When I was twelve years old, I was sent to Dr. Munn, an oculist of some note, in Rochester, to have my eyes examined. He said there was nothing the matter with them but a slight congestion, which could be quickly remedied. I said that was what I had come for, and submitted to his treatment. He called an attendant to hold my head on the pad of the chair, and proceeded to pass a short curved lancet around each eyeball, between it and the lids, as coolly and with as little regard for my outcries as if he had been peeling onions. I was in his chair five minutes, and his fee was five dollars. As I had expected nothing more than a prescription, I had only a two-dollar note with me. He took the money from my pocketbook, which I blindly handed him, bound my handkerchief on my bleeding orbs, saying they would be all right in a day or two, and sent me home by the neighbor who had brought me, and who had witnessed the treatment, as much surprised at it as I was. I should n't have regretted the pain, intense as it was, if any good had come of it; but it was weeks before my eyes fully recovered from that worse than useless operation. It may have done them no permanent harm, but it certainly did them no good. The irritability remained, always easily aggravated by over-use of the eyes, a cold, or much exposure to artificial light. And it has continued, a very serious inconvenience, through all my life, interfering with my literary labors, often causing me to shun society and evening entertainments, and so, unfortunately, tending to confirm in me a natural inclination toward retirement and reverie.

Although not the most useful lad on a farm, I liked certain kinds of farm work very well. Ploughing was my favorite employment. I drove the team with the lines passed over my back and under one arm, and at fifteen turned a furrow, my father said, as well as any man. In those lonely but pleasant hours in the field, with no companions but the kind, dumb, steady-going horses, I made a great many verses, which I retained in my memory and wrote down after the day's work was done.

Tales and romances in rhyme, after the manner of Byron and Scott, I planned and partly composed in this way. It may be in consequence of the habit thus formed that few of the many verses I have written since have been composed with pen in hand. They have oftener come to me when I have been walking in the woods and fields, or by the water-side, or lying awake in the dark.

I was lying thus awake when I composed the first of my pieces that got into print. I was sixteen years old, and was attending the winter term of the district school. The teacher had announced to our class, in dismissing us at night, that compositions would be expected of us, and I thought it would be a novelty to write mine in rhyme. I did not decide on a subject until after I had gone to bed; then the Tomb of Napoleon occurred to me. Before I slept I had shaped five nine-line stanzas in the me-

tre of Childe Harold, which I wrote out and revised the next day.

With the exception of an essay on the Disappearance of the North American Indians, full of wailing winds and moaning waters and other stock imagery befitting the subject, this was the most serious thing I had undertaken in the way of a school composition, and it was received with mingled incredulity and astonishment. One boy of my age loudly declared that I could never have written a line of it. I said, "You have a good reason for thinking so." "What is that?" he eagerly asked. I replied, "Because you could n't have written a line of it yourself to save your life!"

It was much talked about in school and out; and, as much to my surprise as anybody's, it soon appeared in the columns of our county newspaper, the Rochester Republican. I never knew whether it was my father or the schoolmaster who sent it to the printers, but the author's initials were given, "J. T. T., of Ogden," with the extenuating phrase, "a lad of sixteen years," which did much to destroy any satisfaction I might otherwise have felt on first seeing my rhymes in print. It was copied by a Chicago paper, accompanied by an editorial note comparing it with "the early productions of Prior, Pope, and Chatterton," and calling attention to it as "an indication of what might be expected of the author at a more mature age." This was the first newspaper notice any lines of mine ever received, and it did n't do any harm.

Up to this time I had never quite dared to think that anything I might write was worth publishing. If I had secret dreams of becoming an author, they were scarcely acknowledged even to myself. Shy and diffident, I did not show my most intimate friend, I did not reveal to one of my own family, the quires of foolscap I was spoiling with verses composed while following the plough. After the veil of my reserve had been lifted by that first publication, I began to send to the papers short poems occasionally, which appeared with my initials, but without the offensive reference to the writer's tender years.

I did the usual farm-boy's chores that winter, before and after school. I milked two or three cows, foddered the cattle and sheep, rode the horses to water, often chopping the ice out of the trough in cold weather, and shoveled paths through the drifts. I was naturally of a hopeful and cheerful disposition, and I remember that as a very pleasant winter.

But in the spring I fell into an unaccountable melancholy. There had been talk of my continuing my studies and preparing for college, but it seemed that nothing was to be done about it that season. The school was over; I thought I was accomplishing nothing; I was wasting my youth; I was in my seventeenth year! The idea of another summer spent in farm work filled me with despair.

I did not conceal my despondency; my folks called me sullen, and asked me what was the matter. The mere mention of my misery intensified it. I could not have told what ailed me; I nursed imaginary woes. I was reading Byron again, and fancied myself akin to that stormy, dissatisfied spirit.

"I had not loved the world, nor the world me."

There is no knowing how long this morbid state would have continued had not a real and overwhelming sorrow come to drive from my mind all unreal wrongs and causeless discontent. My father was stricken with an incurable and rapid disease, and died in May. This first intimate acquaintance with death and the anguish of separation seemed suddenly to end my boyhood, while the great calamity changed all our lives.

My mother was left with the small farm of fifty acres, her three boys and one unmarried daughter still at home. The will provided that my elder brother, then only nineteen, but an active

and enterprising youth, fond of horses, cattle, and country life, should keep the homestead, while I should be free to stay or go, after I was seventeen.

This arrangement seemed the best that could be made. My brother was quite unselfish about it. Taking me aside a few days after the funeral, he said I could have the farm if I wished it, and if I thought I could care as well for it and for our mother's interest in it as he could. He urged me to think it carefully over, assuring me that he would be satisfied either to remain or to go in my place. Now that the choice was left to me, leaving home became a more serious matter than it had appeared before, my future and his and our mother's more or less depending upon my decision. If I remained I was sure of a living, and I could, no doubt, always command some leisure for my favorite pursuits. On the other hand, a feeling of loneliness and uncertainty all at once oppressed me at the prospect of going out into the world unguided, inexperienced, to make my dubious way. I consulted our mother, who said she would consent to whatever we desired; it would be equally hard to part with either of us, and perhaps I might, after a while, get to manage the farm as well as he could, and do as well by our younger brother. So it was still left to me; and I confess that I was half tempted to choose the immediate good and the more timid part, as I was to be more than once tempted to choose between the narrow certainty and the larger possibility, in the years to follow.

After two or three anxious days and nights, courage and resolution came. I said, "It was father's plan; he knew best. You are cut out for a farmer; I am not." I saw that he was relieved. "But remember," he joined with our mother in saying, "this will always be your home whenever you wish to come back to it."

I never went back to it, except for brief visits, after starting out to make my own way in the world; and before many years it passed from his and her hands, to become the possession of strangers. My brother married at twenty-one, a step of which she approved, although she felt that thenceforward the home for which she had toiled so long and made so many sacrifices was no longer *her* home, as it had been from the time when her own hands helped to carve it out of the wilderness. It had a new mistress, as was fitting; and where her own children had played, grandchildren soon toddled about the door. My brother was a good farmer, but he had a restless disposition. He grew tired of the farm, and wished to sell it. She consented even to this heartbreaking sacrifice. His new home was to be hers, and the homes of her married daughters would always be open to her, but there was no other spot in the world like that where her very life had so long struck its roots; and when these were uptorn, she felt that she was from that time forth a "sojourner in the land," as she used to say with Christian resignation.

My brother tried two or three kinds of business, and finally settled down as a market gardener in Lockport, where we already had a sister living. Our mother's widowhood lasted thirty-eight years, — four years longer than the period of her entire married life. She died in Lockport in 1882, in her ninety-first year. Her constant prayer had long been that she might not outlive her usefulness, and that prayer seemed to have been granted. She retained all her faculties to an extraordinary degree, and was remarkably active until a fatal illness, occasioned by a fall which crippled her; but even in those last days she delighted to be doing bits of knitting or embroidery for some of her children or grandchildren, her perfect faith in a future life continuing to the close.

Whether her later years would have had fewer trials if I, instead of my brother, had remained and kept the home-

stead can never be known; but it was better for me that I should go.

Being seventeen in the September after my father's death (1844), I went to live with a married sister in Lockport, for the purpose of attending a classical school there. Out of school I found an educated French-Canadian who gave me lessons in French pronunciation, and encouraged my visits to his family; this being my first practice in speaking the language. I did morning and evening chores to pay for my board, and gained an exceedingly small newspaper prize offered for a New Year's Address, the first money I ever earned by my pen.

In the following summer I made a trip around the lakes to Illinois, where I lived one year, hunting grouse and deer in the autumn, teaching a small school in winter, raising a crop of wheat on land leased to me by my brother-in-law, doing other farm work, and, what was of far greater importance to me, pursuing all the while my studies, and reading everything I could lay my hands on. In the fall I returned to Lockport, N. Y., where I taught for one term a district school a little out of the village.

The Lockport winter term was the last of my experience as a school-teacher. At its close I went to Brockport, a village on the Erie Canal, where there was an academy, with the intention of entering it. I entered it for one day; or, more strictly speaking, for one hour. I saw the principal, whom I remember as a stocky man with a wooden leg, and talked with students who had been a year or two in attendance. When I learned how long they had been in traversing fields of study which I had passed, unassisted, in one half the time (more superficially, without doubt), how far in advance I was in Latin of the class I hoped to enter, and how far behind in Greek, and how little progress the routine of the term promised after all, I was dismayed at what, to my boyish conceit, appeared a treadmill process of education. The truth was, my desultory methods of study had rendered me impatient of what would have been, undoubtedly, a useful discipline. I had idealized the academy, which I had longed for and looked forward to so long, fancying it something entirely different from the Lockport classical school; and I found it a little more of the same sort, on a larger scale. With my habits of solitary application, I could do out of it all I could hope to do in it, and more in directions in which I wished to go.

Then there was the important economic consideration. From my farming and teaching I had saved barely enough money to take me through the term; and at its close I should have to go to work to earn more, either at farming or teaching. To neither of these occupations did I desire ever to return. I went out from the throng of students when the organization of classes had barely begun, and walked the streets of Brockport village in a deeply anxious frame of mind, until I had reached one of those momentous decisions which often mark a crisis in our lives. I would give up all thought of working my way through college, and face the world at once in search of fortune, if fortune there might be for one so ill prepared and of so uncertain aims.

I hastened to the pleasant village home where I had engaged board for the term, and found, to my relief, that the room would be in request by other applicants; packed my trunk, and hurried with it on board the first packet boat for Spencer's Basin; returned to the Ogden homestead for a brief visit, and to put into shape some poems and sketches, a few in print but more in manuscript, which I had not yet been wise enough to burn; then, on the tenth day of May, 1847, not yet twenty years of age, I started for New York.

J. T. Trowbridge.

(*To be continued.*)

LOVE'S MIRACLE.

'T is not the touch of hands, 't is not the light
  Shining from eyes that tenderly do gaze
  On the beloved face, 't is not the praise
Of spoken words or sung, that may aright
Reveal the spirit's worship; these give sight
  Of Love's fair flower and tender leafy sprays;
  But Love's fruition must be found in ways
More subtly sought, and moods more recondite.

'T is rather in the hours when far apart
  From the dear sight of her whose very thought
  Hallows the soul, the hours with memories fraught,
With yearnings filled, when to the eyelids start
  Unbidden tears; Love's miracle then wrought
Touches with fire the altar of the heart.

William Morton Payne.

THE WAR AGAINST DISEASE.

[The author of this paper is instructor in sanitary bacteriology in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. — The Editors.]

The cure of disease was variously attempted in the remotest ages of which we have any record, but its prevention is a strictly modern phenomenon. Until a somewhat recent period many devout persons sincerely believed plagues and pestilences to be "a merciful provision on the part of Providence to lessen the burthen of a poor man's family," and consequently held that it must be "impious and profane to wrest out of the hands of the Almighty these divine dispensations." A disproportionate emphasis on certain Pauline doctrines had produced utter contempt for the body and all its ills.

Science, nevertheless, has made nothing clearer than the fact that the moral and intellectual life are intimately bound up with the physical, and that from a sound and normal body wise thoughts and right actions are far more likely to proceed than from the deranged mechanism of the defective or the degenerate. It becomes then as essential to fight against physical poverty and disease as against their correlatives in the moral sphere. Disraeli expressed the sentiments of thoughtful public men upon the importance of this function of the state when he uttered these memorable words: "The public health is the foundation on which repose the happiness of the people and the power of a country. The care of the public health is the first duty of a statesman."

The devoted work of the medical profession in the conflict against these evils has been lately supplemented by that of trained specialists, sanitary engineers, epidemiologists, and bacteriologists. Day by day the fight is being waged, and always with more and more honorable results. While the power of

the man behind the gun to destroy human life has been multiplied by civilization, the power of the man behind the microscope to prolong it has increased in far greater proportion. Bad news however travels fastest; and the destroyer still occupies in the public eye a larger place than the preserver. It is therefore profitable at times to take a brief survey of the progress of science in its relation to the public health, — to read as it were the bulletins from the seat of this Holy War.

The very completeness of the victory has in some cases obscured the formidable nature of the foe. Immunity from certain diseases is accepted, like the sunshine, without thought, by a generation which has not felt their incidence; and this condition has its dangerous side, for it leads often to a neglect of the precautions necessary to retain the advantages won. Smallpox, for example, has been so held in check by vaccination that its horror is forgotten, and the number of thoughtless and misguided persons who are to-day unvaccinated is a serious menace to the public health. Two hundred years ago every one had smallpox, first or last, as children have the measles to-day, those who escaped in one epidemic being almost sure to sicken in the next. From palace to hovel none were safe but those who had gone through the disease and recovered. Sir John Simon, in the History and Practice of Vaccination, quotes the experience of certain royal families, typical of the conditions which prevailed. William III. of England, for instance, lost by smallpox his father and his mother; his wife, Mary; his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, and his cousins, the eldest son and the youngest daughter of James II.; he himself barely survived his own attack, with a constitution damaged for life. The only check to these terrible epidemics was the fact that a large portion of the population at any given time was protected by a previous attack. When introduced among isolated peoples which had not acquired this protection, the effects were appalling, as in Iceland, where, in 1707, 18,000 persons out of a population of 50,000 are said to have perished, or in Mexico, where three and a half millions of people were suddenly smitten down, the epidemic, according to Prescott, "sweeping over the land like fire over the prairies . . . leaving its path strewn with the dead bodies of the natives, who (in the strong language of a contemporary) perished in heaps like cattle stricken with the murrain."

No better proof could be furnished of the dread in which this disease was held than the general adoption of the practice of inoculation, introduced into England from the East by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in 1717. In the remote ages of antiquity the Brahmins had realized that the only immunity from smallpox lay in a previous attack; and they had discovered that the inoculation of smallpox matter directly under the skin of a person in good physical condition gave him the true disease but in a milder form. Taken in this way, the malady proved fatal only to one in a hundred, or, under the most favorable circumstances, to one in three hundred, and rather than run the risk of virulent smallpox which might supervene when the constitution was weak and unable to resist it, those who could meet the cost of the operation preferred to take their chance with this lighter disease at a time when the vitality had been reënforced by special diet and preliminary treatment. The effect on the inoculated was excellent; they obtained immunity from smallpox with only one fiftieth of the deaths which would have followed from the malady in its usual form; but the disadvantage of the treatment lay in the fact that it spread contagion among the public at large, for an inoculated person could give the disease in its most virulent form to any one with whom he came in contact. "The confession that must be made is mortifying

to a professional man, for, according to such records as we possess, it appears that in spite of all medical exertion, the mortality of smallpox had progressively augmented. It has been made evident by calculations from the Bills of Mortality of the City of London, renowned for medical science, that at the beginning of the eighteenth century about one fourteenth of the inhabitants died of the smallpox, and during the last thirty years of that century, when the practice in smallpox was highly improved, the mortality of this disease had augmented to one tenth." [1] Medicine, according to Sir John Simon, in the volume quoted above, was "baffled and helpless. For after times — for millions of our race — the continued raging of that pitiless plague. A drearier picture could scarcely have saddened mankind."

Medical skill and sanitary science were then of no avail; until, in 1798, a village doctor, Edward Jenner, suggested the practice of vaccination, which seemed at the middle of the last century to be "the greatest physical good ever yet given by science to the world." It had long been observed among the dairy folk of Gloucestershire that a mild eruptive disease of cattle, known as cowpox, could be communicated to human beings, and that those thus affected were protected from subsequent attacks of smallpox. Jenner conceived the idea of applying this preventive inoculation with the cowpox, on a larger scale; he tested its efficacy by careful experiments, and finally succeeded in convincing scientific men and the intelligent public that the dread disease could at last be conquered. All over the civilized world the new prophylactic was eagerly adopted, and everywhere it was followed by an abrupt decline in the smallpox death rate. In the city of Berlin, for example, 3422 in every million of the population died of smallpox per annum, during the period 1781–1805, before the introduction of vaccination; from 1810 to 1850 the average number of yearly deaths was 176. In Sweden the yearly death rate from 1774 to 1801 was 2050; from 1810 to 1850 it was 158. Actual experiments confirmed these statistical results in an even more striking manner. At the London Smallpox Hospital, within the two years 1799–1801, 7500 persons were vaccinated, and about one half of them were subsequently inoculated with actual smallpox matter in the manner previously practiced. In not one case did the virus produce any effect; and it was thus proved with certainty that a fresh vaccination, successfully performed, is an absolute preventive of the smallpox. Even after some years have elapsed, when the protective effect of vaccination has been weakened, so that the disease may be contracted in a small number of cases, it will yet occur only in a mild form. Thus in London, during the ten years 1891–1900, 125 persons who had been vaccinated at some time in their lives took smallpox and none died; while 672 unvaccinated persons contracted the disease, and among these there were 153 deaths. Since the time of Jenner it has year by year become more certain that we have in vaccination a sure and perfect means of fighting smallpox. Germany has realized this, and by the enforcement of the most rigid system of vaccination in the world reduced its smallpox death rate for 1895–99 to less than one in two millions of the population. England and America suffer from smallpox more than Germany, because a portion of the community is allowed to neglect this simple prophylactic.

How and why vaccination prevented a subsequent attack of smallpox, the early observers were quite ignorant, and it was not until the latter part of the last century that the researches of Pasteur threw a flood of light upon the subject. The great French savant, founder of the sciences of bacteriology and preventive medicine, proved in the first

[1] Moore. History of Smallpox.

place that certain epidemic diseases are due to minute living organisms, plants and animals, and that for each definite disease there is a specific micro-organism. This was the great fundamental fact. Later it became evident that these microscopic parasites cause disease by chemical poisons which they secrete, called toxins. In many cases the micro-organisms, if grown in culture-tubes outside the body, will produce the same toxins; after being separated from the living germs these substances will excite all the symptoms of the disease when injected into an animal body. The body at the beginning of an attack of fever is not however passive. Its cells react against the poisons introduced, and a struggle ensues, the end of which is life or death, the fighting being purposeful and definite. The body cells secrete a specific chemical body that either tends to destroy the invading bacteria or has the power of neutralizing and rendering harmless the toxins formed by them; this antidote to the poisonous toxin we call the anti-toxin. When a man recovers from an attack of smallpox, it is because his anti-toxins have proved too strong for the toxins of the disease, and his after immunity, it seems probable, is due to the persistence within his body of the anti-toxins once produced.

Pasteur showed also that cultures of micro-organisms might be artificially weakened or "attenuated" so that they could cause only a very mild attack of disease, not sufficient to be dangerous to the patient, but enough to stimulate his body cells to the production of anti-toxin which would protect him against subsequent exposure to the virulent malady. This is what happens in vaccination, for we believe that the cow-pox is simply smallpox, modified by being communicated to the cow. In the passage through the bovine body the germ has become so weakened that it can excite merely the most trifling derangement of the functions of the human body while conferring the protective effect of a severe attack of the original disease.

One method of securing protection is then to inoculate with weakened germs, which cause the formation of anti-toxins within the body itself. In some cases the process may be carried a step further, by causing the anti-toxins to be secreted in the body of an animal, drawing them off with the blood, and injecting them ready formed into the human system. In the case of at least one disease, diphtheria, the work of the German, Behring, and the Frenchman, Roux, has brought this process to perfection. At numerous public and private establishments, in this country and in Europe, carefully chosen horses are now kept to be injected with successively increasing doses of diphtheria toxin, prepared as described above by cultivating the germs in laboratory tubes. The first dose is sufficient to cause a slight rise of temperature and indisposition; gradually larger and larger amounts are used as the animal becomes more and more insusceptible, till finally a dose, one thousandth of which would prove fatal to a normal horse, is borne without discomfort. The blood of the animal is then rich in anti-toxin, and a portion of it is drawn off, the serum being separated, and purified by filtration. Injected into the blood of a sick child gasping in the clutches of diphtheria the straw-colored liquid works what seems a miracle, recovery being almost certain if it is administered at the beginning of the disease. The general death rate from diphtheria has been reduced to a third of what it was by this process.

The theory of the specificity of diseases did not alone lead to such methods of preventive medicine as fortify the system against the attacks of those micro-organisms which have already entered, or may in the future enter it. Sanitary engineers and public health authorities learned also the importance of proper systems of water supply and

sewage disposal in controlling the spread of disease germs in the environment before they have a chance to reach the human body at all. What we now know to be the great water-borne disease, typhoid fever, was thirty years ago a scourge whose origin was shrouded in mystery. Most English sanitary authorities were "anti-contagionists," and held firmly to the "pythogenic theory" that the typhoid poison was generated spontaneously in the earth or in heaps of decomposing filth. Dr. William Budd, to whom more than to any other individual is due the overthrow of these erroneous ideas, wrote as follows in 1873: "There are few things which concern the people of this country more deeply than to know the exact truth touching the mode in which this fatal fever is disseminated amongst them. Every year on an average — take the United Kingdom through — some 15,000 or more of their number perish prematurely by it; a population equal to that of a considerable city every year swept into the grave. . . . As nine or ten recover for every one who dies, 140,000 persons, or more, must every year pass through its protracted miseries." Yet, as Dr. Budd believed, this was "a perfectly preventable plague." It was his privilege to show, what is accepted by all sanitarians to-day, first, that every case of typhoid fever arises by direct or indirect contact with a previous case of the same disease, and, second, that "the contagious element by which it is mainly propagated is contained in the specific discharges from the diseased intestine." The "contagious element," or the germ of typhoid fever, enters the body in every case with some article of food or drink contaminated by an earlier victim. Under unclean conditions the infection may be communicated directly to the food by the fingers of a person who has been in attendance upon the sufferer; in this case the disease is said to be actively contagious. Sometimes the carriers of the pestilence may be flies which have passed from the unsavory places they affect to a neighboring dinner-table. Usually, however, typhoid fever is transmitted in a more roundabout fashion; by such vehicles as water, milk, and raw shellfish.

The possible importance of the last article of diet in conveying the infection was first made evident by an epidemic among the students of Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., in 1894, studied in great detail by Professor H. W. Conn. The oysters which did the damage in this case were grown in a bed at Fair Haven, within three hundred feet of the sewer outlet from a house containing two cases of typhoid fever. They were served at three fraternity banquets on the night of October 12. The students present did not live at other times together, and between the three menus there was no common bond, not general to the town at large, except the oysters. Two weeks later, the period typhoid fever takes to develop in the system, one in every four of the students who had been at the banquets sickened with the disease. Among twenty-nine guests from other cities, Wesleyan alumni and members from Yale, who ate the Fair Haven oysters six additional cases of typhoid fever developed, while four other fraternities which held initiation suppers on the same night, but with no raw oysters or oysters from another source, had no cases of the disease.

Of the typhoid epidemics traced to milk, one of the most typical was that at Springfield, Mass., where, in July and August of 1892, one hundred and fifty cases occurred, concentrated in one of the most beautiful suburban districts of that city. The investigation showed that the path of the pestilence was coincident with the route of a certain milkman. It was next found that a portion of his product was derived from a farm where several cases of typhoid fever had occurred during the preceding

summer. Shortly before the outbreak of the epidemic, the discharges from the patients were spread upon a tobacco field. Manure from this field, carried on the boots of the farm hands, was obvious about, and in, a well near by. On the bottom of this well, and submerged, — in leaky cans, — stood the milk to be cooled before it was sent to Springfield. The chain of evidence was thus complete.

Water epidemics have been still more numerous and of more serious dimensions. At Lowell, Mass., for example, in 1890–91, nearly 1000 cases of typhoid fever were due to the pollution by four mill operatives of a little brook at North Chelmsford which emptied into the public water supply. In this year, as to a lesser extent in other years, the Lowell epidemic was followed by a secondary one in Lawrence, whose citizens drank from the river still further below. The public at last realized that these supplies from a polluted river, installed fifteen years before with the approval of the best sanitarians, furnished an ideal condition for the widest distribution of the agents of disease. In Lawrence a filter was constructed in 1893 to purify the water by passage through a layer of sand, and the deaths from typhoid fever, averaging fifty-three a year during the period 1887–92, fell to fourteen a year from 1894 to 1899. In Lowell the abandonment of the river water for that obtained from a system of driven wells caused a similar decline in the death rate.

Nothing is clearer from the facts than that typhoid fever is indeed a perfectly preventable plague. Indeed it has been said by one zealous sanitarian that "for every case of typhoid fever some one should be hanged." Yet great cities in the United States, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, even Washington, have not ceased to furnish their citizens with polluted river water containing the germs of this deadly disease. Year after year the early months are marked in Philadelphia by an outbreak of typhoid fever due solely to the washing of infectious material into the stream by the spring floods, — the same phenomenon which used to occur in Newark and Chicago, the same phenomenon which still occurs in Paris. Between 1890 and 1898, there died from typhoid fever an annual average of over 175 persons in Washington, of over 200 persons in Pittsburg, and of over 475 persons in Philadelphia, nearly 8000 men and women perishing of this preventable plague in those three cities during nine years. Allowing for all other possible causes it is certain that more than half of them were condemned to death solely by the corruption or the incapacity of those municipal officials who permitted the continuance of the existing water supplies.

Fortunately these conditions are exceptional; and in most cities of the United States typhoid fever is a steadily diminishing factor in the death rate. Eventually a clear knowledge of the mode in which any disease is transmitted must lead to practical methods for restraining it, while without such knowledge preventive measures can have but meagre success. So malaria for years furnished an insoluble problem for sanitarians. Moisture seemed somehow to aid in its spread, and digging up of the soil, even for so beneficent a purpose as the introduction of sewerage systems, appeared to favor it. How, no one could say, until a very few years ago the researches of Celli and Grassi in Italy, and of Manson and Ross in British India, cleared up the matter. The parasite of malaria passes some stages of its life in the body of a species of mosquito, and by the bite of this insect it is transmitted from person to person. Damp places favor the breeding of mosquitoes. Italian laborers engaged in excavating bring the parasites in their systems from their native homes, and these parasites are carried by the insects to healthy natives of the neighborhood. Digging

up of the streets does not introduce malaria when it is done by gangs of Scandinavians; pools of water when covered with a film of oil so that mosquito larvæ cannot breed in them are no longer dangerous. These malaria researches have also thrown light on another scourge of the tropics, yellow fever; and the credit for this triumph of sanitation rests with three devoted surgeons of the United States Army, Drs. Reed, Carroll, and Agramonte. Placed in charge of the city of Havana during the temporary guardianship of the United States, they found that yellow fever had been endemic there for over two hundred years. During the period 1856–1900 this disease caused an average of 751 deaths a year. General sanitary improvements had produced little effect in 1900 until the brilliant investigators above mentioned showed that yellow fever, like malaria, was transmitted by the bite of a mosquito, though of another species. March 1, 1901, an active campaign of extermination was begun against this insect. The result was that between that date and February 15, 1902, only six deaths occurred from yellow fever; and since September 28, 1901, not a case has originated in the city. The terror of the region for centuries has been wiped out in a single year.

Knowledge of the diseases mentioned above, of smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and yellow fever, has made such progress that they are already controlled within narrow limits, while their practical extermination must come with the lapse of time and the progress of popular education. In other directions, however, the fight is just beginning. There are in particular two great classes of disease which come under this head, being preventable but as yet not prevented, the tubercular diseases and the diarrhœal diseases of children. Of tuberculosis, the "white plague," it was said fifteen years ago, "about one fourth of all deaths occurring in the human being during adult life is caused by it, and nearly one half of the entire population at some time in life acquires it." Coming most frequently just at the wage-earning period, the path of this insidious malady was marked by poverty and destitution as well as by sickness and bereavement. Striking with terrible persistence at the members of certain families and the inhabitants of certain dwellings, its supposed hereditary character cast a shadow of despair even beyond the zone of its actual incidence.

In 1882 the German bacteriologist, Robert Koch, proved that the cause of tuberculosis was a microscopic plant, a minute bacillus, now known to have affinities with the moulds. As in all other communicable diseases the presence of the specific germ is an absolute condition. Although the offspring of a consumptive family may inherit a constitution easily susceptible to the disease, he cannot inherit the disease itself, and with proper sanitary and hygienic precautions need never fear it. Even when tuberculosis has begun, the outlook is by no means discouraging, for the experience of the last quarter of a century has shown that the "fresh air treatment," with proper diet, clothing, and habits of life, always ameliorates and often abolishes the malady. If taken at a sufficiently early period, consumption is emphatically a curable disease.

Improvement in general sanitary conditions, greater cleanliness, better ventilation, and more adequate housing of the poor have therefore led to a very material decrease in the death rate from tuberculosis. The establishment of special sanatoria for phthisical patients has proved of the highest value. It is necessary however to go deeper than this, to strike at the root of the trouble, the original source of infection, contained almost exclusively in the sputum of tuberculous patients, richly loaded with the germs of the disease. Directly transmitted by kissing or by the fine particles of moisture cast into the air in

fits of coughing, still oftener dried and blown about as particles of dust, it is the material which sows the seed for the harvest of death. Cut off this source of infection, and tuberculosis will follow the great epidemics of smallpox and bubonic plague into the pages of history.

The prevention of this dread disease depends then upon so slight a matter as the reception of tuberculous sputum in special vessels of which the contents can be burned or otherwise disinfected. Yet many Boards of Health after spending thousands of dollars on the inspection of defective plumbing, to which it is doubtful if a single death has ever been conclusively traced, make no specific efforts to secure the intelligent coöperation of the public in this most vital matter. In the city of New York, indeed, a splendid campaign has been conducted against tuberculosis with significant results; as early as 1893 a definite movement was begun under the inspiration of Dr. H. M. Biggs, the pathologist of the board. Public institutions were required, and practicing physicians were requested, to report cases of this disease, just as had long been done with the more acute infectious disorders. Cases occurring in tenement houses, boarding-houses, and hotels were to be visited by inspectors for the purpose of giving instruction in the proper care of the infective material. Premises occupied by tuberculous patients, when vacated by death or removal, were to be renovated, and clothing, bedding, etc., disinfected. Finally, a laboratory was established for bacteriological diagnosis of the disease by sputum examinations.

The departure involved in the inclusion of tuberculosis among the "notifiable diseases" met with the strongest opposition from a large section of the medical profession. Nevertheless Dr. Biggs persisted in the struggle with what he has justly called "the most fatal disease with which we have to deal," one that "from both an economic and sanitary standpoint is of vastly greater importance than any other infectious disease." Gradually his labors and those of his colleagues bore fruit. Knowledge of the true nature of phthisis has spread, even among the poorest class of the population, and the inspectors now find that in nearly half the cases visited for the first time more or less efficient precautions are being taken to prevent dissemination. The mortality from tubercular diseases in New York decreased more than thirty-five per cent between 1886 and 1900.

Much however remains to be done. In 1898 consumption caused more than one tenth of all the deaths in the six largest cities of the United States, about twelve per cent in Philadelphia and New York, and nearly twelve and a half per cent in Boston. Using the illustration of Vaughan, we may say that of the 75,000,000 people living to-day in the United States, eight or nine millions will die of tuberculosis, "unless something is done to prevent it." Whether or not anything shall be done to prevent it depends upon the extent to which knowledge of these facts can be disseminated in the community.

Human life has been strikingly compared to the burning of a candle. The flame, as it first catches, flutters feebly so that the least breath will quench it; and again when burned almost to the socket it flickers and easily goes out. Thus the body which in middle life may bear the severest shocks of sickness and privation, in infancy and in old age succumbs to but slightly unfavorable conditions. The extinction of life at the end of its natural cycle, after the course has been finished, and the allotted work has been done, can scarcely be regretted, but the lives cut off before they are well begun are an absolute loss to the community, of the extent of which most of us have little conception. In many of the large cities of this country one fifth of all the children born die before

reaching one year of age. Dr. S. W. Abbott, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, has shown that in his state the ratio of deaths under one year to 1000 births between 1881 and 1890 was 160 for the whole community, and 175 for the cities alone. There is no single question, political or economic, which ought to be of such vital concern to enlightened public men as this tremendous sacrifice of life.

A certain proportion of these deaths is due to inherent weakness and the accidents of childbirth. By far the greater number of them however fall under three heads, the communicable diseases, tuberculosis, diphtheria, etc., which we have seen may be prevented, the respiratory diseases, pneumonia and bronchitis for example, which result from undue exposure, and the so-called "summer diseases," cholera infantum and enteritis, caused by an improper food supply. The most important factors are the diseases of this last class, which in Massachusetts account for about one third of the total infantile death rate.

Overcrowding, intemperance, poverty, and the heat of summer no doubt contribute to the high mortality from intestinal diseases among young children. These conditions are bound up with another, and the one of prime importance, the character of the milk consumed. In the city of Berlin, with probably the best system of vital statistics in the world, the method of feeding each infant is reported, and the records prove with mathematical exactitude what has been everywhere a matter of common observation. Milk, as it flows from the glands of a healthy mammal, is warm, sweet, and practically germ free. It is delivered to consumers in a city as an acid, fermenting fluid, containing countless myriads of bacteria, many of them actively poisonous to the delicate system of a young child. It is then not surprising to find that while the death rate under one month, among children fed at the breast, was nineteen, in Berlin, in 1896, the corresponding figure for those fed on animal milk was 111, and for those fed on various milk substitutes, 308. Furthermore the Berlin statistics show with great clearness that it is not simply cow's milk, but decaying cow's milk, which is at fault. Among children fed at the breast there were from two to three deaths a day during the whole year. In the animal milk class, the deaths for 1897 numbered thirteen a day during the nine cooler months, and thirty-three a day during the summer, when the germs which enter the milk are most rapidly multiplied.

If this slaughter of the innocents is due to the bacteria in milk, the problem for the sanitarian is to exclude or destroy these micro-organisms. Much may be done in the former direction, by thorough supervision of dairies, to insure cleanliness in the production and handling of the milk, care in its cooling, and promptness in its delivery. The price paid for milk is however too low to support model dairies, and milk produced under strictly sanitary conditions will probably always be out of the reach of the poor in the larger cities. The destruction of the germs is a far more simple matter than their exclusion. Heating to a temperature of 160° F. for twenty minutes kills so large a proportion of the bacteria present as to render the milk entirely innocuous, while there is no evidence that its digestibility is seriously impaired by the process. It cannot be too often repeated that "uncooked milk is an unsafe food;"[1] dangerous because from the conditions of its production it is particularly exposed to contamination, because it furnishes an ideal medium for the multiplication of the bacteria which gain access to it, and because its color and opacity conceal the dirt which it contains, and give to it a delusive appearance of purity.

[1] W. T. Sedgwick. Principles of Sanitary Science and the Public Health. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

What progress may be made toward a solution of this problem has been shown in the city of Buffalo, where the Health Commissioner, Dr. Ernest Wende, has especially devoted himself to diminishing the infant mortality. His first step was to institute a rigid supervision of the milk supply, and the second and more important one was to begin a propaganda of education by distributing circulars of information on the care of infants to every family in which a birth had been reported. The results of this work form a sufficient answer to those who doubt the possibility of educating the public upon such matters. Dr. Wende reports that a "continuous and marked decrease of infant mortality dates from the time these circulars were first distributed." In 1890 there were 2305 deaths of children under five years in Buffalo; in 1898, although the total population had increased more than one third, there were only 1570 deaths among children at that age. This number should have been doubled if the rate of 1890 had been maintained. Sanitary science then had saved the lives of 1500 children in that city during one year.

Each disease must be fought after its own kind. For smallpox, vaccination; for diphtheria, anti-toxin inoculation; for typhoid fever, the protection of food supplies; for yellow fever, the destruction of mosquitoes; for tuberculosis, the disinfection of sputum; for cholera infantum, the cooking of milk. Absurdly simple, many of these remedies appear; but with a thorough knowledge of the micro-parasites of any disease and the mode in which they gain access to the body, their exclusion will always be theoretically a simple matter. Our knowledge is unfortunately far in advance of our practice. Diseases which have been clearly shown to be preventable continue to slaughter their thousands year by year. While it is well therefore to push on and occupy new fields, it is still more essential to see that the ground already covered has been surely won. Won it must be, not by investigators or even by medical practitioners, but by a community in which the knowledge of sanitary science is generally diffused. Health is the normal condition of the human mechanism, while disease and premature death are in large part unnecessary. They are to be overcome, however, not by an abrogation of the intellectual faculty, but by its exercise. Those only who seek ardently to discover, and implicitly to obey, the inexorable laws of nature will survive in the struggle for existence, to round out their sum of years, and to benefit their kind.

C.-E. A. Winslow.

CHARLES DICKENS AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

The purely literary character of a greatly popular writer is apt to be neglected; or at least to remain a matter of lax or irresponsible opinion. His admirers have one reason, his detractors another, for leaving it in abeyance; both classes seem to consider it hardly worth attention. In England there has long been a middle public, — a class still sufficiently large, — lettered readers who do not set Dickens aside, and yet who cannot be said to study him; and their tendency is to make light, without much examination, of his specific power as a writer. Men have the habit of saving their reputation as readers by disavowing his literature even while they confess the amplitude of its effects. There is laughter for his humor, tears for his pathos, praise for his spirit, and contempt

for his authorship. The least every man holds himself urged to say is that he need not say he prefers Thackeray.

Dickens, however, was very much a craftsman. He had a love of his *métier*, and the genius for words, which the habitual indifference of his time, of his readers, and of his contemporaries in letters could not quench. To read him after a modern man who had the like preoccupation, displayed it, and was applauded for it phrase by phrase, — Robert Louis Stevenson, for example, — is to undergo a new conviction of his authorship, of the vitality of his diction, of a style that springs, strikes, and makes a way through the burden of custom. Of the great exceptions to that custom — the writers who made a conscious choice of a worthy vocabulary — I need not speak. Few of them were read by Dickens in the years when his own literature was taking shape. He had Fielding and Smollett for his authors as a boy, and nothing read thus by one so ardent is without influence. But his contemporaries — all the journalists, all the novelists of the hour — were not men who cared for the spirit, precision, or nobility of a phrase, or gave much time to any other century than that which was then plodding on a foot neither jocund nor majestic. The daily leading article in the Times newspaper (little altered) shows us still what was the best effect looked for in that day from the journeymen of literature. The language had to serve a certain purpose of communication; but as to the nobler, or the fuller, or the more delicate sense of words, it meant as little as was possible to any human tongue.

Refuse words, too emphatic, but with a worn, an abused emphasis; strained rhetoric that had lost its elasticity; grave phrases dimmed and dulled — authors worked with these as with the English of their inheritance, sufficiently well content. The phrase filled the mouth, though there were dregs in the mouthful. In the work of Dickens also there are passages of such English, neither gentle nor simple. He wrote thus as a mere matter of use and custom. But his own lively genius proved itself to be a writer's genius, not only here and there, or suddenly, but often. It had its way of revealing the authentic writer in the springs and sources of his work. For the authentic author is an author throughout. His art is lodged so deeply within as to be beforehand with his emotions and his passions, especially the more vehement. He does not clothe his feeling in poetry or prose, for clothing is assumed. It would be better to say that his thought and feeling are incarnated, not dressed, and that in poetry it wears already the spiritual body. According to this theory of language no man can possibly have a true style who has not something to write, something for the sake of which he writes. This should not need to be said — it is so simple, and seems so plain. Yet authors are found to aspire to style for its own sake, and to miss it as happiness is missed. The writer who has taken captive the fancy and the cheaper emotions — not the imagination and the graver passions — of modern Italy is surely to be very simply and obviously described as an ambitious and a careful author who has little or nothing to say. Against such as he the coming reaction toward blunt and homely writing is as just as a "movement" can ever be. And it is only against such as he that the insults "precious" and "preciosity" are justifiably to be used. The style of Dickens is assuredly not great. It has life enough for movement, but not life enough for peace. That it *has* life, whether restless or at rest, is the fact which proves its title to the name of style. To write much about style is, unfortunately, to tamper somewhat with that rare quality; if only because such writing has suggested to too many the addition of "style" to all their other literary offenses — the last addition, like that of the "architecture" which

was to be added to the rich man's new house as soon as he should get it built. Let us, however, leave this mere fashion out of sight; it will soon pass. Already a reaction is beginning, and those who praised what they called style will soon be scorning it, in chorus. Which way such a weak current of criticism may chance to turn between to-day and to-morrow matters nothing. The style that is the life and value of English literature suffers no lasting injury or change; and all who have written well, whether in the greater manner or the lesser which Dickens practiced, have their share in the laws and the constitution of Letters. It cannot be necessary to insist upon Dickens's sense of words. He had his craft at heart, and made instant appropriations of words that describe and define. This felicity is style in a humble form. It even fulfills that ancient demand for a frequent "slight surprise," which, so stated, is in itself an example, as well as a precept, of Greek style. See, for an instance of Dickens's felicity, the brief phrase that gives us Mr. Micawber as he sat by to hear Captain Hopkins read the petition in the prison "from His Most Gracious Majesty's unfortunate subjects." Mr. Micawber listened, Dickens tells us, "with a little of an author's vanity, contemplating (not severely) the spikes upon the opposite wall." The happy parenthesis! And here is another masterly phrase: "It went from me with a shock, like a ball from a rifle," says David Copperfield, after the visit of a delirious impulse; and what other writer has named that blow of departure, the volley of passion as it goes?

In comedy again: "Mr. Micawber" (he was making punch) "resumed his peeling with a desperate air." We had read but a moment before that he had made a "random but expressive flourish with the knife" in reference to his own prospects and to those of his disastrous family. Traddles, in the same book, with his hair standing on end, "looked as though he had seen a cheerful ghost." And if the heart-easing humor of this little phrase, which sets laughter free, should be accused of a lower intelligence than that of wit, has Dickens not wit in a phrase, as well as humor? Is it not witty to say of the man who had held a sinecure office against all protest, "He died with his drawn salary in his hand"?

Is it not witty, too, to banter the worst English of his day by an imitation that shows an author's sense of its literary baseness? The mere words, "gratifying emotions of no common description," do this to admiration. It is Mr. Micawber again (excellent figure of comedy — there are no heights of humorous literature whereon Mr. Micawber has not the right to stand with the greatest of companions) — it is he who writes that portly phrase. "Tinged with the prismatic hues of memory" is another sentence in the same paragraph, but this is something more farcical, whereas "gratifying emotions of no common description" hits the whole language as it were with one sure arrow. The thickness of the words, as when Charlotte Brontë, at her primmest, writes of "establishing an eligible connection," and of "an institution on the Continent," has not escaped the ear of Dickens the writer. Try as one may to describe a certain kind of English, one is easily outdone by him with a single phrase, invented for an example, such as this of Mr. Micawber's — "gratifying emotions of no common description."

Comedy in literature is evidently of three kinds, and the kinds are named respectively, humor, wit, and derision. Humor is in the phrase that describes Traddles with his hair — Traddles who looked as though he had seen a cheerful ghost. Wit is in the phrase about the drawn salary. And derision is in that sentence of Mr. Micawber's composition.

In all this — the humor of authorship, its wit and its derision, cited here successively, in representative phrases that had to be chosen among thousands of their kind — the idea is inseparable from the phrase. Nevertheless, perhaps a student might be willing to find so important a thing as style elsewhere, in deliberate description, such as this: The autumn leaves fall thick, "but never fast, for they come circling down with a dead lightness." Here, again, is a noble piece of writing which a classic English name might well have signed: "I held my mother in my embrace, and she held me in hers; and among the still woods in the silence of the summer day there seemed to be nothing but our two troubled minds that was not at peace."

Again, how simple and fine is this: "Now the woods settle into great masses as if they were one profound tree:" not only admirably choice in words, but a lesson in vision, a lesson for a painter. It instructs the sense of sight, so that a master of landscape painting could not put a better lesson into words. And this, also simple, also good, seems to instruct the sense of hearing — the scene is in the Court of Chancery on a London November day: "Leaving this address ringing in the rafters of the roof, the very little counsel drops, and the fog knows him no more." Again: "Mr. Vholes here emerged into the silence he could hardly be said to have broken, so stifled was his tone." Here again are hearing and vision in admirable words: "Within the grill-gate of the chancel, up the steps surmounted loomingly by the fast darkening organ, white robes could be dimly seen, and one feeble voice, rising and falling in a cracked monotonous mutter, could at intervals be faintly heard . . . until the organ and the choir burst forth and drowned it in a sea of music. Then the sea fell, and the dying voice made another feeble effort; and then the sea rose high and beat its life out, and lashed the roof, and surged among the arches, and pierced the heights of the great tower; and then the sea was dry and all was still."

Take another example: This is how a listener overheard men talking in the cathedral hollows: "The word 'confidence,' shattered by the echoes, but still capable of being pieced together, is uttered."

In another passage, moreover, Dickens stops at the mere sense of vision, and confirms that intent impression by instantly using a certain word where a writer of lesser vigilance would have used another; thus: "Mr. Vholes gauntly stalked to the fire, and warmed his funereal gloves." A less simple and less subtle author — a less admirable impressionist — would have surely said "hands" where Dickens, stopping at the sense of vision — as though he did nothing but see — says "gloves." This is the purest and most perfect "impressionism," yet it does not bind Dickens to impressionism as a formula. He uses that manner precisely when he needs it, and only then. There is another similar and excellent passage, where Dickens writes of Mr. Vholes's "sleeve," and writes so with a peculiar appropriateness to the inscrutable person he is describing. "'I thank you,' said Mr. Vholes, putting out his long black sleeve, to check the ringing of the bell, 'not any.'" And here is the expression of a sense that is hardly either sight or hearing: "Beyond was a burial ground in which the night was very slowly stirring." How subtle a phrase for the earliest dawn!

Then there is the description of the gesture of little David Copperfield at the end of his journey, when he first confronts his aunt: "A movement of my hands, intended to show her my ragged state, and to call it to witness that I had suffered something." If the sense of hearing is opened and urged, and struck to greater life by one phrase; and the sense of vision by another; both

are quickened by the storm in David Copperfield; and the sense of touch is roused by the touches of that tempest. "I dream of it," says the narrator, "sometimes, though at lengthened and uncertain intervals, to this hour." "There had been a wind all day, and it was rising then, with an extraordinary great sound. . . . We found a cluster of people in the market place." That last phrase, in all its simplicity, marks the strange day. "Long before we saw the sea its spray was on our lips. . . . The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore, with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors all aslant, and with streaming hair. I went down to look at the sea, staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed, and with flying blotches of sea foam." Here, again, is the storm in the morning light: "The wind by this time might have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of had been diminished by the silencing of half a dozen guns out of hundreds." Wonderful here, again, is the perception of things silenced within the stress of sound. Then read all that follows, in the unrelaxed urgency of that great chapter, to the end.

Whoever would try to do Dickens this tardy justice (and I have space for no more than an indication of the way of it) must choose passages that have the quality of dignity. They are not so very few. Elegance he has not, but his dignity is clear to readers who prize this quality too much to be hasty to deny it.

In estimating Charles Dickens's capacity for a prose style of dignity we ought to bear in mind his own singular impatience of antiquity of almost all degrees, and also the sense of fresh life he had — his just conviction of his own new leadership. He had read the eighteenth-century novelists in his boyhood, but when he became a man and a master, he broke with the past, and his *renouveau* was somewhat too stimulating to his own genius. It was in spite of this, in spite of his popularity, and in spite of a public that was modern, excitable, boastful of the age, boastful about steam and trade, eager to frolic with a new humorist, and yet more eager to weep with a new sentimentalist, that Dickens possessed himself, in no infrequent passages, of a worthy and difficult dignity.

His people, his populace, and the first critic of his day at the head of all classes, pushed him further and yet further on the way of abandonment — the way of easy extremes; by praise, by popularity, by acclamation they sent their novelist in search of yet more occasion for laughter and tears, for caricature and intemperate pathos.

Moreover, as has just been said, Dickens was urged by his own modern conviction, and excused by his splendid sense of words. He was tempted everywhere. As you read him, you learn to understand how his vitality was at work, how it carried him through his least worthy as well as his most worthy moments, and justified his confidence where a weaker man had confessed unconsciously the ignominies of false art and luxurious sentiment. Charles Dickens seems to defy us to charge him with these. None the less do we accuse him — at Little Paul's death, for example. Throughout this child's life — admirably told — the art is true, but at the very last few lines the writer seems to yield to applause and to break the strengthening laws of nature down. We may indeed say the strengthening laws; because in what Hamlet calls the modesty of nature there is not only beauty,

not only dignity, but an inimitable strength. The limitations of nature, and of natural art, are bracing. A word or two astray in this death scene; a phrase or two put into the mouth of the dying child, — "the light about the head," "shining on me as I go," phrases that no child ever spoke, and that make one shrink as though with pain by their untruthfulness, — and the sincerity of literature is compromised.

But it is not with such things that the work of Dickens is beset; it is rather filled with just felicities — so filled that on our search for passages of composure and dignity we are tempted to linger rather among excellent words that are to be praised merely because they are the words of precision — arms of precision — specific for his purpose. Two proper names are worthy to be placed among these, — that of Vholes, for the predatory yet not fraudulent lawyer in Bleak House, and that of Tope, for the cathedral verger in Edwin Drood: something dusty and dusky, with wings, is Vholes; something like a church mouse, silent and a little stealthy, is Tope.

Mr. and Mrs. Tope. There is naturally a pair engaged about the cathedral stalls and the hassocks — within the "precincts" generally. It is Christmas; and Mr. and Mrs. Tope, Dickens tells us, "are daintily sticking sprigs of holly into the carvings and sconces of the cathedral stalls, as if they were sticking them into the coat-buttonholes of the Dean and Chapter." From the same book comes this fine description of the young Eurasians: "a certain air upon them of hunter and huntress; yet withal a certain air of being the objects of the chase, rather than the followers." The words may lack elegance, but they are vivid; and these follow: "An indefinable kind of pause coming and going on their whole expression, both of face and form." What enterprising words! How gallantly Dickens sets forward to describe, and how buoyantly!

Fancy, in Charles Dickens, is the most vigilant elf that ever lurked in brilliant human senses. Fancy has her own prose style; doubtless that greater faculty, Imagination, inspires more of the ultimate peace — the continent of peace — that seems to contain the tempests of great tragedies. But if Imagination is capable of peace, Fancy is capable of movement. And amongst the words of Fancy some are vulgarly, and some are finely mobile and alert. Fancy has a vulgar prose and a finer; the finer assuredly is his. Instead of charging him with the vulgar alertness of the street (and this seems to be the accusation used by those who aver that they can no longer read him), we ought to acknowledge the Ariel-delicacy of images and allusions, and the simplicity of his caprice, resembling the simplicity of an unpreoccupied child.

Compare this sense of autumn with that of a writer who has had to pause for secondary words: "There has been rain this afternoon, and a wintry shudder goes among the little pools in the cracked, uneven flagstones. . . . Some of the leaves, in a timid rush, seek sanctuary within the low-arched cathedral door; but two men coming out resist them, and cast them out with their feet."

Less simple and less subtle, but full of the words of perception, is this last description of Volumnia, the elderly, but sprightly Dedlock, in Bleak House. The Dedlocks, by the way, are mere convention; but yet Dickens contrives to see even these creatures of tradition with a living eye: "Then, indeed," he says, "does the tuckered sylph . . . proceed to the exhausted old assembly room, fourteen heavy miles off. Then does she twirl and twine, a pastoral nymph of good family, through the mazes of the dance. Then is she kind and cruel, stately and unassuming, various, beautifully willful." "Fourteen heavy miles off." There is the very genius of antithesis in that disheartened phrase, in its exquisite contrast with poor Volumnia's gayeties.

It is appropriately in the passages of childhood — veritable childhood, in which the famous Little Nell seems to me, I must reluctantly confess, to have little or no part — that Dickens writes those words of perception of which literature would do well to be proud. Take the passages of several of the novels in which the heart of a child is uttered by the humorist, in whose heart nothing ceases to live. These passages are too full for citation. But here, in the last word of the phrase, is a most characteristic stroke of literature. Pip, in Great Expectations, as every one knows, has taken food to give to his convict; and he goes to church on Christmas morning: Dickens puts these words into his mouth: —

"Under the weight of my wicked secret, I pondered whether the Church would be powerful enough to shield me from the vengeance of the terrible young man, if I divulged to that establishment." The word "establishment" is precisely the one that proves the hopelessness of such a project. A child confessing to an "establishment"! Another word of precision is this: "Trabb's boy, when I had entered, was sweeping the shop; and he had sweetened his labors by sweeping over me." Here is another, and it repeats the effect of Mr. Vholes's sleeve, in a child's apprehension: "Miss Murdstone, who was busy at her writing-desk, gave me her cold finger-nails." Then there is "a sobbing gaslight;" and, again, Mrs. Wilfer's "darkling state," and "lurid indications of the better marriages she might have made" (wherewith she celebrates her silver wedding) — these serve to remind a reader of the thousands of their kind.

I cannot think that the telling of a violent action (most difficult of narrative writing) could be done more dramatically than it is done in the passage that tells the murder in Martin Chuzzlewit. So with the half-told murder in Edwin Drood. As by strong dramatic drawing in a picture the thing is held. These passages of extreme action are never without dignity. Literary dignity is rarer in the pathetic mood; but it is frequent in landscape. Here is an example: "All beyond his figure was a vast dark curtain, in solemn movement towards one quarter of the heavens."

Nor is dignity absent from this composed thought of Esther Summerson, in that passage of her life where she had resolved to forego an unavowed love: "There was nothing to be undone; no chain for him to drag, or for *me* to break." This has a quality not unworthy of Bolingbroke, and resembling him by nobility. For when Bolingbroke says of the gifts and benefits of Fortune, that she might take, but that she should not snatch, them from him, meaning that his own detaining hold upon them should not be violent, he uses a phrase hardly more majestic than that of Dickens. Thus it is to an eighteenth-century classic, and a master of style; it is to the friend of Pope, and the inspirer of the Essay on Man, that we may liken Dickens the man of letters. And this is the author whom so many readers have charged with vulgarity. The vulgarity that is attributable to his early ignorance of social manners is a very unimportant thing in comparison with the high literary distinction of authorship. The pathetic writer, the humorist, the observer, the describer, we all know, but surely the world has not yet done justice to the man of letters and the man of style, who has not only told us stories, but has borne the responsibilities of English authorship.

It is surely worth mentioning that on the point of grammar Dickens is above criticism. Ignorant of those languages which are held to furnish the foundations of grammatical construction he assuredly was. Nevertheless, he knew how to construct. He grasped the language, as it were, from within. I believe that throughout all those volumes

of his there is not one example, I will not say of bad grammar, but of weak grammar. Hardly another author is thus infallible. Those critics who think Thackeray to be, in some sort, more literary than Dickens, would be dismayed if they compared the two authors upon this point. No comparison of any kind, perhaps, need be made between them; but it is the Thackeray party that is to blame for first making a kind of rivalry. And I intend no disrespect to that truly great author when I note that Thackeray's grammar is often strangely to seek. Not only so, but he puts, all unconsciously, a solecism into the mouth of Dr. Johnson himself, in the course of the few words which he makes Johnson speak, in his novel, The Virginians.

Security of grammar is surely much more than a mere correctness and knowledge of the rules of a language. It is strength, it is logic. It even proves imagination; because loose sentences nearly always imply vagueness of image, — visual and mental uncertainty, something merely rhetorical or ready made. Strong grammar is like strong drawing, and proves a capable grasp of the substance of things. In this matter Dickens is on the heights of authorship. When Dickens was learning to write, English prose, as commonly printed, was in bad condition. There were the great exceptions, as Americans remember, but one does not think of them as coming Dickens's way. The writer at once popular and literary was Macaulay. But in the matter of style Macaulay was little else than an energetic follower of Gibbon; and the following of Gibbon became, through the fine practice of Macaulay, a harmful habit in English prose. Macaulay unfortunately had not the copyright. And as the authors of the articles of the English Church speak, in theology, of a corrupt following of the Apostles, so also was there a corrupt following of Gibbon. The style of Mr. Micawber himself was a corrupt following of Gibbon, and the style of the daily paper and the style of the grocer's circular to-day are also a corrupt following of Gibbon. Gibbon was a master, but it was through a second-hand admiration that Gibbon was placed where he eclipsed the past, so that the early eighteenth century and the seventeenth century were neglected for his sake. It was to the broad face of astonishment that Gibbon addressed his phrase. The shortened sentence (for it was he and not Macaulay who introduced the frequent full stop, the pause for historical surprise) was Gibbon's. His was the use, at once weak and rigid, of "the latter and the former," which the corrupt follower at once adopted: "Oh, do not doom me to the latter!" says a lover in one of Mrs. Inchbald's stories after presenting to his mistress the alternative of his hopes and fears. The grocer to-day diffuses (Gibbon himself would write "diffuses") the last ruins of the master's prose by post; and when the author of a work, recently published, on the Divine Comedy, says that Paolo and Francesca were to receive from Dante "such alleviation as circumstances would allow," this also is a distant, a shattered Gibbon, a drift of Gibbon.

That last is the innocent burlesque of the far-off corrupt follower. The burlesque so gayly undertaken by Dickens rallies a lofty and a distant Gibbon less innocently, and with an exquisite intelligence. And our admiration of Dickens's warm, living, and unrhetorical writing should surely be increased by our remembrance of the fact that this wreck of a master's style strewed the press in his day. It was everywhere. Dickens not only was clear of the wreckage — he saw it to be the refuse it was; he laughed at it, and even as he laughed he formed a Style.

Alice Meynell.

MAMMY.

THE first article of my childish creed was that mamma was the most beautiful woman in the world; the second, that Mammy was the next. But when Mammy put on the pink cashmere trimmed with black velvet that papa brought from New Orleans for Breckenridge to give her for a Christmas gift, after she nursed him through the scarlet fever, or the green barége with the apple-green ribbon bows and sash, bought with the ten-dollar gold piece grandpa sent me on my birthday, in my heart there was a lurking consciousness, never wholly acknowledged even to my most secret self, that it was really Mammy who bore off the palm. She was such a beautiful color — just like the copper kettle Rich made preserves in; she was so tall and straight; she had such a nice thin nose, and such white teeth and black eyes, and her cheek bones stood up like those in the pictures of Uncas, and her hair was long and black, and just a wee bit crinkly, — not in hard little kinks like Sukey's and Ben's and Uncle Domino's.

For Mammy had Indian blood in her veins, and in her nature, too. She was the best company in the world, and those soft, plump hands — as long as I remember she did no heavier work than occasionally to make a bed or dust a room — could make the most beautiful doll clothes and wonderful playhouses, but she was never our playfellow. We held her in awe as well as in love. Unlike her race, she was grave and taciturn, except when she forgot herself in the wild stories with which she enthralled us, and, I sometimes think, herself as well. One of my most vivid memories is a group of children, our cheeks scorching in the hot blaze of the lightwood knots that during the war served for candles in many parts of the South, our minds and hearts entranced, suspended on every word that fell from the lips of the tall, sombre figure silhouetted darkly against the nursery wall. My imagination was first fed on these stories which, I can see now, she told with dramatic power and a remarkable gift of expression, and that, I am glad to remember, were never coarse or hurtful. They might race us, panting, through dark passageways, or, if we chanced to wake in the small hours of the night, send us huddling under the bedclothes, but this was because their moral held a kernel of wholesome, primitive retribution for the wrong-doer. In Mammy's tales the righteous never suffered unjustly and the virtuous were invariably rewarded, and though later years have not always justified her theory of Providence, it was a very safe basis upon which to found the conduct of childish life.

The superstition running through these stories, and regulating her own life, was a less healthy influence, and one I have never wholly outgrown. I still hesitate to begin a piece of work or a new enterprise on Friday, I have more than once subjected myself to serious inconvenience rather than start anywhere on that day, and I should be hopelessly depressed by breaking a looking-glass.

But if superstition laid upon my childhood arbitrary laws that I have never entirely thrown off, it peopled my world with many beautiful and noble forms. The good geni who came to the rescue of the feeble, the unfortunate, and the old, the beneficent fairy who helped little girls if they really tried to learn their lessons and control their tempers, the brave knight who gave his life for his king, or his friend, or his ladylove, and the beautiful princess who always turned from the rich and powerful prince to the poor, brave, unknown, were as

real to me as Mammy herself, and owed much of their reality to her.

She was passionately fond of fairy tales and tales of adventure, and looking back I can see that they were the material out of which she wove some of her most thrilling stories. I owe it largely to her that Spenser's Faerie Queene was as easy to me as an old shoe before I knew it as part of a school task, and that Pilgrim's Progress was read with never a question of its literal truth. She listened and I read, — making havoc of the pronunciation, and, sometimes, I am afraid, lending to doubtful words a meaning that would make a scholar's hair stand on end, but with a feeling for the characters and an absorption in the story which made both books a storehouse of delights and ideals, and to this day make me sorry for the student who knows them first philologically, or as a form of literary development in a set course of study.

I have often thought that one of Mammy's tales, — one that we loved best to hear and she to tell, — a regular hotchpotch of a story, was mixed of the ingredients her untutored fancy found in the two great English allegories. There was fighting in it, I remember, and a captive princess very beautiful and very good, and cruelly oppressed by a wicked ruler, and rescued and made happy forever afterward by a knight as strong as Samson — like most negroes, Mammy worshiped physical strength — and as handsome as Prince Ahmed. I have forgotten the intervening steps, but the end, where these two beautiful and splendid creatures ruled over their own people whom the knight had rescued from all sorts of horrors, stands out vividly, for Mammy told it very slowly and with great fervor, bringing to bear the dramatic gift of which I have already spoken.

Another thing about these stories was that the good and beautiful people were always dark, with black hair and eyes, and the ugly, bad ones, fair, with blue eyes and light hair; and to this I trace a violent prejudice in favor of brunette beauty, and a curious, unorthodox color association with the ideas of good and bad which clung to me after I had passed girlhood. My anguish on overhearing my mother speak of me with pride as her blonde child and my passionate envy of a little dark-eyed, dark-haired sister are very present with me, and the shame and grief with which I so worked upon Mammy's feelings that I wrung from her a declaration in the face of blatant fact that I was n't very white, and that my colored hair always turned dark before people were grown up.

Though it all sounds very absurd as I write, I have never learned to see the comedy in the situation. It was deep earnest to me then, and "with understanding" came the meaning of those good and beautiful "dark people:" they are significant of the tragedy of Mammy's life. For unlike most negroes she hated slavery because it was slavery, and she loved my father and mother and us not because they were her master and mistress and we their children, but in spite of it. Her loyalty was such that never by overt word or deed did she hint such a thing. Though there were days when the slaves had run away from the various plantations to seek at the "home place" protection from cruel overseers that she went about with tight-folded lips and eyes so gloomy that we knew instinctively it was useless to ask for stories, and that it behooved us to walk softly and circumspectly if we would escape scolding for what in happier hours passed unrebuked, or only drew out the words which I never hear without a flashing vision of the dear face, "Childern will be childern." I doubt whether Mammy herself realized the full implication of her stories; they were just the natural expression of a heart full of bitterness and love and boiling over with pride. She held herself rather aloof from the other servants, to whom she condescended from the height of her

position as the "Mammy" of the house, the butler alone coming within her social pale. Most of my mother's orders were given through her, and besides the under nurse, she had a girl — a bright, very bad little mulatto, about ten years old when I first remember her — who ran her errands, "kept the baby quiet," and "played with the children."

There were times, however, when Mammy unbent. Of all things she dearly loved a game of cards. Poker found favor in her eyes, and she was not averse to casino, though her consuming passion was seven-up. She taught me to play, and I, proud of the honor, soon became as great an adept as she. Alice also learned quickly, and I really believe the best games of cards I ever had in my life were those played during the war in the nursery at Rocky Way, Ben making a fourth hand, with one eye on the door leading into my mother's room, his ears cocked, ready to scuttle at the first sound, and half a dozen lightwood knots under his arm in case he should be taken unawares. These games always began the same way. Ben was the carriage driver, and part of his work was to bring in wood for the nursery fire. Usually the wood was stacked in a corner by the fireplace, under Mammy's lofty supervision, with no unnecessary words, and if it happened to be card night the first, second, and third armfuls were brought in without more than a glance at the table. But at the fourth turn Ben lingered to look over a hand, at the fifth he could no longer keep from saying how "he 'd play de han' ef it wuz his'n," and by the sixth, still standing, and with the exculpatory sticks ready under his arm, he was Mammy's partner, and they were winning "high, low, Jack, and the game." There was never any betting, for Mammy guarded our morals scrupulously, and both gambling and drinking were an abomination to her; why I never knew until after she was dead.

Another thing that she delighted in was dancing, though she was already getting too stout to indulge in it often when I first remember her. The only time I ever saw her dance impressed itself upon me because her dancing was so different from that of the other servants. There had been a wedding in the quarters, and when my father and mother went back to the house Breckenridge and I so pleaded to look on a little while that Mammy volunteered to bring us back herself if we were permitted to stay. Perched on a table we watched them "cut the pigeon's wing," "hoe corn," "double shuffle," and "Jennie put the kettle on," our enjoyment becoming ecstatic as the dancing increased in swiftness and vigor. Finally there was a pause, and Mammy stepped out with Uncle Joshua, the butler. Which one taught the other she would never tell, but they executed a waltz of great stateliness, and of such length that the audience rose to their feet in a body and calling for quicker music drove Uncle Joshua and Mammy from the floor.

In spite of her power as a *raconteur* and her love of fairy tales Mammy could never learn to read. I tried my best to teach her, but either I stood in too much awe of my pupil or she in too little respect for her teacher. While Rich, the cook, soon learned to read and write, and in a little while could have taught me arithmetic, and Alice's knowledge was of such rapid growth that like Jonah's gourd it seemed to have sprung up in a night, Mammy, who used language which they never approached, remained to the day of her death ignorant of book-lore, except what she gained through my reading aloud, and this was limited to poetry, fairy tales, allegories, stories, — everything that appealed to the imagination and nothing which did not.

It surprises me in reading stories of the days of slavery to find that in what assume to be truthful portraits of favorite servants, nurses, maids, butlers, and body servants, they are repre-

sented as speaking the dialect of the field and plantation hands. It was often the field hand who could read and the house servant who could not, for this depended upon native intelligence; but manner of speech, which is largely a matter of association, was a different thing; the house servant often used very much the same provincial, bookish language that his master and mistress did. That this language was only a matter of association, a surface overlaying the racial instincts and passions of their ruder brethren, was seen whenever their passions were aroused. Then they spoke the same jargon, interlarding it with words handed directly down from African forests. Our knowledge of this was of course instinctive, not rational, but so much was it a part of our habit of life that Alice always knew when she would get a harder whipping than usual, and we, when it was useless to try to beg off from being reported to a higher tribunal. Uncle Joshua was the only one who never forgot himself. Even Mammy when her temper was excited beyond a certain point spoke a regular jargon.

And Mammy had a temper as fierce and strong and vindictive as her religion was — we quailed before them. Both, I think, she must have drawn from the Indian blood of which she was so proud, for the negro's religion is emotional, and his temper quick and hot, but forgiving. In the first place Mammy never "got religion" or "got happy," and had a great scorn of "mourners," "seekers," frequenters of "the anxious bench," and of those who "knew the Lord had saved them." The devil she believed in was white, with green eyes and a scaly tail like a snake — only the scales were red hot — and a club foot that had sharp nails, also red hot. With his tail he whipped the damned in hell, and with his club foot drove the red-hot nails into them, and all the time those green eyes were "charming" them so they could not move. The things she most feared and hated were a whip, a snake, fire, and a white man, and her idea of hell was moulded out of them. She once told me that she had spent a whole night in a room with a large rattlesnake, and had seen a man burn alive, and her horror of whipping was such that when my brothers were occasionally punished — my sister and I were never touched — she lamented louder and longer than they, and spoiled them so afterwards that any good result which might have come was lost; and yet, on the other hand, I have seen her whip Alice with zeal and much apparent enjoyment. Her Saviour was a dark brown giant, who wore a gold crown and a silver brocade robe, and had no hands. Mammy said he was so strong that if he had been born with hands he might have used them to whip with when he got mad, so God said he should be born without any.

There was a woman, for a little time the cook, a handsome mulatto named Sarah, — my father always spoke of her as the "Duchess of Marlborough," because she had such a frightful temper and was so jealous of her husband that he finally begged with tears that she might be sent to one of the plantations or sold, — whom Mammy hated so that finally my mother had to give her up, though she was noted far and wide for her cooking. And whenever my great-aunt's butler came to the house Mammy always retired to her own rooms, and on the plea of illness refused to stir from them as long as he was on the place. As aunt Joanna usually spent three or four days with us when she came this was very inconvenient, and ended eventually in her never bringing Harry to the house. It was on one of these occasions, a hot day in June, that I first heard Mammy swear. As soon as my aunt's horses were seen coming up the drive, Mammy handed us over to the second nurse, and groaning aloud and holding her head in both hands went to her rooms. These were in a one story brick building known as "the office."

In the South, before the war "the office" was nothing more than what would now be called bachelor quarters. The family house was so large that we rarely used this office, and after the scarlet fever swept through the household, leaving us with three empty little chairs, and Breckenridge so reduced in every way that he had to be taught to walk and talk over again just as when he was a baby, two of the best rooms, opening into each other, and newly furnished, were presented to Mammy by the children as their Christmas gift. Here she held Sunday afternoon, or, as we called them, Sunday evening levees, for she was a great belle, and, though not very popular with the women, was because of her position and privileges the object of their respectful and admiring attentions. Here too, as the greatest imaginable treat, she sometimes gave us "a party" of preserves, beaten biscuit, cake, — far from digestible, for Mammy was no cook, — lemonade, and sweet French chocolate with which her safe was always stored. Huyler's most delicious *marrons glacées* are as the apples of Sodom compared with those brown, sweet crumbly squares whose proper place was in the chocolate pot; and years after the war, when a bride I began housekeeping, I was not satisfied until I had a pine safe painted brown, and with tin doors pricked and bored into horses, dogs, cows, and fish as unlike nature and as nearly like those on Mammy's safe as weeks of assiduous and contradictory directions to a long suffering carpenter could achieve.

On the day of which I speak I tiptoed up the two front steps and listened, but could hear nothing. I then went up on the back porch, and hearing a groan had raised my hand to knock and ask permission to come in and minister to the sufferer, — for we children believed implicitly in these illnesses and were always more or less alarmed by them, — when the groan was cut short with a torrent of oaths so fierce, so bloodthirsty, and so blasphemous that after a moment of stony horror I fled incontinently to my henhouse, my place of refuge when sore pressed, and sitting down on the little stool where I was in the habit of superintending the hatching and feeding of my chickens I covered my face with my hands and gave myself up to the first disappointed ideal of my life. Of course I did not know it was this — I only knew that Mammy did what she had trained me to believe was one of the worst sins, and one which I had read in the Bible was punished with hell fire. I tried to believe that what I had heard was an accident, but instinct told me such fluency could come only with practice. Those terrible words were familiar, or had at some time been familiar, on Mammy's tongue, or she could never have used them with this vehement ease. I had heard something too besides oaths. The sobs that broke and at first made Mammy's words unintelligible were as real as the oaths; and Mammy never cried, — I had never seen her cry but twice: once when little Lizzie died, and the other time when Breckenridge said "Mammy" after he had had the scarlet fever, and the doctors had said he would never talk again. Mammy must be very, very sick to cry that way — maybe she was dying! I was on my feet and back at that door in less time than it takes me to write this sentence. There was not a sound — Mammy was dead! "Mammy! Mammy! let me in, please let me in," I cried, beating on the door with my fists, kicking hard. When the door at last opened, and stern and frowning she would have scolded me, I threw myself into her arms with a passion of tears. "Mammy, Mammy, I thought you were dead! Mammy, I do love you, I do love you!" I kissed her hands and held them tight, I tried to reach up to her face. I no longer minded, I think I had forgotten, her swearing. What difference did it make? What difference did anything make? I had her back again, my own

dear Mammy! I loved her just the same. She took me in her arms and kissed me, and called me her lamb, and I hope in comforting me forgot her own troubles. She told me she was better, she was almost well; she gave me a whole cake of chocolate, which I ate to the very last crumb, and had a shaking chill that night in consequence; and finally she consented to lie down and let me rub her head with my best German cologne.

Another thing about that afternoon was recalled to me after Mammy's death. She was very fond of dress, but always wore her dresses high up around her neck, and, however the fashion changed, her sleeves full and buttoned close into a band at the wrist. Even her nightgown sleeves were made this way, and once when I asked her why she told me sharply that "childern should be seen and not heard." To-day she had on over her petticoat what was called a bedgown, a long sacque with half loose sleeves. While I was bathing her head the bottle fell, spilling the cologne over her face and neck, and as she jumped up her sleeves slipped back, disclosing a wide, shriveled scar reaching from just above her wrist to the elbow. My eyes fastened on it, and seeing that concealment was impossible Mammy told me a long, circumstantial lie about falling on the fender when she was a little girl. Poor, proud, unhappy Mammy! I have never blamed her for that lie. I am sure she did not want to tell it, and I should hate even now to think that I know it, if the knowing had not made me love her better and forgive in her all the things I would rather not remember. For there were times and traits which had to be forgiven: when, for instance, she switched Alice so hard that welts came out on her hands; when she pulled my hair and rapped me with the comb if I dared to stir while she was curling my hair; when she told me I was so bad I "looked like the devil," and he would catch me if I did n't mind.

If she were the heroine of a modern story she would be called a complex character. My father and mother — to whom, by the way, she never gave their legitimate title, always addressing them and speaking of them as "Marse Albert" and "Miss Nannie" — and their children she loved faithfully and unreservedly; but the rest of the white race she hated with an almost religious fervor, and the closer their relationship to us the fiercer her enmity. It was as if the personal hatred that my father and mother had defrauded her of, by a course which would read like romance to me if I did not know it to be hard fact, avenged and recouped itself by pouring out in fuller tide over all who carried the same blood in their veins. Aunt Joanna's life had been a tragic history of disappointment, loss, violence, and death; the last chapter darkened by epilepsy in its most repulsive form. She was a tiny, beautiful, feeble, stern old lady, painstakingly cheerful, with white hair, reaching the floor when she was seated, and piercing blue eyes that children and servants alike knew it was useless to try to escape or evade. We did not love her, and we could not understand the tender, compassionate reverence in which my father and mother held her. The servants, I am afraid, hated her, and she, I know, considered my mother foolishly soft-hearted and my father weakly under her influence. I have heard Mammy contrast with gloating delight her impoverished widowhood with the days when young and beautiful, with a handsome, devoted husband, a houseful of lovely children, and hundreds of slaves, she reigned over one of the finest plantations in the state. "The Lord's han' wuz surely heavy on Ole Miss," she would say with fierce relish. "Out uv nineteen childern the onliest ones lef', Marse John, Marse Paul, and Miss Minnie, — remnants lef' over, you might say," a sniff emphasizing the damaging nature of her estimate. Before I was

seven years old I knew the tragedy by heart, down to the day that her eldest and best beloved son was shot down, — shot all to pieces on the streets of Champagnolle. This was the beginning of the epilepsy that continued up to the month of her death. More than once I have seen Mammy watch her in one of these attacks with a gleam in her black eyes that frightened me.

Looking back upon it all, I am convinced there was never a day when she did not pray for freedom, and putting together chance words that come back to me in snatches, I am persuaded the negroes, certainly the house servants, knew far more about the political state of affairs than their masters dreamed. We were in Luray, a little village in Page County, not far from Harper's Ferry, at the time of the John Brown raid; and I remember as distinctly as if it were yesterday Mammy's suppressed excitement, her enigmatical hints, her almost boisterous spirits, and the pall that settled over her after John Brown and his followers were arrested. Years after the war, when I went back to Luray, a woman, who at the time was a girl of seventeen, told me that John Brown had actually spent a night in her house, introducing himself as a Baptist preacher, and consequently with a claim upon her father's hospitality, for the family were the most prominent Baptists in that part of the country. She was awakened very late that night or early the next morning by stealthy feet on the porch, and looking out was about to call her mother, when the moon breaking through a cloud showed her that the figures were Uncle Abraham, an old negro much loved and trusted, and the good minister who had asked a blessing at supper, who had kept her at the piano for an hour, praising her music and calling for first one familiar tune and then another, and who had made one of the most beautiful prayers she ever listened to. Seeing who it was she turned over and went comfortably to sleep again, and did not know until long afterwards that it was the famous John Brown with whom she had broken bread, and who was at that moment returning from a midnight visit to the negroes after having tried and failed to induce them to join him; that Uncle Abraham had guided him to the meeting, had urged the negroes not to listen to him, and had conducted him safely out of town and across the mountain before anybody was up. Mammy had been dead a long time when Uncle Abraham told his story, yet I have never doubted that he spoke the truth when he said she was one of the most enthusiastic spirits at the meeting, and that, but for the fact that my father was desperately ill at the time and her loyal heart refused to leave him, she would have risked everything and followed John Brown to Harper's Ferry.

Soon after his arrest we went back to Washington, and I suppose I should have forgotten him, but as everybody was discussing the trial, and I was very much with my father and mother, I heard all sorts of things which it would have been far better if I had known nothing about. The result was I got into a state of nervous excitement that would have been absurd if it had not been pitiful and dangerous in a child. I rushed for the morning paper before my father came down to the study, and the evening I learned the verdict I burst into the dining-room, where my father and mother were giving an official dinner, with the announcement and a flood of tears. After this John Brown was a tabooed subject. My father, wisely determining I should not know the day of the execution, exacted from me a promise that I would not read the newspapers, and my mother arranged a holiday to be spent with her.

It was a beautiful day, and we went for a long drive in the country, carrying lunch with us. When we came back late in the afternoon we stopped at Potentini's for ice cream and cake, and then

at "Harper's" — the fashionable dry goods store of Washington in those days — to buy Mammy a little present, because I had been away from her all day. I ran up to the nursery in great glee, and with both hands behind me told her to choose which, right or left, and when she had her present I poured out an enthusiastic account of the day's doings. She must have looked very sad, for I remember stopping in the middle of the most exciting part of my story to say she must laugh when I told her funny things.

It was at this point that brother Robert rushed into the room shouting, "John Brown 's hung! John Brown 's hung!" I don't think I made any fuss, — I was so sick with horror that I could not, — I could think of nothing but that dangling figure, and of how it must have hurt when they put the rope around his neck and pulled it hard enough to kill him. I tried my handkerchief when I went up to bed to see how it would feel, and brother Robert came in just then and gave it such a twist that I fell down, and Mammy was so frightened she boxed him soundly. When she asked me why I tied the handkerchief around my neck I was ashamed to tell, but late in the night I waked her up crying, and when I told her — everything — she hugged me tight and warm, and said I must not cry about John Brown any more because he was in heaven. I asked her if she was sure, and I remember the very words of her answer: "Honey, Mammy knows he 's in heaven just as well as she knows the Lord 's goin' to" — She stopped a minute and said very low, "Yes, darlin', he 's in heaven with the Lord's other saints." I put up my hand and Mammy's face was wet. From this day I date my horror of capital punishment.

Arkansas was the state of my father's adoption; when she seceded he resigned his seat in Congress and we went home. He raised the Third Arkansas regiment, and the day before he went to the front he called the negroes together, and told them he expected them to take care of their mistress and the children while he was away. They did. We were five miles in the country, two helpless women with half a dozen delicate children, surrounded by our slaves, and where our land ended another farm began with the same proportion of white and black, and we were as safe as if we had been guarded by an army of our own soldiers. I love to remember it. It gives me a pure thrill to know that as fiercely as Mammy hated the white race, and as ardently as she longed for freedom, she loved us and was loyal to us through everything, and that there was not one of the fifteen hundred slaves we carried out to Texas, when we refugeed there, who did not choose to come with us and did not stay with us as long as my father had any land to plant. Uncle Joshua was the only one we left in Texas. We were no longer in a position to keep an accomplished butler, who also understood French cooking, and by my father's advice he remained in Austin, and with my father's assistance opened a small café, in which I am glad to say he prospered.

When the Federal troops marched into Austin, Mammy in a state of wild excitement took the whole flock of children down to the square, where the best view was to be had, and as the soldiers passed tore off her bandana and waved it wildly in the air, tears streaming down her face, her lips quivering and wordless. I am very sure she was wholly unconscious of both tears and handkerchief, for when the excitement was over, and we were on our way back to the house, I ventured to remind her quietly that her bandana was in her hand instead of on her head. I was sharply assured it "wuz no such thing," though the next moment in much confusion she put it where it belonged.

We had a hard time of it in the nursery that night. Breckenridge and I finally went to bed in tears, leaving

Pauline and Mammy in a hot encounter which ended in Mammy's complete rout, for Polly was the baby and her idol. The next morning rose in gloom, broken by lurid flashes; by noon Mammy could no longer contain herself. We were informed with jeers and taunts that she "wuz free," and she knew she "could pick up her things and go any minute, an' she wuz goin' too."

Dear Mammy! it was a flash in the pan, that went out in a flood of tears and protestations that she would never leave us, never, when an hour later my mother told her she was free to do what she chose and go where she pleased. Her choice and pleasure were ours. I hardly think she could have been happy away from us, and I know we would have been wretched without her. The only change in our relations was that she received regular wages. These wages were a great delight to her. Every month when she was paid she made each one of us children a present, and then squandered the rest with the utmost enjoyment and celerity. I don't believe a single pay day ever found her with a cent left over from the last.

We were living in Louisiana when she died. It was a cholera year, and she was the first person on the plantation to take it. She was very ill from the beginning, and as a last resort, with her knowledge and consent, the doctor tried "the calomel cure," which had been very successful in a number of cases on the adjoining plantation, sometimes even when collapse had occurred. I will not venture to say how many grains were given lest I should be called first cousin to Sapphira; the same treatment was successful with me two weeks later, and Mammy was relieved of the disease, but salivation in its worst form supervened, and after ten days of intense suffering she died. It was impossible to keep us away from her. My father had but one answer to the doctor's threats and warnings.

"Let them alone, Dabbs; she nursed them through everything; I won't tell them they shan't stay with her now. They know the risk, and I should be ashamed of them if they were afraid to take it."

For three days before her death she scarcely spoke. Speech had become very painful, and she was not always clear in her mind, but whenever Breckenridge and I went into the room, or she woke to find us sitting by her bed, the swollen, bleeding lips tried to smile. Her last intelligible words were to my mother. She died about daybreak; that night when mamma was trying to give her some nourishment she made a sign that she should come nearer, and after several efforts succeeded in saying with long pauses between, "Don't let strange niggers touch me — no dress — wrap me in a shroud."

The negroes came from far and wide to her funeral, among them aunt Joanna's Harry, in his Sunday suit of black, with black lawn weepers on his hat and both arms, and flourishing an immense black lawn handkerchief. My father ordered him sternly out of his mourning and the procession, to the scarcely decorous delight of the other servants, and a day or two afterwards my mother told me Harry had been Mammy's husband, but falling in love with Sarah, the "Duchess of Marlborough," he had treated Mammy so brutally that papa made her leave him, and then persuaded aunt Joanna to buy him. He was the only one of our slaves that was ever sold.

I had been married some years when I heard the story of Mammy's life. Soon after their marriage my mother and father were driving from Eldorado to Champagnolle. The buggy broke down about dusk ten miles from Champagnolle, and they had to spend the night at the house of a German physician named Heinsücher. The girl who waited on table was very dirty, half naked, and with an exceedingly bad face. That night she came to my mother's room,

threw herself on her knees at my mother's feet, and implored her with sobs and tears to buy her. She stripped to the waist, and showed her scarred back. She pulled up her sleeves and disclosed a burn, still raw, that reached from just above the wrist to the elbow, and a half-healed gash deep and wide. She had been locked up all night in a cellar infested with snakes, and she had suffered worse things even than these, — things that cannot be told. When my father came in my mother repeated the girl's story, and implored him to buy her. It seems that the doctor was under an obligation to my father, and when the offer was made said frankly that the girl was not worth buying, — she lied, stole, drank, ate opium when she could get it, had the temper of a demon, and had twice tried to kill herself. It was only by the most severe measures she could be kept in bounds. She was one third Indian, and my father knew what that cross with the negro meant. There was another interview with Mary — that was the girl's name — in which she acknowledged everything but the stealing. She got drunk and she drank laudanum when she had the chance, because then she "did n't know anything;" she had tried to kill herself, and if they kept her there she would keep on trying. As to the stealing, she worked like a dog, and it was n't stealing to take what you worked for; she did n't take anything belonging to other people; and then with more sobs and tears she prayed them to kill her, but not to leave her there. The end of it was that when they started off in the afternoon Mammy — for that half-brutalized, degraded, miserable negro was the Mammy who carried the keys to the storeroom and wine cellar, and had access to my father's pocketbook and my mother's purse and jewels — rode on the trunk-hold running out from the back of the buggy, and the trunk was left to be sent for next day.

But Mary did not leap at once into Mammy; the birth was a slow and painful travail. They would have despaired of her but for three things: she was rigidly virtuous, she never lied about what she had done, and she conceived a doglike affection for my father and mother. She was kept about the house until the servants declared there was no living with her, and in the field until Uncle Domino said her swearing, insubordination, and cunning about getting liquor and getting drunk whenever she had it, were ruining the other negroes. Two years after he bought her my father hired her out, and a few weeks later she ran away home beaten almost to death.

The next day the man to whom she had been hired drove over to see that my father punished her as she deserved. She had been set to watch his ill wife, had got drunk, and given a double dose of the medicine prescribed, with results that would have been fatal if a physician had not been within speedy reach. My father expressed great regret for what had happened, but refused either to have her whipped or let her go back with him; the whipping she had already received was brutally sufficient no matter what she had done. Then after a talk with my mother Mary was sent for. She had seen Mr. —— drive up and drive away again, and she answered the summons ashen with fright. Afterwards she told mamma that she thought Mrs. —— was dead, and that they had sent for her to tell her she was to be hanged. I was only a few weeks old at the time, and when she came in my father had me in his arms.

"Mary," he said, "I am not going to punish you again. You have been punished enough. Your mistress and I have decided to give you another trial. Come here and see your little mistress. If we let you help Mammy Phœbe nurse her, will you try not to get drunk any more?"

My mother says she looked at him in a dazed way, as if she did not dare un-

derstand him; then when he held me out to her with a smile she stumbled across the room and fell at his feet and kissed them, crying, "Massa, Massa, I 'll nebber tech unnudder drap."

And she never did.

Julia R. Tutwiler.

THE FUTURE OF ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

For two years past the orchestral compositions of Richard Strauss have been the exciting features of the leading orchestral concerts in this country. They have fairly set the musical *cognoscenti* of the United States by the ears. The strenuous German artist is yet a young man, and what he may achieve in an uncertain future is a fruitful subject for critical speculation. What he has already done is to stir up the musical world as it has not been stirred since Richard Wagner proclaimed his regenerative theories of the musical drama. Strauss has turned the technic of orchestral composition topsy-turvy, and has made orchestras sing new songs. He has in certain ways discredited Beethoven and the prophets, and has shrunk the orchestral wonders of Berlioz and Wagner to the dimensions of a Sunday afternoon band concert. He has caused the critical heathen to rage and the long-haired people to imagine vain things. In fine, the simple question now frankly discussed in the sacred circles of the inner brotherhood is just this: "Is Richard Strauss a heaven-born genius, or is he merely crazy?"

Usually when musical composers have ventured out of the beaten path, just found by the critics after much thorny wandering through the jungle of error, the cry has been that they were going astray. The poor critics have never been able to understand how any genius could depart from the beaten path without being lost in the woods, as they themselves generally are. In nine cases out of ten the composer who does so depart is lost, and hence the critic's calling is not altogether one of sorrow. The prophet who has ninety per cent of "I told you so" in his retrospective views is not wholly a subject for commiseration. But there is that tenth man, who is always an explorer, and who always sets to cutting new paths through the forest. The critic says, "You 're going to get lost," and he replies, "I may lose you, but not myself." After a time he comes out of the forest into a new and beautiful land, and the critic, limping slowly and painfully after him, murmurs, "You were right; it is good for us to be here."

And so the music critics, who long ago reduced their comments on Beethoven and Weber and Schubert and Schumann to an exact science, and who have made it possible for any old reader to predict precisely what will be said on the morning after a purely classical concert, have fallen over the music of Strauss into a confusion like unto that of the army of Pharaoh suddenly overtaken by the waters of the Red Sea. It was about eleven years ago that this music began to echo through the concert-rooms of America. Strauss had begun to write early in life, but his first works were imitative of the older masters. The real Richard Strauss began to reveal himself in 1887, when he produced Macbeth, the first of his series of symphonic poems. The others are Don Juan (1888), Death and Apotheosis (1889), Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks (1895), Thus Spake Zarathustra (1896), Don Quixote (1897), and A Hero's Life (1898).

What has Strauss done in these works to "so get the start of the majestic

world"? He has asked us to listen to orchestral compositions made with wide deviations from the established outlines, with a new melodic idiom, with a harmony which frequently affects the ear precisely as lemon juice affects the palate, with instrumental combinations of overpowering sonority and harshness, and, above all, with attempts at a detailed definiteness of expression which demand the closest application of the hearer's powers of analysis.

He has excited curiosity of the liveliest kind among those who hold that there is a real difference "'twixt tweedledum and tweedledee." To those who accept music, as they accept soup, as one of the conventional details of a polite existence, all this pother about Strauss must seem unnecessary, yet since it has come, they naturally desire to know what it is all about. They must, then, begin by recognizing the fact that the modern orchestra has developed from a collection of ill-assorted and misunderstood instruments into a single instrument, the most eloquent at the disposal of the composer. It is majestic in power, royal in dignity, brilliant in gayety, convulsing in sport, inspiring in appeal, melting in supplication. Its variety of tonal shades is exhaustless. Its scale ranges from the profoundest bass to the acutest treble. Its dynamic power modulates from the faintest whisper of a pianissimo to the thunderous crash of a fortissimo. It sings, it laughs, it weeps, it woos, it storms, it hymns, it meditates, — all at the command of the composer who knows how to utilize its powers.

Yet it is still an imperfectly understood instrument. Remember always that music is the youngest of our modern arts. Remember, too, that although we can trace its beginnings back to the fourth century of the Christian era, we find that twelve hundred years were occupied with the development of a single form of music, — vocal polyphony, the form in which the mighty masterpieces of the Roman Church down to the day of Lasso and Palestrina were composed. The masters of this vocal polyphony were engaged in studying how they could compose for the liturgy of the church music in which several voice parts, each singing a melody, could sound simultaneously and yet produce agreeable harmonies. The discovery of the principles underlying this method was made slowly, yet it was essential that this discovery should be made. Without it musical art could not advance, for the laws of counterpoint and harmony are the first principles of musical art.

Toward the close of the sixteenth century a change came over the spirit of music. The mass of the Roman Church had become so complicated and ornate in its style of composition that the congregations did not know what words of the liturgy were sung. The revival of Greek learning in Italy brought with it the study of the Greek Testament in the original, and this study revealed the defects of the Vulgate used by the church. A blow at Latin was a blow at the authority of the church, and the questionings aroused by the revelations of the Greek Testament touched the mass, and made the people desirous of hearing the text and knowing what it was about. Such a demand called for a simplification of musical style. This demand was strengthened by the invention of printing. The people began to get books and to read, and that led them to think and inquire. Furthermore the chaste beauty of Greek art had become known, and its influence promoted the simplification of musical style in the church. The broad and dignified hymns employed by the great reformer, Martin Luther, were another powerful argument in favor of simpler music in the sanctuary. The church was not blind to the signs of the time, and its composers made some efforts toward clarifying their style.

The revival of Greek learning led also to an attempt to resuscitate the dead

Greek drama, or rather to reconstruct the Italian play on its lines. The fact that the Greeks had chanted rather than declaimed their dramatic texts suggested the little band of Italian enthusiasts led by Galilei, Peri, and Caccini, an attempt to reproduce this musical delivery. Their efforts resulted in the invention of dramatic recitative and the birth of opera. With the advent of this form of vocal art the supremacy of church polyphony was overthrown. It did not cease to exist, but it lost its dominion over the musical world, and it almost stopped developing. To this day the works of Palestrina composed in the second half of the sixteenth century remain the model and the despair of church composers. Handel and Bach, introducing more modern harmonies and employing the resources of the orchestra, which Palestrina and his predecessors never used, carried vocal polyphony a little further, but their advance was external rather than fundamental.

It was at this stage of musical progress that the orchestra made its appearance, a feeble, tottering, purposeless instrumental infant. Collections of instruments had of course existed. Millionaires of the Middle Ages drowned the inanities of their dinner conversation with banquet music, just as the moderns do. But their assemblies of instruments were merely fortuitous. Any instruments which chanced to be in the house, and for which there were players, were utilized. There was no music specially written for these orchestras. We may suppose that they played the popular tunes of the day. When the opera came into existence, some sort of orchestra had to be extemporized. Here again in the beginning any instruments easily accessible seem to have been taken up. It was not till Claudio Monteverde began his experiments in instrumental combinations in his operas in the early part of the seventeenth century that anything like method in instrumentation was discernible.

Monteverde began the exploration of the resources of each instrument in characteristic expression. He endeavored to measure the powers of the viol, the trumpet, the organ, and certain combinations of instruments as illustrators of dramatic action. He invented some of the now familiar tricks of orchestration, such as the tremolo and the pizzicato. Furthermore he created an instrumental figure to imitate the galloping of horses and another to depict the struggle of a combat, and thus was really the artistic progenitor of Richard Strauss, with his battle dins and his pirouetting maids. Succeeding composers were not slow to follow the suggestions offered by the work of Monteverde. The opera became a field for instrumental experiment, and the orchestra, as employed by the operatic composers, was continually in advance of the symphonic orchestra in the variety and extent of its combinations and in the utilization of the special powers of each individual instrument. This continued to be the case up to the time of Liszt, Berlioz, and Wagner, when the technics of conventional orchestration were so thoroughly established that the demands of the new romantic school of composers affected the orchestra simultaneously in opera and symphonic composition.

That the operatic orchestra should have taken the lead was perfectly natural. When vocal polyphony was deposed from its supremacy, instrumental music was in its infancy. Only the organ had achieved anything approaching independence, and that was because all the leading composers had been writing for the church and knew the church instrument. For practice at home they used the clavichord, one of the forerunners of the piano, and they began presently to compose special music for it, but in the style of their organ music. Gradually they fell into the way of writing for small groups of instruments, and after a time the orchestra found its way from the opera house to the church, and the or-

chestrally accompanied mass came into existence. But meanwhile the composers who wrote for the clavier, with the aid of those who wrote for the solo violin, were fashioning a form, and after a time the sonata began to assume a definite shape. Now it was borne in upon composers that their auditors would not arrive at the opera in time to hear the overture, for operatic publics were much the same then as they are now; and the poor composers had recourse to writing their overtures so that they could be played independently and having them performed at concerts. As these overtures were written in a form founded upon the principles of the sonata form, nothing was more natural than that gradually composers should be led to the composition of complete sonatas for orchestra, and a sonata for orchestra is a symphony.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, then, after Sebastian Bach had carried the piano solo through the splendors of his Well Tempered Clavichord, and the piano sonata had attained something like defined shape, we see Stammitz, Gossec, and, at length, Haydn producing thin, tentative weakly orchestrated sonatas for orchestra, and the real development of independent orchestral composition began. This was nearly a century and a half after the birth of the orchestra as an adjunct to the opera, and the same length of time after the beginning of independent composition for the clavichord. In other words, although the modern art of music may fairly be said to have begun at least as early as the beginning of the twelfth century, when the fundamental principles of counterpoint were enunciated by the French masters, the most splendid and powerful of all musical instruments, the orchestra, is to-day in its infancy. For if the masters of vocal polyphony took some twelve centuries to elaborate their science, it is fair to presume that, even though the general laws of music are now firmly established, the technics of the orchestra and of orchestral composition, which are a little over a hundred years old, are yet by no means fully understood.

The method of composition employed by the early masters of orchestral music was elaborate, yet not recondite. It was a system of architecture in tones, and its achievements were distinctly satisfying to the æsthetic discernment and to the appetite of the human mind for a logical arrangement of ideas. Four parts or movements were allotted to a symphonic work. Contrast of time, rhythm, key, and harmonic color was sought. Each movement differed from that next to it. Variety in unity was the ultimate object. But each movement had to have a well-defined shape within itself. Two melodic ideas, complementary to each other in key, rhythmic nature, and sentiment, were invented. They were held up for the inspection of the hearer at the beginning of the movement. Then the composer embarked upon what was called the "working out." He took the essential features of his two melodies and juggled them through the tricks of musical metamorphosis. He dressed them in new harmonies; he made them writhe in the embraces of counterpoint; he expanded them into new melodies; he sang them with the different voices of the instrumental body. In the end he repeated them in their original shape, and brought his movement to a close. The entire purpose was the treatment of themes. The only aim was to make symmetrical, intelligible, interesting music.

In evolving this form the composers fell, as I have said, into a conventional use of their orchestra. They had three choirs, one of wooden wind instruments, one of brass, and one of strings played with bows. They allotted fixed functions to each choir and to the members of each, and there they stopped. Occasionally a hint from the operatic treatment of the instruments enlightened

them and they made a slight advance, but nevertheless when Beethoven came to write his symphonies, in which he attempted to make orchestral music attain to something more than mere musical beauty, he found himself hampered by the conventionalities of symphonic orchestration, as well as by those of the symphonic form. It was the limitation of the form, indeed, which restrained the instrumentation. The form itself had first reached definiteness with Haydn, who died when Beethoven was thirty-nine. Only in Haydn's later years did he learn the use of clarinets, the most important members of the wood wind choir.

Beethoven, striving to make the symphony a vehicle for emotional expression, was compelled to busy himself with changes in the form, and he gave no special study to instrumental effects. He used such new ones as readily suggested themselves to him, but they were nothing more than elaborations of the old conventions. However, the seed sown by Beethoven speedily bloomed in the growth of the new romantic school. The principal tenet of this school was that music must express emotions, and that the form must develop entirely from the emotional purpose and plan of the work. Two distinguished explorers of this new style devoted their highest efforts to the production of orchestral composition.

Liszt endeavored to tell stories in music by erasing the dividing line between movements and writing his work all in one piece. He retained the two contrasting themes of the old symphonists, but he asked his hearers to affix a meaning to each of them. Then he proceeded to handle them in much the same way as the symphonists did, working them out, and varying them with much skill, though always with a view to suggesting the development of the incidents of his story. To such a purpose the resources of orchestral color lent mighty aid, and Liszt was not slow to perceive this. He began to draw away from the conventions of the symphonists, and to seek for new and striking instrumental combinations. Nevertheless in his compositions for orchestra Liszt was the debtor of two men much more remarkable than himself, namely, Wagner and Berlioz. From the former he got the idea of the use of themes with definite meanings attached to them. From the latter he obtained the suggestion of the employment of the orchestra to tell stories and much information as to its technics. Berlioz, however, continued the use of separate movements, and his attempts to use definitely representative themes were few and uncertain. He preceded Wagner, nevertheless, in the revelation of the resources of the orchestra, and he antedated Liszt in the use of the orchestra for romantic composition.

Later imitators of Berlioz and Liszt failed to perceive anything except the vast color schemes of their orchestration. Borrowing a few of the conventional figures of the older writers, such as Haydn's sea waves and Beethoven's thunderstorms, they asked us to see things through a kaleidoscope of instrumental color. They forgot that we could not understand them when they made no logical appeal to our intelligence.

Richard Strauss, standing upon the vantage ground made for him by Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner, has evidently tried to carry the direct expression of the orchestra to a higher plane by utilizing the best elements of their work. He has sought to make the orchestra tell stories, but he has not made the error of supposing that he could ignore the fundamental principles of musical form which constituted the ground plan of the old symphony. He has utilized themes with definite meanings attached to them, as Wagner did, without confining himself to two, as the older writers did, and as Liszt did in most of his works. He has returned in his later compositions to the fashion of clearly separated movements, while he has

made them pass before the hearer without pauses between any two of them. He has developed his themes according to the principles laid down by the symphonic masters, and has striven to enforce their meaning with all the effects of orchestral color. And withal he has endeavored to compose only music with a purpose, never music for its own sake. In short, Strauss has shown that the principles of musical form which the earlier writers painfully evolved out of their attempts to produce nothing beyond musical beauty, not only can be, but must be, utilized by the composer who cares nothing whatever about musical beauty, and who aims only at making music a means of expression.

This I believe to be Strauss's greatest and most significant achievement. It is the legacy which he will leave to his successors, and which will influence the progress of musical development. His handling of the orchestra itself is a natural outgrowth of the researches of Berlioz and Wagner. The former left little to be learned about the capacity of each individual instrument; the latter developed to an extraordinary degree the employment of many voice parts and the use of striking combinations. The early writers, for example, used violins always in two parts, whereas Wagner divided them sometimes into as many as fifteen. Flutes, oboes, and clarinets were used by the classic masters in pairs; Wagner began to employ them by threes. Strauss uses three or four of each. He makes his orchestra sing in many parts, and he keeps the various voices weaving and interweaving in marvelously learned counterpoint. When he wants a great climax of sound, he gets one that is overwhelming. Furthermore he habitually introduces solo voices among the mass of tone. He individualizes his instruments, and in some compositions fairly casts them for definite dramatic impersonations. Musicians will understand me when I add that he has asked every orchestral player to be a virtuoso. He writes formidably difficult passages for horns, for trombones, for oboes. He makes no concessions to the technical difficulties of the instruments, as the older writers did. He treats the instruments, as Wagner treated human voices, simply as means of expression. The players must master the difficulties.

The critical quarrel with Strauss is based upon three grounds: first, that he endeavors to make music tell a complete story; second, that he seeks materials which are unsuited to musical embodiment; and third, that he writes ugly music. Composers have yielded to the temptations of their fancies since the earliest days. Away back in the fifteenth century Jannequin tried to describe The Cries of Paris in four part vocal polyphony. Later composers fashioned piano pieces which were supposed to tell whole histories. Ambros, the distinguished German historian of music, felt it incumbent on him to write a book to show where the communicative power of music ended and the aid of text must be called in. Wagner declared that music unassisted could go no further than Beethoven's symphonies, and that the last movement of the Ninth Symphony was a confession of that fact.

It was long ago conceded that music could depict the broader emotions. It has generally been denied that it could go into details or explain to the hearer the causes of the feelings which it expressed. Yet by the judicious use of titles and the establishment of a connection between a composition and some well-known drama or poem, the imagination of the hearer is stimulated to conceive the meaning of many details otherwise incomprehensible. Strauss goes the furthest in the elaboration of detail. He uses numerous themes, each a guiding motive in the Wagnerian sense, and he asks us to follow them through a myriad of musical workings out, all having direct significance in telling a story. The stories are not with-

out unpleasant incidents, and the music is rasping in its ugliness at times. But this is not for us to judge. What is said of the music of Strauss now was said twenty-five years ago of Wagner's. But a few years and the acidulated croakings of the singer of Munich may be as sweet upon our ears as now are the endless melodic weavings of Tristan und Isolde.

Of the ideas which lie behind the music of Strauss less can be said in opposition now than could be said five years ago. Then we knew Strauss as the writer of Don Juan, an attempt to put into music the sensuality of a libertine, his final satiety, his utter coldness of heart; of Death and Apotheosis, a weird endeavor to portray with an orchestra the horrors of dissolution, the gasps, the struggles, the death rattle, the *tremor mortis;* Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, a study in musical depiction of wandering vulgarity, of jocular obscenity, a vast and coruscating jumble of instrumental cackles about things unfit to be mentioned. We felt that the nineteenth century was closing with something like midsummer madness in art. With Ibsens, Maeterlincks, and Strausses plucking like soulless ghouls upon the snapping heart-strings of humanity, treating the heart as a monochord for the scientific measurement of intervals of pain, and finally poking with their skeleton fingers in the ashes of the tomb to see if they could not find a single smouldering ember of human agony, we had attained a rare state of morbidity in art. We felt that when Art had turned for her inspiration to the asylum, the brothel, and the pesthouse, it was time for a new renaissance. Strauss was our musical Maeterlinck, our tonal Ibsen. Vague, indefinable fancies, grotesque and monstrous mysticisms, gaunt shapes and shapeless horrors, seemed to be his substitutes for clean, strong, pure ideals; and when he set to music Friedrich Nietzsche's Thus Spake Zarathustra, the philosophy of the solution of "world riddles," we thought he had utterly gone mad. For in this work we found the highest skill in the development and polyphonic treatment of leading motives devoted to an attempt to make music lecture on metaphysics, when all the time it was perfectly obvious that without reading Nietzsche's book no one could have any notion of the composer's intent. The mastery of orchestration and of the technics of composition shown in this work convinced thoughtful critics that Strauss was not to be sniffed out of consideration. Here was a force to be reckoned with in musical progress, even though it was mistakenly wielded.

With the introduction of A Hero's Life, Strauss seemed suddenly to have entered upon cleaner vision. To this day I am lost in wonder at the vast and appalling ugliness of some parts of the composition, but I know that custom will make dear to us musical idioms which now excite our antipathy. That is an old story. Artusi of Bologna said that Monteverde had lost sight of the true purpose of music — to give pleasure. A similar accusation was once brought against the mellifluous and tactful Rossini. It was shouted through Europe against Wagner. We may use it against Strauss, but if we do, we must chance the ridicule of the hereafter. A Hero's Life, despite its frequent attempts to make music speak more definitely than music can, is based on broad moods which are suitable for musical exposition. Wild, chaotic, discordant as many of the passages of this remarkable work certainly seem to us now, there is no denying the extraordinary mastership shown in its thematic development. The Wagnerian method of modifying themes in rhythm and harmony so as to alter their dramatic significance is combined successfully with the methods of the classicists in working out. Modern polyphony, the polyphony of hazardous cross paths in acrid harmony, of the impinging contrapuntal

curves, is handled with consummate ease. It is orchestral technic of the highest kind, but it all aims at making music which shall describe the minutest feelings, the finest shades of thought, and the most varied actions of personages whom the hearer must see with his mind's eye.

It aims at a wider and more detailed expression than the repulsive Don Juan and the vulgar Till Eulenspiegel, but it is clean and wholesome in tone, and most of its material is safe from the charge of unfitness for publication. It is not impossible to conceive of Strauss after producing this work as looking back over his entire orchestral product and addressing us in the words of the inscrutable McIntosh Jellaludin: "Some of it must go; the public are fools and prudish fools. I was their servant once. But do your mangling gently — very gently. It is a great work, and I have paid for it in seven years' damnation."

It is too soon for us to say that Strauss will influence the future. He may leave us nothing but certain purely mechanical improvements in orchestral technics. Even these will have their value. Yet all recent attempts at progress in music have been in the direction of more definite expression, and Strauss may be only a stepping-stone in an advance toward that blissful epoch whose hearers will display as much imagination as its composers, that transcendent condition, in which genius understands genius. As in that faculty-free heaven celebrated in undergraduate song, no musical critics will be there. Every man will be his own critic. The millennium will have come.

W. J. Henderson.

THE LATEST NOVELS OF HOWELLS AND JAMES.

TIME was when to receive a package containing new books both by William Dean Howells and Henry James would have been a delightful and even exciting event. Such time was in the last century and ominously near a generation ago. It was in the eighteen-seventies that we had A Foregone Conclusion from Mr. Howells's pen, and Roderick Hudson and The American from that of Mr. James. These tales mark the highest achievement in fiction of both writers; while their later imaginative work has been both so large in quantity, and, upon the whole, so even in quality, that it may very well be considered collectively and as fairly enough represented by The Kentons and The Wings of the Dove. Mr. James has indeed given us, during the same time, a good deal of acute and penetrating if rather finical criticism; while Mr. Howells, though so erratic in his judgments, or rather, as he himself would say, "not a bit good" critic, has yet published reams and tomes of pleasant writing about other people's books. But criticism, except of the great lonely classics, which, after all, are above it, is necessarily the most ephemeral kind of writing, and it is as novelists that our two distinguished countrymen are mainly known and will be, for a longer or shorter time, remembered.

There are headlong followers of Mr. Howells, who revere him as a sociologist and will indignantly protest against any discrimination in favor of his earlier and more purely artistic work, as against that which is informed by a more palpable purpose. While it was yet a novel thing to apply to the miscellaneous phenomena of American life what one must, I suppose, call the realistic method, great things in the way of our edification, if not of our entertainment,

were expected from such exhaustive studies of comparatively mean subjects as A Modern Instance, The Rise of Silas Lapham, and a less popular story which has always seemed to me better than either, The Quality of Mercy. It is customary nowadays to speak of Mr. Howells as a disciple of Tolstoï; and certainly he has blown the loud and melancholy trumpet of the Russian seer with a kind of passionate assiduity. But I think the prevailing impression does our countryman a little injustice; and that, though so single-hearted a follower after the great leader had arisen, he was also, to some extent, a pioneer. His first essay in the new manner, A Modern Instance, appeared in 1882, when Tolstoï was barely known outside of Russia, save by one brief but powerful sketch in which all his genius was implicit, The Cossacks, translated, I think, from the original, and published in America by the late Eugene Schuyler. It was in 1884 that the Vicomte de Vogüé began writing in the Revue des Deux Mondes, from the vantage ground of his personal familiarity with things Russian, and with a sympathetic eloquence all his own, of the Muscovite romance, as a *genus*, — and most impressively of that monumental work, Guerre et Paix. Now the whole question of Realism versus Romanticism in fiction — that is to say, whether the novelist shall aim at representing human things exactly as they are, or more or less as they might be — is too vast a one for the present place and the present writer. I have indeed my own ideas about it; but the point at present is that our two most considerable American novelists since Hawthorne — who was already ten years dead when they were in the heyday of their promise — did both, to some extent, although in different ways, belie their native bent by adopting what was then the new fashion; and while each has been, and still is in some sort, a power in English letters, both have unquestionably disappointed the most brilliant of the hopes at one time entertained of them.

It will not, I think, be disputed that the charm of Mr. Howells, as a writer, was always, to an unusual degree, a personal one. The man was ever more interesting than his theme or his thesis, and infinitely more amusing. His playful wit, so whimsical and yet so natural, hiding often under a mask of gentle irony the quiver of an all but unmanageable tenderness, his gift of cunning observation, his tone, at once candid and demure, his honest, if queer convictions, and deep illogical earnestness, — all these things contribute to a mental make-up, a little more feminine than masculine perhaps, but very distinguished, and irresistibly attractive. And in nothing that he has written is this winning personal factor more conspicuous than it is, by moments, in the truly vapid story of The Kentons. The plodding narrative is mercifully lightened by numbers of those flattering asides in which the author goes far toward beguiling his reader's better judgment, by laughing with him, *sous cape*, at the foibles and absurdities of his own slight characters: —

"He put this temptation from him, and was in the enjoyment of a comfortable self-righteousness, when it returned in twofold power," etc.

"He found Boyne" (the precocious young moralist) "averse even to serious conversation," etc.

"He reflected that women are never impersonal, — or the sons of women, for that matter."

"In that pied flock, where every shade and dapple of doubt, foregathered in the misgiving of a blessed immortality," etc.

The last quotation shows how capable Mr. Howells originally was of a nobler and more potent form of satire than he often cares to employ. But subtract the element of personal amenity from the book before us, and what remains? A tale so thin and pointless, describing

with tedious particularity the languid interaction of a half dozen so utterly insignificant puppets, that it has absolutely nothing to recommend it but the author's name and charm. What can ever matter, either to morals or to art, the honestly prosperous parents of the Kenton household, who were so well in the stuffy little library of their Ohio home, where "momma" knitted while "poppa" read aloud, and who are so drearily lost in the greater world? And if not they, even less their vastly inferior offspring; — the shadowy, neurotic, and erotic elder daughter, the prematurely sage and preëminently silly boy (who is, however, the best character in the book), and the insufferable younger girl? Beside these, we have the clerical buffoon, with his veneered gentility and self-satisfied impiety, — the vulgar Trannel, and the repulsive Buttridge! The latter is the proper mate of Judge Grant's terrible Selma; and the longer I consider the matter, the more doubtful seems to me the propriety — I had almost said the decency — of giving such types the publicity of print at all. Types they may be, but normal and complete human beings they are not. They are the scum and spawn of a yeasty deep, — the monstrous offspring of barbarous and illicit social relations. They are necessarily short-lived, and, it is to be hoped, sterile; and if let alone would probably perish with the transitory conditions that gave them birth. To make of their deformities a dime side show at our noisy National Fair is, to say the least of it, not nice. To pursue them intently — to approach their sad case with paraphernalia of literary preparation — is like riding in pink, and with winding of horns, to a hunt of cockroaches!

The truth is that the novel of manners demands, first of all, manners to be delineated. But manners, in the widest sense, imply homogeneous and stable conditions; a certain social creed and hierarchy accepted without question and almost without thought, together with a tyrannous tradition antedating but always coexisting with long codified laws of conduct; and manners, in this general sense, we have none in America. We may have as many well-mannered people, in proportion to our numbers, as any other country; possibly more. But they are independent units, not parts of an organism. We like to dream that we have within our large, loose limits, the "promise and potency" of a finer social order than the world has yet seen; but the elements, both noble and ignoble, are all in flux as yet, and the attempt to portray them can only result in something vaporous and shapeless, and, at best, only vaguely spiral — like the photograph of a nebula. It is a shrewd perception of this fact, and, as I think, a not unhealthful sign, which has led the more vigorous among our younger writers, like Owen Wister and the authoress of To Have and To Hold, either to affect the primitive customs of frontier life, or else to attempt restoring those of our mainly English past, in the so-called historical romance. But astonishingly clever though the best of these gallant essays be, it seems hardly possible that they should possess much permanent value.

Mr. James, as all the world knows, managed soon to evade the American difficulty, by removing himself and his beautifully mounted camera bodily to the old country. Artistic photography did indeed seem to be his true vocation, and the earliest results of his refined and costly experiments were tremendously applauded by the knowing. We had, first, a series of American subjects, ingeniously posed against European backgrounds, and set off by rich feudal properties. Later, our artist came to prefer and for a time confined himself almost exclusively to "taking" the English gentry at home in his pages, as Du Maurier was doing, at the same period, in those of Punch. But graceful and "subtle" (this, I believe, is the right

word) though his pictures were, I do not see how any one can think that Mr. James was ever very successful in the novel of English manners. He is hampered in his judgment, and misled even in his observations, by the influence of a temperament as un-English as it is possible to conceive; by his mystical inheritance, his inveterate habit of minute analysis, and last, though not least, by his inborn, though so deeply overlaid Puritanism. He knows his English men and women of the privileged classes well, — at least he has had great opportunities for knowing them, but he cannot, for his life, take them, in the easy, unquestioning, matter of fact way in which they take one another, and, undoubtedly, prefer to be taken. It is the most affable and agreeable aristocracy in the world, and makes the outlander most heartily welcome to its material good things; but it will absolutely not be bothered about its reasons, or its motives, or its (theoretical) soul. The great masters of the novel of English manners, Fielding, Jane Austen, Anthony Trollope, whose work will have a distinct historical value, even if it retain no other, so long as England lasts and English books are read, have all been simple, straightforward, contented with the concrete, alive only to the broader and more obvious humors of character and situation, though keenly alive to these, above all things *healthy*. Mr. James is complex, introspective, shrinking painfully in his fastidiousness from the loud laugh that attends the too outspoken jest, *maladif* if not morbid. The Trollopes and Austens love air and exercise (at the least of it, in a "barouche-landau," like Mrs. Elton), clear utterance, and the broad light of common day. Mr. James must have his tapestries of the thickest, his curtains closely drawn, his artificial light doubly and trebly tempered by tinted *abats-jour*. No wonder that in the soft penumbra produced by all these artful arrangements, the actors in his piece appear so dimly outlined, so vague and aimless in their "business," and so difficult of recognition, that they can hardly express their feelings about themselves and one another save by the characteristic Jacobean phrases: "You are wonderful," "She is prodigious," "He is stupendous," "He felt himself to be wonderful."

But never, surely, in English drawing-rooms or anywhere else, please God! did living beings actually converse after the manner of Mr. James's characters. His people never say anything outright, but carry on their "subtle" communion by means of whispered hints, remote suggestions, and the finely broken and shyly presented fragments of quite unspeakable epigram. They seldom complete even their own cryptic remarks, but start back as if scared by the sound of their own voices, and the possible dazzle of their own wit; while they shy, like frightened horses, from the faintest adumbration of a serious meaning.

Now this method is a peculiarly unfortunate one, in that it conveys, whether purposely or unconsciously, an impression of perpetual innuendo, and casts upon an entire class a slur which I believe to be quite unwarranted, save in the case of one little clique. All venerable aristocracies have their congenital social vices, fungi which have clung until they have become indurated to a consistency like that of the ancient stock itself. But in England — Heaven be praised! for it should mean much to ourselves — these fungoid growths have been and are but insignificant excrescences upon the bark of a still sound old tree. Such as they are, it has always been the insular custom, carelessly, — perhaps insolently, — to confess their existence. "Things have come to a pretty pass," said Lord Melbourne, "if religion is to invade our daily life!" The English *beau monde*, and those who have drawn it most to the life, has ever practiced a plainness of speech, which, but for the sweet modulation of its

tones, might almost be called brutal. So Mr. Trollope's admirably drawn Duke of Omnium forbids his heir to go on making love, in however chill and perfunctory a way, to a pretty young married woman, for the simple reason that, since there has long been an open scandal about himself and the lady's mother, it would not be convenient to have two in the same family! Nor does the gentle and thoroughbred author of Pride and Prejudice make any more bones — if I may be allowed the expression — about Lydia Bennett's infamy than did the fatuous mother herself of that more fatuous daughter. The fact is that all hush-hush and fie-fie methods are alien to the true English temper. But there are certain of Mr. James's later and more elaborate novels of English life, like The Awkward Age, and What Maisie Knew, that are as full of the covert suggestion of foulness as the worst French novel of the last forty years. And there is one short story of his, The Turn of the Screw, which is a sheer moral horror, like the evil dream of a man under the spell of a deadly drug.

In his last book, The Wings of the Dove, Mr. James makes a palpable effort to shake off the nightmare of his uglier fancies and return to a less dubious method. The story is what the newspapers and the titular critics of the Book Lovers' Library call an "international" one. The author evokes out of the caverns of memory the shrouded shapes of two American women: a middle-aged spinster or widow of Bostonian conscience and culture, and a docile young New York heiress of untold millions, to whom the elder lady is acting as duenna, and whom she takes to Europe for her health and general development. The cultivated chaperon is the sort of person whom Mr. James used to make very funny, but whom he now treats with the most respectful seriousness; while the orphan heiress, though but a fragile creature, in "helplessly expensive little black frocks," is so much more strong than her creator that he can only explain to us, in broken phrases, that she is "white" and "weird" and "wonderful," has red hair of the beauteous variety, a rope of pearls two yards long, and an incurable disease for which she is being tenderly — though never gratuitously! — treated by the greatest of London practitioners. This poor child's complaint is however much complicated by the fact that she had fallen desperately in love during her last winter at home with one Merton Densher, — a brilliant young English journalist, naturally without either antecedents or expectations. But this fellow is all the while secretly engaged to a handsome English girl as impecunious as himself, who is bound by all sorts of unspoken obligations to remunerate the rich aunt who has produced her in society, and who lives in Lancaster Gate, by making a noble and wealthy marriage. When they all meet in the London world, where Milly, the heiress, was welcomed as American millionairesses are welcomed there, the *fiancés* are not long in discovering the state of the girl's innocent affections. Whereupon they agree between themselves upon the following ingenious arrangement: Densher is ostensibly to avoid his betrothed, and gratify Milly by his attentions, to the point even of marrying her if need be, on the full understanding that her malady is mortal, and that he will soon inherit the wealth which will enable him to surround his Kate with the luxury that befits her. The scheme succeeds to admiration; for though it is betrayed to the victim by the titled suitor who had been specially selected for Kate, and the heiress at once and rather pathetically renounces her fight for life, she does not die before bequeathing the bulk of her fortune to Merton Densher. He, however, smitten by a curiously tardy scruple, expresses a wish to refuse the legacy; and his Kate, who would not in the least have minded the source of the money,

abruptly breaks their engagement on the ground that he had evidently fallen in love with the memory of the other woman.

The book, then, has a plot, and not exactly a common one; though the difficulty of disengaging it from the clouds of refined and enigmatical verbiage in which it is all but smothered by the narrator comes near to being insuperable. We owe Mr. Howells a grudge for having made us know the Kentons, but those guileless Middle-Western folk have not, after all, so much to say for themselves, nor he for them, but we can hear it all with tolerable patience, and even a kind of exasperated interest. But it seems unlikely that the most conscientious reader will ever go entirely through the seven hundred odd pages which Mr. James takes to explain, in his own suave and studied diction, the very peculiar relations of his characters. He has to do almost all the talking in his own person, for they themselves rarely speak. Apparently the creatures of his brain have relinquished, once for all, the futile attempt to interpret one another's far-fetched allusions and recondite verbal riddles. Milly is the Dove of course, and there are faint iridescent gleams of something mild, alluring, and truly dovelike about her. The rather clumsy title of the tale is further explained by the fact that, before she flew quite away from an ungrateful earth, she spread her white wings in such a manner as to include in a double blessing the two persons who had most atrociously wronged her. In Kate, also, there is at times a touch of ardor and abandonment beyond what we have learned to look for in Mr. James's bloodless heroines. But for Merton Densher's fascination we have only the author's rather anxiously reiterated word. In all the two bulky volumes the hero neither says nor does anything in character which would in the least explain why one woman should have been ready to sacrifice her life for him, and the other, to all appearances, her honor.

The remaining personages in what it would be irony to call the Drama of the Dove are all quietly dropped before the last scene, nor indeed does it matter to the reader what ultimately becomes of them. After all it is not a pretty story, nor one which could by any possibility have been made to end well.

There is an exceedingly striking scene near the close of the history of Roderick Hudson, in which the young American sculptor, whose genius had flowered so precociously and then failed so tragically, stands, for a while, wistful and heart-stricken before the best of his statues only to turn from their now unapproachable beauty with the defiant cry, "Whatever may happen, *I did those things.*"

Whether or no Mr. James first borrowed the plot of Roderick Hudson from the notebooks where Paul de Musset found, among the memoranda of his greater brother, the bald outline of one almost identical with it, is a matter of no moment whatever. The unhappy Frenchman did not live to carry out his idea, and Mr. James honored him by adopting it, if he did adopt, and has made the theme his own by a magnificent development. But one cannot help wondering whether he is himself ever smitten by the strange remorse of the artist who has derogated from his early ideal, and feels inclined, like the ill-starred Roderick, to appeal before (the bar of) posterity from his latest to his greatest work.

Harriet Waters Preston.

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE WEST TO AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.

POLITICAL thought in the period of the French Revolution tended to treat democracy as an absolute system applicable to all times and to all peoples, a system that was to be created by the act of the people themselves on philosophical principles. Ever since that era there has been an inclination on the part of writers on democracy to emphasize the analytical and theoretical treatment to the neglect of the underlying factors of historical development.

If, however, we consider the underlying conditions and forces that create the democratic type of government, and at times contradict the external forms to which the name democracy is applied, we shall find that under this name there have appeared a multitude of political types radically unlike in fact. The careful student of history must, therefore, seek the explanation of the forms and changes of political institutions in the social and economic forces that determine them. To know that at any one time a nation may be called a democracy, an aristocracy, or a monarchy, is not so important as to know what are the social and economic tendencies of the state. These are the vital forces that work beneath the surface and dominate the external form. It is to changes in the economic and social life of a people that we must look for the forces that ultimately create and modify organs of political action. For the time, adaptation of political structure may be incomplete or concealed. Old organs will be utilized to express new forces, and so gradual and subtle will be the change that it may hardly be recognized. The pseudo-democracies under the Medici at Florence and under Augustus at Rome are familiar examples of this type. Or again, if the political structure be rigid, incapable of responding to the changes demanded by growth, the expansive forces of social and economic transformation may rend them in some catastrophe like that of the French Revolution. In all these changes both conscious ideals and unconscious social reorganization are at work.

These facts are familiar to the student, and yet it is doubtful if they have been fully considered in connection with American democracy. For a century at least, in conventional expression, Americans have referred to a "glorious Constitution" in explaining the stability and prosperity of their democracy. We have believed as a nation that other peoples had only to will our democratic institutions in order to repeat our own career.

In dealing with Western contributions to democracy, it is essential that the considerations which have just been mentioned shall be kept in mind. Whatever these contributions may have been, we find ourselves at the present time in an era of such profound economic and social transformation as to raise the question of the effect of these changes upon the democratic institutions of the United States. Within a decade four marked changes have occurred in our national development: taken together they constitute a revolution.

First, there is the exhaustion of the supply of free land and the closing of the movement of Western advance as an effective factor in American development. The superintendent of the census in 1890 announced the fact that a frontier line could no longer be traced in the population map of the United States, which decade after decade had represented the advance of settlement. The continent has been crossed. The first rough conquest of the wilderness is accomplished, and that great supply of free lands which year after year has served to reinforce the democratic influ-

ences in the United States is exhausted. It is true that vast tracts of government land are still untaken, but they constitute the arid region, only a small fraction of them capable of conquest, and then only by the application of capital and combined effort. The free lands that made the American pioneer have gone.

In the second place, contemporaneously with this there has been such a concentration of capital in the control of fundamental industries as to make a new epoch in the economic development of the United States. The iron, the coal, and the cattle of the country have all fallen under the domination of a few great corporations with allied interests, and by the rapid combination of the important railroad systems and steamship lines, in concert with these same forces, even the breadstuffs and the manufactures of the nation are to some degree controlled in a similar way. This is largely the work of the last decade. The development of the greatest iron mines of Lake Superior occurred in the early nineties, and in the same decade came the combination by which the coal and the coke of the country, and the transportation systems that connect them with the iron mines, have been brought under a few concentrated managements. Side by side with this concentration of capital has gone the combination of labor in the same vast industries. The one is in a certain sense the concomitant of the other, but the movement acquires an additional significance because of the fact that during the past fifteen years the labor class has been so recruited by a tide of foreign immigration that this class is now largely made up of persons of foreign parentage, and the lines of cleavage which begin to appear in this country between capital and labor have been accentuated by distinctions of nationality.

A third phenomenon connected with the two just mentioned is the expansion of the United States politically and commercially into lands beyond the seas. A cycle of American development has been completed. Up to the close of the war of 1812, this country was involved in the fortunes of the European state system. The first quarter of a century of our national existence was almost a continual struggle to prevent ourselves from being drawn into the European wars. At the close of that era of conflict, the United States set its face toward the West. It began the settlement and improvement of the vast interior of the country. Here was the field of our colonization, here the field of our political activity. This process being completed, it is not strange that we find the United States again involved in world politics. The revolution that occurred four years ago, when the United States struck down that ancient nation under whose auspices the New World was discovered, is hardly yet more than dimly understood. The insular wreckage of the Spanish war, Porto Rico and the Philippines, with the problems presented by the Hawaiian Islands, Cuba, the Isthmian Canal, and China, all are indications of the new direction of the ship of state, and while we thus turn our attention overseas, our concentrated industrial strength has given us a striking power against the commerce of Europe that is already producing consternation in the Old World. Having completed the conquest of the wilderness, and having consolidated our interests, we are beginning to consider the relations of democracy and empire.

And fourth, the political parties of the United States now tend to divide on issues that involve the question of Socialism. The rise of the Populist party in the last decade, and the acceptance of so many of its principles by the Democratic party under the leadership of Mr. Bryan, show in striking manner the birth of new political ideas, the reformation of the lines of political conflict.

It is doubtful if in any ten years of

American history more significant factors in our growth have revealed themselves. The struggle of the pioneer farmers to subdue the arid lands of the Great Plains in the eighties was followed by the official announcement of the extinction of the frontier line in 1890. The dramatic outcome of the Chicago Convention of 1896 marked the rise into power of the representatives of Populistic change. Two years later came the battle of Manila, which broke down the old isolation of the nation, and started it on a path the goal of which no man can foretell; and finally, but two years ago came that concentration of which the billion and a half dollar steel trust and the union of the Northern continental railways are stupendous examples. Is it not obvious, then, that the student who seeks for the explanation of democracy in the social and economic forces that underlie political forms must make inquiry into the conditions that have produced our democratic institutions, if he would estimate the effects of these vast changes? As a contribution to this inquiry, let us now turn to an examination of the part that the West has played in shaping our democracy.

From the beginning of the settlement of America, the frontier regions have exercised a steady influence toward democracy. In Virginia, to take an example, it can be traced as early as the period of Bacon's rebellion, a hundred years before our declaration of independence. The small landholders, seeing that their powers were steadily passing into the hands of the wealthy planters who controlled church and state and lands, rose in revolt. A generation later, in the governorship of Alexander Spotswood, we find a contest between the frontier settlers and the property-holding classes of the coast. The democracy with which Spotswood had to struggle, and of which he so bitterly complained, was a democracy made up of small landholders, of the newer immigrants, and of indented servants, who at the expiration of their time of servitude passed into the interior to take up lands and engage in pioneer farming. The "War of the Regulation" just on the eve of the American Revolution shows the steady persistence of this struggle between the classes of the interior and those of the coast. The Declaration of Grievances which the back counties of the Carolinas then drew up against the aristocracy that dominated the politics of those colonies exhibits the contest between the democracy of the frontier and the established classes who apportioned the legislature in such fashion as to secure effective control of government. Indeed, in the period before the outbreak of the American Revolution, one can trace a distinct belt of democratic territory extending from the back country of New England down through western New York, Pennsylvania, and the South. In each colony this region was in conflict with the dominant classes of the coast. It constituted a quasi-revolutionary area before the days of the Revolution, and it formed the basis on which the Democratic party was afterwards established. It was therefore in the West, as it was in the period before the Declaration of Independence, that the struggle for democratic development first revealed itself, and in that area the essential ideas of American democracy had already appeared. Through the period of the Revolution and of the Confederation a similar contest can be noted. On the frontier of New England, along the western border of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas, and in the communities beyond the Alleghany Mountains, there arose a demand of the frontier settlers for independent statehood based on democratic provisions. There is a strain of fierceness in their energetic petitions demanding self-government under the theory that every people have the right to establish their own political institutions in an area

which they have won from the wilderness. Those revolutionary principles based on natural rights, for which the seaboard colonies were contending, were taken up with frontier energy in an attempt to apply them to the lands of the West. No one can read their petitions denouncing the control exercised by the wealthy landholders of the coast, appealing to the record of their conquest of the wilderness, and demanding the possession of the lands for which they had fought the Indians, and which they had reduced by their axe to civilization, without recognizing in these frontier communities the cradle of a belligerent Western democracy. "A fool can sometimes put on his coat better than a wise man can do it for him," — such is the philosophy of its petitions. In this period also came the contests of the interior agricultural portion of New England against the coastwise merchants and property holders, of which Shays' rebellion is the best known, although by no means an isolated instance. By the time of the constitutional convention, this struggle for democracy had effected a fairly well-defined division into parties. Although these parties did not at first recognize their interstate connections, there were similar issues on which they split in almost all the states. The demands for an issue of paper money, the stay of execution against debtors, and the relief from excessive taxation were found in every colony in the interior agricultural regions. The rise of this significant movement awakened the apprehensions of the men of means, and in the debates over the basis of suffrage for the House of Representatives in the constitutional convention of 1787 leaders of the conservative party did not hesitate to demand that safeguards to property should be furnished the coast against the interior. The outcome of the debate left the question of suffrage for the House of Representatives dependent upon the policy of the separate states. This was in effect imposing a property qualification throughout the nation as a whole, and it was only as the interior of the country developed that these restrictions gradually gave way in the direction of manhood suffrage.

All of these scattered democratic tendencies Thomas Jefferson combined, in the period of Washington's presidency, into the Democratic-Republican party. Jefferson was the first prophet of American democracy, and when we analyze the essential features of his gospel, it is clear that the Western influence was the dominant element. Jefferson himself was born in the frontier region of Virginia, on the edge of the Blue Ridge, in the middle of the eighteenth century. His father was a pioneer. Jefferson's Notes on Virginia reveal clearly his conception that democracy should have an agricultural basis, and that manufacturing development and city life were dangerous to the purity of the body politic. Simplicity and economy in government, the right of revolution, the freedom of the individual, the belief that those who win the vacant lands are entitled to shape their own government in their own way, these are all parts of the platform of political principles to which he gave his adhesion, and they are all elements eminently characteristic of the Western democracy into which he was born. In the period of the Revolution he had brought in a series of measures which tended to throw the power of Virginia into the hands of the settlers in the interior rather than of the coastwise aristocracy. The repeal of the laws of entail and primogeniture would have destroyed the great estates on which the planting aristocracy based its power. The abolition of the established church would still further have diminished the influence of the coastwise party in favor of the dissenting sects of the interior. His scheme of general public education reflected the same tendency, and his demand for the abolition of slavery was characteristic of a representa-

tive of the West rather than of the old-time aristocracy of the coast. His sympathy with Western expansion culminated in the Louisiana Purchase. In a word, the tendencies of Jefferson's legislation were to replace the dominance of the planting aristocracy by the dominance of the interior class, which had sought in vain to achieve its liberties in the period of Bacon's rebellion.

Nevertheless, Thomas Jefferson was the John the Baptist of democracy, not its Moses. Only with the slow setting of the tide of settlement farther and farther toward the interior did the democratic influence grow strong enough to take actual possession of the government. The period from 1800 to 1820 saw a steady increase in these tendencies. The established classes of New England and the South began to take alarm. Perhaps no better illustration of the apprehensions of the old-time Federal conservative can be given than these utterances of President Dwight, of Yale College, in the book of travels which he published in that period: "The class of pioneers cannot live in regular society. They are too idle, too talkative, too passionate, too prodigal, and too shiftless to acquire either property or character. They are impatient of the restraints of law, religion, and morality, and grumble about the taxes by which the Rulers, Ministers, and Schoolmasters are supported." "After exposing the injustice of the community in neglecting to invest persons of such superior merit in public offices, in many an eloquent harangue uttered by many a kitchen fire, in every blacksmith shop, in every corner of the streets, and finding all their efforts vain, they become at length discouraged, and under the pressure of poverty, the fear of the gaol, and consciousness of public contempt, leave their native places and betake themselves to the wilderness." Such was a conservative's impression of that pioneer movement of New England colonists who had spread up the valley of the Connecticut into New Hampshire, Vermont, and western New York in the period of which he wrote, and who afterwards went on to possess the Northwest. New England Federalism looked with a shudder at the democratic ideas of those who refused to recognize the established order. But in that period there came into the Union a sisterhood of frontier states — Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri — with provisions for the franchise that brought in complete democracy. Even the newly created states of the Southwest showed the same tendency. The wind of democracy blew so strongly from the West, that even in the older states of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Virginia conventions were called, which liberalized their constitutions by strengthening the democratic basis of the state. In the same time the labor population of the cities began to assert its power and its determination to share in government. Of this frontier democracy which now took possession of the nation, Andrew Jackson was the very personification. He was born in the backwoods of the Carolinas in the midst of the turbulent democracy that preceded the Revolution, and he grew up in the frontier state of Tennessee. In the midst of this region of personal feuds and frontier ideals of law, he quickly rose to leadership. The appearance of this frontiersman on the floor of Congress was an omen full of significance. He reached Philadelphia at the close of Washington's administration, having ridden on horseback nearly eight hundred miles to his destination. Gallatin, himself a Western man, describes Jackson as he entered the halls of Congress: "A tall, lank, uncouth looking personage, with long locks of hair hanging over his face and a cue down his back tied in an eel skin; his dress singular; his manners those of a rough backwoodsman." And Jefferson testified: "When I was president of the Senate he was a senator, and

he could never speak on account of the rashness of his feelings. I have seen him attempt it repeatedly and as often choke with rage." At last the frontier in the person of its typical man had found a place in the government. This six-foot backwoodsman, with blue eyes that could blaze on occasion, this choleric, impetuous, self-willed Scotch-Irish leader of men, this expert duelist, and ready fighter, this embodiment of the tenacious, vehement, personal West, was in politics to stay. The frontier democracy of that time had the instincts of the clansman in the days of Scotch border warfare. Vehement and tenacious as the democracy was, strenuously as each man contended with his neighbor for the spoils of the new country that opened before them, they all had respect for the man who best expressed their aspirations and their ideas. Every community had its hero. In the war of 1812 and the subsequent Indian fighting Jackson made good his claim, not only to the loyalty of the people of Tennessee, but of the whole West, and even of the nation. He had the essential traits of the Kentucky and Tennessee frontier. It was a frontier free from the influence of European ideas and institutions. The men of the "Western World" turned their backs upon the Atlantic Ocean, and with grim energy and self-reliance began to build up a society free from the dominance of ancient forms.

The Westerner defended himself and resented governmental restrictions. The duel and the blood-feud found congenial soil in Kentucky and Tennessee. The idea of the personality of law was often dominant over the organized machinery of justice. That method was best which was most direct and effective. The backwoodsman was intolerant of men who split hairs, or scrupled over the method of reaching the right. In a word, the unchecked development of the individual was the significant product of this frontier democracy. It sought rather to express itself by choosing a man of the people, than by the formation of elaborate governmental institutions. It was because Andrew Jackson personified these essential Western traits that in his presidency he became the idol and the mouthpiece of the popular will. In his assaults upon the bank as an engine of aristocracy, and in his denunciation of nullification, he went directly to his object with the ruthless energy of a frontiersman. For formal law and the subtleties of state sovereignty he had the contempt of a backwoodsman. Nor is it without significance that this typical man of the new democracy will always be associated with the triumph of the spoils system in national politics. To the new democracy of the West, office was an opportunity to exercise natural rights as an equal citizen of the community. Rotation in office served not simply to allow the successful man to punish his enemies and reward his friends, but it also furnished the training in the actual conduct of political affairs which every American claimed as his birthright. Only in a primitive democracy of the type of the United States in 1830 could such a system have existed without the ruin of the state. National government in that period was no complex and nicely adjusted machine, and the evils of the system were long in making themselves fully apparent.

The triumph of Andrew Jackson marked the end of the old era of trained statesmen for the presidency. With him began the era of the popular hero. Even Martin Van Buren, whom we think of in connection with the East, was born in a log house under conditions that were not unlike parts of the older West. Harrison was the hero of the Northwest, as Jackson had been of the Southwest. Polk was a typical Tennesseean, eager to expand the nation, and Zachary Taylor was what Webster called a "frontier colonel." During the period that followed Jackson power passed from

the region of Kentucky and Tennessee to the border of the Mississippi. The natural democratic tendencies that had earlier shown themselves in the Gulf States were destroyed, however, by the spread of cotton culture and the development of great plantations in that region. What had been typical of the democracy of the Revolutionary frontier and of the frontier of Andrew Jackson was now to be seen in the states between the Ohio and the Mississippi. As Andrew Jackson is the typical democrat of the former region, so Abraham Lincoln is the very embodiment of the pioneer period of the old Northwest. Indeed, he is the embodiment of the democracy of the West. How can one speak of him except in the words of Lowell's great Commemoration Ode: —

"For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

. . . . . .

His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,

. . . . . .

New birth of our new soil, the first American."

The pioneer life from which Lincoln came differed in important respects from the frontier democracy typified by Andrew Jackson. Jackson's democracy was contentious, individualistic, and it sought the ideal of local self-government and expansion. Lincoln represents rather the pioneer folk who entered the forest of the great Northwest to chop out a home, to build up their fortunes in the midst of a continually ascending industrial movement. In the democracy of the Southwest, industrial development and city life were only minor factors, but to the democracy of the Northwest they were its very life. To widen the area of the clearing, to contend with one another for the mastery of the industrial resources of the rich provinces, to struggle for a place in the ascending movement of society, to transmit to one's offspring the chance for education, for industrial betterment, for the rise in life which the hardships of the pioneer existence denied to the pioneer himself, these were some of the ideals of the region to which Lincoln came. The men were commonwealth builders, industry builders. Whereas the type of hero in the Southwest was militant, in the Northwest he was industrial. It was in the midst of these "plain people," as he loved to call them, that Lincoln grew to manhood. As Emerson says: "He is the true history of the American people in his time." The years of his early life were the years when the democracy of the Northwest came into struggle with the institution of slavery that threatened to forbid the expansion of the democratic pioneer life in the West. In President Eliot's essay on Five American Contributions to Civilization he instances as one of the supreme tests of American democracy its attitude upon the question of slavery. But if democracy chose wisely and worked effectively toward the solution of this problem, it must be remembered that Western democracy took the lead. The rail-splitter himself became the nation's President in that fierce time of struggle, and the armies of the woodsmen and pioneer farmers recruited in the old Northwest, under the leadership of Sherman and of Grant, made free the Father of Waters, marched through Georgia, and helped to force the struggle to a conclusion at Appomattox. The free pioneer democracy struck down slaveholding aristocracy on its march to the West.

The last chapter in the development of Western democracy is the one that deals with its conquest over the vast spaces of the new West. At each new

stage of Western development, the people have had to grapple with larger areas, with vaster combinations. The little colony of Massachusetts veterans that settled at Marietta received a land grant as large as the state of Rhode Island. The band of Connecticut pioneers that followed Moses Cleaveland to the Connecticut Reserve occupied a region as large as the parent state. The area which settlers of New England stock occupied on the prairies of northern Illinois surpassed the combined area of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. Men who had been accustomed to the narrow valleys and the little towns of the East found themselves out on the boundless spaces of the West dealing with units of such magnitude as dwarfed their former experience. The Great Lakes, the prairies, the Great Plains, the Rocky Mountains, the Mississippi and the Missouri, furnished new standards of measurement for the achievement of this industrial democracy. Individualism began to give way to coöperation and to governmental activity. Even in the earlier days of the democratic conquest of the wilderness, demands had been made upon the government for support in internal improvements, but this new West showed a growing tendency to call to its assistance the powerful arm of national authority. In the period since the civil war, the vast public domain has been donated to the individual farmer, to states for education, to railroads for the construction of transportation lines. Moreover, with the advent of democracy in the last fifteen years upon the Great Plains, new physical conditions have presented themselves which have accelerated the social tendency of Western democracy. The pioneer farmer of the days of Lincoln could place his family on the flatboat, strike into the wilderness, cut out his clearing, and with little or no capital go on to the achievement of industrial independence. Even the homesteader on the Western prairies found it possible to work out a similar independent destiny, although the factor of transportation made a serious and increasing impediment to the free working out of his individual career. But when the arid lands and the mineral resources of the far West were reached, no conquest was possible by the old individual pioneer methods. Here expensive irrigation works must be constructed, coöperative activity was demanded in utilization of the water supply, capital beyond the reach of the small farmer was required. In a word, the physiographic province itself decreed that the destiny of this new frontier should be social rather than individual.

Magnitude of social achievement is the watchword of the democracy since the civil war. From petty towns built in the marshes, cities arose whose greatness and industrial power are the wonder of our time. The conditions were ideal for the production of captains of industry. The old democratic admiration for the self-made man, its old deference to the rights of competitive individual development, together with the stupendous natural resources that opened to the conquest of the keenest and the strongest, gave such conditions of mobility as enabled the development of the vast industries which in our own decade have marked the West.

Thus, in brief, have been outlined the larger phases of the development of Western democracy in the different areas which it has conquered. There has been a steady development of the industrial ideal, and a steady increase of the social tendency, in this later movement of Western democracy. While the individualism of the frontier, so prominent in the earliest days of Western advance, has been preserved as an ideal, more and more these individuals struggling each with the other, dealing with vaster and vaster areas, with larger and larger problems, have found it necessary to combine under the leadership of the strongest.

This is the explanation of the rise of those preëminent captains of industry whose genius has concentrated capital to control the fundamental resources of the nation. If now, in the way of recapitulation, we try to pick out from the influences that have gone to the making of Western democracy the factors which constitute the net result of this movement, we shall have to mention at least the following: —

Most important of all has been the fact that an area of free land has continually lain on the western border of the settled area of the United States. Whenever social conditions tended to crystallize in the East, whenever capital tended to press upon labor or political restraints to impede the freedom of the mass, there was this gate of escape to the free conditions of the frontier. These free lands promoted individualism, economic equality, freedom to rise, democracy. Men would not accept inferior wages and a permanent position of social subordination when this promised land of freedom and equality was theirs for the taking. Who would rest content under oppressive legislative conditions when with a slight effort he might reach a land wherein to become a co-worker in the building of free cities and free states on the lines of his own ideal? In a word, then, free lands meant free opportunities. Their existence has differentiated the American democracy from the democracies which have preceded it, because ever as democracy in the East took the form of a highly specialized and complicated industrial society, in the West it kept in touch with primitive conditions, and by action and reaction these two forces have shaped our history.

In the next place, these free lands and this treasury of industrial resources have existed over such vast spaces that they have demanded of democracy increasing spaciousness of design and power of execution. Western democracy is contrasted with the democracy of all other times in the largeness of the tasks to which it has set its hand, and in the vast achievements which it has wrought out in the control of nature and of politics. Upon the region of the Middle West alone could be set down all of the great countries of central Europe, — France, Germany, Italy, and Austro-Hungary, — and there would still be a liberal margin. It would be difficult to over-emphasize the importance of this training upon democracy. Never before in the history of the world has a democracy existed on so vast an area and handled things in the gross with such success, with such largeness of design, and such grasp upon the means of execution. In short, democracy has learned in the West of the United States how to deal with the problem of magnitude. The old historic democracies were but little states with primitive economic conditions.

But the very task of dealing with vast resources, over vast areas, under the conditions of free competition furnished by the West, has produced the rise of those captains of industry whose success in consolidating economic power now raises the question as to whether democracy under such conditions can survive. For the old military type of Western leaders like George Rogers Clark, Andrew Jackson, and William Henry Harrison have been substituted such industrial leaders as James Hill, John D. Rockefeller, and Andrew Carnegie.

The question is imperative, then, What ideals persist from this democratic experience of the West; and have they acquired sufficient momentum to sustain themselves under conditions so radically unlike those in the days of their origin? In other words, the question put at the beginning of this discussion becomes pertinent. Under the forms of the American democracy is there in reality evolving such a concentration of economic and social power in the hands of a comparatively few men as may make

political democracy an appearance rather than a reality? The free lands are gone. The material forces that gave vitality to Western democracy are passing away. It is to the realm of the spirit, to the domain of ideals and legislation, that we must look for Western influence upon democracy in our own days.

Western democracy has been from the time of its birth idealistic. The very fact of the wilderness appealed to men as a fair, blank page on which to write a new chapter in the story of man's struggle for a higher type of society. The Western wilds, from the Alleghanies to the Pacific, constituted the richest free gift that was ever spread out before civilized man. To the peasant and artisan of the Old World, bound by the chains of social class, as old as custom and as inevitable as fate, the West offered an exit into a free life and greater well-being among the bounties of nature, into the midst of resources that demanded manly exertion, and that gave in return the chance for indefinite ascent in the scale of social advance. "To each she offered gifts after his will." Never again can such an opportunity come to the sons of men. It was unique, and the thing is so near us, so much a part of our lives, that we do not even yet comprehend its vast significance. The existence of this land of opportunity has made America the goal of idealists from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. With all the materialism of the pioneer movements, this idealistic conception of the vacant lands as an opportunity for a new order of things is unmistakably present. Kipling's Song of the English has given it expression: —

"We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifled town;
We yearned beyond the sky-line where the strange roads go down.
Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need,
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead.

As the deer breaks — as the steer breaks — from the herd where they graze,
In the faith of little children we went on our ways.
Then the wood failed — then the food failed — then the last water dried —
In the faith of little children we lay down and died.

"On the sand-drift — on the veldt-side — in the fern-scrub we lay,
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.
Follow after — follow after! We have watered the root
And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for fruit!
Follow after — we are waiting by the trails that we lost
For the sound of many footsteps, for the tread of a host.

"Follow after — follow after — for the harvest is sown:
By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to your own!"

This was the vision that called to Roger Williams, — that "prophetic soul ravished of truth disembodied," "unable to enter into treaty with its environment," and forced to seek the wilderness. "Oh, how sweet," wrote William Penn, from his forest refuge, "is the quiet of these parts, freed from the troubles and perplexities of woeful Europe." And here he projected what he called his "Holy Experiment in Government."

If the later West offers few such striking illustrations of the relation of the wilderness to idealistic schemes, and if some of the designs were fantastic and abortive, none the less the influence is a fact. Hardly a Western state but has been the Mecca of some sect or band of social reformers, anxious to put into practice their ideals, in vacant land, far removed from the checks of a settled form of social organization. Consider the Dunkards, the Icarians, the Fourierists, the Mormons, and similar idealists who sought our Western wilds. But the idealistic influence is not limited to the dreamers' conception of a new state.

It gave to the pioneer farmer and city builder a restless energy, a quick capacity for judgment and action, a belief in liberty, freedom of opportunity, and a resistance to the domination of class which infused a vitality and power into the individual atoms of this democratic mass. Even as he dwelt among the stumps of his newly cut clearing, the pioneer had the creative vision of a new order of society. In imagination he pushed back the forest boundary to the confines of a mighty commonwealth; he willed that log cabins should become the lofty buildings of great cities. He decreed that his children should enter into a heritage of education, comfort, and social welfare, and for this ideal he bore the scars of the wilderness. Possessed with this idea he ennobled his task and laid deep foundations for a democratic state. Nor was this idealism by any means limited to the American pioneer.

To the old native democratic stock has been added a vast army of recruits from the Old World. There are in the Middle West alone four million persons of German parentage out of a total of seven millions in the country. Over a million persons of Scandinavian parentage live in the same region. This immigration culminated in the early eighties, and although there have been fluctuations since, it long continued a most extraordinary phenomenon. The democracy of the newer West is deeply affected by the ideals brought by these immigrants from the Old World. To them America was not simply a new home; it was a land of opportunity, of freedom, of democracy. It meant to them, as to the American pioneer that preceded them, the opportunity to destroy the bonds of social caste that bound them in their older home, to hew out for themselves in a new country a destiny proportioned to the powers that God had given them, a chance to place their families under better conditions and to win a larger life than the life that they had left behind. He who believes that even the hordes of recent immigrants from southern Italy are drawn to these shores by nothing more than a dull and blind materialism has not penetrated into the heart of the problem. The idealism and expectation of these children of the Old World, the hopes which they have formed for a newer and a freer life across the seas, are almost pathetic when one considers how far they are from the possibility of fruition. He who would take stock of American democracy must not forget the accumulation of human purposes and ideals which immigration has added to the American populace.

In this connection it must also be remembered that these democratic ideals have existed at each stage of the advance of the frontier, and have left behind them deep and enduring effects on the thinking of the whole country. Long after the frontier period of a particular region of the United States has passed away, the conception of society, the ideals and aspirations which it produced, persists in the minds of the people. So recent has been the transition of the greater portion of the United States from frontier conditions to conditions of settled life, that we are, over the larger portion of the United States, hardly a generation removed from the primitive conditions of the West. If, indeed, we ourselves were not pioneers, our fathers were, and the inherited ways of looking at things, the fundamental assumptions of the American people, have all been shaped by this experience of democracy on its westward march. This experience has been wrought into the very warp and woof of American thought. Even those masters of industry and capital who have risen to power by the conquest of Western resources came from the midst of this society and still profess its principles. John D. Rockefeller was born on a New York farm, and began his career as a young business man in St. Louis. Marcus

Hanna was a Cleveland grocer's clerk at the age of twenty. Claus Spreckles, the sugar king, came from Germany as a steerage passenger to the United States in 1848. Marshall Field was a farmer boy in Conway, Mass., until he left to grow up with the young Chicago. Andrew Carnegie came as a ten year old boy from Scotland to Pittsburg, then a distinctively Western town. He built up his fortunes through successive grades until he became the dominating factor in the great iron industries, and paved the way for that colossal achievement, the steel trust. Whatever may be the tendencies of this corporation, there can be little doubt of the democratic ideals of Mr. Carnegie himself. With lavish hand he has strewn millions through the United States for the promotion of libraries. The effect of this library movement in perpetuating the democracy that comes from an intelligent and self-respecting people can hardly be measured. In his Triumphant Democracy, published in 1886, Mr. Carnegie, the iron master said, in reference to the mineral wealth of the United States: "Thank God, these treasures are in the hands of an intelligent people, the Democracy, to be used for the general good of the masses, and not made the spoils of monarchs, courts, and aristocracy, to be turned to the base and selfish ends of a privileged hereditary class." It would be hard to find a more rigorous assertion of democratic doctrine than the celebrated utterance attributed to the same man, that he should feel it a disgrace to die rich.

In enumerating the services of American democracy, President Eliot includes the corporation as one of its achievements, declaring that "freedom of incorporation, though no longer exclusively a democratic agency, has given a strong support to democratic institutions." In one sense this is doubtless true, since the corporation has been one of the means by which small properties can be aggregated into an effective working body. Socialistic writers have long been fond of pointing out also that these various concentrations pave the way for and make possible social control. From this point of view it is possible that the masters of industry may prove to be not so much an incipient aristocracy as the pathfinders for democracy in reducing the industrial world to systematic consolidation suited to democratic control. The great geniuses that have built up the modern industrial concentration were trained in the midst of democratic society. They were the product of these democratic conditions. Freedom to rise was the very condition of their existence. Whether they will be followed by successors who will adopt the policy of exploitation of the masses, and who will be capable of retaining under efficient control these vast resources, is one of the questions which we shall have to face.

This, at least, is clear: American democracy is fundamentally the outcome of the experiences of the American people in dealing with the West. Western democracy through the whole of its earlier period tended to the production of a society of which the most distinctive fact was the freedom of the individual to rise under conditions of social mobility, and whose ambition was the liberty and well-being of the masses. This conception has vitalized all American democracy, and has brought it into sharp contrast with the democracies of history, and with those modern efforts of Europe to create an artificial democratic order by legislation. The problem of the United States is not to create democracy, but to conserve democratic institutions and ideals. In the later period of its development, Western democracy has been gaining experience in the problem of social control. It has steadily enlarged the sphere of its action and the instruments for its perpetuation. By its system of public schools, from the grades to the graduate work of the great universities, the West has created a

larger single body of intelligent plain people than can be found elsewhere in the world. Its educational forces are more democratic than those of the East, and counting the common schools and colleges together, the Middle West alone has twice as many students as New England and the Middle States combined. Its political tendencies, whether we consider Democracy, Populism, or Republicanism, are distinctly in the direction of greater social control and the conservation of the old democratic ideals. To these ideals the West as a whole adheres with even a passionate determination. If, in working out its mastery of the resources of the interior, it has produced a type of industrial leader so powerful as to be the wonder of the world, nevertheless it is still to be determined whether these men constitute a menace to democratic institutions, or the most efficient factor for adjusting democratic control to the new conditions.

Whatever shall be the outcome of the rush of this huge industrial modern United States to its place among the nations of the earth, the formation of its Western democracy will always remain one of the wonderful chapters in the history of the human race. Into this vast shaggy continent of ours poured the first feeble tide of European settlement. European men, institutions, and ideas were lodged in the American wilderness, and this great American West took them to her bosom, taught them a new way of looking upon the destiny of the common man, trained them in adaptation to the conditions of the New World, to the creation of new institutions to meet new needs, and ever as society on her eastern border grew to resemble the Old World in its social forms and its industry, ever, as it began to lose its faith in the ideals of democracy, she opened new provinces, and dowered new democracies in her most distant domains with her material treasures and with the ennobling influence that the fierce love of freedom, the strength that came from hewing out a home, making a school and a church, and creating a higher future for his family, furnished to the pioneer. She gave to the world such types as the farmer Thomas Jefferson, with his Declaration of Independence, his statute for religious toleration, and his purchase of Louisiana. She gave us Andrew Jackson, that fierce Tennessee spirit who broke down the traditions of conservative rule, swept away the privacies and privileges of officialdom, and, like a Gothic leader, opened the temple of the nation to the populace. She gave us Abraham Lincoln, whose gaunt frontier form and gnarled, massive hand told of the conflict with the forest, whose grasp on the axe handle of the pioneer was no firmer than his grasp of the helm of the ship of state as it breasted the seas of civil war. She gave us the tragedy of the pioneer farmer as he marched daringly on to the conquest of the arid lands, and met his first defeat by forces too strong to be dealt with under the old conditions. She has furnished to this new democracy her stores of mineral wealth, that dwarf those of the Old World, and her provinces that in themselves are vaster and more productive than most of the nations of Europe. Out of her bounty has come a nation whose industrial competition alarms the Old World, and the masters of whose resources wield wealth and power vaster than the wealth and power of kings. Best of all, the West gave, not only to the American, but to the unhappy and oppressed of all lands, a vision of hope, an assurance that the world held a place where were to be found high faith in man and the will and power to furnish him the opportunity to grow to the full measure of his own capacity. Great and powerful as are the new sons of her loins, the Republic is greater than they. The paths of the pioneer have widened into broad highways. The forest clearing has expanded into affluent common-

wealths. Let us see to it that the ideals of the pioneer in his log cabin shall enlarge into the spiritual life of a democracy where civic power shall dominate and utilize individual achievement for the common good.

Frederick J. Turner.

A LAND OF LITTLE RAIN.

EAST away from the Sierras, south from Panamint and Amargosa, east and south many an uncounted mile, is the Country of Lost Borders.

Ute, Paiute, Mojave, and Shoshone inhabit its frontiers, and as far into the heart of it as a man dare go. Not the law, but the land sets the limit. Desert is the name it wears upon the maps, but the Indian's is the better word. Desert is a loose term to indicate lands that support no man; whether the lands can be bitted and broken to that purpose is not proven. Void of life it never is, however dry the air and villainous the soil.

This is the nature of that country. There are hills, rounded, blunt, burned, squeezed up out of chaos, chrome and vermilion painted, aspiring to the snow-line. Between the hills lie high level-looking plains full of intolerable sun glare, or narrow valleys drowned in a blue haze. The hill surface is streaked with ash drift and black, unweathered lava flows. After rains water accumulates in the hollows of small closed valleys, and, evaporating, leaves hard dry levels of pure desertness that get the local name of dry lakes. When the mountains are high and the rains heavy the pool is never quite dry, but dark and bitter, rimmed about with the efflorescence of alkaline deposits. A thin crust of it lies along the marsh over the vegetating area, which has neither beauty nor freshness. In the broad wastes open to the wind the sand drifts in hummocks about the stubby shrubs, and between them the soil shows saline traces. The sculpture of the hills here is more wind than water work, though the quick storms do sometimes scar them past many a year's redeeming. In all the Western desert edges there are essays in miniature at the famed, terrible Grand Cañon, to which, if you keep on long enough in this country, you will come at last.

Since this is a hill country one expects to find springs, but not to depend upon them; for when found they are often brackish and unwholesome, or maddening, slow dribbles in a thirsty soil. Here you find the hot sink of Death Valley, or high rolling districts where the air has always a tang of frost. Here are the long heavy winds and breathless calms on the tilted mesas where dust devils dance, whirling up into a wide, pale sky. Here you have no rain when all the earth cries for it, or quick downpours called cloud bursts for violence. A land of lost rivers, with little in it to love; yet a land that once visited must be come back to inevitably. If it were not so there would be little told of it.

This is the country of three seasons. From June on to November it lies hot, still, and unbearable, sick with violent unrelieving storms; then on until April, chill, quiescent, drinking its scant rain and scanter snows; from April to the hot season again, blossoming, radiant, and seductive. These months are only approximate; later or earlier the rain-laden wind may drift up the water gate of the Colorado from the Gulf, and the land sets its seasons by the rain.

The desert floras shame us with their cheerful adaptations to the seasonal

limitations. Their whole duty is to flower and fruit, and they do it hardly, or with tropical luxuriance, as the rain admits. It is recorded in the report of the Death Valley expedition that after a year of abundant rains, on the Colorado desert was found a specimen of Amaranthus ten feet high. A year later the same species in the same place matured in the drought at four inches. One hopes the land may breed like qualities in her human offspring, not tritely to "try," but to do. Seldom does the desert herb attain the full stature of the type. Extreme aridity and extreme altitude have the same dwarfing effect, so that we find in the high Sierras and in Death Valley related species in miniature that reach a comely growth in mean temperatures. Very fertile are the desert plants in expedients to prevent evaporation, turning their foliage edgewise toward the sun, growing silky hairs, exuding viscid gum. The wind, which has a long sweep, harries and helps them. It rolls up dunes about the stocky stems, encompassing and protective, and above the dunes, which may be, as with the mesquite, three times as high as a man, the blossoming twigs flourish and bear fruit.

There are many areas in the desert where drinkable water lies within a few feet of the surface, indicated by the mesquite and the bunch grass (*Sporobolus airoides*). It is this nearness of unimagined help that makes the tragedy of desert deaths. It is related that the final breakdown of that hapless party that gave Death Valley its forbidding name occurred in a locality where shallow wells would have saved them. But how were they to know that? Properly equipped it is possible to go safely across that ghastly sink, yet every year it takes its toll of death, and yet men find there sun-dried mummies, of whom no trace or recollection is preserved. To underestimate one's thirst, to pass a given landmark to the right or left, to find a dry spring where one looked for running water — there is no help for any of these things.

Along springs and sunken watercourses one is surprised to find such water-loving plants as grow widely in moist ground, but the true desert breeds its own kind, each in its particular habitat. The angle of the slope, the frontage of a hill, the structure of the soil determines the plant. South-looking hills are nearly bare, and the treeline higher here by a thousand feet. Cañons running east and west will have one wall naked and one clothed. Around dry lakes and marshes the herbage preserves a set and orderly arrangement. Most species have well-defined areas of growth, the best index the voiceless land can give the traveler of his whereabouts.

If you have any doubt about it, know that the desert begins with the creosote. This immortal shrub spreads down into Death Valley and up to the timber-line, odorous and medicinal as you might guess from the name, wandlike, with shining fretted foliage. Its vivid green is grateful to the eye in a wilderness of gray and greenish white shrubs. In the spring it exudes a resinous gum which the Indians of those parts know how to use with pulverized rock for cementing arrow points to shafts. Trust Indians not to miss any virtues of the plant world!

Nothing the desert produces expresses it better than the unhappy growth of the tree yuccas. Tormented, thin forests of it stalk drearily in the high mesas, particularly in that triangular slip that fans out eastward from the meeting of the Sierras and coastwise hills where the first swings across the southern end of the San Joaquin Valley. The yucca bustles with bayonet-pointed leaves, dull green, growing shaggy with age, tipped with panicles of fetid greenish bloom. After death, which is slow, the ghostly hollow network of its woody skeleton, with hardly power to rot, makes the moonlight fear-

ful. Before the yucca has come to flower, while yet its bloom is a creamy cone-shaped bud, of the size of a small cabbage full of sugary sap, the Indians twist it deftly out of its fence of daggers and roast it for their own delectation. So it is that in those parts where man inhabits one sees young plants of *Yucca aborensis* infrequently. Other yuccas, cacti, low herbs, a thousand sorts, one finds journeying east from the coastwise hills. There is neither poverty of soil nor species to account for the sparseness of desert growth, but simply that each plant requires more room. So much earth must be preempted to extract so much moisture. The real struggle for existence, the real brain of the plant, is underground; above there is room for a rounded perfect growth. In Death Valley, reputed the very core of desolation, are nearly two hundred identified species.

Above the treeline which is also the snowline, mapped out abruptly by the sun, one finds spreading growth of piñon, juniper, branched nearly to the ground, lilac and sage, and scattering white pines.

There is no special preponderance of self-fertilized or wind-fertilized plants, but everywhere the demand for and evidence of insect life. Now where there are seeds and insects there will be birds and small mammals, and where these are, will come the slinking, sharp-toothed kind that prey on them. Go as far as you dare in the heart of a lonely land, you cannot go so far that life and death are not before you. Painted lizards slip in and out of rock crevices, and pant on the white hot sands. Birds, humming-birds even, nest in the cactus scrub; woodpeckers befriend the demoniac yuccas; out of the stark, treeless waste rings the music of the night-singing mocking-bird. If it be summer and the sun well down, there will be a burrowing owl to call. Strange, furry, tricksy things dart across the open places, or sit motionless in the conning towers of the creosote. The poet may have "named all the birds without a gun," but not the fairy-footed, ground-inhabiting, furtive, small folk of the rainless regions. They are too many and too swift; how many you would not believe without seeing the footprint tracings in the sand. They are nearly all night workers, finding the days too hot and white. In mid-desert where there are no cattle, there are no birds of carrion, but if you go far in that direction the chances are that you will find yourself shadowed by their tilted wings. Nothing so large as a man can move unspied upon in that country, and they know well how the land deals with strangers. There are hints to be had here of the way in which a land forces new habits on its dwellers. The quick increase of suns at the end of spring sometimes overtakes birds in their nesting and effects a reversal of the ordinary manner of incubation. It becomes necessary to keep eggs cool rather than warm. One hot, stifling spring in the Little Antelope I had occasion to pass and repass frequently the nest of a pair of meadow larks, located unhappily in the shelter of a very slender weed. I never caught them setting except near night, but at midday they stood, or drooped above it, half fainting with pitifully parted bills, between their treasure and the sun. Sometimes both of them together with wings spread and half lifted continued a spot of shade in a temperature that constrained me at last in a fellow feeling to spare them a bit of canvas for permanent shelter.

There was a fence in that country shutting in a cattle range, and along its fifteen miles of posts one could be sure of finding a bird or two in every strip of shadow; sometimes the sparrow and the hawk, with wings trailed and beaks parted, drooping in the white truce of noon.

If one is inclined to wonder at first how so many dwellers came to be in the loneliest land that ever came out of

God's hands, what they do there and why stay, one does not wonder so much after having lived there. None other than this long brown land lays such a hold on the affections. The rainbow hills, the tender bluish mists, the luminous radiance of the spring, have the lotus charm. They trick the sense of time, so that once inhabiting there you always mean to go away without quite realizing that you have not done it. Men who have lived there, miners and cattle-men, will tell you this, not so fluently, but emphatically, cursing the land and going back to it. For one thing there is the divinest, cleanest air to be breathed anywhere in God's world. Some day the world will understand that, and the little oases on the windy tops of hills will harbor for healing its ailing, house weary broods. There is promise there of great wealth in ores and earths, which is no wealth by reason of being so far removed from water and workable conditions, but men are bewitched by it and tempted to try the impossible.

You should hear Salty Williams tell how he used to drive eighteen and twenty mule teams from the borax marsh to Mojave, ninety miles, with the trail wagon full of water barrels. Hot days the mules would go so mad for drink that the clank of the water bucket set them into an uproar of hideous, maimed noises, and a tangle of harness chains, while Salty would sit on the high seat with the sun glare heavy in his eyes, dealing out curses of pacification in a level, uninterested voice until the clamor fell off from sheer exhaustion. There was a line of shallow graves along that road; they used to count on dropping a man or two of every new gang of coolies brought out in the hot season. But when he lost his swamper, smitten without warning at the noon halt, Salty quit his job; he said it was "too durn hot." The swamper he buried by the way with stones upon him to keep the coyotes from digging him up, and seven years later I read the penciled lines on the pine headboard, still bright and unweathered.

The palpable sense of mystery in the desert air breeds fables, chiefly of lost treasure. Somewhere within its stark borders, if one believes report, is a hill strewn with nuggets; one seamed with virgin silver; an old clayey water bed where Indians scooped up earth to make cooking pots and shaped them reeking with grains of pure gold. Old miners drifting about the desert edges, weathered into the semblance of the tawny hills, will tell you tales like these convincingly. After a little sojourn in that land you will believe them on their own account. It is a question whether it is not better to be bitten by the little horned snake of the desert that goes sidewise and strikes without coiling, than by the tradition of a lost mine.

For all the toll the desert takes of a man it gives compensations, deep breaths, deep sleep, and the communion of the stars. It comes upon one with new force in the pauses of the night that the Chaldeans were a desert-bred people. It is hard to escape the sense of mastery as the stars move in the wide clear heavens to risings and settings unobscured. They look large and near and palpitant; as if they moved on some stately service not needful to declare. Wheeling to their stations in the sky they make the poor world-fret of no account. Of no account you who lie out there watching, nor the lean coyote that stands off in the scrub from you and howls and howls.

Mary Austin.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

"Wenten forth in hure way with many unwyse tales,
And haven leve to lyen all hure lyf-tyme."

I DON'T know about travellers' "haven leve" to lie, but that they "taken leve" no one can doubt who has ever followed their wandering footsteps. They say the most charming and audacious things, in blessed indifference to the fact that somebody may possibly believe them. They start strange hopes and longings in the human heart, and they pave the way for disappointments and disasters. They record the impression of a careless moment, as though it were the experience of a lifetime.

There is a delightful little book on French rivers written by an imaginative gentleman named Molloy. It is a rose-tinted volume from beginning to end; but the page or two devoted to Amboise would lure any right-minded reader to forsake his home and kindred, and to seek that favored spot. Touraine is full of beauty, and steeped to the lips in historic crimes. She delights the eye, and she stirs the heart, turn where we will, or take her as we may. But Mr. Molloy has claimed for Amboise something rarer in France than loveliness or romance, something which no French town has ever yet possessed, — a slumberous and soul-satisfying silence. "There was no sound," he writes, "but the noise of the water rushing through the arches of the bridge. We dropped under the very walls of the castle without seeing a soul. It might have been the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, but was only one of the retrospective cities that had no concern with the present."

"Absolute stillness" he found brooding over the ivied towers and ancient water front. Exquisite tranquillity, gentle indifference met him at every step. When, on the following morning, the crew pushed off in their frail boat, less than a dozen people assembled to see the start. Even the peril of the exploit failed to awaken curiosity; and Mr. Molloy was of the opinion that "Amboise did not often witness such a gathering" as the nine men who stood silent on the shore when the outrigger shot into the swirling stream.

The book, it is true, was written some years ago; but Touraine is not Colorado nor Oregon. Nothing ever changes in those old towns, the page of whose history has been turned for centuries. Therefore we listened to a traveller's tale, though much experience has taught us, or should have taught us, that there is not a quiet corner in all France. It is to England we must go if we seek for silence, that gentle, all-pervading silence which wraps us in a mantle of content. It was in Porlock that Coleridge wrote Kubla Khan, transported, Heaven knows whither, by virtue of the hushed repose that consecrates the sleepiest hamlet in Great Britain. It was at Stoke Pogis that Gray composed his Elegy. He could never have written

"And all the air a solemn stillness holds,"

in the vicinity of a French village.

But Amboise! Who would go to rural England, and live on ham and eggs, if it were possible that a silent Amboise awaited them? The fair fresh vegetables of France, her ripe red strawberries and glowing cherries lured us no less than the vision of a blood-stained castle, and the wide sweep of the Loire flowing through the joyous landscape of Touraine. In the matter of beauty, Amboise outstrips all praise. In the matter of romance, she leaves nothing to be desired. Her splendid old Château — half palace and half fortress — towers over the river which mirrors its glory and perpetuates its shame. She is a storehouse of historic memories, she is the loveliest of little towns, she is in

the heart of a district which bears the finest fruit and has the best cooks in France; but she is not and never has been silent since the days when Louis XI. was crowned, and she gave wine freely to all who chose to be drunk and merry at her charge.

If she does not give her wine to-day, she sells it so cheaply — lying girt by vine-clad hills — that many of her sons are drunk and merry still. The sociable custom of setting a table in the street prevails at Amboise. Around it the peasants take their evening meal, to the accompaniment of song and sunburnt mirth. It sounds poetic, and it looks picturesque, — like a picture by Teniers or Jan Steen, — but it is not a habit conducive to repose. As far as I can judge — after a month's experience — the one thing no inhabitant of Amboise ever does is to go to bed. At midnight the river front is alive with cheerful and strident voices. The French countryman habitually speaks to his neighbor as if they were half a mile apart, and when a number are conversing in this key, the air rings with their clamor. They sing in the same stentorian notes. When our admirable waiter — who is also our best friend — frees his soul in song as he is setting the table, the walls of the dining-room quiver and vibrate. By five o'clock in the morning every one, except ourselves, is on foot, and out of doors. We might as well be, for it is custom, not sleep, that keeps us in our beds. The hay wagons are rolling over the bridge, the farm hands are going to work, the waiter — in an easy undress — is exchanging voluble greetings with his many acquaintances, the life of the town has begun.

The ordinary week-day life, I mean, for on Sundays the market people have assembled by four, and there are nights when the noises never cease. It is no unusual thing to be awakened an hour or two after midnight by a tumult so loud and deep that my first impression is one of conspiracy or revolution. The sound is not unlike the hoarse roar of Sir Henry Irving's admirably trained mobs, — the only mobs I have ever heard, — and I jump out of bed, wondering if the President has been shot, or the Chamber of Deputies blown up by dynamite. Can these country people have heard the news, as the shepherds of Peloponnesus heard of the fall of Syracuse, through the gossiping of wood devils, and, like the shepherds, have hastened to carry the intelligence? When I look out of my window, the crowd seems small for the uproar it is making. The waiter, who, I am convinced, merely dozes on a dining-room chair, so as to be in readiness for any diversion, stands in the middle of the road, gesticulating with fine dramatic gestures. I cannot hear what is being said, because everybody is speaking at once; but after a while the excitement dies away, and the group slowly disperses, shouting final vociferations from out of the surrounding darkness. The next day when I ask the cause of the disturbance, Armand, the waiter, looks puzzled at my question. He does not seem aware that anything out of the way has happened, but finally explains that "quelques amis" were passing the hotel, and that Madame must have heard them stop and talk. The incident is apparently of too common an order to linger in his mind.

As for the Amboise dogs, I am still in doubt as to whether they really possess a supernatural strength which enables them to bark twenty-four hours without intermission, or whether they have divided themselves into day and night pickets, so that when one band retires to rest, the other takes up the interrupted duty. The French villager, who values all domestic pets in proportion to the noise they can make, delights especially in his dogs, giant black and tan terriers for the most part, of indefatigable perseverance in their one line of activity. Their bark is high-pitched and querulous rather than deep and de-

fiant, but for continuity it has no rival upon earth. Our hotel — in all other respects unexceptionable — possesses two large bulldogs who have long ago lost their British phlegm, and acquired the agitated yelp of their Gallic neighbors. They could not be quiet if they wanted to, for heavy sleigh-bells (unique decorations for a bulldog) hang about their necks, and jangle merrily at every step. In the courtyard live a colony of birds. One virulent parrot who shrieks its inarticulate wrath from morning until night, but who does — be it remembered to its credit — go to sleep at sundown; three paroquets; two cockatoos of ineffable shrillness, and a cageful of canaries and captive finches. When taken in connection with the dogs, the hotel cat, the operatic Armand, and the cook who plays "See, O Norma!" on his flute in the intervals of labor, it will be seen that Amboise does not so closely resemble the palace of the Sleeping Beauty as Mr. Molloy has given us to understand.

All other sounds, however, melt into a harmonious murmur when compared to the one great specialty of the village, — stone-cutting in the open streets. Whenever one of the picturesque old houses is crumbling into utter decay, a pile of stone is dumped before it, and the easy-going masons of Amboise prepare to patch up its walls. No particular method is observed, the work progresses after the fashion of a child's block house, and the principal labor lies in dividing the lumps of stone. This is done with a rusty old iron saw pulled slowly backward and forward by two men, the sound produced resembling a succession of agonized shrieks. It goes on for hours and hours, with no apparent result except the noise; while a handsome boy, in a striped blouse and broad blue sash, completes the discord by currying the stone with an iron currycomb, — a process I have never witnessed before, and ardently hope never to witness again. If one could imagine fifty school-children all squeaking their slate pencils down their slates together — who does not remember that blood-curdling music of our youth? — one might gain some feeble notion of the acute agony induced by such an instrument of torture. Agony to the nervous visitor alone, for the inhabitants of Amboise love their shrieking saws and currycombs, just as they love their shrieking parrots and cockatoos. They gather in happy crowds to watch the blue-sashed boy and drink in the noise he makes. We drink it in too, as he is immediately beneath our windows. Then we look at the castle walls glowing in the splendor of the sunset, and at the Loire bending in broad curves between the gray-green poplar trees; at the noble width of the horizon, and at the deepening tints of the sky; and we realize that a silent Amboise would be an earthly Paradise, too fair for this sinful world.

Agnes Repplier.

NOX DORMIENDA.

Let three persons read the story of Œdipus. The first, notwithstanding the almost superhuman suffering of the hero of the Greek drama, would still deem it inconceivable that Œdipus should have come to desire only death, to crave that as the one boon. The second, moved irresistibly by the infinite pathos of the tragedy, would nevertheless understand it, and would admit, reluctantly or otherwise, the necessity of the consequence. The third reader would simply acquiesce with nodding head, untouched, apparently, by the pity of it.

Needless to ask who the readers are; each has already made himself known. Unquestionably the first is Youth, the second, Manhood, and the third, who merely nodded assent, Age. Were we to learn their ages in terms of years, we should know them no better, and, quite possibly, not so well. Since, be the first reader of eight or of eighty years, be the third of seventy or of seven, the fact remains that the first is young, the third old, and the second at the prime of life.

For years are like milestones. They tell how far — not how fast, how well, or how ill one has gone; and truly, *how far* is the least part of the journey. Life, men have long since decided, is not to be measured by length of days. "Forty days!" Stevenson quotes from De Boufflers, "Forty days! that is almost the life of a man if one counts only the moments worth counting!" The partition of the threescore and ten into Youth, Manhood, and Age, with an approximate number of years assigned to each, is acknowledged to be merely a matter of convenience. We confess the makeshift daily when we say of one, that at heart he was always a boy; of another, that she is a woman only in years, or, in all but years; of a child, that he is old beyond his years.

Life has its youth, its maturity, and its age, but there is no marking off these periods at so many years each. They are not to be tallied with any average man, — a fiction as futile as the old economic man of Adam Smith and his brethren. Many a man dies at fourscore who has lived through only one of these divisions, while another dies at twenty, having passed through youth to extreme age. Clearly, even to approach accuracy in the apportioning of these periods some manner of sliding scale must needs be used that will apply to each man as he is, not as he could or should be.

The mode suggested above with regard to the reading of the old drama may serve as well as another to draw the lines between the lad and the grown person, between manhood and age. One may consider the relation of the individual to death — to the idea of death. And this is only another way of considering his relation to life, for the old, "Who knoweth life but questions death?" is but a hint of the intimate relation between human life and meditation upon the one great mystery.

Death is the arch-fiend of childhood. It supersedes that seemingly innate enemy of common babyhood — the Bear — and stands henceforth on the threshold of things, alone, unparalleled, the Terror of Terrors. The child conceives no reasonableness in death; like the displaced Bear, it is a kind of wicked accident. True, he listens patiently enough while his elders tell him of heaven, repeating after them with glib obedience that "papa has gone to live with God;" his little heart persists, nevertheless, in its blind pagan terror. The weeping and wailing, the tragically mocking ceremonial, and the eloquent void in the household speak a language far more intelligible to him than the euphemism of his friends.

Although as time passes, this and that husk may be stripped away from the fetichism, the kernel remains; still, the greatest of evils is a terrible accident called death. A most depressing heritage, this, one would say; yet the spirit of youth does not appear to be overborne by it. An overhanging punishment, or a prospective interview with the dentist, clouds a day for the least imaginative, yet apparently this ever impending death in no wise troubles the child. And for this reason, because in the nature of things the thought of death occurs to youth but seldom, and in such rare instances, it is almost invariably attended with an antidotal idea of remoteness, of impertinency. Death is terrible, yet it is not for us, Youth says; it is for men and women — for the old. For that Old Age that lies so far, so very far, in the distance, that truly the to-morrows before us are countless!

This is the very touchstone of youth. It does away with that artificial, external mode of classification, and discriminates the ore according to its real properties. It includes Hawthorne's Donatello in the category of youth, and shuts out wise little Paul Dombey. It makes it appear that Tito Melema was as truly a child as Tessa herself, more truly so than his own little Lillo; that the eighteen year old author of Thanatopsis was not a youth; that the little hand-maiden Blandina was older than the eldest of the Ramses. For death when it overtakes one who has considered the fact of dying only vaguely, as an accident against which he himself was somehow insured, overtakes a child, whether the *Ætatis* graved upon his tombstone be followed by characters representing six years or sixty.

One passes out of youth forever when one recognizes the reality of death. The realization that death is a general, an inevitable fact is a token of maturity; no longer the *accident* of youth, death appears as a fixed element in the process of nature, the old happy-go-lucky "but not for us," becoming "for all — for me especially." It confronts man as a limit or as a goal. "Whether," in Stevenson's phrase, "we regard life as a lane leading to a dead wall — a mere bag's end as the French say — or whether we think of it as a vestibule or gymnasium where we wait our turn and prepare our faculties for some more noble destiny," in any case death is a boundary to be considered. The naturalness of the mystery, so to speak, and the inevitability being conceived, the child is a man. "We become men," says Carlyle in the essay on Burns, "not after we have been dissipated and disappointed in the chase of false pleasure, but after we have ascertained, in any way, what impassable barriers hem us in through this life." He implies that the pity of Burns's life lay in the fact that he never really became a man; that the lesson of life he began to learn in his father's cottage he never fully acquired.

The barriers acknowledged, the Great Barrier in particular, it follows that life will be accelerated. Death may be revered or it may be dreaded. One may exclaim with Walter Raleigh, "O eloquent, just, and mighty death!" Or one may cry out with the bitterness of Claudio in Measure for Measure: —

> "'T is too horrible!
> The weariest and most loathed worldly life
> That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
> Can lay on nature, is a paradise
> To what we fear of death."

Life nevertheless will be quickened for better or for worse. For better or for worse — since the divisions of life belong to the unjust as well as to the just; the tree of knowledge bears fruit both of good and of evil. Villain or hero, he who has discerned the barrier is spurred on to some manner of action, whether it be to have regard for the "Watch and pray, for ye know not when the time is;" to consider, in a worldly or an unworldly sense, the parable of the Talents; or whether it be to gather roses with Herrick, or to imitate the carousal of the Egyptian Mycerinus, — construing the "eat, drink, and be merry" in its broadest sense.

"Manhood begins," Carlyle says further in the same essay, "when we have in any way made truce with Necessity; begins at all events when we have surrendered to Necessity, as the most part only do." Now it is evident that this point of affairs does not always coincide with youth's so-called majority. There is no magic, no Open Sesame — except in a quite material sense — in the age of one-and-twenty. One makes this truce with necessity, perhaps, at the age of ten, another at forty, still another surrenders only at his death, while a fourth may be forever unaware even of the existence of such a force. Marcus Aurelius was a man when at the age of twelve he took to himself the regimen of the Stoics, and exchanged his bed for a skin upon the floor. In Memoriam is the record of the change in Tennyson. The poem begins as the

cry of youth, but the subject strikes deep, the eyes and mind of the youth are opened, and long before he returns to write the prelude Tennyson has found himself. Catullus' years may have been few in number; he did not die young, notwithstanding. After the final estrangement with Lesbia he was old indeed, and long before that, was it a youth that begged his Lesbia to *live*, to gather rosebuds while yet they might, in verses informed with tragic importunacy because of the haunting shadow of the night from which there is no waking? Horace, too, was no less for gathering rosebuds, although his were not the roses of Pæstum; they were milder-hued blossoms, and Horace, like the queen in Hamlet, wore them "with a difference." His "eat, drink, and be merry" is literal, and the pallid hand of Death that he sees ever and anon — the same that moves Catullus to sue for yet more kisses — serves only to heighten, by a touch of poignancy, Horace's epicurean delight in the vivid fire, the banquet, and the lights. Browning was a youth when he wrote Pauline. In its vivid, at times almost grotesque imagery, in its extravagance, its utter vagueness, it is of the very warp and woof of unrestrained turbulent youth. Of youth rushing madly no-whither and blindly returning upon itself. The author of Paracelsus, however, is a man full grown; a man who has recognized that

> "'T is death that makes life live,
> Gives it whatever the significance,"

who has looked about, and ahead, and ascertained the general limits of the country, and who, having selected a course, runs forward eagerly yet with open, seeing eyes.

It is common to speak in a laudatory way of certain persons as being young all their lives. Nevertheless in the literal sense this phraseology can be applied only to the thoughtless, to those who count their tale of years undisturbed by any suspicion that there is such a thing as life. He who can carry the spirit of childhood over into the country of manhood is blest indeed, yet he who remains a child knows nothing better than that questionable bliss of ignorance. Perhaps no one has ever loved youth quite as Socrates did, mingling a purely unselfish affection with an almost romantic appreciation for the æsthetic charm of youthfulness; and yet, Socrates' first care was to make men of his young companions. Stevenson kept the ardor of youth, but the heart that never forgot the secrets of childhood, recognized, and was enriched — and saddened — by the wisdom of manhood. Stevenson was not "always a boy." The singularly mature grasp of reality of the Æs Triplex, written at six-and-twenty, proves conclusively that he had passed irrevocably beyond the boundary of youth.

We are prone, in our enthusiasm for youth, to disparage something still better. Youth is action, glorious, unrestrained, yet also undirected, contingent. Manhood is action to a higher degree. Youth is beautiful, but imperfect, not immoral, but unmoral. In youth inheres only the possibility of fearlessness in the literal sense of the word; in manhood alone lie the infinite possibilities of courage. Far more to be pitied, truly, than those who die *infantes* are those whom, although having witnessed scores of revolutions of the earth, death still finds children. Is that not the sudden death from which the Prayer Book begs deliverance? "Not from sudden death in respect of itself," Thomas Fuller petitions in his Good Thoughts for Bad Times. "But let it not be sudden in respect of me."

It is curiously interesting, and a bit of solace, perhaps, to observe that anon death makes men of those who were before children, even as it takes them away. An almost unappreciable interval sometimes avails to make the child a man, and enables him to escape the ignominy of being dragged at the wheels, by voluntarily running abreast of the chariot; to

enter the land under truce, not under bonds. The story of Sydney Carton exemplifies this plastic power of death. It was truly a "far, far better thing" he did, than he had ever done, for when he approached the guillotine, Sydney Carton was for the first time a man. Charles II., too, the monarch who "never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one," who merits nevertheless a kind of æsthetic or literary approbation because of his singularly felicitous apology for being "an unconscionable time a-dying, gentlemen," — who knows whether Charles II. did not become a man upon the dawning of that conception? It appears that heretofore his life had been merely a basking in supposedly eternal sunshine; that it had lacked even the unity of the old Hedonic commonplace for the reason that the "to-morrow we die" of that famous maxim, Charles never dreamed could apply to the king. It is curious to speculate on what an extension of life beyond this point might have brought forth in this man who had lived so many years, only to realize that he was an unconscionable time dying. Something different, it would seem. Better or worse, at least his life must needs have been otherwise.

The third reader (it will be remembered) merely acquiesced in Œdipus' desire for death, whereupon we conceived that he was old. Age is nothing more nor less than the waiting for death. Manhood implies recognition of death as a limit; age betokens readiness for it, — readiness active or passive, mental or physical. Man may wait impatiently, craving the end or dreading it, as the case may be; he may wait with Christian patience, or with soldierly fortitude; it is the *waiting* that signifies.

Older than the man of fourscore who sets himself seriously to learn to play the violin is the child that is moved by suffering to *dis-child* itself, so to speak, and long for death. Such an one was Elizabeth Barrett. After the merest fraction of childhood she became suddenly old. Life to her became thereupon merely a waiting for death, until Robert Browning came into her life. Then she was

> "caught up into love, and taught the whole
> Of life in a new rhythm,"

and Mrs. Browning became young, — not a child, but a woman with all the vividness of life before her. After this she was never to grow old; she never waited a second time for death. She died, literally, passed away, out of the very prime of life, unconscious of the passing, — "always smilingly, happily, and with a face like a girl's, and in a few moments she died in my arms, with her head on my cheek."

Age does not pioneer. The idea of waiting precludes real action. It is said that when his sons — unworthy as the sons of Œdipus — endeavored for their own selfish ends to prove at Athens that Sophocles was so old as to be irresponsible, the "singer of sweet Colonus" triumphantly proved his case against them by the magnificent creation of the Œdipus Coloneus. Hamlet was old. He was aged prematurely and irremediably by the blow that fell upon his early manhood. For him action was forever of the past; nothing remained but death. "O that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" is the cry of the real Hamlet. The action that closes the tragedy is extraneous rather than a necessary resultant of the forces of Hamlet's nature. More truly Hamlet than any other part of that agitated scene is the quiet, expressive "The rest is silence."

In a recent collection of aphorisms it is written, "Do you want to know what hell is? It is not sulphur, and it is not burning flames: it is losing your interest in things." In old age interest is not necessarily lost, but it becomes passive: rather than one's interest, one's desire or power of acting is lost. Browning's By the Fireside aptly characterizes this passivity of "life's November:" —

"I shall be found by the fire, suppose,
O'er a great, wise book as beseemeth age,
While the shutters flap as the cross-wind blows,
And I turn the page, and I turn the page,
Not verse now, only prose!"

Age is fain to be content to "turn the page, turn the page," and delegate the action to another. One begins to live in one's offspring, and oftentimes a real enjoyment gained from this vicarious action is a conclusive proof of age. For manhood is by nature egoistic; it is not enough for man that the song be sung; he himself must sing it. In the letter of Stevenson's that closes the collection one may find pathetic indication of this token of approaching age.

"It is all very well to talk of renunciation, and of course it has to be done," he writes, two days before his death, to Edmund Gosse. "But for my part give me a roaring toothache! I do like to be deceived, and to dream, but I have very little use for either watching or meditation. I was not born for age. . . . Come to think of it, Gosse, I believe the main distinction is that you have a family growing up around you, and I am a childless, rather bitter, very clear-eyed, blighted youth. I have in fact lost the path that makes it easy and natural for you to descend the hill. I am going it straight, and where I have to go down it is a precipice."

It might seem that this deliberate establishment of the third stage of life as a station at which death is to be awaited would render age ignoble; that it would do away with those familiar expressive phrases, "a green old age," or "a golden old age;" would imply that it were something of a reproach to pass within the confines of age. Not so: Stevenson's "To travel deliberately through one's ages is to get the heart out of a liberal education" would not omit this last age. "I should not be earnest to see the evening of my age," writes Bacon, and many would echo his words; but however dying in action, "like one wounded in hot blood," may appeal to one personally, does not, after all, Rabbi Ben Ezra's tribute to age prove life to be æsthetically and morally the more complete because of the pause for consideration between action and death? Browning's optimism sees in age a fitting season to pronounce upon life as a whole. When evening shuts, that moment which "calls the glory from the gray" represents a kindly opportunity for age lifted above the strife of this life, to "discern, compare, pronounce at last."

However, this is not an apology for old age, but merely an attempt to determine its limits. Enough to say that in its moment or moments of waiting, age pronounces upon life, — pronounces it good with Rabbi Ben Ezra, or pronounces it wanting with Obermann, with poor Chatterton, or with Macbeth who found it only

"a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
Signifying nothing."

In the case of each individual, moreover, his own decision is final. For, however painfully one may speculate, may discern and compare upon the march, one's view at such time is necessarily incomplete; but when one has stepped out of the ranks, things assume of themselves their proper outlines, and fall into true relations. And once out, one does not go back.

Joslyn Gray.

IN VIA MERULANA.

The Via Merulana at Rome, extending from St. Maria Maggiore to the Lateran, crosses the land which was occupied in ancient times by the Gardens of Mæcenas.

Methinks the winds have blown away
  The rose-scents, blowing many a year,
  Nor left us much to tell that here
The Gardens of Mæcenas lay;

That here the branches used to rock
  The nests, and catch the morning flame,
  And whisper to the guests who came
At evening up the fragrant walk.

The Street of Blackbirds holds alone
  The name without the birds, for they
  Have flown: there is no song to-day
Amid this barren brick and stone.

But I, as those who vaguely search
  For something lost or long forgot,
  Am saying, "This may be the spot" —
This, halfway down from church to church.

And, while I look and listen, lo,
  Rebuilded by invisible hands,
  Again the lordly Mansion stands, —
Phantom or real I scarcely know:

For creep and cling about the walls
  Shadows of men and stately dames,
  And voices, and the sound of names
That echo through Time's ancient halls.

Enter and feel the powerful charm:
  There sits the Patron; there is found,
  Still flashing kindly wit around,
The hero of the Sabine Farm.

And, facing now the little throng,
  That tall dark man, — who should he be?
  Behold his parchment; that is he
Who builds for Rome her noblest song.

Hush! he is reading how the Fates
  Showed fair Marcellus unto men
  As an immortal youth, and then
Withdrew him through the tearful gates.

When yester evening clomb the skies,
  He brought — so marvelous his art,
  So sensitive a mother's heart —
The floods into Octavia's eyes,

And from Imperial coffers won
  A golden guerdon for his verse.
  Listen, and hear himself rehearse
The tender song — what! is he done?

The walls break noiseless at my feet;
  No hand rolls back the mighty year;
  Dreams are but dreams; I only hear
The sound of traffic in the street.

Samuel Valentine Cole.

THE PLATEAU OF FATIGUE.

When the arrival of Oscar Edward completed the triune nature of our household, it seemed for a season that such happiness as ours had until this time existed only in the garden now declared mythical by the exponents of the New Theology.

Oscar Edward's round fat face, flattened in farewell against the window-pane each morning, remained with me to sustain me through the cares of the day; at night, at sight of his bald head and pudgy features, all worries were forgotten. Juliet declared that for the first time in her social career was she able to send regrets without regret, so much occupied was she with the all-absorbing baby.

Yet it must be confessed that in these first few months of his existence Oscar Edward was not an interesting child. When he was not lying in his crib asleep, or in a condition approaching stupor, he was either employed with his bottle or screaming with the colic. He had "no language but a cry," and we did not attempt to communicate with him in this medium because he did enough of it himself. There was no gleam of intelligence in his gray eye or in his somewhat wrinkled features. In fact, to possession alone was due our first great pleasure in Oscar Edward.

Upon this paradisaical content, as might be expected, appeared the serpent, though it is hardly fair to call so charming a specimen of her sex as Miss Josephine Holcroft by such a name. However, in apology, it may be stated parenthetically that the serpent of modern Biblical criticism in no wise resembles the snake of our fathers, — this a concession to Eve's descendants who will not admit that one of their sex could be tempted by a monster so loathsome.

Oscar Edward had just completed his twelfth month when I noticed simultaneously new tenants in the ground-floor flat opposite ours and a trim and handsome young lady who passed the window each morning just as Oscar Edward's face was flattened against the pane to observe my departure. Her eyes, bright gray in color, becomingly accompanied by masses of well-arranged light brown hair, were attracted by the baby's face, and she soon began to smile and nod to him.

"They 're lovely people," Juliet ex-

plained a few days later. "I called on them this afternoon. Mrs. Edson told me about them; they are old friends of hers. The daughter is as sweet as she is pretty, and so intelligent! And Edward, she has taken such a fancy to the baby!"

"As that is sufficient proof of her intelligence" —

"When her father died she had to take up teaching," continued Juliet, "but she gave me very distinctly to understand that she is in love with her work. And so ambitious! And she thinks if she does satisfactory work this year she may get the Hatton Scholarship next year."

Hatton was a benevolent old gentleman who had long ago settled a fund on the Tipton schools, providing that the interest on the money should pay for scholarships at various institutions of learning, to be given each year under certain binding conditions to a few teachers selected by the school authorities.

The acquaintance so auspiciously begun soon ripened into friendship, so it was not long until Miss Holcroft began to run in every evening for a romp with the baby before he was carried off to bed. It was on one of these occasions that she ventured to speak to us of the purpose nearest her heart. She had just risen to go and stood with her pretty hair disheveled and her face flushed, tapping Oscar Edward with her toe as he rolled on the rug at her feet. "I 've been wanting to ask you for some time — have you ever kept a record of Oscar Edward — a record of his mental development?" she explained as our blank faces expressed our ignorance of her meaning.

"Mental development?"

She failed to note my incredulous tone as she hurried on. "You know, Mr. Thornton, if you had noted in addition to his weight — of course you weigh him — the movements of his eyelids, fixation, distance, direction, color, preferences, form, pictures, and interest in seeing, it would not only have been extremely interesting, but would have been such a valuable contribution to science."

"And such a help to Josephine," chimed in Juliet.

"Yes, that 's it," said the girl, blushing and twisting her clasped hands. "You know, Mr. Thornton, Child Study is considered so important now, and if I could make some original investigations it would be such a help to me in getting my scholarship. It is n't too late yet — to keep such a record; he is really at his most interesting age; and if you would only let me — Oh, you darling!" she stooped to disentangle Oscar Edward from her shoe lace. "But please don't think," she continued, raising her clear gray eyes to mine, "that I 'm doing this just selfishly. I really truly love this darling baby, and I can't tell you what a delight it will be to me to study him."

It so happened that Oscar Edward entered on his fourteenth month the very next evening, which event was celebrated by appropriate notes set down in a small red book with a brown pencil brought in by Miss Holcroft for this purpose.

Months, fourteen; weight, twenty-three pounds; height, twenty-nine inches.

"Now that that is done," said Miss Holcroft briskly, "let us take up his vocabulary. You think of all the words he says, and I will write them down."

I retired behind the paper to listen with much interest to the discussion which ensued. Oscar Edward doubtless had a vocabulary, but as it was about as intelligible to us as that of a Fiji Islander would be, I wondered how Miss Holcroft would go about it. It was soon evident that it was open to different interpretations, for while Juliet contended that Bă must mean black and showed his knowledge of the color, Miss Holcroft assured her that it might also mean back or bad, and that so important a

point as color distinction must be decided by certain experiments.

When the evening was over, Miss Holcroft's list contained but three words, "dada," "mamma," and "Dofeen," which was supposed to be his rendition of her name, and the discussion had consumed so much time that except for an occasional affectionate tap from "Dofeen's" slippered toe, as she wrote, Oscar Edward had received no attention whatever. There could be no doubt that he noticed it, and while I had no hand in the record, I made a mental note of this glimmer of intelligence, which it is needless to say escaped the two ladies.

The experiments with the vocabulary lasted for a week, although the vocabulary itself occupied a very few lines in the small notebook, and the time was taken up principally with long and animated discussions over the meaning of certain sounds. Bā, for instance, was vase; bĭ must surely be big, and so on. Oscar Edward was repeatedly dragged from the rug and carried to different apartments to give the names of various familiar objects at which he stared blankly, and whose acquaintance he refused to acknowledge with a persistency that caused me much enjoyment behind the newspaper.

Child Study was beginning to assume in our erstwhile happy household a position altogether disproportionate to its importance. Taylor's Study of the Child, Notes on the Experimental Study of Children, the works of Barnes, of Hall, and of Sully were heaped on our tables to the exclusion of the light literature formerly found there.

If I could have been persuaded to buy the machines, I doubt not that Oscar Edward would have possessed the following instruments of torture, to wit: one pair of calipers with which to measure his cranium, thereby to determine whether or not he was long-headed, or dolichocephalic; medium, or mesocephalic; broad-headed, or brachycephalic; a thermæsthesiometer, for the purpose of locating his temperature spots or sensibility to heat; a dynamometer, to determine the strength of his hand grasp, and an æsthesiometer, an instrument for indicating the least sensibility to locality. But I was obdurate, declaring that ignorance as to Oscar Edward's normality or abnormality was far preferable to the possible knowledge that one's only son was sadly deficient mentally and physically. If, when he was of school age, the authorities were still ridiculous enough to make a Spanish Inquisition of themselves and their innocent victims, that of course I could not help, but now no Bertillon system should be applied to my son with my consent.

Perhaps, however, I was unconsciously affected by the atmosphere; at any rate, I did a little Child Study on my own account behind the evening paper. Oscar Edward's face was still fat and inexpressive, but from his actions, and more especially his eye, I surmised that he was beginning to feel a decided disgust for the laboratory methods affected by the expounders of the New Psychology.

We, that is, Josephine and Juliet with the notebook and I behind the paper with my eye on the infant, were busily engaged one evening when young Harris dropped in. Harris is an attorney who had recently come to Tipton, and as his office is next to mine we had some communication which finally ripened into friendship, and I had invited him to call. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, fine-looking fellow, a cross between the Greek god type and the modern hero of the gridiron, and extremely agreeable in the bargain.

When, on his entrance, Josephine closed her book, Juliet protested.

"Don't go yet, Josephine!" she cried. "I am sure Mr. Harris will be interested in what we are doing. You see, Mr. Harris" — And off she went into an account of what she and Josephine had been doing for Oscar Edward.

"Pray don't stop on my account. I am immensely interested in that sort of thing," declared young Harris. "That is, I 've a friend who is; in fact, he is the whole thing in the Child Study movement, so I have heard. I 've always wanted to know just what it is like, so please go on just as though I was not here."

I was inclined to think Harris's interest rather sudden, but the women took him at his word, and the experiments in color continued.

"Now, Mr. Harris," began Josephine, "I want you to watch this color experiment. I am especially interested in Oscar Edward because he is so remarkably advanced in color distinction, more than any child on record, more than Preyer's child for instance, who has always been the standard. Just watch him now; he is too sweet. What color is this, baby dear?" She took up a red book from the table and held it before Oscar Edward, whom Juliet had taken on her lap.

"Lĕ," gurgled Oscar Edward, with his eye on Harris.

"No, no! Lĕ is yellow," she explained. "He is attracted by you, Mr. Harris; he is n't even looking at the book. He must wear off this self-consciousness." Juliet twisted him about again. "This book, sweetheart; look what 'Dofeen' has for you! What color is it?"

Oscar Edward's eyes were at last fixed on the book. "What color?"

"Boo!" Oscar Edward grinned virtuously.

"Try again, dearest! Tell 'Dofeen,' won't you?"

Oscar Edward's face became serious. He first eyed Harris and then me, and in turn Josephine and Juliet. "What color?" she repeated patiently.

"Wĕ!"

"Good! He knew it all the time, but when he becomes excited or confused he says the first thing that comes into his head. Now let us try the tablets." As she spoke, she took up some little sheets of blue, yellow, and red paper and held them up before the baby.

But Oscar Edward evidently considered that the exhibition of his talents had continued long enough, for he persisted in shouting, "Wĕ," "Lĕ," "Boo" at each and all, looking about with a sickly grin when Josephine and Juliet expressed their disapproval.

"I heard of something only to-day that would be the very thing for Oscar Edward if only I could get it," said Josephine, as we sat in the comparative peace and quiet that followed the removal of Oscar Edward to his crib for the night. "It is to show the way in which a child's vocabulary increases. But it has never been put on the market. It is an invention of Professor Brunton; one of his students told me about it."

"Why, Brunton 's the fellow I was talking about!" exclaimed Harris with quite unnecessary zeal. "He is my old college friend. I can get the thing for you if anybody can. What 's its name? I 'll write to-morrow."

And he whipped out his notebook and pencil and wrote the name at Miss Josephine's dictation. I was surprised at Harris, but Josephine was certainly very pretty, and the way in which she thanked him ought to have been, as no doubt it was, sufficient reward.

We were a happy family when that Plateau of Fatigue arrived, at least some of us were, though Oscar Edward and myself could not be listed in that category. Harris had become quite one of us by this time, and his interest in Child Study was something wonderful. He had found Brunton a name to conjure with, and since reminiscences of Brunton caused Josephine's cheeks to burn and her eyes to sparkle as nothing else could do he invented incidents in Brunton's career which I have no doubt would have astonished that worthy beyond measure.

"You can't know how much this

means to me," said Josephine, the evening she first held the bit of cardboard in her hand. "If I can only keep Oscar Edward's record correctly on this, it will be such a valuable bit of original investigation that I am sure of securing the Hatton Scholarship without further difficulty. You don't know how much I appreciate it."

Then, while we all sat around her in awed silence, Josephine began to explain the Plateau, which consisted of a series of minute squares on a parallelogram of cardboard. For each day that Oscar Edward learned a new word we were to make a diagonal mark through a square. If the next day he learned another word, a similar line was made above it, so that the lines would run diagonally upward. However, if the day came on which Oscar Edward did not learn a new word, the line was to run across the square, and the professor's theory was that after a certain number of ascending lines, representing the acquisition of new words, we would see that a number of straight lines would run across the paper, these lines being Oscar Edward's Plateau of Fatigue, the time in which his infant mind was resting from the fatigue induced by learning new words. The paper when completed ought to show a zigzag of plateaus and ascending lines.

Juliet, who was quite overwrought and excited by the novelty and honor of having a Plateau of Fatigue in her house, handled the card with extreme reverence, and declared that it ought to be framed when completed. "What will it not mean to our little boy," she exclaimed, "when he is grown, and Child Study has become an exact science, to know that he was one of the first children on whom this wonderful experiment was tried!"

I bore the honor meekly. I had my suspicions, from recent observations of Oscar Edward, as to the veracity of that report when completed. Oscar Edward had shown several times to my knowledge that he possessed a pretty fair share of the parental obstinacy; in other words, he was as mulish as the average healthy boy, and as inclined to keep his vocabulary to himself if he suspected any one else of wanting it.

Now all went merry as a marriage-bell. Harris's visits were almost as frequent as Josephine's, but we thought nothing of that, for his room was in the neighborhood, and since he had been the humble instrument of securing this honor to our household it was only natural that he should want to observe its working at first hand. Poor Oscar Edward was watched like a hawk through the day, through all his downsittings and his uprisings, for fear that he might say a new word unheard, and at night he was re-exercised, and the marks, if any, were made carefully with Josephine's fine-tipped pencil on the precious Plateau.

As Oscar Edward's activity increased his dislike of examinations became greater. Juliet, Josephine, and Harris seemed unconscious of it, but I observed very clearly the light in his eyes when the hated tablets, pictures, and Hailman beads were brought out, a light which indicated frenzy at the appearance of the Plateau.

There was no doubt of it, Oscar Edward recognized the Plateau as an additional instrument of torture and despised it. No wonder! For instance, Juliet would announce to Josephine that Oscar Edward had that morning for the first time noticed the nail brush and called it by name. Before the new word could be marked on the Plateau, although Juliet had already recorded it on her list, he must be tested by Josephine. So off Juliet would run for the nail brush, and then the two of them, supplemented by Harris, — and oh, how the youngster, if I read his glance correctly, detested that young man! — must hold the nail brush before his eyes, making strenuous efforts to induce him again to pronounce the word.

They also did not note, so absorbed

were they, how long the Plateaus were growing in comparison with the ascending lines; but I did, however, and shuddered at the prospect of my son becoming a mute from the spirit of revenge.

So matters went on toward the holidays, the lines on the Plateau growing up or across according to Oscar Edward's whims and tempers.

"Is n't it fine!" exclaimed Juliet, to whom it had become a sort of fetich. "When I think how much it will mean to Oscar Edward I am so rejoiced to think we got it I don't know what to do, and when I realize what it will mean to Josephine, giving her her scholarship and the position for years afterward" —

"Humph! She would much better be getting married than signing away the best years of her life for teaching by accepting that scholarship."

"Getting married! Why Edward Thornton! The idea of a finely equipped girl like Josephine throwing herself away on a man! I don't suppose she ever dreamed of such a thing! If I thought Oscar Edward would never have the opportunity of working under her, I would cry my eyes out!"

As Juliet flounced out of the room intent on some household task I looked up to meet the eyes of Oscar Edward fixed on me with a look of the most surprising intelligence. Just for a moment; then his lids dropped, and he proceeded with the destruction of the expensive mechanical toy that Harris had brought to him the evening before.

I could feel disaster in the very atmosphere the moment I opened the hall door the next evening. The same moment my ear caught the sound of suppressed weeping, and I hastened into the room to find Juliet shaken by sobs, her head on the table. Oscar Edward sprawled on the rug at her feet.

"What is the matter, my dear? Are you ill? Is the cook" —

"Os—Osc—c-c-ar Ed—w-ward!" she sobbed, without lifting her face from the table.

"Could Oscar speak he would probably say he was never better in his life. He looks all right so far as I can see, except that he is very dirty." For indeed his face and the front of his usually immaculate white frock were smeared with a grayish substance resembling ashes. His gray eye met mine unflinching, and I fancied I could see therein a look of bravado, as though already he defied paternal discipline.

"Oh, you don't know what he has done! The — the li - little wretch! Ed—Edward!"

By this time I had taken Juliet on my knee where she could sob more comfortably, her head on my shoulder.

"I am waiting," I remarked calmly, "until some one sees fit to enlighten me as to the cause of this household disturbance. Oscar Edward, perhaps you can inform your fond parent. Speak up, my son, and I shall not fail to record your progress on your beloved Plateau!"

At this, Juliet's sobs rose to a shriek, and the grin that had distorted Oscar Edward's face as I addressed him was quickly succeeded by an air of innocence that subsequently struck me as rather overdone.

"It — it 's that! The Plateau! That little fiend a-ate it u-up!"

"He was tiptoeing around the table," she continued, "and as I thought I had put everything out of his reach, I was n't watching him. I was awfully interested in the loveliest new book Josephine had just brought me, experiments on school-children about their size and weight, and everything, and then Mary called me into the dining-room. When I came back that 's the way I found him" — She made a tragic gesture toward the cause of all her sorrow, who lay lazily staring at the fire. "He had pulled it off the table and eaten it every bit up — that 's it on his dress. It would n't have been so bad if he had just torn it, for we could have pieced it together, but now! I gave him a good spanking, and then I was so overcome

with what the loss meant to me, and most of all to Josephine, after all her months of hard work, that I just broke down and cried."

Her recital of particulars was interrupted by the arrival of Josephine and Harris, who came in, from a walk, flushed and smiling.

"Why, what is the matter?" exclaimed Josephine, running back to the fire with the privilege of old acquaintanceship.

Mopping her eyes with her handkerchief, Juliet dramatically explained the situation while Harris and I stood silently in the background.

"What grieves me most, Josephine," she concluded solemnly, "is that this child's thoughtlessness has crippled you at the outset of your career. Of course Oscar Edward recked not what he was doing; it makes me think of what 's his name's dog, you know, 'O Diamond, Diamond, little knowest thou what thou hast done!' but to have kept you from your scholarship" —

"Don't let that worry you any longer, Mrs. Thornton," interrupted Harris. "She will have no use for it, any how. We ran in this way before dinner just to tell you people first, because it was at your house that we met, that Josephine is not going to teach any more after this year. She has decided to take me in charge instead."

Josephine, her pretty face flushed and her eyes sparkling, knelt beside Oscar Edward.

"Oh, you darling, it was all your doing," she murmured as she caressed him. And as Oscar Edward's eyes turned toward Harris I am willing to swear that for the first time in months they wore a softened expression. Since then I have wondered often, did he devour that Plateau for purely selfish reasons, or was Oscar Edward in league with Cupid?

Kate Milner Rabb.

A MEMORY OF OLD GENTLEMEN.

I HAVE always shared the preference of the poet Swinburne for very old people and very little children, and, as it has happened, nearly all of my old people have been of that sex to which Shakespeare refers as coming eventually to the "lean and slippered pantaloon."

It began when I was a particularly roly-poly little girl of four, with brown braids carried through the back of my sunbonnet and tied fast in its strings, that the unwelcome shadow of that blue gingham might never be absent.

In compensation, I suppose, there was an equally roly-poly old gentleman who used to toss me up in the long swing under the big oak trees, singing in rhythm to my swaying self the chorus of a then popular song: —

"Swinging in the lane; swinging in the lane;
Sweetest girl I ever met was swinging in the lane."

The great, bending branches spread a canopy befitting a Druid temple, and the new little leaves, like crumpled bronze velvet, brushed my face as I held fast to the ropes, all a-tremble with the spirit of adventure and a little fear that the earth was so very far away, and was tossed up till I could peep into the nest out of which my pet blue jay had tumbled a week before. One of his brothers sat a disconsolate fluff of faded blue feathers on the edge of the nest, and the parent birds squalled noisy protest at the sturdy, red-stockinged legs invading their domestic privacy.

The oaks and the swing and the old gentleman were the first milestones on

my way to Grown-Up Land. When my round fat arm had no longer to reach straight up to clasp my pudgy fingers around the thumb of my friend; when after many trials I caught the ropes and lifted myself without help to the wide board swing-seat; then I was truly "big," and trotted off to demand that a new mark should take the place of the one that had lately shown my height on the smooth gray trunk of my favorite tree. Smooth, for those wonderful oaks, centuries old, and each many feet in girth, had been repeatedly stripped of their bark as high as a man could reach; and now, as if tired of renewing the ever stolen coat, contented themselves with a thin, scarlike covering. Since their sapling days, perhaps, slender, conical tepees of buffalo skins had nestled in their shade, and numberless brown babies had swung "Rock-a-bye baby in a tree top" from their limbs.

There was a broad hearth of stones between the spreading roots of one where buffalo steaks had been broiled, and where other children had roasted the plump ripe acorns as I was fond of doing.

The buffalo robes for the tepees and deerskins for the gayly wrought moccasins had been tanned with the bark stripped from those very trees under which I played and swung. In the little grove behind my beloved trees, and bordered by the tiny creek where I waded and fished with a bent pin for small flat sunfish as bright as living sunbeams, were bare poles still standing in a circle, lashed together at their tops with strips of bark or thongs of raw-hide.

There were wild cherries in the grove, good in blossom and better in fruit, puckery sweet wild plums, and a great black walnut tree dear to myself and the squirrels; and here the spirit of adventure thrilled me again, for my fancy saw dusky faces behind every bush, and the feathery cherry blossoms were always nodding eagle feathers on the head of the warrior just waiting to seize me.

A good deal of this was due to my old friend, who had just come from the East, a far-away, mysterious Somewhere to me, and who, I am inclined to think, secretly shared my dread of these brown people in whose home we were interlopers. But some of it came from the tales to which I listened after I was tucked away in my trundle-bed on winter nights and the men gathered around the fire to talk of Indian raids and hunting and trapping adventures.

Not a few of my old gentlemen at this time were gray-bearded scouts and hunters, with great caps of fur and long rifles that seemed to tower above my head as far as the oaks. Children were rare novelties to those men of the plains, and I was passed from shoulder to shoulder, delighted with tales of bear and buffalo, and fingering with awed hands the beaded shot-pouches and belts of embroidered buckskin, but feeling all the while almost as far above earth as when I swung over the blue jay's nest. Then we moved away, and my next old gentleman was the very antithesis of the first. Small and thin and morose, with a bitterness that almost hid the sadness in his face. A misanthrope, a miser, an atheist, said his neighbors; but in truth only a man over whom hung the shadow of a tragedy that had darkened his life. Sometimes for days his mind "traveled a crooked road," as he said, and then he would wander alone in the hills, or shut himself up with his books; and no smoke came out of the chimney, and no answer was given to curious people who knocked at the door. Most children feared him, I did not; that and my love of books made the bond between us. He lent me quaint old histories and philosophies, full of big words that sounded very fine as he rolled them off in a sonorous voice. I learned to know Swedenborg from Kant, and Kant from Comte, and was in a fair way to become a philosopher myself when again we moved: so far that we both knew the parting was final.

With fingers still pudgy I crocheted him a pair of marvelous green "wristers" as a farewell gift, and he brought me a thick red volume, De Foe's History of the Devil, with pictures that made my brown braids rise up visibly every time I looked at them, and a single German silver teaspoon, which he said was to form the nucleus of my wedding silver.

Years later some book thief of abnormal tastes robbed me of the treasured De Foe, but the spoon still reposes in solitary state, untroubled by additions, and most unlikely to ever serve the end for which my old friend designed it.

My last word of him was in an ill-scrawled, childish letter from a schoolmate: "Mr. Cushion is dead; the doctor gave him some medicine and he died." I was old enough then that a certain gladness could mingle with my regret. The shadow was lifted; there were no more crooked roads to travel; my old friend was at rest.

It was my next old gentleman who introduced me to Shakespeare and the "lean and slippered pantaloon." A wicked sense of the appropriateness of the quotation flashed into my mind as he read it; I wondered, in fact, if the Bard of Avon had been shuffling around in dressing-gown and carpet slippers when it was written. Yet this untidy old man, who loved Shakespeare, reveled in Shelley, and wrote heroic verse and Greek dramas by the sackful, had, they told me, been a brilliant soldier, the pick and pride of his regiment, the model in dress and deportment of all the fresh recruits. Surely the irony of fate is something more than rhetoric.

If he wrote in lighter vein he had lived in tragedy; between The Skylark and Under the Greenwood Tree we had glimpses of bloody battlefield, of disease-reeking, famine-scourged Southern prisons, of narrow escapes, and men hunted like wild beasts.

Very proud was my old friend when my own blundering thoughts first shaped themselves in verse; I doubt if Hamlet on his first appearance received such an ovation. And then one night the sacks of manuscript were packed, the little trunk strapped, and the daylight train bore away, we never knew whither, one who left word to no one, but three books — the battered Shakespeare, Shelley minus his cover, and a first edition of Whittier — to a little girl.

No word has come out of the silence, but when I am making air castles I like to think that some summer night I shall visit the Parthenon and find my old friend writing Greek dramas in the moonlight.

After that my old gentlemen began to come in pairs and trios, so that they seldom threw such a clearly focused memory. The one that I loved best was not really the best known; we were both too shy to realize in time how much we might have been to each other. He was a gentle, quiet, courtly man; I remember that I always involuntarily looked for the pages holding up my court train of velvet and ermine when he bowed to me: a scholarly man, whom one would have taken for some gifted professor or polished diplomat: and he was in fact an Indian scout, known the length of the West for his courage and fidelity and unshakable honor. He would have stood with his life to a promise given the blackest renegade that ever harried his trail.

I knew in a vague way that his was a name in history; but we were always too busy with Sir Edwin Arnold and the Vedas and Mahatmas to talk of that. I can see him now throwing back the silver hair from a face as fine as some old marble Jove, and repeating the Sanskrit tales or the lines he loved best: —

"Such as thou shalt see not self-subduing do
no deed of good,
In youth or age, in household or in wood:
It needs not man should pass by th' Orders Four
To come to Virtue; doing right is more
Than to be twice born: therefore wise men say
Easy and excellent is Virtue's way."

Fit words for him who subdued himself with such gentle patience to years of blindness; never saying "Is the sun shining?" but "How beautiful the hills are in the sunshine!" It was always daylight in his soul, till he slept at last in the sunniest corner of his beloved hills.

There are many dear old gentlemen still; indeed, now that I think of it, I have never known but one young man at all intimately, and him I have not met face to face. Homer and Odysseus have been such satisfying friends that I have not missed Paris and Adonis. The flavor of old wine has been too long on my lips for me to change now, and I shall be well content to have it said of me at last: "Here lieth one who had the friendship of old men and little children's love."

Sharlot M. Hall.

ENGLAND IN 1902.

NINETEEN hundred and two has been in England a year of unaccustomed emotion. We have been stirred in turn by the most sincere and sober gratitude, the highest and most jubilant hopes, the most poignant anxiety, and again by an immeasurable relief. The honorable termination of a disastrous and expensive war has been received with heartfelt satisfaction on all hands. This was no matter for noisy or insolent triumph — the issues at stake were too serious, the difficulties of settlement still ahead of us too obviously urgent. But, meanwhile, the news of an actual cessation of hostilities could be received in only one spirit. To a man we were thankful in very grim earnest. We had indeed good cause. But scarcely had we been thus set free, as it were, for the prospect of untrammeled rejoicing in the festival of the coronation, when a cloud of ominous and threatening aspect rose upon the horizon. The uncrowned king was announced to be in danger of his very life. Preparations of every kind were abandoned; visitors from many a distant land lingered a few days to know that the crisis was over and went quietly home; a vast concourse of the military assembled in honor of royalty melted silently away; a crowded and gay metropolis spontaneously hushed the voice of business or pleasure; the trappings of every street were removed by night. The nation thought or spoke of one thing only, — the daily bulletin. Whether our sovereign's illness were in reality more or less serious than had been officially acknowledged we knew not; only after a little the strain relaxed, the news became steadily more hopeful and more confident. It was soon evident that science had once more stayed the progress of disease. It was really true, — "the King is out of danger."

Still he was uncrowned. But no one supposed for a moment that the ceremony would be revived in its original splendor. His Majesty could hardly stand the strain; his people's mood had changed. And, in fact, no event could have more thoroughly falsified expectation in every essential of manner and inner significance than the crowning of Edward VII. It became an almost entirely religious ceremony, the solemn expression of a national thanksgiving. We had no desire to forget the days of watching through which we had barely passed, and no attempt to do so was made or thought of. It is probable, meanwhile, that the King's personal bearing under the crisis and the appreciation he evinced of popular sentiment have secured him a place in the heart of his people he might have otherwise missed.

It remains, however, a fact that the coronation as it might have been had actually occupied men's minds for the greater part of the year, and had more influence than anything else in the record. This means, if we examine it closely, that, alike in England and among English subjects throughout the world, attention has been almost exclusively concentrated upon an event which, however significant in its imaginative aspect, must be admitted to have itself no influence whatever in affairs. A moment's reflection will serve to convince any one, possessing the most rudimentary acquaintance with our Constitution, that the actual ceremony of the coronation, however legally essential, can have no direct personal effect on anybody in any way, from King Edward himself to the most enthusiastically loyal of his subjects. Yet the most hard-headed of nations was willing to spend months of busy thought and considerable sums of money on the pageant; the claims of commerce were temporarily put in the background; the traffic of the metropolis was disorganized; personal arrangements alike for holiday-making and the development of business were readjusted; society and the masses were united for once in a common enthusiasm.

Nor, of course, was this striking uniformity of thought and action confined to one city or one country. Never before, in all probability, has London entertained at one and the same time so many distinguished representatives of other lands and other nations. Official hospitality was cheerfully strained to the full limits of its capacity, and private visitors, of less obvious — but in some cases no less certain — influence, crowded daily to our shores.

It is not altogether easy, perhaps, to gauge, or at least to define in words, the cause and meaning of so large a movement. The original inspiration lay deeper than any mere spontaneous outburst of personal loyalty or than the natural love of pomps and ceremonies inherent in human nature. Nor could a temperament so essentially phlegmatic as the Anglo-Saxon have been roused so universally and so effectually by anything so abstract as a mere idea, — the spirit of patriotism or the spirit of empire.

To some extent, no doubt, we were influenced by the consideration which always actually determines the everyday decisions of civilized mankind. We knew what was expected of us. We would be resolutely correct. But it is very improbable that such a motive could be in itself really sufficient to account for what took place. The truth is rather that, though we seldom consciously realize it, and still less frequently admit it, we are practically very well aware of the immense importance to humanity of occasionally stating facts in the form of emotion. Loyalty to the sovereign as a personality representing good government — on which we hourly depend — is of the very essence of modern life. The significance of things being done decently and in order is incalculable. It is on the stability of constitutions that the personal happiness of every unit in many millions must ultimately depend.

And this is not all. To secure continuity and cohesiveness in civilization it is necessary that law and order should assert themselves at times before the world, should parade their dignity, and utter through brazen trumpets the majesty of their unrivaled sway. Therefore are crowns and courts. Therefore do crowds gather and gaze. Royalty to-day, of course, means empire. The persons of kings are no longer of the sacred mysteries. It may be noted indeed, in passing, that so far as monarchy can survive the "limitations" of modern days, the enthusiasms of personal loyalty will only be readily accorded to woman; so that arguments may be advanced in favor of some anti-Salic law under which the throne should be most

fitly occupied by a succession of queens. In this respect the coming of Edward VII. marks at least the temporary closing of an era; for unquestionably Queen Victoria was beloved of her people. The remarkable tribute of Lord Salisbury — that by learning her late Majesty's opinion on any subject he was confident of having thereby discovered the feelings of the great "middle classes" of the country — will scarcely be repeated of her son. The heart of the people beat with her heart as it beats no longer.

The difference, however, may but serve to accentuate the heritage of position and responsibility of which our present King has so recently taken possession. He stands for a union more embracing and probably more stable than the world has ever seen: a present influence more significant, a past of nobler memories, a future of higher hopes. There is no occasion, and certainly here no intention, to use superlatives in order to claim superiority. The reference is only to the most obvious fact of modern history, — the perpetually growing importance of the so-called Great Powers. Practically speaking, the world is already in the hands of a few governments; and progress must almost certainly emphasize the problems created by present conditions. The dominions of Edward VII. are not exclusively walled by waves.

No most labored device, meanwhile, could have been more effective in bringing home to the public the seriousness of its new duties than the sobering history of recent events in South Africa, however auspicious the signing of peace at the dawn of a new reign. It will be impossible, perhaps for years, to honestly appraise the conduct of this weary war; still more impossible, assuredly, to prophesy with assurance of England's ultimate profit and loss thereby. But, whatever our criticisms of yesterday, whatever our confidence in to-morrow, it must be patent to all that our most recent acquisitions of territory are bristling with new problems, new dangers, new opportunities. There are the capitalist ever rampant, the colored peoples ever dissatisfied, the Africander ever active. The solution of all imperialist difficulties lies, no doubt, in Home Rule, — in leaving (as Cecil Rhodes once put it) "the management of the local pump to the parish beadle;" but the executive details in any general and permanent system of Home Rule, however imperatively prudent, are apt to become immensely complicated, and the nations of Europe are only feeling their way in this matter. England's destiny is to make up her mind clearly and once for all.

And in the meantime we can hardly feel confident of any security in coöperation. Present methods of rule are obviously and admittedly of a temporary nature. The Boer generals have not yet exhausted their powers of negotiation and will be slow to announce their conclusions. Mr. Chamberlain's return visit can bear fruit only at an even later date. The determination of the Colonial Secretary to become, if but for a few weeks, "the man on the spot" is very remarkable, very characteristic, and very commendable. The cabinets and the ministries of the future, in charge of imperial manœuvres, will do well to follow his example of studying the outposts. The immediate question, however, remains undetermined, as to how far Mr. Chamberlain and those more permanently representing government in the Colony are approaching a proud and vanquished people in the spirit of genuine good fellowship, and how far the Boers and their leaders are resigned to an honest acceptance of defeat in furtherance of their own immediate prosperity. Lord Kitchener's terms of closure and his outspoken acknowledgment of help from the generals in submission are hopeful signs. The government is apparently prepared to act in a fair-minded, though not in any sense a quix-

otic, spirit as to relief funds and the other inevitable sequels of war; the Boers seem anxious for a settled life, and their volunteering for Somaliland may do much. There is, indeed, a heavy reckoning behind us, of sufficiently sobering influence.

Among the surprises, of joy or suffering, that have varied the monotony of the ever lengthening campaign, no other perhaps can equal, in interest and significance, the death of Cecil Rhodes, empire-maker. In some ways the most remarkable man of our generation, pre-eminent in just those qualities to which it would seem the Future will lend her key, there is yet much that remains mysterious and inconsistent about his vigorous personality. Hard-headed, ambitious, unscrupulous in the means to his end, working entirely by materialistic influences to materialistic ideals, Rhodes was yet a dreamer who kept his own counsel. Without accepting Mr. Stead's fantastic "Gospel according to St. Cecil," it is impossible to deny him a touch of the seer and the prophet. His strength and power were derived chiefly from the characteristics, rare enough to-day, of absolutely believing in something, confidently working for something, and remaining careless the while of passing events and personal considerations. Rhodes could always wait because he never doubted the future. One recalls his deliberate abandoning of a position at the Cape to which ordinary prudence would claim devotion, for the sake of completing his terms at Oxford. How few of the men with whom he has associated, or of those who hail him master, would have recognized the value in life of a university career, or would have had the patience to return to it, once their feet were set on the ladder of commercial enterprise! Such a man never practically accepted the possibility of death. There lay his weakness and by that he fell. Something of the man's true greatness breathes through his will, of consequences far-reaching and penetrating. The rest we shall never know. Who shall say whether the problems of South Africa are increased or diminished by his withdrawal? There is, unquestionably, one less force to reckon with.

The pressing demand of imperialism, of which the coronation witnessed the resources as the war has emphasized the perils, is forcing our attention upon two questions, the decision of which may be destined to bring about more far-reaching changes in our civic and commercial life than the inventions or the reforms of a century. The Englishman, you should note, is always unwilling to face new ideas: foreseeing nothing, he yet maintains his individuality through new conditions; his development lies over a series of tremendous crises of which the deepest shadows remained to the last unsuspected. It would be interesting to discover, on the eve of the next general election, what proportion of our voters will have given a moment's serious reflection to the vital problems of protection and conscription, now rapidly stealing upon us to the exclusion of all others.

It is obvious on the face of it that both movements are in direct opposition to the genius of the English race. They involve the denial and the yielding up of much for which our fathers struggled long and manfully. The principles on which they depend are apparently retrograde and contrary to the most vigorous liberalism. Finally, their acceptance would remove two most prominent occasions of boasting over that in which it is our dearest delight to declare ourselves unlike our neighbors.

Protection, probably, is viewed with less excitable alarm for the two very obvious reasons that it has no direct concern with personal liberty, and that it may be introduced gradually, under various guises, without being ever formally admitted to a place on a party programme. We are not even now, absolutely and without reserve, free-trad-

ers; we may become a good deal less so without being quite aware of it. The question, however, remains, for those most resolutely opposed to the creation of tariffs, whether it were not better to force the hands of the Protectionists by fighting out every encroachment, the most insignificant, on general principles, and so bringing the whole matter persistently forward to be settled on a firm basis for a reasonably lengthy period. The need of revision in our former decision for free trade, the mere questioning of which a few years ago would have excited universal indignation, has arisen from the enormous development of commercial enterprise, from the close rivalry of foreign nations which we can no longer afford to neglect, and — in particular — from the special claims of our Colonies, where the doctrine of free trade has never been exactly popular. It is an error to suppose that they are either unanimous or unqualified in desiring from us a direct reversal of policy; but they certainly present a majority in favor of some such changes, and from the fullest consideration of their real interests can we alone derive stability and honor in the future. It is essentially an age of commerce, and those most anxious for the moral well-being of nations will effect nothing without a frank acknowledgment of present conditions. Those on whom the very existence of our markets now depends are apparently inclined to the opinion that some measure of protection is necessary to our prosperity. Let them openly declare their conclusions and the considerations on which they are based. Thus shall the honest Liberal know if they may be accounted friends or foes; so shall he determine with what enthusiasm he may support or with what resolution he may oppose. Commercialism demands attention. The only possibility of limiting its encroachments will be to recognize, and in some sort administer to its permanent interests.

The dangers of conscription, fairly faced, are far more obvious. There cannot possibly be two opinions on the matter. It *may* be a stern necessity; it *must* be a grave evil. Recent events have most reasonably shaken our complacency in England's military resources and in her efficiency. They should also have no less effectually awakened our conscience to the unspeakable horrors of war and the countless occasions for distrust of the conditions imposed by military life. It is, of course, an open question how far such evils might be either increased or diminished by any system of conscription, conditional or absolute; and they cannot be allowed to obscure the imperative urgency of reform. On the other hand it would be even more disastrous if, in a zealous crusade against inefficiency, we should overlook the incalculable value of voluntary service, wherein lies the very essence of our best traditions, the proudest moments of our history. The spirit of militarism rampant is probably the most dangerous force of modern times. Let us beware at all costs of admitting its influence. Here again it is of the first importance that the possibility should be faced. It will be a long time, one may safely predict, before any party, the most desperate, would openly adopt conscription into its programme; but the principle, however skillfully disguised, has already become the subject of an active propaganda, and is apparently in high favor among those directly responsible for military affairs. It would be a serious matter thus to strike at the very roots of individual liberty; to create in our midst a new caste, which by the example of other countries has shown itself capable of becoming more autocratic and more retrograde than even the aristocracies of yesterday or the plutocracies of to-day.

Another lesson, perhaps, may be read from the calamities of recent years; a different solution may be offered for difficulties no longer to be denied. It is worthy at least of consideration

whether we may not secure the ends desired rather by diminishing than by increasing the numerical strength of our forces: whether the profession of arms cannot be raised by demanding higher excellence and offering more substantial rewards. Were the volunteer movement at the same time encouraged and recognized in a really generous and serious spirit, were the Militia Act judiciously extended, we could secure "such a force as the Empire never yet had at its command." We may reckon finally on coöperation of conspicuous gallantry from every one of our growing colonies, and it seems that an answer may yet be found to the most persuasive upholder of conscription.

The political executive, meanwhile, in addition to South African problems, has been concerned with the scarcely less important subject of national education. While this important institution, on the one hand, has not proved itself quite so unmixed a blessing as was once anticipated, in the enthusiasm of its original promoters it has become, on the other, almost unrivaled as a field of operation for the bickering of sects and the confusion of party politics. Conditions have now arisen, foreseen many years ago by a few clear-sighted Liberals, which are daily increasing the influence of ecclesiastics, encouraging denominational schools, and hampering at every turn the freedom of honest non-conformity. Once more the government, professing to recognize and encourage the principle that education provided from the public purse must be secular, are doing their best to contravene it by the careful provision of loopholes through which the clergy have never been at a loss to insert their dogmatic influence. Without yielding for a moment to personal animus — always most difficult to avoid in argument — one is honestly driven by a sense of fairness to the use of such harsh phraseology; for our state church has never been content to teach religion or stimulate morality without insisting on her own doxologies. No one, of course, has any intention of shutting out the children from religious instruction. The ground of complaint is simply that state education is now compulsory, which faith can never be; and that it is largely paid for by persons who are not churchmen, among whom the most sincerely pious find many of her doctrines positively distasteful. It cannot be denied that clergymen will seldom, if ever, be found, who would hesitate in the endeavor to enlist for their own communion the children of parents belonging to other denominations.

And the evil does not end here. A state church is so inevitably in a position to exert pressure on governments, its officers are so naturally predominant in local councils, that it has actually been able, in pursuance of its own fancied interests, to cripple at every point the efficiency of that secular education, so essential to the future of the country, which it is the proper function of state schools to provide. The comparative indifference of church nominees to their profession has been testified again and again; the inferiority of so-called voluntary schools is equally well established; and it is a curious instance of the blindness attendant upon controversies that no one pauses to reflect on the obvious consequences of such a policy to the church herself. She is gathering to her fold all those who are most inadequately equipped for the battle of life; she is making sure that her own sons and daughters shall be handicapped at every turn. She is so eager to retain the power of interference with other men's business as to forget her own. Surely good citizens will make the best churchmen, and it is — in the main — by a sound secular education that good citizens are produced. We are not concerned here with the particular devices by which complacent Toryism is just now seeking to bolster up an old abuse; and we are convinced that revisions of

codes the most elaborate and developments of machinery the most extensive can make little headway against so penetrating and so subtle a retrograde influence.

The religious, or more exactly the church, question must be permanently settled. It lurks behind every so-called reform, it poisons every election, it hinders daily work. Yet no real difficulty stands in the way of its settlement. A solution, already frequently brought forward, could be introduced without adding one item of responsibility to those now accepted by legislators or teachers, without demanding another farthing from the pockets of an overburdened taxpayer. The church could lose absolutely nothing by its adoption. The one and only end to be achieved is the setting free of the state paid teacher from all responsibility for religious instruction. Government may then provide a time and place for such classes, which should be held in regular school hours, but excluded from the regular school curriculum. They should be given to church children by the clergyman himself or his direct representative, *who must have no other connection with the school;* while for the children of dissenters their own bodies should send the minister or other representative, to whom the same restrictions would of course apply. Conduct in these classes and marks obtained therein should in no way influence the children's school career; they should be rigidly excluded from any report on which government grants depend, and should not be subject to the incursions of any government inspector. It is transparently obvious that the change would benefit religious, as much as secular instruction. Nothing less final or drastic would offer any check to the present confusion, or put an end to the discreditable wranglings among the preachers of peace. The different religious bodies would then gain adherents among the children, as now among adults, by their own energy; and every success would be an honest and notable achievement.

No feeling but that of relief can be experienced in turning from the contemplation of a somewhat unseemly episode in church history to the study of an important work recently issued by a prominent "man of God" on the Philosophy of the Christian Religion. By so naming his remarkably thoughtful and illuminating dissertation, Principal Fairbairn (of Mansfield College, Oxford) steps at once into the arena of modern polemics, with the resolute determination of maintaining that the faith we most of us still profess has no occasion to turn its face from the most searching investigation of the learned or from the most complicated requirements of civilized life to-day. He is concerned to "discuss the question as to the person of Christ, what He was, and how He ought to be conceived, not simply as a chapter in Biblical or in systematic theology, but as a problem directly raised by the place He holds and the functions He has fulfilled, in the life of man, collective and individual." He sets out to prove that "the conception of Christ stands related to history as the idea of God stands related to nature, that is, each in its own sphere the factor of order and the constitutive condition of a rational system."

Dr. Fairbairn divides his argument into two main portions; considering first the sphere and material in which Christ had to work, and secondly the personality by which he was enabled to achieve. It is established as a preliminary that the supernatural is not antagonistic, but rather essential, to the natural; and the position is supplemented by an inquiry into the problem of evil and a summary of man's inner history. The ground cleared by so lucid an exposition of environment, our latest apologist proceeds naturally to a reverent study of the Person, inspired by the unhesitating conclusion that "the teaching of Jesus can never *by itself* explain

the power of Christ, the reign, the diffusion, the continuance, and the achievements of the Christian religion."

No one can afford to overlook so thoughtful a plea; no one can miss its "sweet reasonableness."

Philosophy, of any ultimate significance, is based on history; and in this connection we may note the issue of several important historical works too weighty for detailed appraisement in a few paragraphs. The vast scheme of the Cambridge Histories, courageously planned by the late Lord Acton, is progressing with a regularity and thoroughness from which one may hopefully augur that it will not fall far short of its magnificent inception. From Oxford, meantime, we have Mr. Armstrong's comprehensive and discriminating The Emperor Charles V., originally intended for the series of Foreign Statesmen, but found too bulky for the purpose. As the author most justly remarks, if Charles "had been a greater man, it would have been easier to write a smaller book," while, on the other hand, the gigantic issues "it was his recognized duty not to evade but to control" imperatively demand discussions in detail. "The real interest of his life," in fact, "consists in a peculiar combination of character and circumstances," and, in view of her early preeminence as a colonial power, the history of Spain must always appeal to English readers.

To "the almost superhuman wickedness" of John Lackland, Miss Kate Norgate has devoted one closely written volume, in which an adventurous record is narrated with a satisfying and well-merited amplification. John lived in a day when kings made history and made it picturesquely. However little heroic, their stories are always therefore absorbing and instructive.

In both the cases aforementioned history has been fitly written as biography; and there are numerous instances where biography no less undeniably becomes history. Such assuredly may be claimed for Mr. John Morley's memorable series the English Men of Letters, and, in particular, for the striking group of volumes now before us. Carlyle having been already included, how few influences in thought and action, characteristic of the century from which we have just emerged (surnamed the "Victorian era"), can remain unrecorded in the pages of John Ruskin by Frederic Harrison, Matthew Arnold by Herbert Paul, George Eliot by Leslie Stephen, Alfred Tennyson by Sir Alfred Lyall, and Robert Browning by G. K. Chesterton. Did not our fathers learn from Ruskin to see, from Arnold to think, from George Eliot to feel? Have not Tennyson and Browning uttered their visions, their deductions, and their emotions in imperishable verse? Add only Herbert Spencer, and the message of a generation is writ clear. It is a message to which we may not wisely turn a deaf ear. Verily there were giants in those days, and we are giants' children. We have entered upon an heritage of strenuous, clean thought, boundless ideals, and iron resolution. The men of yesterday were as fearless as ever we can be in asking questions; and it seems to me they were more passionately zealous to obtain an answer, better fighters in the service of truth. Because they opened the door, we must not lose the way.

Of absolute creations immediately contemporaneous there is meantime but little to note. The year has borne no new poet, playwright, or novelist, and those already illustrious have been for the most part unproductive; though Mr. George Meredith has broken a long silence in a few pages of brilliant character analysis for a new edition I have issued myself of Lady Duff Gordon's Letters from Egypt. We have had, as usual, a new novel from Mr. Henry James, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Robert Hichens, Mr. Merriman, Mr. Stanley Weyman, and John Oliver Hobbes. Mr.

Henry Harland's My Lady Paramount is not unworthy of The Cardinal's Snuff Box, and Mr. C. F. Keary, in his High Policy, has once more proved himself a workman of most remarkable and interesting efficiency.

To the same author belongs the distinction of having published an almost solitary contribution to serious poetry. His elusively fascinating The Brothers, A Masque, can only be coupled with the sombre and dignified The Princess of Hanover, also in dramatic form, by Mrs. Margaret L. Woods. Mr. Keary and Mrs. Woods are neither of them "professionally" writers of verse; but they are nobly akin, as serious students of that high art and practiced adepts in its mysteries.

There is, finally, a common and otherwise unique interest attaching to three recent publications of widely differing scope and intention. In The Little White Bird, Mr. J. M. Barrie appears to have set himself, quite unconsciously one would suppose, to give us an historico-geography lesson on the Elfland to which most of his fancy's children in reality belong. There is not, I think, another writer of to-day who understands so well the first imperative demand which our little ones will make upon those who would "tell me a story," — that he should be literal, copious, and quite credible in every detail. The true child is never impatient and always serious. He cares scarcely at all about where he is going but infinitely much about what he is passing. And you will never please him unless you are thoroughly and unaffectedly happy about your task, unless you can utterly banish every consideration of the consequences. Mr. Barrie possesses the secret; it has made him at once a stumbling-block to the critical and an unfailing delight "to the general." His latest story contains an analysis of elf-nature which veils and betrays the self-apologist: "One of the great differences between the fairies and us is that they never do anything useful. They looked tremendously busy, you know, as if they had not a moment to spare, but if you were to ask them what they were doing they could not tell you in the least." Watch the fairies closely and you may one day understand Mr. Barrie.

Mr. Kipling's Just So Stories again were conceived in Wonderland, the Wonderland of the world's youth. But as Mr. G. K. Chesterton has acutely remarked: "They are not fairy tales: they are legends. A fairy tale is a tale told in a morbid age to the only remaining sane person, a child. A legend is a fairy tale told to men when men were sane." It is written on their very title-page, that these stories are "for little children," but they are crowded with strange words and images only calculated to perplex the child. The fact does not, of course, diminish by one jot or tittle the magnitude of the author's achievement. He has written new fables. Here, even more convincingly than in the immortal Jungle Books, he has proved to an unbelieving generation that it is still possible to "see animals as primeval men saw them, not as types and numbers in an elaborate biological scheme of knowledge, but as walking portents, things marked by extravagant and peculiar features. An elephant is a monstrosity with his tail between his eyes; a rhinoceros is a monstrosity with his horn balanced on his nose; a camel, a zebra, a tortoise are fragments of a fantastic dream, to see which is not seeing a scientific species, but like seeing a man with three legs, or a bird with three wings, or men as trees walking." Mr. Kipling again is very fortunate in being his own artist. The numerous illustrations to his fascinating tales were surely first scratched on mighty stones in a vast desert. Here even the most modern of blinding spectacles may see "how the whale got his throat," "the camel his hump," and the "leopard his spots." Even the most tiresomely pedantic of microscopes can-

not overlook "the crab that played with the sea," or "the butterfly that stamped."

Though assuredly the making of new legends evinces a finer spirit of worship than the revival of old, the mead of hearty welcome may not be rightly withheld from those engaged upon the latter quest. Lady Gregory, indeed, has merited the undying gratitude of her countrymen and charmed the world by having once for all "arranged and put into English the story of the men of the Red Branch of Ulster," entitled Cuchulain of Muirthemne. William Morris, as Mr. W. B. Yeats here tells us in an appreciative preface, once remarked that "the Norseman had the dramatic temper and the Irishman had the lyrical. The Norseman was interested in the way things are done, but the Irishman turned aside, evidently well pleased to be out of so dull a business, to describe beautiful supernatural events." There can be no question, indeed, that the Irish bards in telling a story were an unconscionable time about it. That is why we love them so well. "One knows one will be long forgetting Cuchulain, whose life is vehement and full of pleasure, as though he always remembered that it was to be soon over; or the dreamy Fergus, who betrays the sons of Usnach for a feast without ceasing to be noble; or Conall, who is fierce and friendly and trustworthy." Let us sing with them forever of "angry, amorous Malve, with her long, pale face; of Findabar her daughter, who dies of shame and pity; of Deirdre, who might be some mild modern housewife but for her power of prophetic vision;" and of proud Emer, wife to Cuchulain, "the woman whom sorrow has set with Helen and Iseult and Brunhilda, to share their immortality in the rosary of the poets."

In presenting this great cycle of bygone days to her own generation Lady Gregory has worked on a method at once the most reverent and the most judicious, the most faithful and the most courageous. On the one hand she has never hesitated to select, to omit, and to arrange; while on the other, she has always resisted the temptation of plucking away details or smoothing out characteristics to become modernly readable. She would recall for us the "time when people were in love with a story, and gave themselves up to imagination as if to a lover," and, of course, she is right. To this end, finally, she has discovered a beautiful and living speech, which, with the warrant of a fine old age echoing the lilt of ancient music, is yet a true English dialect entirely free from discordant archaisms. Her words are of to-day only, but so cunningly arrayed in well-ordered sentences that we seem listening to the very voice of Nature hymning Humanity: —

"If we of Ireland will but tell these stories to our children, the land will begin again to be a Holy Land, as it was before men gave their hearts to Greece, and Rome, and Judæa."

R. Brimley Johnson.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

TWO SORTS OF FICTION.

In turning over a number of volumes of short stories which have been published recently, I have found myself a little put to it to account for my conviction that they are better than most books of the kind. Critics are pretty well agreed just now that short story writing is a distinct mode of the art of fiction; but they appear to be concerning themselves more with the analysis of methods than with the determination of standards. By what canons are we to judge the product of this form of art?

I.

One of the facts now commonly admitted is that the short story writer is exempt from many of the requirements laid upon the novelist. A scene, an episode, a rapid series of events, we are told, is all that he can be expected to deal with; and conciseness and saliency are the only qualities we can require in his product. But how is this saliency to be measured? How are we going to distinguish between the taking story and the story of permanent power? In accordance with what principle is the blessed remnant to be chosen by time from among the ten thousand short stories now printed every year? Or will they be chosen for different reasons, and not in accordance with any single principle whatever? They will of course possess style; but as I understand style to be nothing more than personality grown perfectly articulate, and a quality possessed by every true work of art, I see no reason for emphasizing its importance to the art of story-telling. The main question would be answered, but in such a way as to leave it still practically open. For the question that we are really asking is, How does the best style in short story writing differ from the best style in long story writing? That it does differ is apparently indicated by the greater difficulty we experience in determining the relative value of short stories. As applied to the novel, we do not find it hard to solve the problem after a fashion. We say that the novel will live or not according to the richness or poverty of its interpretation of human life. A man must have a big view and a round and hearty voice, or he will not be a great novelist; this is our theory. It provides us with an admirable means of judging the massive, epical type of novel.

But here we must begin to qualify. A story is not necessarily massive because it is long, or insubstantial because it is short. And from this consideration we may be led to speculate whether much of the confusion which attends our appraisal of the short story does not result from an attempt to make an arbitrary distinction upon mechanical grounds. We are not able to classify canvases according to their size, or poems according to their length. Why should we apply the foot-rule to works of fiction? No doubt a composition in the grand style is more likely to be effective if the scale is not restricted. Yet small things are not always trivial. Not every short story is confined to the scene or the episode; and very many long stories achieve intricacy but not mass. More than one of Mr. Kipling's tales is a condensed novel, and more than one of Mr. James's novels is an expanded episode. What, then, is the conclusion of the matter? Something like this, it seems to me: that the quality of the tale, so far as it is differentiated from the novel, is lyrical rather than epical; the more or less emotional interpretation of some phase of human

experience, in contrast with the interpretation of that experience in the large, as discerned by the creative spirit in its loftier and serener mood.

Whatever this speculation may be worth, it has at least served to clear the mind of the present observer, and possibly to afford some sort of reasonable basis for assessing the value of new collections of short stories.

II.

Keeping this suggested distinction in mind, and using for convenience the words tale and novel to express what I am somewhat venturesomely calling the lyrical and epical orders of fiction, I find that out of the eight volumes of short stories which have seemed to possess merit of an unusual kind, four contain tales, three contain stories of the novel type, and one contains examples of both types.

No more delightful book of yarns has appeared of late years than Mr. Connolly's Out of Gloucester.[1] They are ripping good stories; perhaps the critical vocabulary may contain some term more decorous and as just, but I do not recall it. What boats, what mariners, and what seamanship! How one's blood hums on board the gallant Lucy Foster, and curdles as one plunges westward with Skipper Tommie Ohlsen! We may dare quote only from that milder experience on the Henry C. Parker, racing home from the Banks: —

"'You must have come then, Johnnie?'

"'Come? Man, she was an ocean liner hooked up. You must know, when the Parker came a hundred and twenty miles or so in nine hours, how we came. Come? She fairly leaped with every for'ard jump. On my soul, I thought she 'd pull the spars out of herself. She was boiling along, fair boiling, man. She 'd stand up on her rudder and throw her breast at the clouds, then she 'd bury her knight-heads under. But she did n't carry all her sail long. That fancy six-hundred-yard balloon, the sentimental summer-gauze balloon, as the fleet called it, did n't stay on a great while. W-ur-r-up! and 't was up in the sky. But she went along. "Can you sail, you little divil, can you sail?" the Irishman kept sayin'. "We 'll show them, we 'll show them. Go it, my Lucy, go it." Man, but we came along. She fair screeched, did the Lucy, that night.'"

What lover of a snug sheet and half a gale can withstand such a strain as this? Mr. Connolly shows elsewhere that he is familiar with other types beside the hard-driving Gloucester skipper, and with other struggles beside the struggle with the sea. A Fisherman of Costla is more than a yarn, as its hero is more than a daring seaman: a tender-hearted, unselfish Irish optimist; as fine an ideal portrait as one could wish to look upon.

Just a year ago the opinion was hazarded in this department that Mr. Henry van Dyke's congenial theme lay in human nature rather than in human character. In his latest volume[2] of tales he has frankly assumed the rôle of lay preacher, and produced a series of graceful homilies in the garb of fiction. In The Ruling Passion the author attempted to illustrate some of the purely human motives which direct the currents of individual experience. His present collection of stories deals with aspiration rather than with motive. The introductory translation from Novalis suggests the general theme of the series of narratives, more or less obviously allegorical, which follow. Spy Rock is the most powerful of them, a story of a sombre fascination dimly suggestive of Hawthorne. Mr. Van Dyke is the most eloquent of living American writers. The sympathetic charm of his method and the singular

[1] *Out of Gloucester.* By James B. Connolly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

[2] *The Blue Flower.* By Henry van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

lucidity and melodiousness of his verbal style give promise of permanence for some, at least, of his work. "Now this bay was not brown and hard and dry, like the mountains above me, neither was it covered with tawny billows of sand like the desert along the edge of which I had wearily coasted. But the surface of it was smooth and green; and as the winds of twilight breathed across it they were followed by soft waves of verdure, with silvery turnings of the under sides of many leaves, like ripples on a quiet harbor." Passages like this might be chosen almost at random, and they need no commentary.

III.

Mr. London's book,[1] a group of interpretations of Indian life, is remarkable for its avoidance of conventional sentiment. It has, indeed, the grim, straightforward manner with which the Plain Tales from the Hills first acquainted us. Facts are set stark before us, and we are left to discover for ourselves whatever of humor or pathos may inhere in them. It will be mainly pathos, of course, with the old sad moral of hopeless incompatibility between healthy savagery and corrupt civilization. The tale among the present collection which most clearly enforces this moral is called The League of the Old Men. It is the story of the forlorn and ingenuous attempt of a few old braves to avenge the wrongs of their race at the hands of the white man; wrongs not political or military, but moral and social. At length only one is left; and at last comes to give himself up. "'I am very old and very tired,'" he says quietly at the end of a detailed confession in court, "'and it being vain fighting the law, as thou sayest, Howkan, I am come seeking the law.'"

"'O Imber, thou art indeed a fool,' said Howkan. But Imber was dreaming. The square-browed judge likewise dreamed, and all his race rose up before him . . . his steel-shod, mail-clad race, the lawgivers and world-makers among the families of men. He saw it dawn red-flickering across the dark forests and sullen seas; he saw it blaze, bloody and red, to full and triumphant noon; and down the shaded slope he saw the blood-red sands dropping into night. And through it all he observed the Law, pitiless and potent, ever unswerving and ever ordaining, greater than the motes of men who fulfilled it or were crushed by it, even as it was greater than he, his heart speaking for softness."

From Alaska to Egypt is less than a Sabbath day's journey to the modern reader; and a journey at the end of which he may expect to find himself very much at home. Sir Gilbert Parker is an old acquaintance; and more than that his tales of English colonial life impress one with an odd sense of familiarity. This feeling we presently trace to our long standing acquaintance with another interpreter of that life. Sir Gilbert, from whom we have hitherto expected the study of character under more or less romantic conditions, here raises the torch of imperialism.[2] His Dicky Donovan, small, imperturbable, indomitable, presents once more that figure of the West against which, the imperialist tells us, the cunning and the fatalism of the East are beginning to feel themselves to be pitted hopelessly. Donovan Pasha does not consider the white man's burden too heavy for his shoulders; in fact, he rather likes the feeling of it. Fate, it seems, provides a whimsical compensation for the burdened white man in giving him the odd faculty of enjoying routine duty and self-exile as a form of sport. This Dicky Donovan, with his sturdy confidence, his open love of the game and guarded contempt for the adversary, his indifference to domestic life, and his hunger for authority, is an interesting

[1] *The Children of the Frost.* By JACK LONDON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

[2] *Donovan Pasha.* By GILBERT PARKER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1902.

example of the type of patriot-adventurer by whom the debauched East is, we understand, gradually being jogged into virtue.

It almost seems that there is an imperialistic style in fiction; though perhaps we cannot fairly identify Mr. Kipling so closely with his subject. The passage just quoted from Mr. London has a distinct cast toward the imperialist doctrine; elsewhere we may have noticed merely that he writes something like the author of Kim. The terse vigor of phrase which characterizes Donovan Pasha hardly suggests the style of The Battle of the Strong. This fact, however, I should more seriously take to indicate that Sir Gilbert does really feel himself to be practicing another form of art when he abandons the novel for the tale.

One point of exception may be taken to his method in this instance. The Plain Tales from the Hills were written by an Anglo-Indian, and the native words slipped naturally into his narrative. They seemed to add a dot of color here and there, and were so evidently a part of the fabric as subtly to tickle the fancy of many readers who had only the ghost of a notion what the words meant. Here the situation is very different. Sir Gilbert is not an Anglo-Egyptian. Egypt has lain several times in his itinerary, and he has clearly made such study of the life as can be made with the aid of quick faculties and a ready notebook. But he is not to the lingo born, and the convenience of a glossary at the end of the volume does not quite atone for the frequency with which Egyptian words for which we have perfectly good English equivalents blot the page. We may be patient with foreign phrases if they are employed spontaneously, but their conscious introduction for the sake of ornament produces the impression of something very like jargon. It may interest the curious to know that a *mastaba* is a bench and a *waled* a boy, but the facts are hardly among those which we crave of the traveler who has seen something worth telling about. Introduced into a compact narrative they come perilously near being an intrusion, not to say an impertinence.

IV.

Mr. Quiller-Couch has called his new story-book The White Wolf and Other Fireside Tales.[1] I do not think all the stories come properly under that head: indeed, the best of them do not. Stevenson's friend and survivor may be expected to achieve remarkable success in the Stevensonian manner, as he does here in The Cellars of Rueda and Sintbad on Burrator. But his own best success lies in a different field. The brief sketches called England! and Two Boys, and the longer stories, Victor and The Man Who Could Have Told, are written out of a quiet, half-melancholy insight into human nature that suggests the saner work of Maupassant. The method springs as little from didacticism as from the mere zest in pleasing, which makes a momentary delight of such tales as King o' Prussia, or John and the Ghosts. What Mr. Quiller-Couch's style is in this mood may be suggested by the two or three concluding sentences of The Man Who Could Have Told. The man, a good man from his own and the world's point of view, has passed through the fires of a strange experience, which has revealed him for the first time to himself. "His walk took him past dewy hedgerows over which the larks sang. But he neither saw nor heard. A deep peace had fallen upon him. He knew himself now; had touched the bottom of his cowardice, his falsity. He would never be happy again, but he could never deceive himself again; no, not though God interfered.

"He looked out on the sunshine with purged eyes. Now and then he listened,

[1] *The White Wolf and Other Fireside Tales.* By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

as if for some sound from the horizon or the great town behind him.

"*Had* God interfered? How still the world was!"

Mrs. Stuart's Napoleon Jackson[1] is only a short story, but the richness of its interpretation of a racial character seems to place it far beyond the mere tale. It is an amusing story, yet after one has read it in a laughing mood, he can afford to give it a sober re-reading. The negro has never been, like the noble red man, a heroic figure in literature; largely perhaps because he is humorous and affectionate as well as domesticable. Perhaps only the reader who has had the luck to know a Southern mammy will realize the absolute veracity of this portrait of the jocund Rose Ann and her devoted gentleman of the plush rocker. The mingled humility and dignity of that type, one of the best types of womanhood in this world, is perfectly embodied in Rose Ann, accused of being a beggar: —

"'Yas, sir,' Rose Ann went on, 'dat was my brother Esau, de thin little one, de runt. He allus was a puny chile, an' my mammy she fed 'im th'ough his teethin' wid cow's milk to accomodate Marse Mart yonder, stan'in' befo' we-all to-night in jedgment, lookin' so noble. Esau 's Marse Mart's coachman now, an' he 's eatin' his leavin's yit. But nobody could n't scold 'im away, an' I don' blame 'im. A gentleman's leavin's is better 'n a po' man's findin's.

"'An' den, to come along down, my daddy, eve'ybody knows how he was kilt follerin' Ole Marster into battle. . . . No, Marse Mart, I pray de time won't nuver come when my chillen 'll haf to walk into strange back yards wid dey han's out. But no matter how I enters Ole Mis's gate, *I hol's my head up.*'"

[1] *Napoleon Jackson.* By Ruth McEnery Stuart. New York: The Century Co. 1902.

[2] *On Fortune's Road.* By Will Payne. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1902.

v.

To a casual observer the manipulations of the financier, while they may contain a certain hard element of romance, would appear to offer little opportunity for an ideal art. The opportunity, however, has been sufficient for one of the truest artists now producing fiction in America. Mr. Payne[2] does not, like the late Mr. Norris, start from a thesis. He by no means ignores the sordid aspects of the life of the Stock Exchange. But, being an artist, he discerns other forces at work there beside greed and unscrupulousness: love of person, local pride, thirst for power, the longing to escape from mediocrity, if only from mediocrity in wealth, — motives by which, however moralists may judge them, the world does actually advance, and, in many ways, improve. Mr. Payne is one of the instances, less unusual now, of a journalist unspoiled for art by his trade. His style is compact, sinewy, and sure, without tricks, and without lapses. He does not excite himself about any bogy of wealth, or vision of reform; he is painting, not forces, but men and women as he sees them, with their imperfections and their glories. One notices particularly that there is a woman in each of the stories who not only counts for something, but counts for something good.

I have said that all of these volumes appear to me excellent. Mr. Stimson's little book[3] is perhaps the best of them. Each of the stories contains ample material for a novel, and in each of them the full art of the novelist is employed. If Mr. Stimson's theme is love, it is remarkable for being neither calf-love nor satyr-love, nor the love of well-mated domestic experience. The stories are in a sense complementary. The author rightly

[3] *Jethro Bacon and The Weaker Sex.* By F. J. Stimson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

calls them "two studies of the strength of New England character." Jethro Bacon finds his happiness in a love outside marriage, of which one cannot help feeling the sacredness; and Mrs. Wentworth finds hers in lavishing a perfect devotion upon a poor creature whom she has married for love, and whom she continues to love in spite of his unworthiness till the time comes for her to give her life for his. Jethro's marriage is outwardly a success, but really a bitter failure because it is sanctified by love on neither side. Mrs. Wentworth's marriage is apparently a pitiful mistake, yet the best of happiness for her because she loves, and is able to die for, a man who, to the best of his nature, loves her in return. These are sombre pictures, curiously offset against each other in setting as well as in theme: on the one hand, that barren and ugly dullness of life in a sand-blown Cape village, on the other, that equally barren and ugly excitement of life in a city slum.

Are not the ripest powers which can be employed in the art of fiction required for the successful treatment of such themes as this? It is remarkable that so rich an effect should be compassed by means of so few strokes; but there is no doubt that the thing is done. And the truth seems to me to be that breadth of view and method are by no means uncommon in writers of fiction who choose to employ the smaller scale. The only type of short story which differs in kind from the long story is the tale dealing with some motive so simple as to make brevity the price of saliency. The distinction, in short, to be of use must hang upon quality, not quantity. If such stories as The Man Who Could Have Told may be properly classed with The New Arabian Nights, while the Prisoner of Zenda is allowed a place beside Henry Esmond, I do not know how, unless by foot-rule, the critic can venture to gauge relative values in fiction.

H. W. Boynton.

Two New Editions of Poe.

It is an agreeable fancy to picture the ghosts of famous authors, in those happier seats where they are doubtless free to amuse themselves with their present reputation among mortals, as turning the leaves of modern editions of their books. How suave must be the smile with which Shakespeare examines the net result of the labors of his commentators! Omar Khayyám is very likely polishing a cynical quatrain at this moment, among some esoteric and delighted circle of the blest, over the latest Variorum edition of his Rubáiyát. But none of the ghosts, surely, snatch at new editions of their masterpieces with such passionate eagerness as Poe. In his lifetime he had not the pleasure, known nowadays to so many lesser authors, of beholding a uniform edition of his writings. More than half a century after his death, a single publishing season brings forth two notable editions, each of which might well fire the pride and please the eye of Poe's wandering wraith.

His pathetic love for the sumptuous would be flattered by the soft, light paper, ample page, and vellum-backed binding of the Arnheim [1] Edition. Apart from this outward elegance of form, the most salient characteristic of the edition is Mr. Frederick S. Coburn's illustrations. He has brought to the interpretation of Poe's work an uncommon insight into its peculiar nature, and the seventy-five photogravures do full justice to the delicate and harmonious, as well as to the ghastly and nocturnal side of Poe's genius. In the chatty and inconclusive introductory essay on Edgar Allan Poe, World-Author, Professor Richardson is not at his best, and his

[1] *The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe.* With a Critical Introduction by Charles F. Richardson. In ten volumes. Limited Edition. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1902.

chief editorial service has been in the chronological arrangement of the tales, poems, and critical writings.

The motto of the Virginia Edition[1] has been chosen from Poe's own words: "I am naturally anxious that what I have written should circulate as I wrote it, if it circulate at all." Its appearance marks an epoch in the history of Poe's text. While the Stedman-Woodberry volumes seemed, in 1894, to be as perfect an edition as could be produced in our generation, and while they have by no means been superseded, it is undeniable that the painstaking editors of the Virginia Edition have succeeded in establishing a more authentic text of Poe than has ever been printed, and that they have collected an unexpectedly great amount of wholly new material.

A brief summary of the contents of the seventeen volumes makes this evident. The first volume is devoted to a careful biography of Poe, prepared by the general editor, Professor James A. Harrison of the University of Virginia. Barring an occasional lapse into sentimentalism and pardonable sectional feeling, it is excellent. Then come five volumes of Tales, printed in chronological order, following the text which received the author's latest revision, and with notes — furnished by Dr. R. A. Stewart — giving every variant reading of previous editions. These volumes are prefaced, it should be added, by Mr. Mabie's skillful address on Poe's Place in American Literature, which has already appeared in the Atlantic. The seventh volume is devoted to the Poems, for which Professor C. W. Kent has provided a suggestive introduction and ample notes. Six volumes of Criticism follow. Their interest to the student of Poe may be indicated by the fact that more than half of this material has remained uncollected until now. Much of it, it is true, is mere fugitive criticism of authors who have long since been deservedly forgotten; and yet it should all find a place in such a definitive edition as this. The three volumes of Essays and Miscellanies are also new in part, and give many articles, for the first time, in the precise form in which Poe wrote them. The sixteenth volume contains a bibliography and general index, and the seventeenth, which completes the set, presents Poe's correspondence. Much of this is wholly new, the letters received by Poe as well as those which he wrote are printed in due order, and the entire correspondence possesses an exceptional interest.

It is not too much to say, therefore, that no student of American literature can afford to neglect the Virginia Edition of Poe. It is to be praised as well for its frank loyalty to his memory as for its exact presentation of the *ipsissima verba* of that solitary, embittered craftsman who wrote not a few pages incomparably well. *P.*

[1] *The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe.* Edited by JAMES A. HARRISON. In seventeen volumes. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1902.

The Last Years of Old France.

OF the making of books devoted wholly or in part to Marie Antoinette there is indeed no end; histories often extravagant in praise or blame, in some instances mere calumnies. But when in 1864 Alfred von Arneth, the Austrian Imperial Archivist, published the correspondence of Maria Theresa and her youngest daughter from the time the child-bride entered France till the mother's death ten years later, a work followed in 1874 by the letters of the Empress and her ambassador, Count Mercy-Argenteau, and supplemented by the still later issue of the correspondence of the Count and the Emperor Joseph, it was found that the series of volumes were authentic documents, unequaled in precision and truthfulness, regarding the French Monarchy in its last years. It is somewhat surprising that the general English-reading public has waited so long for the

story, in any complete form, of the youthful dauphiness and queen and her *entourage*, as given with extraordinary vividness in these letters. Fortunately the author of The Guardian of Marie Antoinette [1] has shown in some ways a special fitness for her task; she can realize the world of which she writes, and make it live for her readers. Graphic touches of characterization abound, sketches often so true even when slightest, that one regrets the more an occasional flippant sharpness of tone, as in dealing with the unfortunate daughters of Louis XV. Their position, that at the best would have been difficult enough in a society in which the natural destiny of a *demoiselle* leaving childhood was either marriage or a convent, was actually one to make all healthy development of any natural gift or grace well-nigh impossible. They were not old in these years, though they are here continually so stigmatized, as if it were one of their shortcomings; but the narrow groove in which they were compelled to move, the petty forms which had become the habitude of their lives, must have destroyed even the memory of any youthful audacity or aspiration. They could work endless mischief, but neither guide nor protect.

To these aunts, bred in the distrust of Austria traditional in their house, and to a husband more of a child than herself, the dullest, slowest, and most irresolute of boys, came as a seal of the alliance of her country and France the unformed and ill-taught, but bright, quick-witted, high-spirited, and proudly honest little archduchess. Maria Theresa was a wise and affectionate mother, but she was empress above all; her country, with its interests, was her first, her absorbing thought, and her children belonged to the state. Her daughter must never forget the alliance, and she must also learn to bear herself with discretion and dignity in the most immoral of courts. Then began the secret, but very real and potent guardianship of Count Mercy-Argenteau. Day by day, nay hour by hour, he watched over his charge with never tiring vigilance and affection. A consummate diplomatist, one of the keenest, shrewdest, and most adroit of men, knowing the world about him and the almost impossible path which must be trod by those careless young feet, he was quick to discern dangers and, if might be, to turn them aside, and to seize the right moment for advice and admonition, never resented, if often unheeded, by dauphiness or queen. That she heartily disliked flattery Mercy records, being well able to appraise its value, and he adds, "I doubt if there is any living person of her rank besides herself to whom one can always speak the truth without fear."

Miss Smythe has deftly woven extracts from Mercy's letters, and from those of the Empress and her daughter as well, with her own comments thereon, into a continuous narrative, thus giving a series of living pictures of those latter days in that crowded little world of Versailles. The lavish splendor (and appalling discomfort), the ceaseless intrigues, plots, and counter-plots, the grace, the charm, — what Talleyrand was sadly to remember as "the sweetness of life" forever passed away, — the unspeakable greed, baseness, treachery, all are faithfully depicted, with the ambassador's provoking, enchanting young princess ever the central figure. It is the seamy side of that brilliant tapestry we see oftenest, for Mercy noted with ever growing dread the evil and confusions of the time, and the Empress writes with sad prescience: "In the King, in his ministers, in all the kingdom itself, there is nothing that gives me hope." Her misgivings could have been in no wise allayed by the thoroughgoing investigations of the Emperor

[1] *The Guardian of Marie Antoinette:* Letters from the Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, Austrian Ambassador to the Court of Versailles, to Marie Thérèse, Empress of Austria, 1770–1780. By Lillian C. Smythe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1902.

Joseph when that monitory visitor appeared at Versailles, comprehending perfectly the impossible financial situation of France, and finding the well-meaning king equally apathetic in body and mind. The radiant queen came as a delightful surprise to the elder brother who remembered only a child, and though he lectured her, not without reason, in and out of season, he wrote with true insight: "She is a sweet-natured and straightforward woman, young and thoughtless, but with a basis of uprightness and honesty truly wonderful in her situation." The next year brought to her the gift of motherhood, the source of her greatest happiness, and, alas, in the end, her acutest agony. And in the very days, so soon to pass, when the world seemed to her blissfully transformed, the crafty, scheming Provence, always aided by the volatile but equally treacherous Artois, was in his angry disappointment stealthily setting afloat those unspeakable calumnies, which ever spreading outward and growing in vileness were to poison the mind of the whole nation. Miss Smythe rightly lays stress upon the fact, not always recognized, that Marie Antoinette's worst foes were of her own household, and among those responsible for her death, and for suffering worse than death, must be reckoned the brothers of the king, each of whom was to wear later the simulacrum of the crown they then coveted. Almost the last words written to Mercy by the Empress commended anew her daughter to his care; and he was faithful to the end, one of the small company — there were but four — in whom the queen could absolutely trust in the evil days.

A word as to the exceedingly interesting portraits (would that a larger proportion of them had been photogravures) that add very greatly to the value of the book, and are here reproduced for the first time from the originals at the Château d'Argenteau. Especially noteworthy are the charming, childlike face of the sixteen-year-old Dauphiness and the picture of Mercy-Argenteau, which could very truthfully be labeled the Portrait of a Gentleman. The refined, sensitive features, the glance at once observant and thoughtful, the somewhat anxious expression which may well have become habitual, all accord with the testimony of the letters. It must be said that the index appended to these handsome and otherwise well-made volumes is in its inadequacy a thing to wonder at.

A memoir of Madame Élisabeth[1] forms the natural close of the Versailles Historical Series, and Miss Wormeley has compiled her sketch from the only authoritative biographies. Truth to tell, the memoirs of this noble and heroic young woman are inspired by a courtier-like and religious devotion which hardly makes vital the human qualities of the princess and saint. But she has left a sufficiently clear presentment of her temper, mind, and heart in her letters, a considerable number of which are here given. Proud, resolute, vivacious, one to enjoy life in a healthy way and to help others to enjoy it, she was opposed with all her heart to any compromise with the Revolutionists. Yet she deliberately, after a manner, sanctioned such concessions by casting her lot with the king, and not escaping with her younger brothers, who, as may be seen from hints in the queen's correspondence, really influenced her opinions on public matters more than could the good, slow-witted Louis to whom she was so loyally devoted. One of Madame Élisabeth's letters not printed in this volume, relating to the decree of the Assembly giving political rights to certain Jews, shows that her feeling on that subject did not differ materially from that likely to be held by an equally devout Frenchwoman of to-day. But

[1] *The Life and Letters of Madame Élisabeth de France*, followed by the Journal of the Temple by Cléry, and the Narrative of Marie Thérèse de France, Duchesse d'Angoulême. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Boston: Hardy, Pratt, & Co. 1902.

if she had little tolerance, her piety was real, ardent, and, in the end, exalted, and it glorifies the cruel details of what may truly be termed her martyrdom. The tragic history of the aunt is fittingly supplemented by the narrative which the niece, the only survivor of the doomed family, wrote in the last days of her solitary confinement in the Temple. Its simplicity and self-restraint make doubly poignant its record of unexampled suffering. With the abiding memory of those six terrible years, "the most unhappy creature in all the world," as the child inscribed herself on the wall of her prison, lived till old age. Madame Élisabeth had the more fortunate fate. These painfully interesting memoirs can hardly be commended to those who like to view the Revolution with coldly philosophic eyes.

S. M. F.

Two English Men of Letters.[1]

Austin Dobson on Richardson is a collocation of subject and author to stir the most pleasurable anticipation in the breasts of all true readers. Nor is Mr. Dobson the man to defeat our expectation. There is, perhaps, no living man of letters more deeply learned than he in the literary antiquarianism of the eighteenth century, no more easy master of all the lore of anecdote, "epistolary correspondence," manners, and old houses that is the indispensable qualification of one who would write humanely of the men of that most "humane" era. Moreover, Mr. Dobson is fortunately endowed with the ripe curiosity and humorsome stamina which are especially needful to a critic of the author of the divine Clarissa. He has indeed produced in this brief life of Richardson one of the most thoroughly satisfactory books in an admirable series, and has not fallen short of the measure of his own earlier life of Fielding.

Apart from his minutely intimate acquaintance with Richardson's temporal environment Mr. Dobson's contribution to our knowledge of that author consists of transcriptions and deductions from the six vast folio volumes of the Richardson manuscript correspondence, "of which," as he says, "the aspect alone is sufficient to appall the stoutest explorer." The tendency of all this new material is to reënforce one's former notion of Richardson's queer, significant femininism. From the tender age of eleven, when he wrote an edifying letter of moral reproof to a back-biting widow, we see him living almost uninterruptedly in a palpitant atmosphere of feminine adulation, and more closely and exclusively preoccupied with things feminine than any other English writer of either sex, — with the possible exception of Coventry Patmore. Mr. Dobson suggests very aptly the part played by Richardson's varied friendships with women, together with his multifarious activity as a practical matchmaker, in shaping his literary bent to the realistic analysis of woman's affections. He also points out discreetly how it was only in the atmosphere of such affections, in the fostering society of many admiring women, that Richardson's so wavering and hesitating talent was warmed into genius.

Toward the creative genius of Richardson at his best Mr. Dobson is extremely sympathetic. He has his mocking way with Pamela and her opportunism; but he is disposed to see in Sir Charles Grandison more of nobility than of priggishness; while of the fine, tragic distinction of the character of Clarissa, "inviolate in her will" through ruin and shame, no one has written better.

The noisily heralded Richardson Revival seems still backward, yet Mr. Dobson's excellent little book will be gratefully welcomed by many readers who honestly care for the Father of the English Novel, and if it make here and there a new Richardsonian it will have served

[1] *Samuel Richardson.* By Austin Dobson. *Tennyson.* By Sir Alfred Lyall. [English Men of Letters.] New York: The Macmillan Company. 1902.

no idle purpose. The old fellow is quite surely "as tedious as a king," yet when once he has his reader engaged there is an insistence in his nerveless manner that carries conviction. Scarcely knowing how it comes to pass, one who tarries patiently with Richardson's masterpiece finds himself moved as only great art can move. Such an one will rise from the triumphant perusal of the seventh volume of Clarissa Harlowe

"Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined."

Sir Alfred Lyall's Tennyson, unlike Mr. Dobson's Richardson, is less a life than a critique. Lord Tennyson's vivid documentary life of his poet-father must have made the purely biographical side of Sir Alfred's task a matter of comparative ease: for that very reason, perhaps, his narrative is less adequate than his comment. Yet the chronicle of events is accurate and clear, and if we miss something of the smoky, human savor of the poet's personality, there is no uncertainty of line in the portrait so far as it goes. To all the characteristic Tennysonian graces Sir Alfred has been singularly sensitive. He responds as readily to an "anapæstic ripple" or to the "glory" of a word as Tennyson's self could have wished; and on all those high formal matters, of such vital importance in dealing with the writing of our English Lord of Language, his remarks are in very judicious taste. But the best that he has to say of Tennyson goes deeper, — into the spirit of that musical and melancholy poetry of but half-silenced doubt, which is likely more and more to stand as the most representative product of the Victorian Age. His suggestion that despite its vibrant aspiration the reiterant credo of In Memoriam is more conducive to disquiet than to reassurance is a matter for temperamental decision. But there is much that is soundly convincing in what he has to say of Tennyson's most pervasive mood, — an anxious wistfulness about the "doubtful doom of human kind" in an age of evolutionary science. With all Tennyson's enlightened conservatism of temper, his ardent nobility of nature, there was in him the taint of that philosophic malady which unmans the soul, even while it gives to poetry its most searching and poignant cadences. One can hardly wish the finest and truest of English poets other than he was, yet in remembering the anxiety and depression which saddened the bulk of Tennyson's later work it is well for us to turn with Sir Alfred Lyall to the school of Jowett, and not forget "that loftier conception of service in the cause of truth and humanity, which can inspire men to go forward undauntedly, whatever may be their destiny beyond the grave." *F. G.*

[1] *History of the Expedition of Captains Lewis and Clark, 1804–5–6.* Reprinted from the Edition of 1814, with Introduction and Index by James K. Hosmer. In two volumes. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1902.

The Expedition of Lewis and Clark.

Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company have performed a public service in their dignified and attractive reprint of a book [1] that has long been known to a few as a sort of American prose Homer. Its opening sentences announce the theme, in words that cannot be bettered: "On the acquisition of Louisiana, in the year 1803, the attention of the government of the United States was early directed toward exploring and improving the new territory. Accordingly, in the summer of the same year, an expedition was planned by the President for the purpose of discovering the courses and sources of the Missouri, and the most convenient water communication thence to the Pacific Ocean. His private secretary, Captain Meriwether Lewis, and Captain William Clark, both officers of the army of the United States, were associated in the command of this enterprise. After

receiving the requisite instructions, Captain Lewis left the seat of government, and being joined by Captain Clark at Louisville, in Kentucky, proceeded to St. Louis, where they arrived in the month of December."

Thus begins the story of the stout-hearted, iron-bodied captains. Day by day one can follow them and their company of frontiersmen as they row and sail up the long reaches of the Missouri in the summer of 1804; as they winter with the Mandan Indians; and as they cross the Rockies, first of white men, in that marvelous second summer, and follow the Columbia River to its mouth. One lives with them in that wet winter weather by the sea, and through the terrible months of starvation and peril in the third summer, when they recross the mountains, and drift downstream to St. Louis, where they landed in September, 1806. What men they were! Tireless, cool, merry; dancing at night to the music of a Virginia violin amid the grim fastnesses of mountain and wilderness; mighty axemen, hunters, horse-tamers, they did what no Americans can ever have the luck to do again.

The present volumes are an accurate reprint of the original Biddle text of 1814, now very rare. Dr. James K. Hosmer, who writes with authority concerning all matters dealing with the Louisiana Purchase, contributes an adequate Introduction. Thomas Jefferson's sketch of the Life of Meriwether Lewis, written for the 1814 edition, is retained. Facsimiles of the original maps are presented. It would have been well, perhaps, to include a present day map, showing the development of the territory over which the explorers passed. But this lack can easily be supplied, and it is at most a trivial defect in an admirable piece of book-making. *P.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A Lost Half Hour.

It promised fair when I started down town, and to have carried an umbrella would have been to impeach the sun's veracity. But in a short hour a storm gathered from Heaven knows where — February has them always up his sleeve. And presently, without warning, one of the worst showers of the season was scattering folk in every direction to the nearest shelter that offered, amid the thud of feet and pant of bodies unused to haste.

Into the doorway which I happened to be passing at the time I pelted with several others who had converged to the same coign of vantage from the storm. For a few moments each one was busy emptying hat-brims and shaking out the dampness from folds or furbelows. But when these first readjustments were made we had leisure to look about, to see where we were and who we were.

It was the traditional auctioneer's storage room into which we had strayed, — the respectable, dignified, antique kind, whose evanescent collections always wear the self-conscious air of having an educational mission: of existing, in fact, solely to be looked at for a suitable period before removal to a new sphere of usefulness.

The room was crowded with antique furniture, china, books, pictures, chests, and boxes of ambiguous import. Spider-legged tables sprawled aggressively, occupying all the space possible; gloomy secretaries drew themselves back against the walls and viewed life seriously; frivolous gilt *bijouteries* from the white and gold period of Louis Quatorze stood a-tip-

toe here and there. In one corner posed a graceful harp, in another a quaint spinet; between them huddled, half ashamed, an awkward piano of that woeful age when the newly fashionable instruments seemed like overgrown boys, — all legs and dubious voice.

The persons who had here sought shelter from the storm waited about in various attitudes of listlessness or impatience. The Lawyer, the Journalist, the Business Man frowned and tapped the floor with their toes. The Dressmaker's Apprentice seated herself on her big box and stared vacantly. The pretty Actress and the Judge strolled aimlessly, looking at the solemn pictures of somebody's forgotten ancestors, handling the china, questioning the tall clocks, whose barefaced mendacity in regard to the hour went unchallenged. The Musician with his violin under his arm seemed lost in thought. The Politician stared out at the pelting rain, which still kept the street dark and deserted, and swore softly and continuously under his breath. The Messenger Boy, bulging with the package he had been sent to deliver, whistled to himself with the nonchalance of his tribe.

They were an oddly assorted collection which the storm had brought into apparently unreconcilable proximity, and they noted one another no more than did the wooden antiques about them, or the wooden Proprietor who stood with folded arms at the back of his premises, lost in gloom.

Suddenly, out of the dreariness came sounds. It was the cracked voice of the piano timidly asserting itself in an ancient ditty. Every one turned from his contemplation of dampness or antiquity and stared into the dim corner.

An old colored man, hitherto unnoticed, had drawn a rickety chair before the piano, and was absently running his stiff fingers over the keys.

"I wish I was in Dixie!" One became aware that the old fellow was humming below his breath, and the voice was a pleasant one, with something pathetic in its cadences. There was, moreover, a world of suggestion in his loving touch upon the yellowed keys. He seemed absorbed in making the most of an unwonted opportunity.

The wooden Proprietor stared at him, but made no movement to interfere. The Musician ceased fidgeting with his mustache and drew nearer, interested. The others turned their backs on the present and listened.

The old negro noticed nothing His kinky wool was very white, and his face scored with deep furrows. Beside the chair lay a rusty black bag and a walking stick. He was a peddler of small wares, perhaps. After Dixie he ran through a number of old war songs and lays of the sunny South, and the effect was in quaint contrast with the time and the hour, — with February rain in Boston of the new century.

The listeners drew nearer, and the Musician leaned eagerly upon the piano. Suddenly the player looked up and became conscious of his audience. His dusky face changed, and he would have risen to slink away, but the little German pressed his shoulder encouragingly.

"No, no, my friend, go on. It is fine!" he cried. The Judge, from the other end of the piano, nodded in the way familiar to so many in the courtroom, and spoke judicially. "It is good to hear you," he said. "Will you not give us Swanee River? I am fond of that melody."

The old darky hesitated, then broke into a nervous laugh. "Wall, I reckon I can, Massa," he said deprecatingly, "if you ladies 'n' gemmen all jine in de chorus. Dat 's way we uster do down Massa's, w'en I play fo' 'em befo' de wah."

Presently the piano was trembling to the familiar, never outworn air, accompanying the frail old voice. One by one the fellow refugees had drawn into

the little group about him, and when the chorus came we all joined in the simple words, and, inspired by the old man's earnestness, sang with a fervor which must have surprised the reserved New England heirlooms about us. I saw the Lawyer beating time with his green bag, and the Politician contorted with a spasm of bass. The Messenger Boy and the Dressmaker's Apprentice let out the full strength of their vigorous young lungs, longing for exercise, and even the lips of the solemn Proprietor moved spasmodically. I thought I saw a tear in the Judge's eye — but that must have been imagination, or perhaps my own did not see too clearly. And the Musician — who plays in the front rank of one of the finest orchestras of the world — was in a glow. We drew closer together around the old darky's chair, and sang the second verse, kindling to its pathos. A heterogeneous chorus we were, — folk of all sorts and conditions drifted together from the city's chaos. And the leader of us, he who had made our proximity a veritable nearness of spirit, had been a slave.

But abruptly our musical communion was ended. The Messenger Boy came to himself. "Gee!" he cried, "the sun 's out; 't ain't rainin'. How long since, I wonder?" And with a whistle he bolted out to deliver his overdue package.

Then we pulled ourselves together and looked about. We had forgotten time! Sure enough, the old shop was flooded with golden light, the street was full of passers eager to make up for the lost half hour. A lost half hour! The Business Man looked blank and fled. The Dressmaker's Apprentice skurried guiltily away with her box. The Lawyer looked at his watch, frowned, and hastened to his appointment; the pretty Actress disposed her ruffles discreetly and stepped into the glistening street, late, I fear, for her rehearsal; the Journalist buttoned his coat and put on again the glare of preoccupation; the Politician bustled away with an oath condemning time; the Judge wiped his spectacles, and departed with a vague remark about a rainbow.

The Musician took his violin and started abruptly for the door. But in a moment he came back to the old darky, who had risen in a bewildered way, and was groping for scrip and staff, preparing to renew his pilgrimage. The little German seized his wrinkled hand.

"Thank you for saving us the happiest half hour of the day," he said, and he was gone.

A Song Composed in a Dream.

In our dreams we have all made what seemed at the time to be surprisingly good jokes, and upon waking have remembered them long enough to examine them and be disappointed. Nine in ten of them were without point or humor, and the tenth was not up to our daylight best. Our dream-tales have seldom been as good at breakfast as they were in the dream; the same has been the case with our dream-orations and banquet impromptus and our dream-poems. They have almost always had one very prominent defect: the disposition to wander from the subject. In the case of a tale, the wanderings were likely to begin as early as the middle of it and go on wandering around and missing trains from that point to the end; and in the case of a poem, it might start with a definite thought, but all the chances were against its sticking to it through six lines.

I have dreamed in verse with a strange frequency, considering that I am a person who does not meddle with verse at all in the daytime. With exactly the same frequency I have found, upon waking up and examining, that if in disregard of custom the dream-verses began with a definite thought they always lost their grip upon it early, and wandered off into a wide nowhere and fell over the edge. But at last the rule is broken: I have dreamed in verse which began with a definite idea and stuck to it.

The prose part of the dream, too, was sane and orderly, as you will see. In my dream, I was in a great and sumptuous opera house; the floor and all the galleries and boxes were filled with finely dressed people. A stately man in evening dress came out on the vast and otherwise unoccupied stage, and stood there awhile apparently musing. The faces and eyes of the audience gave him an almost adoring welcome, — by which sign I knew that he was of high renown and acceptance, — but not a sound broke the pervading stillness; there was not a movement, not a whisper, not the rustle of a gown; the people sat in the profound hush and gazed in a rapt expectancy at the man. Then followed a surprise for me; for he presently burst out in a sudden and mighty and uplifting enthusiasm of song that seemed to fill the house with an almost visible splendor and glory, and my breath stood still and my heart stopped beating, so moving it was, so magnificent, and so astonishing in the unexpectedness of it. He carried this rich and wonderful baritone storm through in a grand triumphal progress to a thunderous close, then stopped and stood silent before the panting and excited audience with a hand uplifted, — his head tilted sidewise and upward, — stood so as much as a minute, perhaps two, with the look of one who has lost himself in a reverie and is not conscious of what he is doing; and again the house sat tranced, with devouring and expectant eyes riveted upon him. And now he began to sing again, this time in a tenor voice, and in a minor key. It was soft and low, and infinitely sweet, exquisitely sweet, and heart-breakingly plaintive and pathetic. One could see by the faces that the people knew this song; that they loved it; and one's instinct said that it was what they had come to hear, and that the glorious tempest which had preceded it had its thought-out purpose; that it was a preparation, a lurid and gorgeous and rock-riving volcanic background for this tender and opaline twilight. The song was an imploring and pleading and beseeching supplication, — that was apparent enough before I had noticed the words. I knew the tune, it was familiar to me; I recognized it as a favorite, but for the moment I could not place it. And no wonder: it was Die Wacht am Rhein! It was that martial and tremendous musical cyclone doing duty in this sweet and moving and entrancing way as an invocation. It stirred the house to the depths, and me with it; and it seemed to me that the right and loveliest expression and employment of that great tune had never been found till now. When I began to notice the words I found that they framed an Invocation to Liberty. When I woke I was still in possession of the words, and they were rational, but they soon began to fade. But not so with the substance; that remained with me. It was clearly defined, and easily remembered. By the time I was done wondering over the matter and ready to go to sleep again, the wording had suffered more or less damage, and only the last two lines remained unimpaired in my memory. When I got up an hour later I still had those lines, and was able to patch the others together in a phrasing which was not far away from the original. Here is the result. You will perceive that there is an idea and a purpose in the simple verses, and that it is consistently adhered to and never lost sight of: —

O Liberty we worship thee
And prostrate lift our hands
Fast bound with cruel chains
  And pray "O make us free!
O dawn for us! O beam on us!
O pity us! O rescue us!
Thou friend of breaking hearts,
  O Liberty!
Shine on us in thy grace
  O sweet Liberty!"

When a chorus of robust Germans, properly inspired with patriotism and beer, sing Die Wacht am Rhein, they

deliver the last two lines of that mighty song with a thunder-crash. But when the man in the dream sang his Invocation his voice began to recede into the distance, as it were, with the first of his last four lines, and to gradually diminish in volume and augment in imploring eloquence and unearthly sweetness and pathos to the end. By that time the vast concourse of people had reverently risen and were standing; standing motionless, with heads bent forward, tensely listening; they still stood in that impressive attitude one or two minutes after the last faint sound had expired — then vanished, like a light blown out!

Such as Mother Used to Make.

As I have grown old in years and in pessimism, there has strengthened in my heart a belief that I must have been, in my youth, a very credulous person. The glamour that hangs about the past makes it a kind of Arcadia and Utopia and Millennium rolled into one; and the flavors that linger on the palate of memory are those of nectar and ambrosia, — food for the gods, yet tasted by me in the flesh.

I like to fancy that other lives have these fine flavors extending back into the years, linking past and present together. We grow used to them in time. We think of them as illusions. And we sadly admit that viands such as these could never have been baked on sea or land. They are the stuff that dreams are made of — and ideals and illusions. Peas, for instance, such as mother used to cook, bursting globules of sweetness, could never have existed in actuality. They had the taste of all outdoors in them and youth and courage and immortality, with just a hint of young and succulent young pork. Does one come upon such peas nowadays? Are the greenish, brownish, skin-cased balls that are set before us from time to time, bearing the tired flavor of years in their hearts, are these peas? Or what have they to do with the peas of memory?

And the saddest thing about them is, not that they are peas, but that they are symbols. Youth has vanished and with it the fine, careless joys of eating. Some such conviction, I fancy, comes to most of us, — through peas or through gingerbread or mince pie or doughnuts or sausage or apple dumplings. Some such memory makes pessimists of us all, and we sigh, not for the viands of old, but for the vanished spirit within that made them worth while.

Believe it not, oh my brothers of the flesh. The things that mother used to make are still in the world. Far in the recesses of life you shall find them. And the name of the magic charm is pork. Fresh young pork, — home-raised pork, — clean and fat and sweet. Pork that permeates and flavors, with no indigestion in its bones and no sorrows in its train. Verily there is more poetry in pigs than Homer extracted from their white and rosy hides, — or even Charles Lamb. Oh, for some modern bard to sing the glories of the vanishing home-made pig! For where he exists joy is. Succotash, — do you know it? Not the cold, hard, lumpy mixture, one part corn and the other part bean, — but succotash, the real thing, such as our Puritan ancestors knew and loved, — bean flavored with corn, corn melting to bean, and all alive and palpitating to the gentle influences of pork.

Talk not to me of stock-yards or of herds or butter or cottolene or oleomargarine or other just-as-goods. I would go far this morning to meet a respectable, a worthy piece of home-raised pork. It is not the things that mother used to make that are passing away, but the things she used to make them with, the things that were raised on the farm, — and all that they stand for, — the things that we must come back to in spirit and in truth and in actuality if we would taste again the true flavor, not the flavor of pork alone, but the flavor of life itself.

Beauty in Business.

When a plain man, who is more or less wearied with the inevitable drudgery of daily routine, finds in his mail a business-like yellow envelope, splashed with the familiar stamp of a well-known publishing house, he hardly looks for such a breezy letter as this: —

My dear Sir, — "What so rare as a day in June," the blue ribbon season of the year with its flowers and white dresses, its exhortations to "hitch your wagon to a star," its dreamy music, and its "and to you too dear teachers, do we say farewell," and its glad tidings of a reëlection at an increased salary. The kings will soon be in their counting-house, counting out their money, the queens will be in the kitchen eating bread and honey.

Commencement. Now is the time to *commence*. Begin now to prepare for the new year. This school year ends June 30, the new one begins the next day. You will need new and up to date books in English, Ancient and Modern Languages, History, Mathematics, and Science, as supplementary to the state books, or as regular texts to "fill the gaps."

Have you received the copy of our new 1902 illustrated Catalogue, recently mailed you? If not, I shall be glad to send you another.

Have you any doubt as to the superiority of the publications of the —— Book Company? An examination will remove all doubts. What would you like to see? I am waiting for your reply.

Very sincerely yours, etc.

This letter was sent out in June, and the recipient has not yet forgotten the thrill it gave. What a pleasant, chatty style the writer has withal — dignified, at the same time, with quotation and allusion. I am sure one need never be anything but proud to show his acquaintance with Lowell and Mother Goose. Even the charm of inexactness is not wanting. Great writers are seldom exact, I find, in their quotations. They are privileged to move about at ease among their peers, and exactness of quotation would argue only a distant acquaintance with the originals, — not a companionship. Besides, exactness is pedantry.

I approve decidedly of this very successful effort to make the ordinarily dreary business letter a really literary affair; it is the very artistic ordering of life, the transformation of the ugly into the beautiful. I hope that this style may spread throughout the country, and who knows if it may not end in the sublimating of all our gross materialism and bring about a pink and white apotheosis of the hard and strenuous life. I know Ruskin would see the glorious consummation of his whole endeavor in a letter like this.

One feels inspired to write a fitting reply — something like this, perhaps: —

"The melancholy days have come, the fresh green of summer has passed into the golden glory of autumn, and now the falling leaf calls back to labor those who have been drinking deep of summer's life-giving fount. Later, but not too late, I turn to that ever ready help, the —— Book Company. Though my winter's work must be with the dust and ashes of the dead tongue of fallen Rome, yet I hope that if the —— Book Company will send me Latin texts suitable for the ninth and tenth grades, some of the exhilaration that has been lent to the summer's play by the mountain winds, the whispering pines, and the voices of the many-sounding sea, may be breathed also into the winter's work. I pause for a reply.

Hopefully yours."

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SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM AND THE LAW.

So much has been said in recent years concerning the methods and policies of sensational journalism that a further word upon a topic so hackneyed would seem almost to require an explanation or an apology. Current criticism, however, for the most part, has been confined to only one of its many characteristics, — its bad taste and its vulgarizing influence on its readers by daily offenses against the actual, though as yet ideal, right of privacy, by its arrogant boastfulness, mawkish sentimentality, and a persistent and systematic distortion of values in events.

This, the most noticeable feature of yellow journalism, is indicative rather of its character than of its purpose. In considering, however, the present subject, — sensational journalism in its relation to the making, enforcing, and interpreting of law, — we enter a different field, that of the conscious policies and objects with and for which these papers are conducted. The main business of a newspaper as defined by journalists of the old school is the collection and publication of news of general interest coupled with editorial comment upon it. The old-time editor was a ruminative and critical observer of public events. This definition of the functions of a newspaper was long ago scornfully cast aside as absurdly antiquated and insufficient to include the myriad circulation-making enterprises of yellow journalism. These papers are not simply purveyors of news and comment, but have what, for lack of a better term, may be called constructive policies of their own. In the making of law, for example, not content with mere criticism of legislators and their measures, the new journalism conceives and exploits measures of its own, drafted by its own counsel, and introduced as legislative bills by statesmen to whom flattering press notices and the publication of an occasional blurred photograph are a sufficient reward. Not infrequently measures thus conceived and drafted are supported by specially prepared "monster petitions," containing thousands of names, badly written and of doubtful authenticity, of supposed partisans, and by special trains filled with orators and a heterogeneous rabble described in the news columns as "committees of citizens," who at critical periods are collected together and turned loose upon the assembled lawmakers as an impressive object lesson of the public interest fervidly aroused on behalf of the newspaper's bill.

The ethics of persuasion is an interesting subject. It falls, however, outside the scope of this article. It is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule by which to determine in all cases what form of newspaper influence is legitimate and what illegitimate. The most obvious characteristic of yellow journalism in its relation to lawmaking is that it prefers ordinarily to obtain its ends by the use of intimidation rather than by persuasion. The

monster petition scheme just referred to is merely one illustrative expression of this preference. When a newspaper of this type is interested in having some official do some particular thing in some particular way, it spends little of its space or time in attempting to show the logical propriety or necessity for the action it desires. It seeks first and foremost to make the official see that *the eyes of the people are on him*, and that any action by him contrary to that which the newspaper assures him the people want would be fraught with serious personal consequences. The principal point with these papers is always "the people demand" (in large capitals) this or that, and the logic or reason of the demand is obscured or ignored. It is the headless Demos transformed into printer's ink. If by any chance any official, so unfortunate as to have ideas of his own as to how his office should be conducted, proves obdurate to the demands of the printed voice of the people, he becomes the target for newspaper attacks, calculated to destroy any reputation he may previously have had for intelligence, sobriety of judgment, or public efficiency, his tormentor, so far as libel is concerned, keeping however, as Fabian says, "on the windy side of the law." An amusing illustration of this kind of warfare occurred in New York some years ago, when for several weeks one of these newspapers published daily attacks upon the President of the Board of Police Commissioners, because this Commissioner refused to follow the newspaper theories of the proper way of enforcing, or rather not enforcing, the Excise Law. The newspaper took the position that while the powers of the Police Department were being largely turned to ferreting out saloon keepers who were keeping open after hours or on Sundays, the detection of serious crimes was being neglected, and that a "carnival of crime," to use the picturesque wording of its headlines, was being carried on in the city. Finally in one of its issues the paper published a list of thirty distinct criminal offenses of the most serious character, murder, felonious assault, burglary, grand larceny, and the like, all alleged to have been committed within a week, and in none of which, it asserted, had any criminal been captured or any stolen property recovered. Events which followed immediately upon this last publication showed that the newspaper had erred grievously in its estimate of this particular official under attack. A few days later the Police Commissioner, Mr. Roosevelt, published in the columns of all the other newspapers in New York the result of his own personal investigation of these thirty items of criminal news, showing conclusively that twenty-eight of them were canards pure and simple, and that in the remaining two police activity had brought about results of a most satisfactory kind. Following this statement of the facts was appended an adaptation of some fifteen or twenty lines from Macaulay's merciless essay on Barrère, perhaps the finest philippic against a notorious and inveterate liar which the English language affords, so worded that they should apply not merely to the newspaper which published this spurious list of alleged crimes, but to the editor and proprietor personally. The carnival of crime ended at once.

It is, of course, impossible to determine accurately the extent of newspaper influence upon legislation and the conduct of public officials by these systematic attempts at bullying. Making all due allowance, however, there have been within recent years many significant illustrations of the influence of yellow journalism upon the shaping of public events. Mr. Creelman is quite right in saying, as he does in his interesting book On the Great Highway, that the story of the Spanish war is incomplete which overlooks the part that yellow journalism had in bringing it on. He tells us that some time prior to the com-

mencement of hostilities a well-known artist, who had been sent to Cuba as a representative of one of these papers, and had there grown tired of inaction, telegraphed his chief that there was no prospect of war, and that he wished to come home. The reply he received was characteristic of the journalism he represented: "You furnish the pictures, we will furnish the war." It is characteristic because the new journalism aims to direct rather than to influence, and seeks, to an extent never attempted or conceived by the journalism it endeavors so strenuously to supplant, to create public sentiment rather than to mould it, to make measures and find men.

The larger number of the readers of the great sensational newspapers live at or near the place of publication, where the half-dozen daily editions can be placed in their hands hot from the press. The news furnished in them is, for the most part, of distinctively local interest. In their columns the horizon is narrow and inexpressibly dingy. Detailed narrations of sensational local happenings, preferably crimes and scandals, are given conspicuous places, while more important events occurring outside the city limits are treated with telegraphic brevity. These papers constitute beyond question the greatest provincializing influence in metropolitan life.

The particular local functions of sensational journalism which bring it in close relation to the courts result from its self-imposed responsibilities as detective and punisher of crime and as director of municipal officials. So far as the latter are concerned, yellow journalism has apparently a good record. Many recent instances might for example be cited where these newspapers, acting under the names of "dummy" plaintiffs, have sought and obtained preliminary or temporary injunctions against threatened official malfeasance, or where they have instituted legal proceedings to expose corrupt jobbery. As to the actual results thus accomplished, other than the publicity obtained, the general public is not in a position to judge. Temporary injunctions granted merely until the merits of the case can be heard and determined are of no particular value if when the trial day comes the newspaper plaintiff fails to appear, the case is dismissed and the temporary injunction vacated. On such occasions, and they are more frequent than the general public is aware, the newspaper takes little pains to inform its readers of the final results of the matter over which it made such hue and cry months before.

But however fair-minded persons may differ as to the results actually obtained by these newspaper law enterprises in the civil courts, there is less room for difference of opinion as to the methods with which they are conducted. They are almost invariably so managed as to convey to the minds of their readers the idea that the decision obtained, if a favorable one, has not come as the result of a just rule of law laid down by a wise and fair-minded judge, but has been obtained rather in spite of both law and judge, and wholly because a newspaper of enormous circulation, championing the cause of the people, had wrested the law to its clamorous authority. The attitude of mind thus created is well exemplified in a remark made to me by a business man of more than ordinary intelligence, in discussing an injunction granted in one of these newspaper suits arising out of a water scandal: "Why, of course Judge —— granted the injunction. Everybody knew he would. There is not a judge on the bench who would have the nerve to decide the other way with all the row the newspapers have made about it. He knows where his bread is buttered."

One of the great features of counting-house journalism is its real or supposed abilities in the detection and punishment of crime. Whether this field

is a legitimate one for a newspaper to enter need not be discussed here. It goes without saying that an interesting murder mystery sells many papers, and if as a result of skillful detective work the guilty party is finally brought to the gallows or the electric chair, it is a triumph for the paper whose reporters are the sleuths. While such efforts when crowned with success are the source probably of much credit and revenue, there are various disagreeable possibilities connected with failure which the astute managers of these papers can never afford to overlook. While verdicts in libel suits are in this country generally (compared with those in England) small, and the libel law itself is filled with curious and antiquated technicalities by which verdicts may be avoided or reversed, nevertheless there is always the possibility that an innocent victim of newspaper prosecution will turn the tables and draw smart money from the enterprising journal's coffers. The acquittal of the person who has been thrust into jeopardy by newspaper detectives is obviously a serious matter for the paper. On the other hand, there are no important consequences from conviction except of course to the person condemned. Is it to be expected that the newspaper under such circumstances will preserve a disinterested and impartial tone in its news columns while the man in the dock is fighting for his life before the judge and jury? Is it remarkable that during the course of such a trial the newspaper should fill its pages with ghastly cartoons of the defendant, with murder drawn in every line of his face, or that it should by its reports of the trial itself seek to impress its readers with his guilt before it be proved according to law? that it should send its reporters exploring for new witnesses for the prosecution, and should publish in advance of their appearance on the witness stand the substance of the damaging testimony it is claimed they will give? that it should go even further, and (as was recently shown in the course of a great poisoning case in New York city, the history of which forms a striking commentary on all these abuses) actually pay large sums of money to induce persons to make affidavits incriminating the defendant on trial? Unfortunately too often these efforts receive aid from prosecuting officers, whose sense of public duty is impaired or destroyed by the itch for reputation and a cheap and tawdry type of forensic triumph. Despicable enough is the district attorney who grants interviews to newspaper reporters during the progress of a criminal trial, and who makes daily statements to them of what he intends to prove on the morrow unless prevented by the law as expounded by the trial judge. A careful study of the progress of more than one great criminal trial in New York city would show how illegal and improper matter prejudicial to the person accused of crime has been ruled out by the trial court only to have the precise information spread about in thousands upon thousands of copies of sensational newspapers, with a reasonable certainty of their scare headlines, at least, being read by some of the jury. The pernicious influence of these journals on the courts of justice in criminal trials (and not merely in the comparatively small number in which they are themselves the instigators of the criminal proceedings) is that they often make fair play an impossibility. The days and weeks that are now not infrequently given to selecting jurors in important criminal cases are spent in large measure by counsel in examining talesmen in an endeavor to find, if possible, twelve men in whose minds the accused has not been already "tried by newspaper" and condemned or acquitted. When the public feeling in a community is such that it will be impossible for a party to an action to obtain an unprejudiced jury, a change of venue is allowed to some other county where the state of the public mind is more judicial. It is

a significant fact that nearly all applications for such change in the place of trial from New York city have been for many years based mainly upon complaints of the inflammatory zeal of the sensational press.

The courts in Massachusetts (where judges are not elected by the people, but are appointed by the Governor) have been very prompt in dealing in a very wholesome and summary way with editors of papers publishing matter calculated to improperly affect the fairness of jury trials. Whether it be from better principles or an inspiring fear of jail, the courts of public justice in that state receive little interference from unwarranted newspaper stories. Some of the cases in which summary punishment has been meted out from the bench to Massachusetts editors will impress New York readers rather curiously. For example, just before the trial of a case involving the amount of compensation the owner of land should receive for his land taken for a public purpose, a newspaper in Worcester informed its readers that "the town offered Loring (the plaintiff) $80 at the time of the taking, but he demanded $250, and not getting it, went to law." Another paper published substantially the same statement, and both were summarily punished by fine, the court holding that these articles were calculated to obstruct the course of justice, and that they constituted contempt of court. During the trial of a criminal prosecution in Boston a few years ago against a railway engineer for manslaughter in wrecking his train, the editor of the Boston Traveller intimated editorially that the railway company was trying to put the blame on the engineer as a scapegoat, and that the result of the trial would probably be in his favor. The editor was sentenced to jail for this publication. The foregoing are undoubtedly extreme cases, and are chosen simply to show the extent to which some American courts will go in punishing newspaper contempts. All of these decisions were taken on appeal to the highest court of the state and were there affirmed. The California courts have been equally vigorous in several cases of recent years, notably in connection with publications made during the celebrated Durant murder trial in San Francisco. The English courts are, if anything, even more severe in this class of cases, a recent decision of the Court of King's Bench being a noteworthy illustration. During the course of the trial of two persons for felony, the "special crime investigator" of the Bristol Weekly Dispatch sent to his paper reports, couched in a fervid and sensational form, containing a number of statements relating to matters as to which evidence would not have been admissible in any event against the defendants upon their trial, and reflecting severely on their characters. Both of the defendants referred to were convicted of the crime for which they were indicted, and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Shortly after their conviction and sentence the editor of the Dispatch and this special crime investigator were prosecuted criminally for perverting the course of justice, and each of them was sentenced to six weeks in prison. Lord Alverstone, who rendered the opinion on the appeal taken by the editor and reporter, in affirming the judgment of conviction, expresses himself in language well worth repeating. He says:[1] —

"A person accused of crime in this country can properly be convicted in a court of justice only upon evidence which is legally admissible, and which is adduced at his trial in legal form and shape. Though the accused be really guilty of the offense charged against him, the due course of law and justice is nevertheless perverted and obstructed if those who have to try him are induced to approach the question of his guilt or innocence with minds into which prejudice has been instilled by published asser-

[1] 1 K. B. (1902) 77.

tions of his guilt, or imputations against his life and character to which the laws of the land refuse admission as evidence."

In the state of New York the courts have permitted themselves to be deprived of the greater portion of the power which the courts of Massachusetts, in common with those of most of the states, exercise of punishing for contempt the authors of newspaper publications prejudicial to fair trials. Some twenty-five years ago the state legislature passed an act defining and limiting the cases in which summary punishment for contempt should be inflicted by the courts. Similar legislation has been attempted in other states, only to be declared unconstitutional by the courts themselves, holding that the power to punish is inherent in the judiciary independently of legislative authority, and that, as the Supreme Court of Ohio says, "The power the legislature does not give, it cannot take away." But while the courts of Ohio, Virginia, Georgia, Indiana, Kentucky, Arkansas, Colorado, and California have thus resisted legislative encroachment upon their constitutional powers, the highest court of New York has submitted to having its power to protect its own usefulness and dignity shorn and curtailed by the legislature. The result is that while by legislative permission they may punish the editor or proprietor of a paper for contempt, it can be *only* when the offense consists in publishing "a false or grossly inaccurate report of a judicial proceeding." The insufficiency of such a power is apparent when one considers that the greater number of the cartoons and comments contained in publications fairly complained of as prejudicing individual legal rights are not, and do not pretend to be, reports of judicial proceedings at all, but are entirely accounts of matters "outside the record." If the acts done, for example, in any of the cases cited as illustrations above, had been done under similar circumstances in New York, the New York courts would have been powerless to take any proceeding whatever in the nature of contempt against the respective offenders. The result is that in the state which suffers most from the gross and unbridled license of a sensational and lawless press the courts possess the least power to repress and restrain its excesses. A change of law which shall give New York courts power to deal summarily with trial by newspaper is imperatively needed.

To the two examples which have just been given of the direct influence which counting-house journalism seeks to exert upon judges and jurors might be added others of equal importance would space permit. But all improper influences upon legislators or other public officials, or upon judges or jurors which these papers may exercise or attempt to exercise, are as naught in comparison with their systematic and constant efforts to instill into the minds of the ignorant and poor, who constitute the greater part of their readers, the impression that justice is not blind but bought; that the great corporations own the judges, particularly those of the Federal courts, body and soul; that American institutions are rotten to the core, and that legislative halls and courts of justice exist as instruments of oppression and to preserve the rights of property by denying or destroying the rights of man. No greater injury can be done to the working people than to create in their minds this false and groundless suspicion concerning the integrity of the judiciary. In a country whose political existence, in the ultimate analysis, depends so largely upon the intelligence and honesty of its judges, the general welfare requires not merely that judges should be men of integrity, but that the people should believe them to be so. It is this confidence which counting-house journalism has set itself deliberately at undermining. It is not so important that the people should believe in the

wisdom of their judges. The liberty of criticism is not confined to the bar and what Judge Grover used to call "the lawyer's inalienable privilege of damning the adverse judge — out of court." There is no divinity which hedges a judge. His opinions and his personality are proper subjects for criticism, but the charge of corruption should not be made recklessly and without good cause. It is noticeable that this charge of corruption which yellow journalism makes against the courts is almost invariably a wholesale charge, never accompanied by any specific accusation against any definite official. These general charges are more frequently expressed by cartoon than by comment. The big-chested Carthaginian labeled "The Trusts," holding a squirming Federal judge in his fist, is a cartoon which in one form or another appears in some of these papers whenever an injunction is granted in a labor dispute at the instance of some great corporation. Justice holding her scales with a workingman unevenly balanced by an immense bag of gold; a human basilisk with dollar marks on his clothes, a judge sticking out of his pocket, and a workingman under his foot; Justice holding her scales in one hand and with the other conveniently open to receive the bribe that is being placed in it, — these and many other cartoons of similar character and meaning are familiar to all readers of sensational newspapers. If their readers believe the cartoons, what faith can they have left in American institutions? What alternative is offered but anarchy if wealth has poisoned the fountains of justice; if reason is powerless and money omnipotent? If the judges are corrupt the political heavens are empty.

There is no occasion to defend the American judiciary from charges of wholesale corruption. They might be passed over in silence if they were addressed merely to the educated and intelligent, or to those familiar by personal contact with the actual operations of the courts. That there are many judicial decisions rendered which are unsound in their reasoning may be readily granted. That some of the Federal judges are men of very narrow gauge, and that, during the recent coal strike for example, in granting sweeping, wholesale injunctions against strikers they have accompanied their decrees at times with opinions so unjudicial, so filled with mediæval prejudice and rancor against legitimate organizations of working people as to rouse the indignation of right-minded men, may be admitted. But prejudice and corruption are totally dissimilar. There is always hope that an honest though prejudiced man may in time see reason. This hope inspires patience and forbearance. Justice can wait with confidence while the prejudiced or ultra-conservative judge grows wise, and the principles of law are strongest and surest when they have been established by surmounting the prejudice and doubts of many timid and over-conservative men. But justice and human progress should not and will not wait until the corrupt judge becomes honest. To thoughtful men the severest charge yet to be made against this new journalism is not merely the influence it attempts to exert, and perhaps does exert, in particular cases, but that wantonly and without just cause it endeavors to destroy in the hearts and minds of thousands of newspaper readers a deserved confidence in the integrity of the courts and a patient faith in the ultimate triumph of justice by law.

George W. Alger.

ACADEMIC FREEDOM IN THEORY AND IN PRACTICE.

I.

ONCE or twice every year the public hears of differences of opinion between teachers in our collegiate institutions and those who hold the appointing power. The conflict which thus arises is often serious enough to claim a large amount of newspaper discussion. The subjects at issue are as varied as the range of human interests. Sometimes the difference hangs on the method employed in the creation of the world; sometimes on the proper definition of a dollar in the laws of the United States. One man is called to account for his views about the condition of the wicked after death, another for his opinions concerning the reciprocal duties of rich and poor, a third for his teaching as to the stability of organic species, and a fourth for his judgment upon the physiological effects of alcohol. The champions of freedom point out the evils to which we are subject if men are estopped from teaching what they believe to be the truth by those who are in the nature of things less expert in the particular subject of inquiry than is the teacher himself. The champions of authority retort by emphasizing the dangers to good morals which may ensue if freedom has reached a point where it degenerates into license; and they insist that in a school or a college, no less than in any other organization, the trustees are primarily responsible for the prevention of such license.

The outcome of the conflict is generally in favor of the corporation, be it public or private, and against the individual teacher or group of teachers. This is partly due to the corporation's material advantage in holding the base of supplies; but it is perhaps even more largely due to its moral advantage in having the practical and tangible side of the argument, as against the theoretical or abstract one. The authority which seeks to suppress freedom of teaching may be right or it may be wrong in what it says, but at any rate it has perfectly intelligible reasons to give. If it believes that the eternal salvation of the pupils will be jeopardized by certain views as to the creation of the world, or if it believes that the commercial prosperity of the country is dependent upon certain theories of political economy, its duty seems to lie plain before it; and the community tends to support it for its steadfastness in thus doing what it believes to be its duty. Against this plain obligation of the authorities the champions of liberty of teaching can only oppose a theory of freedom which is somewhat abstract, and, as popularly stated, somewhat incorrect also.

For the question of academic freedom is not one which stands by itself, or can be settled by itself. The problem of the liberty of teaching connects itself with other problems of civil liberty; and all these problems together reach back into past history, and can be properly analyzed only by historical study. Only by placing them all in their proper relations to one another can we understand either the reasons or the limitations of our system of academic freedom as it exists at the present day. To the modern observer liberty in its various manifestations is neither an abstract right to be assumed, as Rousseau would have assumed it, nor a pernicious phantom to be condemned and exorcised, as Carlyle or Ruskin would have condemned it, but an essential element in orderly progress; not without its dangers and not without its limitations, yet justified on the whole because the necessary combination of progress and order can be better secured by a high

degree of individual liberty than in any other fashion. Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill and John Morley have successively contributed to the formulation and proof of this idea, until it has become a well-established principle, accepted by the great majority of active thinkers. "The doctrine of liberty," says Morley, "rests on a faith drawn from the observation of human progress, that though we know wheat to be serviceable and tares to be worthless, yet there are in the great seed-plot of human nature a thousand rudimentary germs, not wheat and not tares, of whose properties we have not had a fair opportunity of assuring ourselves. If you are too eager to pluck up the tares, you are very likely to pluck up with them these untried possibilities of human excellence, and you are, moreover, very likely to injure the growing wheat as well."

If we go back far enough into the beginnings of history, we find the different forms of authority by which men's actions are now regulated merging more and more closely into one. What we now call morals is in the earliest times represented by a body of tribal customs, rigidly enforced upon all members of the community by discipline and habit. What we now call law is represented by a system of punishments, rigidly enforced by all members of the tribe against him whom they suspect to be recalcitrant in deed or in thought. What we now call science is represented by a series of myths, giving supernatural reasons for the tribal customs and the fierceness with which any infraction of those customs must be punished. Under such circumstances there is no freedom of action, and — if we may put the matter in Hibernian fashion — even less freedom of thought; for while an action at variance with the customs of the tribe might possibly be treated as an accident and expiated by some atonement short of the death of the offender, independence of thought seems an act of impiety against the gods, deliberate, intentional, and inexpiable.

This view of the origin of law and morals is tolerably familiar. As far as concerns the ancestry of modern science, it may provoke more surprise or dissent. Yet I conceive that it is hardly open to doubt. Not only were the priests the first teachers of anything like an explanation of the universe, but the things which they taught had a certain degree of scientific merit. The theory that some god would destroy the tribe if it did not wash at a particular time was a very crude explanation of an observed fact; but it nevertheless had its merits. It caused the tribe to wash occasionally, — a thing which otherwise it would never have done, — and to an age which judges science by its practical results this is no small achievement. It furnished a theory which tended to prevent disease; and of few modern physiological theories can so much as this be asserted. It recognized the truth which bacteriological science has only just grown up to in the present generation: that the penalty for violation of law was visited not so much upon the individual as upon the whole community. Nay, the very forms in which the explanations were given were perhaps not so far behind those of recent philosophic thought as we to-day fondly imagine. We may laugh at the fire god or the cloud myth as a figment of the imagination; but they were apparently just as real as the caloric of which our grandfathers talked so glibly, and perhaps no more unreal than the electricity of which we to-day hear so much and know so little.

The cardinal fault with this early science was not so much its error as its intolerance. It failed to provide for progress. It claimed to be a revelation which was not only good as far as it went, but prohibitory of all change. The reasons for this intolerance were obvious enough. As Bagehot well says: —

"In early times the quantity of gov-

ernment is much more important than its quality. What you want is a comprehensive rule binding men together, making them do much the same things, telling them what to expect of each other, — fashioning them alike and keeping them so: what this rule is, does not matter so much." . . . "All the actions of life are to be submitted to a single rule for a single object, — that gradually created 'hereditary drill,' which science teaches to be essential, and which the early instinct of men saw to be essential too. That this régime forbids free thought is not an evil, — or rather, though an evil, it is the necessary basis for the greatest good; it is necessary for making the mould of civilization and hardening the soft fibre of early man." . . . "There is no 'limited liability' in the political notions of that time; the early tribe or nation is a religious partnership, on which a rash member by a sudden impiety may bring utter ruin. If the state is conceived thus, toleration becomes wicked: a permitted deviation from the transmitted ordinances becomes simple folly, — it is a sacrifice of the happiness of the greatest number; it is allowing one individual, for a moment's pleasure or a stupid whim, to bring terrible and irretrievable calamity upon all."

But when this cohesion was once established, it was the next essential step to provide for progress. And it so happened that some of the very means used by the priesthood to strengthen the authority of their teachings gave an opening for new and sometimes better teaching. Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall, in his articles on the Origin of Religious Expression, has gone far to establish the view that the ceremonials of which ancient worship so largely consists were in fact devised for the purpose of creating a recurrence of that pathological condition of the mind under which supernatural explanations of facts are most readily accepted. A man who is well fed and full blooded tends to look out for his own obvious interests and to disregard the commands which have been placed upon him in the interests of the community. He must therefore be occasionally reduced to a state of fasting, where the supernatural terrors will have more than their ordinary effect. If he is told to do an unpleasant thing because the spirit of his grandfather commands it, he must occasionally be brought back to the condition where he sees, or thinks he sees, the spirit of his grandfather. This is, in brief, the principle on which Marshall explains satisfactorily many of those tribal usages for which Spencer and other previous writers have found it difficult to account. But it is obvious that these same fastings and ceremonies, which thus strengthened the authority of the priesthood, provided also a receptive audience for persons, within that priesthood or outside of it, who might believe themselves possessed of new revelations to communicate. If a man was placed in the condition where he would see the spirit of his grandfather, he was likely to see some other things not dreamed or intended by those who brought him to this state. A time of religious frenzy gave every opportunity for an innovator to say things which at soberer times the people would not have dared to listen to, and which he himself might not have dared to think. A man of oratorical temperament, who at other seasons would have been stoned to death as a blasphemer, might now be welcomed as a prophet. This was the beginning of liberty of teaching. Where the priests represented scientific conservatism, the prophets represented scientific progress. It is needless to say that there was none too much love between priests and prophets. The former would as a rule willingly have exterminated the latter. But over and over again it is related that "they feared the people." The new word which the prophet had uttered had received such a hearing that

there was greater danger to the priestly authority in its suppression than in the unwilling toleration of its continuance. To justify themselves in this toleration, without at the same time encouraging all other men to a similar defiance of their authority, the priests adopted the simple method of treating the prophet as legally irresponsible. They said, in short, that he was crazy; and this explanation was quite readily accepted. Even at the present day, the majority of hard-headed business men believe that poets, professors, and other classes of idealists have a bee in their bonnets; and if this is true now, when men of these classes are held amenable to the law of the land, much more necessarily was it the case when they were openly proclaimed as madmen and encouraged, if not compelled, to adapt their conduct to the character thus thrust upon them.

But this system, while it prevented absolute stagnation, was a very unsatisfactory means of securing progress. It was perhaps exhibited at its best in the history of Israel, where the prophetic books have given to the world the foundation of its profoundest philosophy of human conduct. Yet even here the fact that the leadership of the progressive element was entrusted to men whom society supposed to be mad, rendered it wholly impossible for that society to defend itself against outside enemies. And here again also, when a prophet arose in the person of Jesus, whose moral philosophy was too practical to be embodied exclusively in a rhapsodic form, the people who had been ready to follow him enthusiastically in any extravagant claims which he might make joined with the priests in his condemnation. For real progress in teaching it was necessary to find a legal basis for quiet and sensible propagation of truth, as distinct from irresponsible and revolutionary deliverances. It was necessary to develop some new system under which the champion of new doctrines could be treated as a sane man without at the same time loosening those bonds of social cohesion which had rested on the general acceptance of the old doctrine.

This possibility was found in the separation of the conceptions of law and morals, which is such an important element in modern civilization.

In the very earliest times, as has already been said, the two are wholly indistinguishable. The customs of the tribe were enforced by the tribe as a whole. Any deviation from them was prevented by a system of terrorism. An act that offended the gods was punished by a sort of lynch law. But as time went on the process of punishment began to be organized and the offenses themselves to be classified. Certain violations of the detail of ceremonial could be expiated without the death or banishment of the offender. Others which constituted an immediate menace to public safety were of necessity avenged more speedily and swiftly. Particularly was this true of violations of military discipline in time of war or when war was imminent. Of such offenses immediate cognizance was taken by the chief of the fighting force, rather than by the high priest of the gods. Even when, as frequently happened, these two functions were united in the same person, the procedure in the one case was different from the other. Out of this system of punishments for offenses prejudicial to discipline there grew up a military law necessary for protection against foreign enemies, and afterward a civil law necessary to secure safety at home, different in its content and in its sanction from that wider body of tribal customs whose exponents were the priests, and whose sanction was found in the divine displeasure upon the tribe which tolerated their violation or their questioning.

Law, in this view, was created by a gradual delegation on the part of the tribe or people of certain parts of the old morality to the military authorities

for enforcement. The process was of course a slow one, and it took different forms in different countries. We can see these differences in the history of the nations of antiquity with whose inner workings we are most familiar. In the Jews, as in most other Oriental peoples, it was but slightly developed, — at least, until they came under the influence of Greek, and afterward of Roman civilization. In the Greeks the actual separation of the conception of law and morals was carried very far, but without the development of such an independent system of law as characterized the Roman world, which was strong enough to stand intact when the sanctions of morality were shaken or altered. But whether the separation was slight or considerable, imperfect or complete, it carried with it one possibility which was of great importance for freedom of thought and freedom of teaching. It allowed separate treatment of the actions of men on the one hand, and of their moral and scientific theories on the other. The law was primarily concerned with the act; the theory or intent was of but secondary importance. It therefore became possible for a man to change his theories widely, and come into direct conflict with many of the teachings of the priests and of the more conservative citizens, without violating any law or interfering with public safety. It was not necessary to restrain him or to treat him as insane. He could make his experiments and investigations without jeopardizing the framework of the political structure. Under such circumstances a system of free thought could be tolerated by the authorities, because it strained none of the principles under which they were accustomed to administer the law; and it could be endured complacently by the community, because it did not undermine a social order which was founded on a conception of law and a habit of legal obedience independent of supernatural sanctions. Rome could endure transmutations of thought which Athens could not, because Roman law represented a more coherent system than the law of Athens, and had behind it a discipline which secured a degree of obedience and self-subordination for which the Athenian state could find no parallel. To sum the matter up in a single word, the separation of law and morals made the system of free thought possible.

How completely this possibility was realized is seen by the conditions which prevailed at Rome during the later republic and early empire. The control of the state over men's actions was pretty rigid: its tolerance of their opinions was absolutely unbounded. Different religions could exist side by side in the empire, and in Rome itself, without provoking so much as a suspicion of hostility. The persecution of the Christians was not for their religious opinions, but, primarily at any rate, for their habit of holding irresponsible assemblies, of which the Roman law was profoundly jealous, and of enunciating theories of sovereignty which seemed to conflict with that law itself. The same habit of toleration was seen in Europe in the centuries immediately preceding the Reformation. The settlement of the conflicts between Guelph and Ghibelline had left the line of secular and ecclesiastical authority so distinct in politics that a surprising degree of toleration was exercised, not only by the secular authorities, but by the Church itself. It is the custom in some quarters to sneer at this fourteenth-century toleration as the result of moral apathy, and worse than no toleration at all. This is an error. The apathy, as far as it existed, was a bad thing; but the toleration, just as far as it existed, was a good thing, and was in fact the means which enabled the thinkers of the generations following to rise above the levels set by their predecessors. The Reformation, on the other hand, by the violence of the religious wars which it aroused, tended to obliterate the distinction

between law and morals, and made not only Catholic and Protestant churches, but Catholic and Protestant sovereigns, for the time being intolerant of that liberty which a few centuries previous would have been taken as a matter of course. This effect made itself felt alike with Papist and Anabaptist and Calvinist, with Jesuit and Cromwellian. Nowhere does this condition with its accompanying results manifest itself more strikingly than in our early New England communities, whose theories indeed provided for the sovereignty of individual judgment, but whose practice rendered the exercise of that judgment illusory or impossible.

But however complete the separation of law and morals may be, the resulting freedom of thought does not necessarily carry with it freedom of teaching. For teaching is more than a theory; it is an act. It is not a subjective or individual affair, but a course of conduct which creates important social relations and social obligations.

It is necessary to dwell on this point, because much of the popular discussion treats freedom of teaching and freedom of thought as synonymous. In many of the cases which come up at the present day, a restriction on the liberty of the instructor is regarded as a corresponding violation of liberty of thought. The reason for this is not far to seek. In the ages which have immediately preceded our own the actual restraints which were placed upon the teacher were based upon the broad ground of religious opinion rather than on the narrower and more concrete ground of social expediency. They were, in general, restraints imposed by the church rather than by the state. Galileo was forbidden to teach that the earth revolved around the sun because it was considered wrong for him to think that the earth revolved around the sun. Deny liberty of thought and you deny liberty of teaching as a matter of course. But it does not follow, because you approve of liberty of thought, that you thereby sanction a corresponding liberty of teaching, even among teachers of the highest grade. The expediency of free thought can be settled by broad generalizations from human history; the expediency of teaching some of these thoughts in the school can only be decided by a careful examination of the circumstances of each particular case.

The first instance on record in which the question of liberty of teaching was made the subject of an extended legal inquiry was that of Socrates, reported at length, though probably with a somewhat partisan coloring, in the Apology of Plato. The case is in many of its aspects an exceedingly modern one, and illustrates the principle, so often emphasized by men like Dr. Arnold or Lord Macaulay, of the essential nearness of the ancient Athenian to the Englishman or American of the nineteenth century.

As frequently happens even at the present day when these questions are pushed to an extreme, the occasion of the trial appears to have been a political one. Socrates was disliked by the group then dominant in Athenian politics, and was made a victim of this dislike. But the actual indictment against him was apparently based on two distinct grounds: that of impiety, in that he was said to contemn the old gods and substitute a new demonism of his own; and that of corrupting the youth who came under his influence. Although he was finally convicted of the former charge, the really active discussion hinged about the latter. Two things were urged against him in this connection: the habit of analytical inquiry, which destroyed the old beliefs through asking more or less sophistical questions, and the character of his disciples themselves, whose social and political careers, notably that of Alcibiades, showed in some instances a sad falling off from the old virtues of faith and patriotism. Whatever we may think of

the decision actually rendered, — and in judging this it is to be remembered that only partisan reports have reached us, — there can be no question that the accusers of Socrates had at least an arguable case. Alcibiades, for the time being the most noted pupil of Socrates, had been a distinctly bad man. In the life and death struggle in which his country had been engaged with the Lacedæmonians he, from motives of personal pique, had not only deserted to the enemy, but had given that enemy the suggestion which enabled it to carry the conflict to a conclusion which had deprived Athens of its power and threatened the city itself with destruction. His tardy return to the side of his native country did not suffice to prevent this disaster. It simply showed that he was ready to serve one side or the other, as selfish interest might demand. Other pupils of Socrates who had gone into politics, — Critias for instance, — though falling short of the conspicuous demerit of Alcibiades, yet stood in distinctly bad odor with many of their fellow countrymen. More than this: it might well be urged that the selfish course of conduct of these men was the result of the very teachings which Socrates had inculcated — to rely on their own reason, to question all authority, to look to enlightened selfishness as the only motive for right action, to despise all who could not render an analyzed reason for their beliefs. This evil was not confined to individual students, nor did it stop with the mere rejecting of beliefs. In the wholesale destruction of the Hermæ the Athenian student body committed an act of wanton sacrilege, to the detriment of art and civic duty which they should have respected, even if they cared not for what the images represented to the older generation. These were incidents of the new scientific method. We may well believe that Socrates himself was a good man, and that the results of his teachings, as exemplified in his own person, stopped short of the effects which they showed in some of his light-headed disciples. Yet even on the evidence of his favorite pupils, the fact stands out that he took inadequate care of his family, was given to somewhat notorious indulgence in drink, and, in short, was very far from the type of respectability which would have been necessary to offset the public dislike of an Alcibiades, or even of a Critias. To those who deemed conduct of more importance than knowledge, and who were not willing to abandon a belief because they could not answer successfully the sometimes flippant questionings concerning the grounds for holding it, such a man might well seem a dangerous character.

And what are the lines on which Socrates replies? Concerning the badness of his disciples, he simply says that he has no disciples. He teaches what it is given to him to teach; any one may come and hear him. If these individual youth are harmed thereby, why do not their natural guardians step in and protest? Why are they not called as witnesses against him? And concerning the general objections as to the influence of his philosophy, he makes answer that a worse man cannot harm a better; that if it be true that his teachings represent a lowering of moral standards, the very excellence of that which he attacks will preserve it from contamination.

The first thing which will strike a modern reader of this reply of Socrates is that it is a defense of freedom of thought rather than of freedom of teaching. In the case of a skillful instructor, dealing with men younger than himself, it is false to say that the worse cannot harm the better. The conflict is not on even terms. His experience gives him a power which they do not possess the means of resisting. And if such a teacher attaches to himself a group of pupils, it is nonsense for him to say that he has no disciples. That which is tolerated by the law when it takes the form

of individual thought, or even of casual discussion, may become a menace to society when it is made the subject of systematic communication to the young.

Under these circumstances, with the flagrant misconduct of one of his favorite pupils and the serious lawlessness of many of the others fresh in their minds, it is perhaps hardly to be wondered that the verdict of the Athenian jury should have gone against the innovator. He had failed to meet the practical issue which was raised against him; and just as many a modern discoverer under similar circumstances is condemned to lose his post, so Socrates was condemned to lose his life. Yet when asked to propose, as was the wont in Athenian courts, some milder alternative sentence, which there seems little doubt that his judges would have been glad to adopt in lieu of inflicting the death penalty, he rises to the height of the occasion and grasps in its full significance a point which he has hitherto fallen short of apprehending. What the authorities shall do to him if they do not kill him, is the question; and his answer is, that they shall maintain him at public expense in the Prytaneum as a benefactor of the state. As a piece of legal tactics, nothing could be more fatal than this. It served to consolidate against him the adverse majority, and even to turn to the other side some who had originally voted in his favor, so that the final death sentence was passed by a majority somewhat larger than that which had first decreed his conviction. Yet from the standpoint of accurate analysis and of profound social philosophy his alternative was justly framed, —framed to apply to the case of every radical free-thinker who undertakes to teach views which loosen the cohesion on which the old order is based. To a large part of the more susceptible youth who came under his influence, whether light-minded or reckless or calculatingly selfish, the effect of teaching which loosened the bond of tradition was for the moment a menace to social order. It is only in later generations, when the methods and traditions which Socrates impugned have crumbled to dust, while the strength of the philosophy which he inspired in a few of his best pupils continues to have its power over the world, that his great service stands out clear. He has been at once a corrupter of the youth and a benefactor of the human race. For the one he deserves banishment or death; for the other, public maintenance and honor. He has played for a coronet or a scaffold. One at least he has earned, — perhaps both.

Not to all teachers is such measure of opportunity given as fell to the lot of Socrates. Not for all are the prizes so high, the hazards so treacherous. The intellectual mobility of the Athenian youth, which gave the principles of Socrates such a ready hearing and rapid propagation, rendered his pupils exceptionally liable to make a bad use of the habits which he inculcated — to despise piety no less than the shams which had grown up about it, and to disobey the laws as soon as the religious sanctions for those laws were weakened. At Rome the progress was less rapid, but the danger was also less acute. Not only were the minds of the Roman youth slower than those of the Athenians, but the system of Roman law was strong enough to command obedience by the weight of its own authority and make the republic comparatively safe against the results of theoretical speculation. And thus it happened that the philosophers at Rome, though hated by conservatives like Cato with a hatred no less deadly than that of the most recalcitrant Greek in the days of Socrates, were nevertheless allowed, with but brief intervals of molestation, to pursue their teachings in peace. The modern world has fallen heir to the system of Roman law and its results. It has fallen heir also, in general, to the Roman slowness rather than to the Greek agility of thought.

Yet in all countries and conditions, even down to the present day, the antithesis between the duty of the discoverer who would find new truth and the duty of the teacher who would consider his country's safety remains a stumbling-block; less perilous, perhaps, but no less unavoidable than in the days of Socrates. Can we so order our institutions that this antithesis shall be less sharply felt, this stumbling-block less obnoxious?

In the field of politics we have gone far toward removing the corresponding difficulty which once existed, when all institutional reform carried with it, or at any rate seemed to carry with it, the danger of revolution. We have learned to draw the line between the group of actions which Mill characterized as self-regarding, and another group which more immediately concerns the safety or interest of others. By permitting liberty in the former field and restricting it in the latter, we seem to have secured the advantages of freedom without exposing ourselves to the worse dangers. We have combined the maximum of progress with the minimum of revolution. But in educational matters we have not yet learned to draw this line. We have not learned to separate the rights of the discoverer from the duties of the teacher, or to secure the advantages of freedom without the dangers. Nay, that very progress of legal conservatism which lessens the teacher's dangers in one direction binds him by closer shackles in another, and renders his conflict of duties more perplexing. The establishment of a well-ordered legal system, which gives the teacher permanent position and recognition in the state, tends to make him in fact, if not in name, a part of the public service, engaged in preparing others for that service; and it brings him under a contractual relation with authorities, public or private, who pay him for his teaching and conceive that they have the right to say what he shall teach.

An account of some of the circumstances which have shaped this relation and the consequences which have arisen therefrom will be given in another article.

Arthur Twining Hadley.

HARBORS.

FULL many a noonday nook I know
Where Memory is fain to go
And wait in Silence till the Shade
Of Sleep the Solitude invade:

For there the resting-places are
Of Dreams that, journeying afar,
Pause in their migratory flight
This side the continent of Night.

John B. Tabb.

MY OWN STORY.

II. FIRST EXPERIENCES AS A WRITER.

TRAVELING by packet boat on the Erie Canal, from Rochester, and by steamboat down the Hudson from Albany, I arrived at the pier in New York at daybreak on the morning of May 15 (1847).

And what a daybreak it was! The great river, the shipping, the mast-fringed wharves, the misty morning light, the silent streets of the hardly yet awakening city, the vastness and strangeness and mystery of it all, kindled my enthusiasm and made me glad I had come. In all that mighty metropolis I knew not a single soul; I brought no message to any one, not a letter of introduction; I knew no more what was before me than if I had dropped upon Mars or the Moon; but what of that? Here was life, and I was young!

It was characteristic of my impressible and impulsive nature that I strolled about City Hall Park and down Broadway to the Battery, where I sat long on the benches, enjoying the novel scenes, the sails and steamboats, the dashing waves, the cool breeze from the water, then crossed by ferry to Brooklyn and back, before I thought of looking for a boarding-place. Then I found one on the shady side of Duane Street, quite near Broadway, and not very far from the steamboat wharf, where I had left my trunk. In country fashion I knocked at the door, and wondered why nobody came to let me in. I was so green I did not know a doorbell.

The door was opened by a smiling little doctor, who, I must do him the justice to say, continued to smile (perhaps he smiled all the more) when he learned that I had come for board and not for a prescription. He instructed me in the mysteries of the bell-pull, and a maid convoyed me upstairs to the landlady. It was a boarding-house "for gentlemen only," the "gentlemen" being for the most part dry goods clerks, and young men — elderly men, too, as I was soon to discover — out of business and seeking employment.

I had a room-mate at first, a companionable fellow, who began at once to enlighten me in the agreeable vices of city life, offering to "take me everywhere." He was so well dressed and so frankly friendly, and the allurements he described were, from his point of view, such matters of course for any one privileged to enjoy them, that I did not realize at all that my first city acquaintance was a dangerous one. Indeed, he was not dangerous to me. I listened to him with curiosity and perfect toleration, and took one or two walks with him; but soon withdrew from his society, simply because our tastes were not congenial, and I had aspirations to which his atmosphere was not the breath of life. I told our landlady that I must have a room by myself, or go elsewhere, — that I not only wished to write and study a good deal, but that the mere presence of a room-mate was irksome to me. She gave me a small room with one window, high up in the house, — the conventional garret, in short, — and I was happy.

What, after all, was the motive that had brought me to New York? That I had secret hopes of becoming an author is certainly true; but I had not confided them to my most intimate friend, I scarcely dared acknowledge them to myself; and I was not presumptuous enough to suppose that at the age of nineteen, ill equipped as I was for such a career, I could start in at once and earn a living by my pen. I carried with me my manuscripts and

books, and habits of study and composition, in which I had satisfaction for their own sake, and which I fondly believed would reward me with happiness, if not fortune, in the near future; but in the meantime I flattered myself that I was looking for some business of a practical nature.

I answered an advertisement for a young man who wrote a good hand and knew something of accounts, and found a crowd of applicants at the place before me. I visited an employment office, which got my dollar on the false pretense of insuring me a good situation within a week, but rendered me not the slightest service. I had cherished, like so many country boys, romantic dreams of going to sea; I frequented the wharves, and observed the sailors, and was quickly cured of any desire to ship before the mast, but still fancied I would like to be a supercargo, or something of that sort; even a voyage or two as cabin boy might have its attractions. I had also heard of such a position as that of navy captain's secretary, which I thought would be peculiarly desirable for a youth of some literary capacity wishing to see the world. One day, perceiving a man-of-war in port, and a fine-looking officer on the quarter-deck walking to and fro under an awning, I ventured on board, and accosted him, with all due respect, as I thought then, and as I still believe. I have quite forgotten what I was starting to say, but I remember well the curt command that cut me short: "Take off your hat when you address a gentleman!" uttered without discontinuing his walk, or turning his face, which he carried high before him.

If he had hurled a binnacle at me, or a bow-anchor, or anything else naval and characteristic, I could not have been more astounded. Seeing that he wore his own cap (handsomely gold-laced, as I have him in my mind's eye still), and we were in the open air but for the awning, I could not possibly discover how I had merited so brutal a rebuff. I stared at him a moment, stifling with astonishment and humiliation, and indignant enough to hurl back at him anything in his own line, a capstan or a forecastle — I was too angry to make a discriminating choice. Fortunately I had sense enough to reflect that he was in his own little kingdom, and that if I was not pleased with the manners of the country the sooner I took myself out of it the better. I turned my back on him abruptly and left the ship, choking down my wrath, but thinking intently (too late, as was my habit) of the killingly sarcastic retort I might have made. Thus was quenched in me the last flickering inclination for a seafaring life.

Meanwhile I went about the actual, unpractical business which, unconfessedly, I had most at heart. I offered a volume of verses — metrical tales chiefly, in a variety of styles, derived from Byron, Scott, and Burns, with here and there a reminiscence of Hudibras — to two or three publishers, all of whom but one declined even to look at them (perhaps looking at the author's face was sufficient), telling me, kindly enough but firmly, that no book of poems unless written by a man of established reputation could possibly attract public attention. The one who did at last consent to examine my manuscripts returned them with even fewer words, no doubt thinking he had already wasted too many on a hopeless case.

"I must make a reputation before I can get anybody to print my volume," I said to myself; and I could see but one way of doing that. I selected some of the shorter pieces from my collection, and began offering them to the weekly papers, along with some prose sketches which I had brought from the country, or completed after my arrival. I did not find editors anxious to fill their columns with my poetry; and though my prose articles met with more favor, I was told even by those who expressed a willingness to print them that they did not pay for "such things."

I was a shy youth, and it really required heroic effort on my part to make these calls on editors and publishers, and offer them my crude literary wares, which I was pretty sure to have handed back to me, perhaps with that cold silence so much more killing even than criticism to a young writer's aspirations. How often in those days I stood panting at an editor's door, waiting to still my heart-beats and gain breath and courage for the interview, then perhaps cravenly descending the stairs and putting off till another day the dreaded ordeal! I could never forget those bitter experiences, which I trust made me somewhat tender of the feelings of literary aspirants, when in later years it came my turn to exercise a little brief authority in an editorial chair.

Rebuffs from other sources made me peculiarly sensitive to the first kind words of encouragement that I remember receiving in those days. I suppose I was all the more grateful for them because they came from one of those whom it required most courage to meet. In my boyhood I was overawed by imposing reputations; and in 1847 Major Noah was one of the prominent men of New York. He had originated two or three daily papers, and was then editor and proprietor of the Sunday Times. To him, among others, I submitted a specimen of my verse. He looked up from his desk, in a small, littered room, where he was writing rapidly his weekly editorials for the Times, and told me dryly that it would be of no use for him to read my poem since he could not print it.

"It may be of use to me, if you will take the trouble to look at it," I said; "for I should like to have some person of experience tell me whether there is any chance of my earning money by my pen in this city of New York."

"Anybody who wishes to do that must write prose and leave poetry alone," he replied. Whereupon I told him I had at my boarding-place an unfinished story I would like to show him. "Finish it," he said, "and bring it to me. I shall not probably be able to use it, but I may direct you to somebody who can. At all events, I will tell you what I think of it."

From the moment when he spoke to me I was relieved entirely of the diffidence with which I had approached him. When I went to call on him again I felt that I was going to see a friend. Meanwhile I had finished my story — the most ambitious thing I had yet attempted — and sent it to him.

He offered me a stool beside his chair and laid out my manuscript on his desk.

"Young man," said he, "I think you have it in you." I was speechless, shivering with joy. "This," pushing my poem aside, "is well enough; you may get to write very good verse by and by. But don't write any more while you have to earn your living by your pen. Here is your stronghold," laying his large but delicate hand on my story. "I have n't had time to read much of it, but I see that you have struck the right key, and that you have had the good sense not to make your style too dignified, but lively and entertaining. You have humor; you can tell a story; that 's a great deal in your favor."

This is the substance of his kindly comment, which the novelty of the circumstance and the immense importance to me of the occasion impressed indelibly upon my mind. He then inquired if I had any other means of support.

"None whatever," I replied, "unless I go back to farming or schoolteaching, which I don't mean to do."

"All the better," he said; "necessity will teach you sobriety, industry, thrift. You will have to work hard; you will meet with a great deal of discouragement; but writing for the press is a perfectly legitimate profession, and if you devote yourself to it, there is no reason why you should n't succeed."

I do not know that ever in my life any words had made me so happy as these.

In subsequent days of struggle, when more than once I was on the point of flinging down my pen, I sometimes wondered whether they were wise for him to speak or good for me to hear. But now that more than half a century has passed, and I can look back upon my early life almost as dispassionately as if it were that of another person, I can thank him again for the first authentic judgment ever pronounced upon my literary possibilities.

"Come with me," he said, putting on his hat; and we went out together, I with my roll of manuscript, he with his stout cane. Even if I had been unaware of the fact, I should very soon have discovered that I was in company with an important personage. Everybody observed him, and it seemed as if every third or fourth man we met gave him a respectful salute. He continued his friendly talk with me in a way that relieved me of all sense of my own insignificance in the shadow of his celebrity and august proportions. Looking back upon myself now, through the glass of memory, I behold a very different figure from that which retired so precipitately from the unmannerly officer's quarter-deck hardly two weeks before. One is a confident youth, stepping hopefully beside his noble guide and friend; the other, an abashed and verdant boy. There seem to be two of me on those curiously contrasted occasions.

The Major took me to the office of a publisher in Ann Street, who did not chance to be in. He left my manuscript, with a good word for it, and a promise to call with me again. Twice afterwards he took me to Ann Street, with no better success. Such disinterested kindness, on the part of an old and eminent and fully occupied man, to a strange lad from the country warms my heart again with reverence and gratitude as I think of it at this distant day.

At last he gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Williams, the Ann Street publisher, and advised me to find him when I could. I did at last find him, with a smile on his face and my own manuscript in his hand, reading it with manifest amusement, when I handed him Noah's letter. It was a story, as I recollect, in some ten chapters, in which I had made an attempt to portray Western scenes and characters as I had observed them during my year in Illinois. After some talk about it, he asked me what price I expected to receive for it. I replied that I had not put any price upon it. "Major Noah," I said, "advised me to leave that to you." But as he urged me to name a "figure," I said I had hoped it might be worth to him about a hundred and twenty-five dollars.

"Hardly that," he said, with a smile. "We have never paid so much for any writer's first story."

"Oh, well," I replied, "name your own price."

He named twenty-five dollars. That seems a ludicrous falling away from my figure, but I did not regard it as at all ludicrous at the time. Twenty-five dollars, as the first substantial earnings of my pen, was after all a goodly sum, for one in my circumstances, and vastly better than the return of my manuscript into my hands. That a production of my pen could be deemed to have *any* money value was a consideration that carried with it present satisfaction and hope in the future. I gladly accepted his offer, and saw him lay my story away on a shelf beside a number of others awaiting each its turn at the newspaper mill of novelettes attached to the publishing shop.

Soon after that Major Noah took me to the office of Mr. Holden, publisher of Holden's Dollar Magazine, so called because it was sent to subscribers for one dollar a year, although, as I found, it earned a still further claim to the title by paying its writers one dollar a page. An introduction by Major Noah insured me polite attention from Mr. Holden, who read promptly the

story I offered him (a sort of backwoods adventure), accepted it, and printed it in his forthcoming number. These were the first contributions of mine ever accepted by "paying" publications. The Holden story was quite short; it made only five or six pages, and I remember having to wait for my five or six dollars until it appeared between the covers of the magazine. It was copied into Howitt's People's Journal, of London, and reprinted in many papers in this country, and was the cause of my indulging illusory dreams of a brilliantly dawning reputation.

After getting a second story accepted by Holden's, and one by another periodical of some literary pretensions, of which I have forgotten even the name, I determined to devote myself solely to writing for magazines and newspapers. I have now to tell how, after I had given up all thought of seeking other employment, other employment sought me.

Among the Duane Street boarders was an Englishman of somewhat distinguished appearance, Dr. Child, with whom I soon became quite intimately acquainted, although he was my senior by about fifteen years. Perhaps we were all the more interested in each other because of the contrast in our early lives; he had been confessedly a prodigal, and he told me of the opportunities he had wasted, while I confided to him mine, which I had shaped for myself against adverse circumstances. His father had been a successful oculist in a provincial English town, in whose office he had had experience as an assistant, and upon whose death he had essayed to succeed him in his practice. Failing in that, and in several other ventures, he had come to this country with an eye-water which he hoped to transmute into a Pactolian stream. He had been some time in New York, looking for a partner in his enterprise, — the doctor to furnish the formula, as an offset to the ten or twenty thousand dollars necessary for the manufacture and advertising.

He had a professional habit of scrutinizing people's optics, and perceiving signs of the chronic irritation in mine, he presented me with a bottle of Child's Magical Remedy (or Radical Remedy; I have forgotten just what he called it, but one name is as good as another), which he guaranteed would cure them in ten days. This was the beginning of our friendship, which would have continued till this time if it had lasted as long as the ailment has that he proposed to relieve.

I had known him barely a month when he one day drew me aside to ask if I had a little money I could spare. "Not for making eye-water," I replied jokingly; but he was profoundly serious. He went on to say that he had left a wife in England, that she had followed him to America (rather against his wishes, I inferred), and was then staying with a relative in Hoboken. He was planning to set up housekeeping with her, and had selected a small tenement suitable for their purpose in Jersey City. But the furniture was all to be bought, and he was out of money. The Hoboken relative (an engraver of gold watch-cases and watch-dials) would help him a little; but he needed about forty dollars more; and could I accommodate him to that amount?

"I have as much," I said (I had just got my twenty-five dollars from the Ann Street shop), "but I shall probably need it to pay my board before I get more."

"Advance me forty dollars," he replied, "and come and live with us and board it out;" arguing that a quiet home, like the one offered me, would be much pleasanter, and better for my literary work, than the Duane Street boarding-house.

I was easily persuaded, and handed over to him nearly all the money I had, rather rashly, as it seems to me now; but although, in his rôle of oculist and self-styled "doctor," I considered him a charlatan, I trusted him as a friend.

The house was furnished, and I went to live with the reunited pair, in very modest quarters, in Jersey City. There I passed the rest of that summer quite comfortably, taking long rambles on the Jersey side, a salt water bath every morning on a tide-washed beach of the great river, and frequent ferry trips to New York. I had a good room to write in, with which indispensable convenience I felt I could be happy almost anywhere.

In the shop of the Hoboken relative the doctor had learned to do a little ornamental work with the graver, chiefly on gold pencil-cases; and some time in the autumn he set up a little shop of his own, in the back room at home. I used to sit by his table, watching him; and one day, borrowing a graver and a strip of zinc, amused myself with them while we talked. After a little practice I could cut his simple rose-petals and little branching scrolls as well as he could, and soon found myself working on the pencil-cases. Gold pencils were the fashion in those days, and as Christmas was approaching, he had more work than he could do without assistance. On the other hand, the periodicals I was writing for had accepted as many of my articles as they could use for some time to come, and, as I generally had to wait for my pay until the day of publication, I was in need of money, and glad of a chance to earn it. So, when he proposed to take me into partnership I accepted the offer, bought a set of gravers, and settled down to the work, which was quite to my taste, and which, almost from the start, I could turn off as rapidly as he. It required something of a knack to make with a free hand the clean, graceful strokes, of varying width and depth, taking care never to cut through the thin material.

Those were pleasant hours for me, in the small back room. The doctor was excellent company. He had done a good deal of miscellaneous reading, and seen a life as widely different from mine as his provincial England was distant from my own native backwoods and Western prairies; and (if his wife chanced to be out of earshot) he delighted to impart to me his varied experiences. Some of these were not, from a moralistic point of view, particularly to his credit, but I was an eager student of life, and nothing human was foreign to my interest.

His eye-water having failed to float his fortunes, it is difficult to conjecture what would have become of the Jersey City housekeeping, and of me and my forty dollars, but for this industry, to which he was introduced by the Hoboken relative. I boarded out his debt to me, according to our agreement; and through the connection thus formed I was by the middle of December earning two or three dollars a day at the trade picked up thus by accident.

After Christmas, work was less plenty, and occasionally there was none at all. We now experienced the disadvantage of not having acquired the handicraft by a more thorough apprenticeship. The New York factory, pleased with our pencil-cases, proposed to me to take silver combs to engrave; and I remember how reluctant I was to admit that I had learned to do pencil-cases only. The surface of the high silver comb (such as ladies wore in those days) called for a breadth of treatment quite beyond my experience. The foreman thought I could do it, and, after my frank confession, I was willing to make the trial. I took home one of the combs and carved on it a design that must have astonished him by its bold originality. I recall the peculiar smile with which he held it up and regarded it. I can also still imagine the galaxy of bright faces that would have been turned toward any lady venturing to bear that cynosure aloft on her back hair in any civilized assembly. It would have been just the thing for the Queen of Dahomey, or a belle of the Cannibal Islands. But the factory was not making combs

for those markets. Blushing very red, I remarked, "I told you I could n't do it."

The foreman replied, "I guess you told the truth for once!"

We had a good laugh over it, which he probably enjoyed more than I did. I knew as well as he how grotesquely bad it was, and was surprised when he added, —

"For a first attempt you might have done worse. You need practice and instruction." He then proposed that I should come and work in the shop, assuring me that I should be earning a good living in the course of a few weeks. He knew my friend's Hoboken relative, who was easily earning his seven or eight dollars a day by cutting miniature setters and pheasants, nests with eggs, and tufts of grass, on gold watch-dials, and thought I could do as well in time. The proposal was alluring, and it required courage to decline it. But I had chosen my calling, and could not think seriously of another.

Soon after that, the supply of pencil-cases ran so low that there was not work enough even for one; so I withdrew from the partnership and returned to my writing, — which, indeed, I had never quite abandoned. I passed the winter pleasantly and contentedly enough. But one such winter sufficed. Then in spring the young man's fancy lightly turned to a change of boarding-place.

One forenoon, as I was strolling on Broadway, not far above City Hall Park, I saw in a doorway the notice, "Furnished Room to let." There were similar notices displayed all over the city, and I must have passed several that morning; but at that door, up a flight of steps (there was a wine store in the basement), something impelled me to ring, — my good genius, if I have one. It proved to be the one domicile in which, if I had thought of it beforehand, I should have deemed it especially fortunate to be received. If I had sought it I should probably never have found it; and I had come upon it by what appeared the merest chance.

A French maid admitted me, and a vivacious Frenchman, who spoke hardly a word of English, showed me the room, and introduced me to his wife, a stout, red-faced woman, as voluble and friendly, and as delightfully ignorant of English, as himself. They seemed as happy at the prospect of having a lodger who could speak their language a little as I was pleased to enter a family in which only French was spoken. They took no boarders, and the room alone — a good-sized one, up three flights, with an outlook on Broadway — cost two thirds as much as I had paid for board and lodgings together in Duane Street and Jersey City, — far too much for my precarious income; but I could not let pass such an opportunity for acquiring a colloquial familiarity with the language I had as yet had but little practice in speaking. As I was to get my meals outside, I thought I could, when necessary, scrimp enough in that direction to offset the higher room rent.

I hastened back to Jersey City, packed my books and baggage, and took leave of the friends in whose home I had been an inmate for about nine months. I was a home-loving youth, and it was always painful for me to sever such ties, even after they had become a little irksome; but in this instance any regrets I may have felt were lessened by the immediate certainty of a desirable change. I was like a plant that had outgrown its environment, and exhausted the soil which had for a season sufficed for its nourishment; and the very roots of my being rejoiced in the prospect of transplantation.

I saw little of the Childs after the separation, and soon lost track of them altogether. I often wondered what had become of the doctor, with his eye-water, and his pencil-case engraving, so incompatible with his English dignity, and of domestic little Mrs. Child, with her dropped *h*'s, — into what haven

they could have drifted, out of the fierce currents of our American life, which they seemed so incompetent to cope with, — but I never knew, until, some five and twenty years afterwards, a tall, elderly gentleman, with grizzled locks, and of rather distinguished appearance, sought me out, in Arlington. It was my old friend the doctor. He had come to make me a friendly visit; but it seemed that it was, after all, partly woman's curiosity that had sent him; Mrs. Child having charged him not to pass through Boston, where he had business, without learning for a certainty if J. T. Trowbridge, the writer, and so forth, was the person of the same name who, when little more than a boy, had engraved pencil-cases and sat up late nights over his books and manuscripts in the Jersey City cottage. I was gratified to learn that they had found a port of peace, into which Providence itself seemed to have guided their bark, after many vicissitudes of storm and calm. They had at last found their proper place in an Old People's Home, or some such institution, in Baltimore, not as dependent inmates, I was glad to know, but as superintendent and matron. I could hardly imagine a more ideal position for him with his affable manners and mild dignity, and for her with her strict domestic economy, — not too strict, I trust, for the inmates under their charge. Another quarter of a century, and more, has swept by since the doctor's visit, and the two must long since have fallen in with the procession of those who have entered that Home, from the world of struggle and failure, and, after a sojourn more or less brief in its tranquil retreat, passed on into the shadow of the Greater Peace.

My Broadway landlord was M. Perrault, one of the best known members of the French colony in New York; an accomplished violinist, and leader of the orchestra at Niblo's Garden. The family was as characteristically French and Parisian as the Jersey City household had been English and provincial. Although only a lodger, I was welcomed at once to the small salon, and made to feel so much at home in it, that from the first I spent much of my leisure time with the Perraults and their friends who frequented the house. The very first Sunday after my arrival I was invited to dinner, and made acquainted with French cookery, and that indispensable attendant upon it and promoter of good cheer, Bordeaux wine. There were only four at table, the two Perraults, their son Raphael, a boy of nine, and myself, the only guest. But it was a dinner of courses, — not very expensive, I judge, and certainly neither lavish nor ostentatious; every dish simple, individual, and prepared in ways that were at once as novel to me as they were agreeable. Perrault was himself an amateur cook, of a skill that might have qualified him as a chef, if he had not been making a good income more satisfactorily by conducting Niblo's orchestra, teaching the violin, and copying scores. He was the inventor of a *sauce Perrault*, which, Madame boasted, was popular among their New York compatriots, and even had some vogue in Paris. Every few days after that, memorably on Sundays, he would come to my room and smilingly announce that he had given the finishing touches to the dinner, and had come to take me down with him, perhaps adding gentle force to urgent persuasion. If I remonstrated, "Not so soon again; you are altogether too kind!" he would assure me that my dining with them was considered by both him and Madame as a favor, and she especially would be *désolée* if I declined. Nor could I believe him in any way hypocritical; there could be no motive for their proffered hospitality but the satisfaction there was in it for them and for their guest. They were kind-hearted, fond of society, and ardent in friendship, and if their Gallic cordiality was sometimes

effusive rather than deep, it was not insincere.

I had been with them but a short time when another opportunity was opened to me, — golden, glorious, to an impecunious youth! Might Perrault have the pleasure of taking me to the theatre? When Niblo's was n't crowded he could at any time smuggle in a friend. Of course I was enchanted to accept; and well I remember the awesome mystery of the dim stage entrance, — his violin preceding him, as we passed the obliging doorkeeper, and I following, fast held by his other hand; — then the tortuous way behind the scenes and under the stage, to a seat in the front row, near the orchestra (there were no orchestra stalls in those days). The house was filling rapidly; the musicians took their places; quiet succeeded the rustle of music leaves and the tuning of instruments, and suddenly, in an instant, what there was of me was converted into a bundle of thrills from head to foot, my joy in the music quickened by the novelty of the situation and the pride I felt in Perrault's leadership.

The performance that followed was not by any means my first play; but I had never before seen a great actor in a great part. The piece was Merry Wives of Windsor, and from that coigne of vantage, an end seat in the front row, I for the first time beheld Hackett as Falstaff, to my mind then, and as I remember it still, an amazing personation of the greatest comic character on the stage. Other good acting I witnessed that season at Niblo's, under Perrault's auspices, but everything else fades in the effulgence of Falstaff, and the rainbow hues of a troupe of ballet girls that came later. Could it have been any such troupe of frilled and lithe-limbed nymphs that Carlyle saw on a London stage, and scornfully described as "mad, restlessly jumping and clipping scissors"? — those leaping and pirouetting, curving and undulating shapes, miraculous, glorified, weaving their dance, every movement timed to the strains of the orchestra, a living web of beauty and music! For such indeed they were — not jumping scissors, in whirling inverted saucers! — to my dewy adolescence.

Among the advantages enjoyed in my new lodging, I must not omit a large miscellaneous collection, mostly in paper covers, of the works of French authors. It was not lacking in the earlier classics, but it was especially rich in the productions of contemporary writers, novelists, dramatists, poets, then at the zenith of their celebrity, or nearing it, — Sue, Balzac, Victor Hugo, George Sand and her confrère, Jules Sandeau, Lamartine, Dumas, Scribe, Soulié, and a long list beside. These I read indiscriminately and with avidity, in days of discouragement and forced leisure, while waiting for my accepted articles to appear, or for others to be accepted by the periodicals I was writing for. My solitude was peopled and my loneliness soothed by a world of fictitious characters in Monte-Cristo and Les Trois Mousquetaires (I wish I could read them now, or anything else, with such zest!), Le Juif Errant (I had my own choice copy of Les Mystères de Paris), Hugo's Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné, George Sand's Indiana, and, among others not least, Scribe's Pequillo Alliaga, a romance of adventure, eclipsed by the number and popularity of the author's dramas, but worthy, I then thought (I wonder what I should think now), to take rank with Gil Blas. Perrault was a scoffer at superstition and prudery (I shrink from saying religion and virtue, which might perhaps be nearer exactitude), and he did not mind the risk of corrupting my youth by putting into my hands Voltaire's La Pucelle and Parny's La Guerre des Dieux. But the risk was not great. Something instinctive afforded me a ducklike immunity in passing through puddles.

It might have been possible for me

to live by writing stories at one dollar a page or two dollars and a half a chapter, if I could have got them published after they were accepted or paid for when published. To widen my field and secure, as I hoped, better compensation, I sent an essay to the Knickerbocker, then the foremost literary periodical in the country. It quickly appeared in those elegant pages, to which Irving and his compeers had given character; and full of confidence in this new vehicle for my productions, I went one morning to call on the polite editor. He received me cordially, appeared somewhat surprised at my youth, and assured me that the covers of his magazine would always be elastic enough to make room for such papers as that which I had given him. "Given" him, I found it was in a quite literal sense, for when I hinted at the subject of compensation, he smilingly informed me that it was not his custom to pay for the contributions of new writers. As he had rushed my essay into print without notifying me of its acceptance, or consulting me as to the signature I wished to have attached to it, and as I had purposely withheld the pseudonym under which I was writing for less literary periodicals, and had not yet begun to write under my own name, he had published it anonymously, so that I did not even have the credit of being a contributor to Knickerbocker. I was then using chiefly the pseudonym of Paul Creyton, which I kept for some years for two reasons, — first, because I was well aware of my work being only that of a 'prentice hand, and wished to reserve my own name for more mature compositions; and, second, as Paul Creyton grew in popularity, I found an ever increasing advantage in retaining so good an introduction to editors and readers. If I had put off using my own name until I was conscious of doing my best work, I might never have used it; so that, as it seems to me now, I might as well have begun using it from the first, — or, rather, a modified form of it, writing it Townsend Trowbridge, omitting the J. or John for greater distinctiveness, and to avoid confusion of identity with any other Trowbridge.

I can hardly remember now what periodicals I wrote for, or what I wrote; but one story I recall, which I should probably have forgotten with the rest, if it had not come to light again, like a lost river, a few years later. It was a novelette in three or four installments, that was accepted by the Manhattan Flashlight (although that was not the name of the paper) with such unexampled promptitude, and in a letter so polite, complimentary, and full of golden promise, that once more the tide in my affairs seemed at the flood. Or nearly so: each installment was to be liberally paid for when published, and the first would be put into the printers' hands immediately upon my acceptance of the editorial terms. Accept them I did with joyful celerity; then, having waited two or three weeks, I called at the publication office, only to find the door locked, and the appalling notice staring me in the face, "To Let — Inquire Room Below." At "room below" I inquired with a sick heart: "What has become of the Flashlight?" and was told that it had "gone out." The proprietor had decamped, leaving behind him nothing but debts; and I could neither come upon his trail, nor recover my manuscript.

Two or three years afterward a Boston editor asked me how it chanced that I was writing a continued story for a certain New York weekly paper of a somewhat questionable character; a paper I had never heard of before. It was my lost river reappearing in the most unexpected of desert places. I wrote to the publisher for explanations, and after a long and harassing delay was informed that he had received my manuscript with the assets of some business he had bought out (not the Flashlight), that I must look to his predecessor for

redress, and that he would be pleased to receive from me another story as good! He must have been lacking in a sense of humor, or he would have added "on the same terms." Redress from any source was of course out of the question.

About this time, in Boston, I knew of a similar adventure befalling a story by an author of world-wide reputation. After the publication of the Scarlet Letter had made "the obscurest man of letters in America" one of the most famous, the gloomy but powerfully impressive story of Ethan Brand, which was written several years before, and had lain neglected in the desks of unappreciative editors, appeared as "original" in the columns of the Boston Literary Museum. Knowing the editor, I hastened to inquire of him how he had been able to get a contribution from Hawthorne. Complacently puffing his cigar, he told me it had come to him from some other office, where it had been "knocking around," that he did n't suppose it had ever been paid for, and that he had printed it without consulting the author. He rather expected to hear from him, but he never did; and it is quite probable that Hawthorne never knew of the illicit publication. He must have kept a copy of the strayed Ethan Brand, which not long after appeared in authorized form elsewhere.

Among the few friends who used to climb to my third-story room on Broadway was old Major Noah, whom I can remember flushed and puffing like another Falstaff, as he sank into a chair after ascending those steep flights. He would stop on his way down town, to give me a kindly greeting, and to inquire about my prospects; he also gave me a little work to do in the way of translation from the French. He once brought me a volume of Paris sketches, from which, not reading the language himself, he desired me to select and translate for him such as I deemed best suited to the latitude of New York. The surprising similarity of the life of the two cities was exemplified by the fact that the translations I made were printed with but few changes in the columns of the Sunday Times, and served quite as well for New York as for Paris. I quickly caught the trick of adaptation, and soon had the pleasure of seeing these social satires appear in the Major's paper (anonymously, of course), with many local touches I had given them before they passed under his experienced pen.

Another good friend I had was Archibald McLees, an expert line and letter engraver, and a man of very decided literary tastes. I found his shop a delightful lounging-place; seated on a high stool, with his steel plate before him, in white light, he would talk with me of Dickens and Scott, Béranger and Molière, turning now and then from his work, with an expressive look over his shoulder, to give point to some story, or a quotation from Sam Weller. We dined together at the restaurants, took excursions together (he knew the city like a native), and once went together to sit for our phrenological charts in the office of the Fowlers. The younger Fowler made a few hits, in manipulating our craniums; but on coming away, we concluded that, except for the names written on our respective charts, it would have been difficult to distinguish one from the other. McLees had as much literary ability as I, according to the scale of numbers; while I seemed fully his equal in artistic taste and mechanic skill. As the object I had chiefly in view, in consulting a phrenologist, was to get some outward evidence of my aptitude for the career I had chosen, the result was disappointing. Fowler's first words, in placing his hand on my forehead, — "This brain is always thinking — thinking — thinking!" — led me to expect a striking delineation; but I afterwards reflected that, like other remarks that followed, they would have applied equally well to any num-

ber of heads that passed under his observation. He made a correct map of the country, yet quite failed to penetrate the life of the region, or to take into account the electric and skyey influences which, quite as much as the topographical conformation, causes each to differ from any other. About this time I went with a young man of my acquaintance to attend one of Fowler's lectures. My friend was a rather commonplace fellow, but he had a massive frontal development, and Fowler, who singled him out from among the audience and called him to the platform for a public examination, gave him a Websterian intellect. Websterian faculties he may have had, yet he somehow lacked the spirit needful to give them force and character. The mill was too big for the water power.

I carried out heroically enough my plan of retrenching in other ways to offset, when necessary, my increased room rent. This necessity came not very long after my installment at Perrault's. I stopped buying books, but that was no great sacrifice as long as I had access to shelves crowded with the most attractive French authors; and an evening now and then at Niblo's made it easy for me to forego other places of amusement. Then I could enjoy a band concert any fine summer evening sitting at my open window.

To keep myself comfortable and presentable in the matter of dress was always my habit; I bought nothing on credit (probably I could n't have done otherwise if I had tried); and I should have felt dishonored if ever my laundress delivered her bundle and went away unpaid. So that there remained only one direction in which my expenditures could be much curtailed.

I had begun with three meals a day at the restaurants, which I soon reduced to two, then a few weeks later to one, and finally on a few occasions to none at all. I did n't starve in the meanwhile; on the contrary I lived well enough to keep myself in the condition of perfect (although never very robust) health, which I enjoyed at all seasons, and at whatever occupation, through all my early years. Hungry I may have been at times, but no more so, probably, than was good for me, and never for long. When I could n't afford a meal at the restaurants I would smuggle a sixpenny loaf up my three flights and into my room (I was ashamed of this forced economy), with perhaps a little fruit or a wedge of cheese. This I might have found hard fare, and unsatisfactory, had it not been sauced with something that made up for the lack of luxuries; a pure and wholesome light wine, *vin ordinaire*, which through Perrault I could get in the store downstairs at the importer's price of a shilling a bottle (twelve and a half cents). With a glass of this I could always make a palatable meal off my loaf and fruit; the worst feature being the solitariness of it, and the absence of that which renders a frugal repast better than a banquet without it, friendly converse at table. In this respect the restaurant was not much better, except when I had a companion at dinner, which was n't always convenient; so that I soon became weary enough of this unsocial way of living. Sometimes I hardly knew where the next loaf was coming from; but then I would get pay for an article in time to keep me from actual want and out of debt; or I would raise money in another way that I shrink from mentioning, not from any feeling of false pride, at this distant day, but on account of the associations the memory of it calls up.

When necessity pressed, I would take from my modest collection the volumes I could best spare, and dispose of them at a second-hand bookstore for about one quarter what they had cost me, yet generally enough for the day's need. One night I even passed under the ill-omened sign, that triple emblem of avarice, want, and woe, the pawnbroker's three balls; an occasion rendered

memorable to me by a painful circumstance. I parted with a flute that I had paid two dollars and a half for when I had a boyish ambition to become a player, and which I was glad to pledge for the cost of a dinner when I had given up the practice and did n't expect ever to resume it. The money-lender's cage had two wickets opening into the narrow entry-way; while I paused at one of these, the slight, shrinking figure of a woman all in black came to the other, and pushed in, over the worn and greasy counter, a bundle which the ogre behind the bars shook out into a gown of some dark stuff, glanced at disapprovingly, refolded, and passed back to her with a sad shake of the head. She had probably named a sum that did not appeal to his sense of what was businesslike; and she now said something else in a choked voice, in reply to which he once more took in the garment, and gave her in return a ticket, with a small coin. A wing of the little stall where she stood had concealed her face from me while she was transacting her sorrowful business, but I had a full look at it as she went out, and so pinched with penury and wrung with distress did it appear, that a horribly miserable and remorseful feeling clutched at my vitals, as if I were somehow implicated in her calamity, and ought to put into her hand the two or three shillings (whatever the sum may have been) that I had received for the flute. I should have been happier if I had done so. I was young, stout-hearted, patient with ill fortune, if not quite defiant of it, and sustained by the certainty that my need was as temporary as it was trivial; while hers, as I fancied, was a long-drawn desolation that only death could end. Her image haunted me, and for many days and nights I could never pass a pawnbroker's sign without feeling that clutch at my heart.

The band concert I have spoken of should also be enumerated among the advantages of my Perrault lodging. Opposite my room, but a block or two farther down Broadway, was the Café des Mille Colonnes, a brilliant house of entertainment, with a balcony on which an orchestra used to play, on summer evenings, the popular airs of the period, to which I listened many a lonely hour, sitting by the window of my unlighted chamber, "thinking — thinking — thinking!" The throngs of pedestrians mingled below, moving (marvelous to conceive) each to his or her "separate business and desire;" the omnibuses and carriages rumbled and rattled past; while, over all, those strains of sonorous brass built their bridge of music, from the high café balcony to my still higher window ledge, spanning joy and woe, sin and sorrow, past and future, all the mysteries of the dark river of life. Night after night were played the same pieces, which became so interwoven with the thoughts of my solitary hours, with all my hopes and doubts, longings and aspirations, that for years afterward I could never hear one of those mellow, martial, or pensive strains without being immediately transported back to my garret and my crust.

I wonder a little now at the courage I kept up, a waif (as I seemed often to myself) in the great, strange city, a mere atom in all that multitudinous human existence. I do not remember that, even at the lowest ebb of my fortunes, I ever once lost faith in myself, or a certain philosophical cheerfulness that enabled me then, as it has always since, to bear uncomplainingly my share of rebuffs and discouragements; I never once succumbed to homesickness or thought of returning to my furrows. I have only grateful recollections of those times of trial, which no doubt had their use in tempering my too shy and sensitive nature, and in deepening my inward resources.

This way of living could not have continued long before it was relieved by a change as welcome as it was unexpected. Although I managed somehow to pay

my room rent when due, the Perraults must have suspected my impecuniosity, for their invitations became more and more frequent, until I found myself dining with them three or four times a week. If this hospitality had meant only social enjoyment and a solace to my solitude, it would have been pure satisfaction; but it had for me, moreover, a money-saving significance that touched my self-respect. So I remarked one day, as I took my customary seat at their table, that I could n't keep on dining with them so often unless they would consent to take me as a boarder. Before this they had declared that they would not receive a boarder for any consideration; I had now, however, come to be regarded as one of the family, and they readily acceded to my proposal. One of the family I then indeed became, and as intimate a part of their French ménage as I had been of the English household in Jersey City.

It was a rather rash arrangement on my part, for the terms agreed upon, though moderate enough in view of the more generous way of living, made my weekly expenses nearly double what they had been at Dr. Child's or in Duane Street, and this at a time when I had only a vague notion as to how I was to meet them. That my horror of debt should have permitted me to rush into this indiscretion is something I can hardly explain. Circumstance led me a better way than prudence would have approved; I obeyed one of those impulses that seem often to be in the private counsels of Providence, and are wiser than wisdom. I had had enough of the restaurants, and bread eaten in secret had ceased to be pleasant. I felt no compunctions in exchanging those useful experiences for French café au lait and French cookery, a more regular home life, and daily good cheer.

I became more at ease in my mind as to money obligations; and from that time I do not remember to have had much difficulty in meeting them. The Perraults trusted me implicitly, and were always willing to await my convenience when my weekly reckonings fell in arrears. Perrault overflowed with good-fellowship, and with a vivacity akin to wit; and Madame had but one serious fault, — that which accounted for her too rubicund complexion. Quite too often, after the midday lunch, poor little Raphael was sent downstairs with her empty bottle, to be filled at the wine-shop below with something more ardent than Bordeaux or Burgundy. I was fain to go out when I saw the cognac come in, to take its place beside snuff-box and tumbler, on her sitting-room table; but would sometimes be persuaded to sit with her while she sipped and talked, and took snuff and grew drowsy, and then perhaps in the midst of a sentence dropped asleep in her chair, to awaken not seldom in an ill temper that vented itself on poor little Raphael if he chanced to be near. At other times she would be as indulgently good to him as became a mother; and me she always treated with the utmost courtesy and kindness. I never had a word of disagreement with her save on a single topic; in the discussion of which she herself unconsciously presented a living argument on my side, — an argument, however, that I could not with propriety adduce. I would never unite with her in lowering the contents of the bottle.

Meanwhile I was enjoying increased facilities for acquiring a colloquial familiarity with the French language. When I entered the house I could read and translate it readily enough, and I had gained a good accent from my French-Canadian teacher in Lockport; but I spoke it stiffly and bookishly, and it was difficult for me to follow a rapid and careless enunciation. In a company of French-speaking people I would lose a large part of the conversation that was not addressed directly to me. But I was passing happily through that transitional stage, and getting a practical

use of the language that was to be of inestimable value to me all my life. I may add here my belief that in no other language is the disadvantage so great of having first learned it by the eye only, and not by the ear; often in such a case the ear never quite catches up with the eye in understanding it.

I was so well satisfied with my later domestic arrangements that I rested in the comfortable feeling that they would continue indefinitely. But they were to be suddenly interrupted.

I had been with the Perraults only about five months as a lodger, and the latter half of that time as a boarder, when another of those circumstances that override our plans took me away from them and from the city. In August of that year, 1848, — fifteen months after landing on the pier, early that May morning, from the North River boat, — by the advice of a literary acquaintance I made a trip to Boston, chiefly for the purpose of securing new vehicles for my tales and sketches, in the periodical press outside of New York. My cheery "Au revoir!" to my French host and hostess proved to be a final farewell. I found the latitude of Boston so hospitable to those light literary ventures that I prolonged my stay, and what was at first intended as a visit became a permanent residence.

Thus ended, before I was yet twenty-one, the New York episode of my youth. I had not accomplished what I secretly hoped to do, I had passed through trials and humiliations, and tasted the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. But I had come out of the ordeal with courage and purpose undiminished, a heart unscathed by temptation and unembittered by disappointment. My first stumbling steps were no doubt better for my discipline and right progress than the leap I vaguely aspired to make at the outset. It is well that we cannot always bend the world to our will; and I long since learned to be thankful that no publisher was found undiscerning enough to print my first thin volume of very thin verse.

J. T. Trowbridge.

(*To be continued.*)

EPISODES OF BOSTON COMMERCE.

EMERSON was more than a maker of pleasant phrases when he wrote of his birthplace —

> "Each street leads downward to the sea
> Or landward to the west."

Down these streets, and out into the widest world, some of the people of Boston may well be followed, not only for the light they throw upon the town itself, but because their work typifies what may be done by men who carry a local spirit abroad, and enrich their native place by what they bring back to it.

Followers of the sea more than the people of any other place in America before the Revolution, the men of Boston could not but return, in the general restoring of normal conditions, to their interest in maritime affairs. How could it be otherwise? At their very feet lay the inviting bay, with its best of harbors, safe from the sea, of which it is less an arm than a shoulder. At their very doors lay all the materials for shipbuilding. How entirely the Constitution, finished in 1797, was a home-made vessel, and therein a typical product, Mr. H. A. Hill has pointed out in his monograph on Boston commerce: "Paul Revere furnished the copper,

bolts and spikes, drawn from malleable copper by a process then new; and Ephraim Thayer, who had a shop at the South End, made the gun-carriages for the frigate. Her sails were made in the Granary building at the corner of Park and Tremont streets; no other building in Boston was large enough for the purpose. There were then fourteen ropewalks in Boston, so that there could be no difficulty in obtaining cordage; and there was an incorporated company for the manufacture of sailcloth, whose factory was on the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets, and which was encouraged by a bounty on its product from the General Court; this product had increased to eighty or ninety thousand yards per annum, and is said to have competed successfully with the duck brought from abroad. The anchors came from Hanover in Plymouth County, and a portion of the timber used in what was then looked upon as a mammoth vessel was taken from the woods of Allentown, on the borders of the Merrimac, fifty miles away." Surely the provocation to seafaring was sufficiently strong.

All this was in the Revolutionary century. With the coming of peace it might have been expected that the doors of commerce would be thrown immediately open. Yet it would have been hardly human for the mother country to smooth any paths for the child that had cast off all parental authority. The British West India trade was of course subject to English legislation. It was not long before the merchants of Boston, as of all our ports, found themselves forbidden to bring their fish to the islands or to carry the island products to England. These products, if brought first to New England, could not even be carried to England in British ships. This prohibition was followed in 1784 by that of exporting anything from the West Indies to the United States except in British vessels. Here the citizens of Boston asserted themselves, and entered as of old into agreement to buy none of the wares so imported. The Massachusetts legislature passed measures of retaliation; and the national laws of navigation and commerce reflected for some years the British policy of restriction. If success is determined by obstacles, the commercial enterprise of Boston could not have had a more favorable beginning.

Not content with the difficulties nearest home, the merchants of America, in the earliest days of peace, began turning their eyes to the distant trade of China. To New York belongs the credit of sending out the first vessel in this trade, the Empress of the Seas, which set sail for Canton in February of 1784, and was back in New York in May of the next year. Her supercargo was a Boston youth of twenty, Samuel Shaw by name, whose service on General Knox's staff in the Revolution had already won him the rank of major. In his journal of the outward voyage he tells of landing at St. Jago, an island of the Cape de Verde group. The officer of the port was a Portuguese. "On telling him," says Shaw, "by the interpreter, a negro, that we were Americans, he discovered great satisfaction, and exclaimed, with an air of pleasure and surprise, 'Bostonian! Bostonian!'" With this — and the Boston supercargo — to remember, the New England town may comfortably orient herself with the first of the Chinese traders.

It was not long, however, before the town could claim as her own a commercial venture of the first importance and magnitude. The journals of Captain Cook, the navigator, were published in 1784. Through them the great possibilities of the fur trade on the northwest coast of America were made known. Five Boston merchants, including the Bulfinch whose architecture still dominates the local landscape, and one merchant of New York, joined themselves to enter this new field. The vessels they secured for the expedition were two: the

Columbia, a full rigged ship of two hundred and twelve tons, eighty-three feet in length; and the Washington, a sloop of ninety tons. Let those who dread six days of the Atlantic on liners of fifteen thousand tons' burden stop a moment and picture these cockleshells — as they must appear to-day — and the spirit of the men who embarked in them for the North Pacific, and — in the Columbia — for the complete circling of the globe. Before they set sail, September 30, 1787, they provided themselves plentifully with silver, bronze, and pewter medals commemorating the expedition, and with useful tools and useless trinkets, jews'-harps, snuff-boxes, and the like. Rounding the Horn, and sailing northward, it was the little Washington which first reached the northwest coast. While waiting for the Columbia, the sloop's crew had an encounter with natives who gave them good reason to call their anchorage "Murderers' Harbor." Then the Columbia came, with scurvy on board. But the cargo of furs was secured, and, in pursuance of the owners' plan, was carried to Canton for sale. Stopping on the way at Hawaii, Captain Gray took on board the Columbia a young chief, Attoo, promising to send him back from Boston as soon as might be. From China the ship, loaded with teas, sailed for home by way of the Cape of Good Hope. In August of 1790 she dropped anchor in Boston harbor, the first American vessel to circumnavigate the earth. There were salutes from the castle and the town artillery, formal greetings by the collector of the port and Governor Hancock. Beside Captain Gray, young Attoo marched up State Street, wearing "a helmet of gay feathers, which glittered in the sunlight, and an exquisite cloak of the same yellow and scarlet plumage." Never before had the ends of the earth and the "happy town beside the sea" been brought so near together.

In spite of the fact that this unprecedented voyage of the Columbia was not a financial success, four of her six owners proved their faith in the undertaking by sending her directly back to the northwest coast. This second voyage, on which she sailed September 28, 1790, was destined to write the good ship's name on the map of the country. It was nearly two years later when, having taken Attoo back to Hawaii in the humble capacity of cabin boy, and having spent a winter on the coast, Captain Gray, cruising to the southward, saw what he took to be the mouth of a mighty river. There were breakers to warn him against entering it. To this forbidding aspect of things we may owe the entry in Vancouver's journal at the same point: "Not considering this opening worthy of more attention, I continued our pursuit to the northwest." For Captain Gray the breakers were an obstacle only to be overcome. After several efforts he drove the ship through them, and found himself in a noble stream of fresh water. Up this river he sailed some twenty-four miles, and having assured himself that he might continue farther if he chose, returned to the sea. The headlands at the mouth of the river he named, like a true son of Boston, Cape Hancock and Point Adams. He raised the American flag, buried some coins of his young country, and named the river after his vessel, the Columbia. Upon this discovery and the explorations of Lewis and Clark in the next decade, the American government based its successful claim to the Oregon country. Yet for the Boston merchants whose enterprise wrought such momentous results, the second voyage, like the first, was but a small success. In spite of the abundant salutes and cheers which greeted the Columbia when she sailed into Boston harbor in July of 1793, the ship and her inventory were sold at once by auction at a Charlestown wharf. It was hers, however, to open the way to an important commerce. In the years immediately following, a lucrative trade, largely in the hands of Boston mer-

chants, was carried on in direct pursuance of the Columbia's example, even in the matter of circumnavigation with stops at the Sandwich Islands and China.

The slender tonnage of such vessels as the Columbia and the Washington allies them closely with the infancy of commerce. From the extreme youthfulness of many of the shipmasters and supercargoes of Boston ships sailing to distant seas, the reader of later years draws the same impression of beginnings. Mere boys found themselves filling posts of responsibility, which could not but bring the man in them to the quickest possible development. Edward Everett, in his sketch of the chief marine underwriter of the early days of Boston commerce, has given us this bit of record: "The writer of this memoir knows an instance which occurred at the beginning of this century, — and the individual concerned, a wealthy and respected banker of Boston, is still living among us, — in which a youth of nineteen commanded a ship on her voyage from Calcutta to Boston, with nothing in the shape of a chart on board but the small map of the world in Guthrie's Geography." In the service of the Messrs. Perkins, John P. Cushing went out to China, at the age of sixteen, in 1803, as clerk to the agent of the firm's business, a man but little older than himself. This superior in office soon died, leaving to young Cushing's care the conduct of large sales and purchases, which he managed so well and promptly as to win himself a place in the important firm. Captain Robert Bennet Forbes, another nephew of the Messrs. Perkins, and a typical merchant of the somewhat later time in which he flourished, gives this summary of his early career: "At the age of sixteen I filled a man's place as third mate; at the age of twenty, I was promoted to a command; at the age of twenty-six, I commanded my own ship; at twenty-eight, I abandoned the sea as a profession; at thirty-six, I was at the head of the largest American house in China." This was the boy who at thirteen began his nautical life "with a capital consisting of a Testament, a 'Bowditch,' a quadrant, a chest of sea clothes, and a mother's blessing." To this equipment should be added the advice of another uncle, Captain William Sturgis: "Always go straight forward, and if you meet the devil cut him in two, and go between the pieces; if any one imposes on you, tell him to whistle against a northwester and to bottle up moonshine." It was a rough, effective training to which the boys like young Bennet Forbes were put. If, in instances like his own, family influence had its weight, — for his kinsmen, the Perkinses, Sturgises, Russells, and others, were long in virtual control of the China trade, — yet the youths to whom opportunity came were equal to it. We are used to hearing our own age called that of the young man. These Boston boys, and Farragut in command of a prize at twelve, spare us the burden of providing precedents for the future.

Over against these triumphs of youth may well be set another picture, taken from the memoir by Edward Everett already drawn upon. He writes of Thomas Russell, who died in 1796, the pioneer of the Russian trade, the foremost merchant of his time: "According to the fashion of the day, he generally appeared on 'change in full dress; which implied at that time, for elderly persons, usually a coat of some light-colored cloth, small-clothes, diamond or paste buckles at the knee and in the shoes, silk stockings, powdered hair, and a cocked hat; in cold weather, a scarlet cloak. A scarlet cloak and a white head were, in the last century, to be seen at the end of every pew in some of the Boston churches." Thus between land and sea, youth and age, the balance of picturesqueness is fairly struck; and withal there is a suggestion of Old World dignity without which any impression of the early Boston merchants would be incomplete.

It is not to one of these dignified gentlemen that one looks for such projects as Lord Timothy Dexter's proverbial shipping of warming-pans to the tropics. Yet it was a Boston merchant, Frederick Tudor, who began to carry the peculiarly Northern commodity of ice to the West Indies. Even at the centre of "Yankee notions," he was regarded as a person of unbridled fancy. The story of this traffic in ice is indeed sufficiently strange. As related chiefly in an old number of Scribner's Monthly, it is that in 1805 a plague of yellow fever wrought havoc in the West India Islands. Mr. Tudor saw how grievously ice was needed, and determined to supply it. Cutting two or three hundred tons from a pond at Saugus, he had it hauled to Charlestown, and loaded the brig Favorite for Martinique. This, in his own words, "excited the derision of the whole town as a mad project." Ridicule and opposition, however, were the surest means of fixing his purpose. Though at first without financial success, he proved that ice could be carried to a warm climate. Then the British government saw what cooling benefits might thus be brought to its West Indian subjects. Accordingly Mr. Tudor secured the monopoly, with further special advantages, for the sale of ice in Jamaica. At Kingston he built his ice houses. Havana and other Cuban ports were opened to him on similar terms. By degrees he built up also a large traffic with our own Southern cities, — Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans. Then followed, in 1833, at the request of English and American merchants in Calcutta, the "ice-king's" invasion of the Far East. From small beginnings the ice trade with Calcutta grew to proportions which made it long an important element in holding for Boston the supremacy in all the commerce between Calcutta and the United States. Rio Janeiro must be added to the list of tropical cities to which the Tudor ships carried their cargoes of ice. The bald recital of the facts in the story of this merchant's success is sufficient to stir the imagination. To do such things with the tools at hand — sailing vessels and none of the modern implements of labor-saving — called for a species of ability in which imagination itself must have played no trifling part.

It may be that this quality of imagination was lacking in the Boston and Salem merchants who attempted in 1842 to introduce American ice into London. One of them tried to attain this end by demonstrating the merits of iced American drinks. He hired a hall — as the story goes — and trained a number of men to mix the cool beverages of his native land. The members of the Fishmongers' Association — presumably as fond of turtle as aldermen themselves — were the guests. The waiters made an imposing entry, but alas, the first sound that met the ear of the American "promoter," expecting a chorus of approval, was that of an English voice calling for hot water, and saying, "I prefer it 'alf 'n' 'alf." The American completes the story: "I made a dead rush for the door, next day settled my bills in London, took train for Liverpool and the steamer for Boston, and counted up a clear loss of $1200."

The counting of losses has doubtless had its constant place in the calculations of merchants. To the commoner counting of profits on Boston wharves may be ascribed the practice very general, a hundred years ago and less, among persons of every sort and condition, of sending out "adventures." The sea was the Wall Street of the time, and the time was that when even the uncertainties of the lottery were in good repute. It is in no way surprising, then, to find in a newspaper of 1788, in the advertisement of two ships about to sail for the Isle of France and India, this announcement: "Any person desiring to adventure to that part of the world may have an opportunity of sending goods on freight." In executing these commis-

sions the supercargo became, besides the owners' agent, almost a public servant. Professional men, women, boys — all classes of the community took this inviting road to profit. At the age of eight (1821), John Murray Forbes wrote in a letter: "My adventure sells very well in the village." A footnote to the passage in Mr. Forbes's Life explains that the boy was in the habit of importing in the Perkins vessels, with the help of older relatives, little adventures in tea, silk, or possibly Chinese toys. Thus by the time he sailed to China himself, at seventeen, he had accumulated more than a thousand dollars of his own.

That there were heavy risks to be run both by owners and by private speculators, the high rates of insurance and the fortunes built up by marine underwriters clearly testify. The difficult navigation laws of England and France during the Napoleonic wars provided an important element in these risks. Our own Embargo and War of 1812 brought dangers amounting to prohibitions, with effects upon Boston commerce which for a time put it practically out of existence. Among the first vessels to arrive in Boston after the restoration of peace were the New Hazard and the Catch-me-if-you-can, whose very names bespoke the anxiety of the commercial class. With the confidence which came with peace new opportunities were so firmly grasped that for forty years the commerce of Boston continued to spread to every near and distant port of the world. So early as 1791 there is the record of seventy sail leaving Boston harbor in a single day. Yet in 1846 one may read of a hundred and twenty-nine arrivals in the same brief period. That one great risk of the earlier time — the risk of piracy — should have extended so far as it did into the later, we of these more shielded days cannot easily realize. There is nothing of anachronism in the story of the Atahualpa, sailing for Canton in 1808, commanded by Captain William Sturgis, carrying more than three hundred thousand Spanish milled dollars, and winning a desperate battle with Chinese pirates at the mouth of the Canton River. The ship had previously been in the Indian trade on the northwest coast, and had then been pierced for musketry and armed with four six-pound cannon. To these, which Captain Sturgis had carried with him to China, contrary to the orders of Theodore Lyman, the chief owner of the vessel, the defeat of the pirates was largely due. It savors of the stern and strenuous time, however, to find it reported — whether credibly or not — that on reaching Boston Sturgis was obliged to pay freight on the cannon. "Obey orders if you break owners" was a motto not to be treated lightly.

Less remote in time and place than these Chinese pirates stand the twelve Spaniards brought to Boston and tried on the charge that "piratically, feloniously, violently, and against the will" of the captain of the brig Mexican, which sailed from Salem in August, 1832, for Rio, they "did steal, rob, take, and carry away" the $20,000 in specie with which a homeward cargo was to have been purchased. This the pirates of the schooner Panda, sailing the Spanish Main, undoubtedly did. A copy of the Salem Gazette containing an account of the affair somehow fell into the hands of Captain Trotter, commanding H. B. M. brig Curlew on the African coast. A vessel lying in the River Nazareth and answering the description of the Panda excited Captain Trotter's suspicions. With considerable difficulty he captured her and her crew, whom he brought to Salem. The trial in Boston occupied two weeks. Mr. William C. Codman, then a schoolboy, recalls the excitement it produced: "Every morning the 'Black Maria' brought the prisoners from the Leverett Street Jail to the court-room. The wooden fence around the Common was perched upon in every possible place

from which a view of the pirates could be obtained. The streets and malls were so filled with eager spectators that the police had great difficulty in keeping the crowd back." By the jury's verdict, the captain, mate, and five of the crew were declared guilty. Bernardo de Soto, the first officer, was reprieved by President Andrew Jackson, on the ground of a previous act of humanity to American citizens. The other pirates were executed in Boston, June 11, 1835. It is this date, so little beyond the remembrance of many men now living, which brings the "old, unhappy, far-off things" of peril by sea well into what seems our own time.

To guard against the risks which foresight could avert, it was the custom of shipowners to give their captains, on setting sail, letters of instructions as minute in particulars as the orders of a military or naval commander to a subordinate setting forth on a difficult expedition. Many things which might now be said by cable or rapid mails were then thought out and committed in advance to pages; and nothing that the old merchants have left behind them speaks more clearly for their breadth of vision and clearness of thought and expression than these characteristic productions. Their calling, as they practiced it, both required and enriched that thing of many definitions, — a liberal education.

With the superseding of sails by steam, it was inevitable that much of what would be called, but for McAndrew, the romance of the sea must disappear. One of the changes from the old to the new conditions has hardly yet ceased to manifest itself. The "forest of masts" with which such a harbor side as that of Boston used to be lined is still gradually dwindling away. In the place of the old tangle of spars and cordage now appear gigantic funnels, comparatively few, and slender pole-masts innocent of yards. A single funnel, however, may rise above a cargo of fifty times greater tonnage than that of a sailing ship a century ago. Add to this the considerations of speed and frequent voyages, of the quick lading and discharging of cargoes by modern methods, and the new romance of magnitude belongs wholly to our epoch of steam.

For what the new epoch was to bring in the way of rapid transatlantic service Boston was in some measure prepared by the lines of Liverpool sailing packets established in 1822 and in 1827. Of one of the vessels of the earlier line, the Emerald, there is a tradition that once she made the voyage to Liverpool and back in thirty-two days. Besides speed these sailing packets offered to patrons what was considered at the time a high degree of comfort. In this matter of packets sailing at regular intervals, however, Boston was somewhat behind New York. To New York, also, belongs the distinction of greeting the steamers Sirius and Great Western on their arrival on consecutive April days of 1838, — nineteen years, to be sure, after the first steam vessel crossed the Atlantic. It was the successful return of these two ships to England that stirred the British admiralty to action, — with what good results to Boston we shall see.

The action of the admiralty was to call for proposals for carrying the royal mails from Liverpool to Halifax, Quebec, and Boston. Mr. Samuel Cunard, an enterprising merchant of Halifax, had long been considering the possibilities of transatlantic steam service. Here was his opportunity, and the bid which he promptly made for this postal work was accepted, at a contract price of £55,000 a year. Halifax was to be the eastern terminus, from which smaller boats were to run to Boston and Quebec. To this arrangement some energetic citizens of Boston entered an immediate protest. The resolutions which they passed April 20, 1839, one week after the promise of the new line reached Boston, pointed out the advantage of using Halifax merely as a place of call

and making Boston the true terminus. It happened that just at that time the northeastern boundary dispute, over the line between Maine and New Brunswick, was at a critical point. Shrewdly enough the Boston resolutions, referring to this dispute, expressed the faith of the meeting in the new "enterprise as a harbinger of future peace, both with the mother country and the provinces, being persuaded that frequent communication is the most effectual mode to wear away all jealousies and prejudices which are not yet extinguished." The resolutions, hastily dispatched to Mr. Cunard, reached him on the point of his leaving London for America. He lost no time in taking them to the Lords of the Admiralty, offering — as Mr. H. A. Hill has summed it up — "to increase the size and power of his ships, and to extend the main route to Boston, promising also, half jocosely, to settle the northeastern boundary question, if they would add ten thousand pounds per annum to the subsidy. His proposition was accepted, and a new contract was signed in May." Thus it was that Boston, destined to fall far below New York as a port for transatlantic steamers, secured the early supremacy, and perhaps made its own contribution to the settlement of the boundary dispute.

So used is the human mind becoming to the marvelous in triumphs over nature that the first comers from Europe by air-ship — if they ever come — will probably receive a less enthusiastic welcome than that which the city of Boston extended to the first arriving Cunarders. In June and July of 1840, the Unicorn and the Britannia came safe to the new docks of the company in East Boston. Banquets, salutes, and many flags celebrated the events. No doubt local pride played an important part in the Boston sentiment of this time. Within four years this pride was put to the test. The New York papers had been pointing out all the contrasts, unfavorable to Boston, between the ports of the two cities. As if indeed to adorn their tale, Boston harbor froze over in January of 1844, and the advertised sailing of the Britannia then in dock seemed surely to be impossible. But the merchants of Boston would not have it so. They met and voted to cut a way, at their own expense, through the ice, that the steamer might sail practically on time. The contract for cutting the necessary channels was given to merchants engaged like Frederick Tudor in the export of ice, — not from the harbor. Their task was to cut within the space of three days a channel about ten miles long. For tools they had the best machinery used in cutting fresh-water ice, and horse power was employed. The ice was from six to twelve inches in thickness. As the Advertiser of February 2, 1844, described the scene: "A great many persons have been attracted to our wharves to witness the operations, and the curious spectacle of the whole harbor frozen over, and the ice has been covered by skaters, sleds, and even sleighs. Tents and booths were erected upon the ice, and some parts of the harbor bore the appearance of a Russian holiday scene." On February 3 the work was done, and the Britannia, steaming slowly through the lane of open water, lined on either side by thousands of cheering spectators, made her way to the sea. Whatever the New York critics may have thought, the English managers of the company must have felt that the people of Boston were good friends to have.

In the natural course of events other lines besides the Cunard were established ; and if the outreaching spirit of Boston had traveled as rapidly overland to the West as it had always moved by sea, there would probably be nothing but progress to record of Boston as a port. Writing of the time when the first Cunarders came, Mr. Hill reminds us "that the trains starting from Boston then reached their limits respectively at Newburyport, Exeter, Nashua, Springfield, Stonington, and New Bed-

ford." It was not long before the western railroad frontier was pushed from Springfield to Albany and the Hudson. But here, alas, it stopped, and for nearly thirty years, so far as through lines were concerned, it was pushed no farther. During this period quarrels between the two lines that traversed Massachusetts, and the deadening influence of state aid where private enterprise should have been at work, had the most unhappy results. Far to the west, the development of the Michigan Central and the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy railroads, largely through Boston capital and energy, spoke for what might have been done nearer home. Meanwhile the western railroad connections with New York were wisely and rapidly improved. To quote from Mr. Charles Francis Adams: "While the great corporations which served other cities were absorbing into themselves the thoroughfares in the valley of the Mississippi, the Legislature of the State of Massachusetts kept its eyes steadily fixed on the Hoosac Mountain." To this, with other causes, was due the decline of Boston shipping. The important commerce with Calcutta reached its climax in the years between 1856 and 1859, and thereafter gradually fell away, to the advantage of New York. So it was with other branches of maritime trade. In 1868 the Cunard Company, which for the first eight years of its existence had run no vessels to New York, transferred all its mail steamers to the rival port, and sent to Boston only freighters, which after loading in Boston proceeded to New York to complete their cargoes. For nearly three years not a single steamer sailed from Boston direct to Liverpool. Then came the revival. The representatives of railroads, steamships, and the Board of Trade put their heads together, and matters began to mend. Year by year the volume of exports and imports showed a steady, healthy growth, — until Boston has found herself, if not, as of old, the first port of America, yet one which at last reaps the commercial advantages belonging to the town of Emerson's definition, with its streets leading not only "downward to the sea," but also, as the railroads tardily did their work, "landward to the west."

It is a partial view of the outreaching spirit of Boston — especially as Boston may be taken as typical of New England — which ignores the expression that spirit found in the establishment of Christian missions in the islands of the sea and the kingdoms beyond. Whatever one may think of that work, its means and its ends, the facts remain that the nineteenth century saw its beginnings in America, that the "orthodox" churches of New England were the pioneers in the work, and that the men at home whose financial support made it possible were frequently of that commercial class in whose interest the ships of Boston sailed abroad. This is not to say that the "merchant princes" of Boston were largely imbued with the spirit which has been most active in carrying Christianity to foreign lands. They were not. But throughout the nineteenth century there was a constant element in the community — in Boston and all New England towns — which derived from its Puritan ancestry so firm a faith in its modes of spiritual life as inherently the life for every man of every race that the maintenance of American missions became a vital duty. It is not the least significant aspect of this portion of New England history that the secular record of it is extremely meagre. This may probably be ascribed to the fact that the men and women for the records of whose zeal and generosity we look in vain were not of the class which either writes or becomes the theme of biography. They were of the rank and file, and for that reason surely should not be overlooked.

Whether we turn, then, to the great merchants or to the clerks and gentlewomen who sent forth their small adven-

tures, or yet to that other class whose adventures were for spiritual ends, we find in the Boston community a constant quality of distant vision belying the reputation of the town for contented absorption in its own affairs. The Autocrat's image of the hub, adopted by all the world, carried with it an inevitable picture of the "tire of all creation." It would be but a sorry hub that was no better for the wheel at the end of its spokes. To those who have determined the relations of Boston with the world at large, the town has owed many of its best things. The distinguished merchants won their distinction not so much by their wealth as by the integrity which earned it and the generosity which devoted it to public uses. A list of the foundations for charitable and educational purposes in and about Boston — such as a "Perkins Institution," a "Parkman Professorship," a "Bromfield Fund" — would reveal to the statistical mind a large proportion of names identified with the mercantile history of the place. To bring silk and spices from over-seas, to win the fight with pirates, to open a frozen harbor to the early steamships, to tunnel a mountain and reach the West, — all these are fine, brave things. Yet it is more to make your town richer by the spirit which has triumphed over such difficulties and by the fruits of that spirit. This is what the merchants of Boston have done.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

A SEA LYRIC.

THERE is no music that man has heard
  Like the voice of the minstrel Sea,
Whose major and minor chords are fraught
  With infinite mystery, —
For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
  Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
  The song of a vast unrest.

There is no passion that man has sung,
  Like the love of the deep-souled Sea,
Whose tide responds to the Moon's soft light
  With marvelous melody, —
For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
  Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
  The song of a vast unrest.

There is no sorrow that man has known,
  Like the grief of the wordless Main,
Whose Titan bosom forever throbs
  With an untranslated pain, —
For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
  Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
  The song of a vast unrest.

William Hamilton Hayne.

HIS DAUGHTER FIRST.

VI.

THE Bishop and Jack, having been called in the early morning, had their coffee together by candlelight in the small breakfast-room, and were driven to the shivering little station in the valley as the sun came up over the Westford hills. The Bishop thought it a good occasion to explain his projects for the mission church at Lemington, for Mr. Temple was one of his stanchest props in undertakings of this nature. He also had much to say in praise of Mrs. Kensett, and inquired kindly for Mabel as he shook his companion's hand warmly at the junction where he left the express to take a local train.

The Bishop had known John Temple from boyhood, and was gifted with more than ordinary penetration and sagacity; yet, in common with many who in the battle of life thought they had fathomed Jack and had found themselves to their discomfiture mistaken, had discovered in the latter's even temper a reason for much perplexity. He remembered this morning, after bidding him good-by and as he walked to and fro on the platform waiting for his train, how profoundly astonished the world had been at the time of Jack's marriage with Gladys Ferguson, and with what greater astonishment it beheld the ominous prophecies to which that event gave rise fail of fulfillment. It had been conceded that Gladys had not married him for love, and it had been equally clear that she had ended by admiring him immensely. It was not thought on the whole that she managed him, unless a very quick intuition and a very delicate tact can be called management, especially as no one had ever managed Jack on Wall Street. It was contended too that he must have been desperately in love with Gladys, for his sudden marriage, though quite in accord with his habit of never taking the world at large into his confidence, betrayed a lack of judgment so wholly at variance with his reputation for that quality that no other explanation was possible. And yet this marriage had remained a mystery. It was an open question, much discussed among their friends of Gladys's sex, whether he seconded her every wish, or whether she deftly suppressed all wishes he did not second. Although so uniformly successful that men consulted him in doubtful matters as they did the barometer in doubtful weather, Jack had been known to make mistakes, mistakes which he bore with a phlegm, or retrieved with a stubbornness which would have done credit to the imperturbability of the conventional gambler; so that his own even demeanor rendered conclusions drawn from outward indications unreliable and misleading. And then had suddenly occurred that tragedy which brought his domestic structure down in ruins.

At the time it had proved, like his marriage, a fruitful source of controversy and gossip. Gladys's friends asserted that her suicide was an act committed in the delirium of fever, and had had nothing to do with her cousin Rowan; while her enemies, who had always denied her possession of any such depth of nature as that in which great passions are supposed to flourish, could only reconcile their past and present innuendoes by taking refuge in the confession that human nature was an altogether unknown and unknowable quantity.

It was with a somewhat similar generalization that the Bishop's musings came to an end. Jack's marriage was not the only mysterious one that had fallen under his observation. The human race, he said to himself, is so highly

differentiated that the points of contact and attraction are oftenest hidden and unknown. Moreover all this was an old and forgotten story, and if the Bishop's thoughts reverted to the past as he walked back and forth that morning on the frosty platform, they were only like the thoughts of the child on events which took place before it was born. The mystery remained, but it was no longer before the eyes, and the world forgets what it does not see.

The effect of the tragedy upon Jack had been evident to all his friends. Something passed from among the outward signs by which men knew him, as the color leaves the face on a wound; but if he had been hard hit, no one knew exactly where. None were quicker or more efficient than he in practical sympathy for others, yet it was impossible for any one to render such to him. If he had as much need of it as other men, there were also many to give it; but that was his nature, — to bleed internally, — and if wounds there were, they were beyond the touch of ministering hands. Men, and women too, brought him their perplexities and troubles, sought his advice and took his cheer, finding him as accessible, as shrewd, as good-natured as ever, a little more abstracted, the old dry humor a little less quick of flow, but he himself no less ready to listen. Experience may rob us of our illusions, but it leaves us our heritage of common sense, if we ever possessed such, and in Jack's practical world it was common sense, not illusions, which was in demand.

Shortly after parting from the Bishop he got the morning paper. He turned to the stock list and saw that Argonaut shares were selling at thirty-eight. Then he folded the paper and watched the winter landscape as the train rolled on. At the first stop he called the porter and sent a telegram to Mabel, to the effect that he would dine that night at the Club, and that Miss Gaunt, the governess, might take her to the Opera, where he would join them. The porter, who evidently had had some previous experience with Jack's fees, performed his errand with alacrity, and took the loose change with a "Thank you, Mr. Temple," which left no doubt of his willingness to serve that gentleman in any further capacity whatever.

"I suppose that fellow thinks I have everything I want," thought Jack, picking up his paper again. "I wonder what *he* wants. I could make him happy for life with less than the Bishop asks for his church." Unconscious of his proximity to such good fortune, the porter began to set the folding table in its place and brought the menu. "But the Bishop is right," thought Jack.

On reaching New York he sent his portmanteau to the house and, calling a hansom, drove down town to his office. He went directly to his private room, glanced over the memoranda of callers, listened to such explanations of their visits as had been left with his secretary, and then stepped to the telephone.

"Is this Brown & Sons?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Brown."

"Which Mr. Brown? I am Mr. Temple."

"Oh, good-morning, Mr. Temple. It 's Mr. Brown senior."

"Good-morning. Can you drop over to the office in the course of the afternoon?"

"Certainly, Mr. Temple. Now, if you wish."

"Very well, now, if you please."

A few minutes later Mr. Brown was ushered in.

"Brown," said Jack, "what do you know about the Argonaut mine?"

"Nothing, personally. It lies in a good tract, has good company. It 's a new property, sir."

"Can you send me the last report?"

"You would n't get much information from their reports, sir. They don't publish details."

"They? who are they?"

"Mr. Heald is the only director I know. I think he is president. The other officers are not known here."

"I see it is not listed on the New York Exchange. Is it listed anywhere?"

"I think not. It has been a curb-stone football on the street."

Jack looked out the window for a moment in silence.

"Brown," he said at length, "I want a thoroughly reliable man to investigate and report upon that property. Not here, on the street, but at the mine. Have you any one in your office you can recommend?"

"There is no one I can recommend better than my son, sir," replied Mr. Brown after a moment's reflection.

"That 's the man I have in mind," said Jack, with a twinkle in his eye. "But I was n't sure you thought as well of him as I did. He could go right away?"

"To-night, if necessary."

"It is n't necessary, but I am in something of a hurry."

"All right, sir, it 's to-night, then."

"Will you send him over to me? I shall be here till six. And by the way, Brown, this is confidential."

"Certainly, Mr. Temple, certainly."

Within fifteen minutes Mr. Brown, Jr., was standing where Mr. Brown, Sr., had stood, awaiting instructions.

"Sit down, Mr. Brown, sit down," said Jack, wheeling round in his office chair. "I want you to go down to — Where are the Argonaut workings?"

"In Arizona, sir."

"I want you to go down to Arizona and find out all about the Argonaut mine, — from garret to cellar."

"Yes, sir."

"About the *mine*, you understand, not the Company."

"I understand, sir."

"How many dollars it costs to get a dollar's worth of copper, and how many dollars' worth of copper are there."

"Yes, sir."

"I could get the last report of the Company, if there is one, here in New York. I should n't send you to Arizona to get that."

"Certainly not, sir."

Jack paused, turned to his desk, and took up his pen.

"You may find the information difficult to get, and you may not, Mr. Brown."

"Very likely, sir."

"And when you get it you will report to me in person."

Jack pressed the electric button on his desk.

"Give Mr. Brown the money on this check," he said to his secretary, "and charge it to my private account."

"I think he will do," he said to himself as the door closed on Brown, Jr. "He did n't ask me where Arizona was."

There was some work to be done with his secretary, a few business callers to be seen, the directors' meeting on the floor below, and then he took the Elevated as far as Twenty-third Street, and walked up through Madison Square and the Avenue to the Club.

Jack was not a club man. With the exception of the Yacht Club, — for he loved his boat, and believed in vacations even down to the office boy, — he was a member of but one other, and was so rare a visitor even in that one that he had a half-dozen invitations to dinner before he got from the coat-room to the dining-room.

"Look here," he said, as he reached the top of the stairs, "I can't eat but one dinner, and the only way out of it is for you gentlemen to dine with me. Peter," he called to the head waiter, "reserve the round table in the corner over there for us. No, never mind the wine card, you know what is good for us," — and Peter, susceptible to flattery, went off in the best possible humor, much honored, and more than ever persuaded the Club was his own personal property.

There were some murmurs of dissent

to Jack's proposition, for it was customary to consider an informal invitation to dinner as only a bid for one's company, with equal division of costs.

"We 'll divide it all up if you say so," said Jack, "but if you will listen to me now I will listen to you at dinner."

During the evening a good many came to shake hands with him, and to say how glad they were to see him there, and over the coffee and cigars the conversation turned upon the membership in general.

"It 's not what it used to be," deplored one.

"That 's because you are no longer a youngster," said Jack. "You have lost your bump of reverence, and are one of the elect whom you used to look up to. I never admit the good old times are gone while I am on deck myself. Let me see the membership book," he said to the waiter.

"You are not going over the death-roll, are you, Jack? This is n't an annual meeting."

"No," he laughed, "I 'll begin at the other end and count the babies."

The party at the adjoining table broke up while he was turning the pages, and one of the number, stopping a moment as he passed by to speak with one of Jack's guests, was introduced to him as Mr. Heald. He was a man under middle age, of medium height but well formed, with black hair, teeth of remarkable whiteness, and an engaging smile.

"He 's one of the lucky ones," said the previous speaker; "was barely two months on the waiting list. He came from New Orleans, and had n't been long enough in New York to make an enemy when he was put up. If we were to go on the waiting list again, Temple, we should stay there forever."

"It would n't take as long as that to find out enough to blackball me," said Jack.

"Oh, you are one of what the newspapers call financial magnates. Heald 's a freebooter."

"What 's a freebooter?" asked Jack.

"Probably the dictionary would say a robber. I don't mean that, but a sort of privateer. He has his letters of marque, flies the regular flag, and doubtless observes the rules of war — I beg your pardon, Jack — business."

"I have served on a good many Boards," observed Jack quietly, "and I have found the standards of morality as high on the business Board as on any other — higher, in fact."

"Ever been on a hanging committee?" queried the artist of the company.

"If I could make five dollars' worth of paint worth five thousand by signing my name to it, as you can, I should go out of business," replied Jack.

"Funny, is n't it, how every well-to-do round peg thinks he 's in a square hole," said the artist. "I would swap my signature for yours in a minute."

Jack smiled and threw away his cigar. His business ship had seen many a gale, but its keel had never touched bottom. He was proud of that fact.

"I am going to give you gentlemen something to growl over right away," he said, rising. "I have got a little girl at the Opera and must go and take her home."

All his friends knew of his devotion to Mabel. "Do you know," some one hazarded after he had gone, "I don't believe Jack Temple loves that daughter of his. He 's discharging a duty."

"Nonsense," was the reply. "He is perfectly infatuated over her, — if a man can be said to be infatuated with his own child."

"Well, I did n't say he was n't," remarked the first speaker. "Come, let 's go down and have a game of pool."

VII.

Jack took a cab from the Club, drove to the house, and dressed hurriedly,

reaching the Opera at the close of the second act of Hoffmann's Tales as Julietta's gondola glided under the balcony to the music of the barcarolle. The two occupants of the box were so absorbed as he entered that he stood for a moment unnoticed in the doorway. Mabel's interest was centred on the boxes rather than the stage. Miss Gaunt, her eyes fixed upon the gondola disappearing on the lagoon, was evidently in Venice with Hoffmann.

At what she had then considered the very mature age of twenty Miss Gaunt had exchanged the duties of an assistant in a young ladies' boarding-school for those of governess in Mr. Temple's family. Having been educated — in an institution exclusively devoted to the elevation and emancipation of her sex — to a degree which made self-support a duty she owed to her superior advantages, and having in the process been withdrawn during her sentimental period from the dangers of foolish and romantic attachments, it seemed quite logical after graduating with high honors that she should immediately put her stores of learning to some practical account. She was one of a large family in moderate circumstances, whose head had deemed it incumbent upon himself to provide for his daughter a means of self-help in the event of a future necessity. In the case of Miss Gaunt a first effort had been made to develop a special aptitude for music, but the foundations for anything beyond a modest accomplishment in this direction proved lacking, and the attempt had been abandoned. Attention had then been turned to languages with the result that Miss Gaunt could speak two living ones with grammatical rigidity and an original accent, and read two dead ones with much hesitancy and the aid of a dictionary. Mathematics had, however, proved her forte, and her progress in functions was a source of mingled pride and awe to the Gaunt family.

Considerable discussion arose over the question what to do with Miss Gaunt when her education was completed. Not to do something, to permit her merely to live on at home in meek acceptance of destiny, as other girls had done before the days of superior advantages, was not to be thought of. Moreover her college life had stimulated her ambition, and introduced an element of discontent into her composition. The offer of an engagement as assistant in a fashionable New York school presented itself therefore as a natural sequence to her preparatory training and as the proper reward of her devotion to her studies, and was embraced accordingly.

In the acquisition of four languages, elliptic functions, and her other accomplishments, however, Miss Gaunt had not lost the feminine point of view; for all her teachers had been of her own sex, and however good a point of view of history or literature or discipline a woman's may be, it is not the same as that of a man. Nor had anything in her daily round of duty in college halls given her any real insight into the struggle for life for which she was ostensibly preparing herself. Gradually, and much to her surprise, it dawned upon her that her experience in her new position was not altogether satisfying. To almost the same extent as her pupils she found herself a subordinate wheel in a machine, and the responsibility of performing a definite number of revolutions per day was not that of which she had been dreaming. However modest had once seemed to her the authority and dignity of a simple mistress of a home, she began to realize that wives and mothers possessed at all events certain attributes of power, freedom, and consideration which, as prizes in the struggle for life, were otherwise less easily attained and, when conquered, promised to prove less satisfying.

It must also be noted that in acquiring her superior advantages Miss Gaunt had not lost any of those natural ones with which nature had endowed her.

They had not destroyed her oval face, her rich black hair, her graceful carriage, or her knack of making the most of any slender resource in dress, and her large brown eyes had not been reduced in the pursuit of functions to the necessity for artificial aids to vision. In short the functions, the two living and the two dead languages were only of those things which "shall be added unto you." But it required some time for her to realize that she had been utilizing these excellent things to a dubious end. What the right end was she had not fully determined, but when Mr. Temple proposed her transfer from the school-room to Gramercy Park she did not hesitate a moment.

Mr. Temple *had* hesitated when she was first presented to him. She was both younger and prettier than he expected, or than even she herself at that time considered herself to be. But her family was irreproachable, her recommendations unimpeachable, her accomplishments and character duly vouched for by diploma, and, most conclusive of all, Mabel had taken a great fancy to her at their very first meeting. A good judge of men is not always a good judge of women. There had been Gladys to prove it. Moreover Mr. Temple, except in strictly business matters, was always more shy and embarrassed with women than his outward manner indicated. With his usual prudence, however, he had asked Miss Gaunt to present herself at his office for the final interview; and there, in an atmosphere where he felt thoroughly at home, after some preliminary details he said: —

"Before we settle our arrangements finally, Miss Gaunt, there are some things which I wish you to understand. If you accept my offer it is as my daughter's governess and companion, not as mine." He looked up from his desk, but Miss Gaunt's brown eyes betrayed no emotion. "You will have your own parlor, and your meals will be served there. I do not mean to imply " — he had in mind to say "any social inferiority," but paused, and went on as if he had said it, — "in fact, if you are as sensible as I take you to be, you will see that I am thinking quite as much of your own independence of life as of my own. You must be happy in your environment or my daughter will not be. Your chief responsibility will be her happiness and education. Of the servants you will have no care, but should you have complaints or observations to make you will make them to me. Mabel understands that she is to obey you, and you will have absolute authority. Your task will not be a difficult one if you win her respect and love. I suppose your own experience has told you that they are the only foundations for real obedience."

It was under these conditions and a tempting increase in remuneration that Miss Gaunt had assumed her new duties, and the temporary arrangement for one year had been indefinitely renewed as the years went by until its continuance ceased to be a subject of discussion.

Her mother had indignantly rebelled against certain provisions of "dear Helen's " contract with Mr. Temple, but Helen had assured her she would not feel as she did if she knew Mr. Temple better, and it soon became evident that in spite of the relegation to obscurity of the elliptic functions Helen was most advantageously placed and most happy. On those rare occasions when she made a visit home it was discovered that she had visibly changed. She had never despised dress, but she now gave more thought to it than before. She no longer appeared concerned for economy, or brought her savings to her father for investment as formerly. On the contrary, she always came loaded with presents and a purse which afforded exceptionable opportunities for the entertainment of the younger members of the Gaunt family; and she was quite ready when her visit was over to say good-by.

It was curious that Miss Gaunt should have found herself regarding her former ambitions much in the same light as, when under their influence, she had regarded her present mode of life; and it was an undoubted fact that at twenty-nine, after nine years in Gramercy Park, she considered herself younger than when at twenty she presided over a class of young ladies.

On her arrival she had been looked upon by Mabel from a child's point of view and classed with all grown up people, but as time went by governess and pupil seemed to approach each other, the difference in their ages to grow less, until now, when the pupil, who matured rapidly, had passed her eighteenth birthday, the governess had become the companion to an extent never contemplated in the contract, — had, indeed, become Helen instead of Miss Gaunt.

Mabel was Gladys's reincarnation. She possessed her mother's coloring, features, and figure, a pair of violet eyes deeper and more speechful than even Gladys's blue ones, her mobility and quickness of intelligence, but not her tact or, as yet, her depth of nature. Decidedly Miss Gaunt's inferior in solidity of mental equipment, but with much more beauty and force of character, she had never entertained the slightest jealousy of her companion, whom she respected just enough to be at first a little in awe of her, and whom in time she grew to really care for as much as she had yet cared for any one except her father. She was not vain, but very self-reliant, with an unconscious daring which carried her straight to the core of things and persons calculated to inspire awe in a way that dispelled all their awesomeness. Helen had found her a willful, sometimes peevish and often selfish child. Gladys had devoted much thought to her dress, and had successfully utilized her as a decorative feature. Seated beside her in the landau, or brought in with the dessert, she was most effective, and very early in life Mabel had learned that for real genuine affection as she viewed it, affection which rarely said no, and which was bent upon gratifying, not denying, her wishes, she must appeal to her father. Gladys passed out of her life, leaving only the sentimental memory belonging to a very lovely vision very rarely seen, and it was only in later years, and under the touch of an imagination which works best at a distance, that Mabel evoked her memory with any real feeling. Gladys herself would have been astonished if she could have seen her own picture as painted by her child's fancy, and the reality of this post-mortem affection would hardly have atoned for the fact that its object was but a phantom of the original.

Mr. Temple had never had reason to complain of his daughter's progress. Mabel possessed a certain brilliancy which might well have blinded his indulgent eyes, were not the eyes of affection blind enough already. She could gallop through a waltz by Chopin in a way which delighted him and scandalized her teacher. What she had learned as a child, as the French and German acquired by ear from her nursery governesses, she had learned quickly and well, but in all that required application, perseverance, conscientiousness, she was superficial and depended upon her marvelous memory, to the detriment of all thoroughness and accuracy. It pleased Jack tremendously after hearing a new opera to listen to her embroidery of the score, — without notes! He had been trained in the school of experience, and what he knew he knew well. What he did not know he set all the more store by, but, not knowing it, was easily impressed and an indifferent critic.

Miss Gaunt saw more clearly, but it was a very ungracious, not to say hopeless, task to set Mr. Temple right, and it was very difficult to be severe with Mabel. For all her waywardness and carelessness and selfishness, she was in so many ways lovable, and substituted

so adroitly her lovable qualities for her unlovely ones when a reprimand was impending, that she always broke its force. It would have been much easier to deal with Jack's patient, persistent will, or even with Gladys's subtle, persuasive one, than with Mabel's blend of imperiousness and capriciousness, and Miss Gaunt's early efforts at discipline became more and more fitful and gentle. Moulding character, for good at least, was a far more difficult process than teaching the French irregular verbs or the Latin declensions in a fashionable boarding-school.

Then, too, Miss Gaunt was learning as well as teaching. She was learning how delightful it was to be able to order a carriage, even though it was not her own; how delightful it was to shop without calculating the cost, even though she was shopping for another; how delightful it was to have her own apartments, to be waited upon at her own table, even though it was a solitary grandeur. She could console herself, too, for the neglect of the elliptic functions with the fact that in conversing with Mabel in French during the morning, and in German during the afternoon, her accent in the living languages was rapidly improving. All the advantages were not on Mabel's side.

It had often occurred to Miss Gaunt that this state of affairs could not go on forever, and on one occasion Jack had intimated as much to Mabel. But Mabel had rejected the suggestion with such emphasis that it had never been renewed. For while Miss Gaunt had reached the limit of her capacity as instructress, she was altogether too valuable as chaperon to be dispensed with. When Mabel passed from short to long dresses, abandoned her braids, and began to preside at her father's table, she cancelled the clause of the contract which related to Miss Gaunt's ostracism from the dining-room. "It is quite too absurd to think of Helen's eating alone," she had said; and Jack thought so too. He acquiesced because he really liked Miss Gaunt. She never bothered him, never "hung around," presumed, intrigued, complained, or did any of those things which would have caused him annoyance, anxiety, or constraint. Gradually, and more and more, through her presence at table and as Mabel's chaperon at functions for which Mr. Temple could not spare the time, she came to know Mabel's friends intimately. She was stylish, pretty, well-bred, unpretending, with a touch of timidity highly out of place in a governess but quite winning in itself. Mabel never reminded her of the drawbacks incident to her position, or gave her any encouragement to exercise its prerogatives, and it was very easy for Helen to glide thus insensibly from the relation of governess to that of companion and friend, — to sit, as it were, like Lady Bess, the cat, on the bearskin before the fire in the drawing-room instead of watching for mice in the pantry.

It might have been better for Miss Gaunt had the struggle with life, for whose possible advent her education had been planned, actually come. It might have completed the work imperfectly begun and crushed out the tendency to admire the princes in fairy tales whose acquaintance she made before she began to integrate functions. It was true she had never met these fascinating creations of the story-book in real life, and she would have resented the suggestion that she ever expected to. Mabel however had not been long in discovering the romantic vein under the surface of demureness. It was the demureness of shyness rather than of severity. Mabel delighted in shocking her, because it was so easy. She was never shocked herself, and learned life's lessons so rapidly, and with such quick intuition, that Helen always seemed to her as stupid and naïve in worldly wisdom as she was clever in the wisdom of books. She could be teased, made to blush, and, in case of necessity, blindfolded, — a very

precious power to wield over a governess. Mabel reflected impressions like a mirror, whose picture vanishes with the object it reflects; Helen stored them away somewhere like a sensitized plate, cherishing little things which Mabel accepted as a matter of course, and waiting, as some women will wait, all the functions of Laplace notwithstanding, for the sun that can transform the latent impression into a living reality.

VIII.

"Mabel, your father is here," said Helen, as Jack came forward.

Mabel rushed to the rear of the box and threw her arms impulsively about his neck behind the curtains. She was sure she was tremendously fond of him.

"The music is entrancing to-night. You dear papa, to think of me! Where have you been? You did not tell me."

"I had a telegram from Paul Graham about some business," said Jack, disengaging himself from Mabel's white arms and hanging up his fur-lined coat beside her blue velvet opera cloak. "So you have been enjoying yourself?"

"Immensely!" cried Mabel, leading the way back to her seat.

Miss Gaunt rose as Mr. Temple entered, and moved aside.

"No, keep your seat, Miss Gaunt. I will sit behind Mabel."

"Who is Paul Graham, papa?" asked Mabel. "I never heard you speak of him before." Her hand stole back into his below the crimson rail, but her eyes were wandering over the house as if in search of some one. She wore a gown of white satin and tulle with a string of fine pearls. Jack might well be proud of her. Her beauty varied with her mood, and sometimes, when things went wrong, there was a suggestion of sharpness in her clear-cut, delicate features. She had all her mother's taste in dress and her inimitable way of wearing things. Her figure was faultless, and she seemed happy to-night to the very tips of her white-slippered feet.

"Perhaps not. He has been away for years in South Africa. He used to know you when you were a little girl. He is a cousin of Mrs. Kensett's."

"Is he nice?" asked Mabel.

"A lot nicer than some of the men who lead the cotillion with you."

"You foolish papa! don't you know I care nothing for them? I only love to dance. Is he in town?"

"No, he is at Cedar Hill, — till the war is over."

A shadow passed over Mabel's face, but vanished as quickly as the shadow of a bird's flight.

"If he comes to town we must have him to see us," she said absent-mindedly.

"We will, certainly," Jack assented.

A man, standing up in the fourth row of the orchestra chairs, and who had just entered, bowed simultaneously with Mabel's smile of recognition.

"Who is that, Mabel?" asked Jack, taking out his glasses.

"That man? Mr. Heald."

Then two pretty girls in the adjoining box began an animated conversation with her around the barrier, and Mabel finally rose and joined them.

It was the last thing that could be said of Jack that he was superstitious, but like many a hard-headed man of the business world who is beyond the influence of mere coincidences, they sometimes haunted him. It was strange, he thought, that this man Heald should be thrust upon him three times within twenty-four hours.

"Where did Mabel meet Mr. Heald, Miss Gaunt?" he asked abruptly.

Miss Gaunt had often observed that Jack failed to see the most obvious things, although he endeavored to add Gladys's duties to his own in looking after Mabel. So that while the question was a natural one, there was a directness about it quite unusual, and which

appealed to her sense of responsibility. Either because she had grown a little rusty in the exercise of this function or for some other reason she hesitated.

"I think at the Wendells' dance last fall, the first time."

Mr. Heald had evidently recognized Jack, for as the bell rang for the last act he appeared at the box door.

"I had the pleasure of being presented to you this evening, Mr. Temple," he said, with a smile which showed his white teeth, "and I came to ask permission to call on your daughter."

"Certainly," replied Jack. "My daughter is at home on Thursdays."

There was nothing else to be said and no reason for saying less.

"Are you enjoying the music, Miss Gaunt?"

"Very much," she answered, scarcely turning her head. In spite of all she could do the color ran to her cheeks. She was leaning forward on the rail watching the musicians as they came in. Mr. Heald took the seat behind her, bowing to Mabel, of whom he caught a glimpse in the next box.

With an effort at composure Helen sat back in her chair.

"The music is lovely to-night. One gets so tired of Faust and Carmen and Cavalleria. It 's nice to hear something new."

"It is not a new opera, Miss Gaunt. It was the one given in Vienna at the Ring Theatre years ago when so many lives were lost by fire, and has been on the black list ever since."

She was conscious that Mabel was observing her, and moved her chair forward, leaning on the rail again and speaking rather loudly.

"The ballad in the prelude is very original," said Mr. Heald.

"Very."

"And the minuet is a gem."

"Yes, it is."

"And the scene with the automaton was very cleverly managed." Helen was silent.

"I wish I had the secret of making automatons speak," he said in a low voice.

She made a quick movement as if some one had touched her. "They are going to begin," she said.

The conductor was opening the score and rapping with his baton. Mr. Heald rose, and as he went out bowed again to Mabel, who was humming the strain of the opening air, tapping the rail with her white fingers.

"Is n't it lovely!" she cried, smiling at him.

"Hush!" said some one in the orchestra chairs below.

"What did Mr. Heald want, papa?" asked Mabel when she had resumed her place.

"Permission to call on you. I told him you were at home Thursdays."

"Rather late in the day," she said to herself; and then aloud, indifferently, "He is dreadfully old, but very good looking. Don't you think so? and very entertaining. You might ask him to dinner some evening, papa."

"I don't know him well enough for that," Jack replied, thinking of the Argonaut mine.

"Oh, Helen," called Mabel that night through the open door of their communicating rooms, "I forgot; papa asked me to write a note to Bishop Stearns inviting him to dinner Monday. Do write it for me, will you, please."

She was sitting before her fire, while her maid was brushing out her long yellow hair.

"Sit down at my desk and I will tell you what to say."

Helen came in, opened Mabel's portfolio, and began a search for note paper. Order and system were unknown to Mabel's possessions.

"'My dear Bishop,'" she began, "'papa desires me to say' — Are you ready?"

"Yes dear, go on."

"— 'papa desires me to say — that

he should be very glad — to talk over with you — the plans for the church at Lemington ' — I wish that old Bishop would let papa alone! what was I saying, Helen? Read me what you have written, please."

Helen read the first sentence aloud, and Mabel went on.

"— ' on Monday evening. He suggests — that if you have no engagement for that evening — you come in and dine with us — informally — at eight o'clock. He hopes this will suit your convenience — and I need not add — that it will give great pleasure — to his daughter Mabel ' — what a fib! I think he is stupid. Will that do, Helen? "

Helen thought it would, and was folding the written sheet preparatory to inclosing it in the envelope, when she saw that the reverse side had been written upon. It was a rough scrawl in Mabel's hand, without address or signature; and while this did not give her the right to read it, she had involuntarily glanced at it before she was conscious that she was violating any propriety. When that consciousness dawned upon her she had seen more than she cared to, and having none of Mabel's quick self-possession, she was embarrassed and confused.

"What *are* you doing, Helen? Can't you find an envelope?"

"I have blotted it and must write it over again," Helen said, hurrying into the first lie that came to hand. She re-wrote the note, sealing and directing it rapidly. It was impossible to leave the first one in Mabel's portfolio, for Mabel would know she had seen it, and would suspect her of having done what Mabel certainly would have done herself under like circumstances. She started to tear it up, intending to throw it in the grate, when Mabel dismissed her maid and stood up before the fire for a last look at her pretty self before extinguishing the lights. So Helen thrust it guiltily in the pocket of her dressing-gown and said good-night.

Once in her room there was a battle royal between the powers of light and darkness. Unfortunately and unintentionally she knew the substance of Mabel's letter to Mrs. Kensett already. She might, in her hurried glance, have misconstrued it. At all events she could not take that hurried glance back or undo what had been done. Then she was to a degree responsible for Mabel's good behavior. It was not a pleasant thing to do, to read a letter not intended for her; it was underhanded and mean, — that is, it would be if she were not in a position of responsibility. Her personal preferences had nothing to do with a question of duty. Either it was her duty or it was not. She decided that it was, waited till Mabel's room was dark, took the letter from her pocket, and read it through.

It was a rough draft of the letter Dolly had shown to Paul, a letter which Mabel had clearly not dashed off impromptu, but had considered of sufficient importance to indite with care. To do Miss Gaunt justice it must be stated that she thought it horrid, but all clear ideas of what her further duty was vanished after the duty of reading it was consummated. It might never have been sent. She had not accompanied Mabel on her visit to Cedar Hill, but she knew Mrs. Kensett, who had always been very kind to her and whom she greatly admired. She finally destroyed the letter and went to bed, with a very disagreeable feeling toward Mabel, a renewed sympathy and increased admiration for Mr. Temple, and the conviction that for the present there was nothing for her to do. She did not fall asleep as quickly as she generally did, and dreamed very disquieting dreams of a rupture with Mabel, in which Mr. Heald took her part, and of returning to a very shabby room in Boston, whose closets contained nothing but calico dresses, and whose windows looked out upon a very small and dingy back yard decorated with the week's washing.

After Mabel and Helen had gone to bed Jack sat in the library far into the night with his cigar. He was very regular in his habits, usually retiring and rising early, a mode of life to which Gladys had never accustomed herself. But to-night the tall clock in the corner sounded its quarter hour chimes ineffectually.

He had never been a great reader. Publishers sent him editions de luxe and reprints of rare old books, which he bought with the same judicious taste that regulated his purchase of other objects of art, for which he had a natural but untrained appreciation. In things of this sort he trusted to a good lieutenant, and did not affect a discrimination he did not possess. Charts and maps, the strategy of campaigns and the tactics of battles were, however, his delight. Novels he never read, except now and then a good detective story. But he was not reading to-night. He was thinking of the porter in the railway carriage, leaning against the door and staring at him with envious respect as a man who had everything to be desired. Jack did not consider himself unreasonable or grasping. He had taken life as he found it, doing methodically and earnestly the thing his hand found to do. A full house and an empty heart was the sum of it all.

He went back in thought to Gladys, a past which was far enough away now to look at coolly, dispassionately. That had been a sort of Monte Carlo adventure. He did not know she had come more than halfway to meet him. Her beauty, her wit, her nonchalant ease had gone to his head, and never having lost his head before, even in champagne, he had — made a fool of himself? No, Jack never admitted that. A mistake? Yes. A kind of negative mistake, which might have proved a positive disaster had Gladys been purely selfish, less clear in her perception of how far she could go without compromising her retreat. Jack really admired her, her finesse, her intelligence, her assumption of superiority in her sphere, and her tactful surrender to him in his. It was a pity she had never told him how much she admired him.

And he had begun by loving her. But while one may go on for all time desiring the unattained, solitary loving after possession is not among the possibilities. At first he did not notice that he got back nothing solid, and never admitted it. He would have resented the charge that he did not love his wife as quickly as a girl denies the first emotions of her young love, and with an equally positive belief in his sincerity. He had been all his life the soul of honor in his business relations, and it did not for a moment occur to him to be other than loyal in love, — loyal not only in the common meaning of the word, but in his persistent endeavor to believe that if love, like money, did not bring all the happiness that was attributed to its possession, the fault was not Gladys's. As a busy man, occupied in affairs which absorbed his attention and demanded all his thought, he had no time to brood. Gladys never caused him tangible unhappiness, and, above all, always seemed happy herself, — a fact which made him ashamed of himself when he felt inclined to be otherwise. When decisions were necessary he was ready for them, clear-headed and prompt in action; but he was prone to put away and ignore all the interrogation points of only a speculative value. The whence, the why, and the wherefore of life sometimes perplexed him as they do all the thinking sons of woman; but when these riddles oppressed him, or his second self undertook to cross-examine him and to ask if he was happy, and if not, why not, he telephoned the captain of the Vixen and went on a cruise.

When his friend Cecil Kensett died he had found it necessary to see a good deal of Mrs. Kensett, and Dolly, quite unconsciously, had revealed to him all that other side of womanhood, of gen-

uine self-forgetfulness, of disinterested thoughtfulness, of tranquil domesticity, for which he had yearned. There was no glamour about Dolly. The vision she opened was one of peace, — peace and rest. And the sweeter and clearer this vision grew, the clearer became his realization of how empty his heart was and had always been, how slowly and surely it was filling with the happiness and longing of a great love.

Too late, he thought, flinging his cigar into the ashes. The rest of his life must be given to Mabel.

And yet Jack never relinquished easily a quest on which he was determined. He said "Too late," but the decision of a woman's heart was not absolutely final, and it was only to the inevitable or accomplished fact that he was accustomed to resign himself. He was inclined to trust others, a trait which, taken in connection with his shrewd judgment of character, explained much of his success. But he felt a little at sea with a woman's mood. Good or bad, false or true, he was never quite sure that it was a steady wind, or that his boat would not yaw in the most favoring breeze. It was not distrust, but uncertainty. Down town he probed uncertainties, when he could, to the bottom. But he could not ransack a woman's heart like an office pigeonhole, or force her hand as it was often necessary to force the hand of a business rival. For the woman he loved he had only gentleness and patience, and neither Dolly's "no" nor his own "too late" ever wholly banished from the background of his hope the picture of her blue eyes and winning smile.

IX.

"Margaret," said Mrs. Frazer, looking up from her game of solitaire as they sat together in the breakfast-room the morning after Jack's departure, "what is the matter with Dolly Kensett?"

"What is the matter with Dolly?" repeated Margaret, surprised by the abrupt question. "What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Something is wrong. What is it?"

"You may mean what you say, mother, but I do not know what you mean."

"You never did have the slightest penetration, child," said Mrs. Frazer impatiently. "It would be perfectly evident to a blind man."

Margaret laughed. "You are surely mistaken. Dolly would certainly have told me if anything, as you say, were the matter."

"No, she would not," replied Mrs. Frazer. "You are altogether too unsympathetic and reserved for confidences, and you never know what is going on about you."

Margaret laughed again. "Then why do you come to me for information? What makes you think something is wrong?" she asked after an interval of silence.

Mrs. Frazer was laying down the cards in provoking tranquillity, quite conscious of Margaret's rising curiosity.

"You did not observe that Mr. Temple avoided Dolly last evening as if she were poison?"

"No, I did not observe it," said Margaret, opening her eyes wide. "I do not think it is true."

"You may think what you please, but I have a habit of observing what goes on under my eyes."

"I do not see why Mr. Temple came here at all if he wished to avoid Dolly. Why should he avoid her?"

"Why indeed! My dear child, you are a simpleton."

"Evidently I am. But Dolly has always been very frank with me, and I certainly should not dream of asking her for what she did not choose to give of her own accord."

"Margaret," said Mrs. Frazer reprovingly, "you know I never interfere with other people's affairs. But I see

what I see. Dolly is not happy, and Jack Temple knows more about the reason why than you do. I have not been at Cedar Hill twenty-four hours for nothing. Moreover, I will tell you something else." She laid down her cards and looked straight into Margaret's eyes. "Paul Graham is falling in love with you."

"Mother dear," replied Margaret, flushing, "this is too ridiculous. Mr. Graham has been here exactly twenty-four hours longer than you."

"Well?"

"People do not fall in love with each other in twenty-four hours."

"Oh, indeed! I have seen that miracle accomplished in five years, — and in five minutes."

"I am very sorry," pursued Margaret, paying no heed to the scorn in Mrs. Frazer's reply, "that you have put any such idea in my mind. I liked Mr. Graham the moment I saw him. He is frank and straightforward, without the least self-consciousness, and makes no insincere speeches. I said to myself at once, 'Here is some one I shall have for a friend.' Now you have made it impossible for me to be natural. I shall think of what you have just said whenever we meet" —

"Margaret dear," interrupted Mrs. Frazer, "you will do nothing of the kind. You have much more self-control than I, and are far less natural in consequence. You will be vastly more natural if you *do* think of it. What I have said is quite simple and proper, for you will find it quite true. What is the use of ignoring facts and beating about every bush! Paul is an excellent and very successful man, and is becoming interested in you. There is nothing remarkable in that. I am not at all sorry to have spoken, for you needed to be put upon your guard. You may have him for a friend if you wish, but he will have you for more if he can."

"Mother, will you please not speak to me of this any more."

"Certainly not. If that is your wish I am not likely to. I referred to it simply as one refers to the rising moon, — as a phenomenon which obtruded itself on my attention and which will take care of itself. I am not intending to get in its path, but I hope I may be pardoned for seeing it."

Margaret could but smile in spite of her vexation, and at that moment a step was heard on the piazza and Paul appeared at the window.

"Miss Frazer, will you come for a walk?"

Her first impulse was to say no. But one thinks rapidly at such times, and before he could detect any hesitation she had said: —

"Yes, I should like to."

She glanced at her mother as she left the room, but Mrs. Frazer appeared to have lost interest in everything but her game. Going upstairs for her boots and hat, she resolved, notwithstanding what she had just declared, that she would forget all her mother had said, and allow no sign of embarrassment or constraint to escape her. No, she did not believe a word of it, yet the world could not be quite the same if a man loved her, — even though it were a man for whom she did not care. No, she would not believe a word of it. She would never have exchanged that smile across the table had she dreamed of such a thing. It was too absurd for another thought, and she would not give it a single one. But what did her mother mean in regard to Dolly? She had not noticed anything unusual. Was she then so reserved and unsympathetic? It was true people never came to her with their troubles and gossip as they did to Dolly, and she had often observed how much more Dolly always knew of what was going on about her. She stopped at Dolly's door as she went down, to tell her she was going out with Paul. Dolly nodded and smiled, and hoped it would not snow.

"I am glad you wanted to go," Paul

said, as she appeared at the door. "I am so used to an out-of-door life I should have had to go alone. You have good warm overshoes on," he said, glancing at her feet. "That 's sensible. The weather does n't look very promising, but I think it will be only a snow squall. I have been studying that road winding up that side hill. Do you know it?"

"Yes, it is the short way to Lemington. The main road follows the valley."

"There ought to be a splendid view up there. Is it too much of a pull for you, do you think?"

"Oh no, indeed," said Margaret. "And I think we might take the dogs."

"By all means," exclaimed Paul. "I did n't know Dolly had any."

"Will you get them, while I go for my riding whip? I don't use it, but they mind better when I have it."

He came back with three Irish setters wild with joy at the prospect of an outing.

"Then you ride?" he said, as they went down the driveway under the pines.

"I did, until the snow came." She felt relieved at his off-hand manner and quite herself again.

"That 's good. We must have some rides when the roads are free. I have lived in the saddle these last years. There 's nothing like it to clear the cobwebs out of the brain."

"Is it a hard life, in Africa, — at the mines, I mean?"

"Hard? Oh no, but free. It rather unfits one for any other. Any other seems a prison afterwards. I don't mean it is lawless, but simple. When people herd together laws become necessary and complicated, and freedom disappears. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Oh yes. I used to go into the Adirondacks with papa every year. We had a camp all by ourselves at first. The whole lake was ours. There was not another camp within ten miles. Then some people from New York built one at the head of the carry, and others came in with servants instead of guides, and brought furniture and ranges, and began to make visits, and the whole charm was gone. There is a steamboat now on the lake, and a hotel, with people who dress for the piazza as if they were really in the woods, — like the people who carry ice-axes when they go up the Gorner Grat in the railway."

Paul smiled. "Yes, I know those people. Then you must shoot, too."

"I used to with papa. Do you?"

"I did n't till I went to Africa. You know my uncle was a crank. He ate game; I don't know why he did n't want it shot. His principles never did agree. I suppose Dolly has told you about him. He bullied us with his principles till — But that 's past and gone, and I don't like to talk about it. It is a hard thing to say that any one's death was a relief, but his was. If ever any one had cause to remember a date Dolly and I have. But the date of my uncle's death is the only anniversary in the family we never can recollect. You must not let me speak about him, or you will want to shoot me for a bear."

"I am not such a Nimrod as that," said Margaret, laughing. Then they went on in silence for a time in the sombre pine woods through which the road wound; but the constraint she had feared did not come.

"Tell me about your camp life, Miss Frazer. Did you ever shoot a real bear?"

"No indeed! Papa always went in long before the season was open, and we only shot for camp supplies. Except for the guides we were all alone, so I went everywhere with him. I shot my first deer at night, floating, with an old coffee pot with two candles in it on my head for a 'jack.' It is n't considered very sportsmanlike, I know, but it 's thrilling. Papa taught me to use a fly, and to set the hooks for the big trout in

the lake when we could not troll, — and a great many things girls are not supposed to like to do. But I was young and enjoyed it tremendously. And oh, how delicious the hunger and fatigue of the woods are! to go to sleep at night with the great logs blazing before the tent door. Papa had a lean-to, just like the guides; but he took in a tent for me, with a clean board floor."

"So you could keep house."

"Keeping house is rather nice, I admit. It is our province, you know."

"Then I judge you had none of the difficulties with servants Miss Fisher told me about last night."

"Did she?" asked Margaret glancing at his face.

"She got me on a subject I did n't know much about," said Paul, "and I was floundering around most miserably when I caught your eye. She seems a nice little thing, but I must confess I think her brother 's a cad. I am quite unreasonable about some things I had a surfeit of when a boy, — sermons and speeches, among others."

"You will like Professor Fisher better when you come to know him. He has an unfortunate sense of inferiority with strangers, and tries to make up for it by being pompous. I am sure you will find he improves on acquaintance."

Margaret was thinking as she spoke of what her mother had said, and so far from being made shy by the recollection of it, she was emboldened half unconsciously to take the opportunity of testing her mother's statement by seeing what effect such praise would have.

"I dare say you are right. The best in us does not always show up at the first touch."

His reply reassured and pleased her. She was as certain as he had been the night before that she disliked the petty jealousies of lovers.

The road climbed steadily through the woods, which shut out the horizon. As they emerged from under its last trees and saw the storm sweeping down the line of hills, Paul stopped.

"I don't think we had better go on," he said. "The wind is coming up, and that cloud has ice in it. It will be short but sharp, like a thunderstorm in summer. If we turn back through the woods we shall have shelter."

"It is too bad to give up when we are so near the top," said Margaret.

The sun was still shining gloriously, and only here and there a hurrying mist of surface snow told of the rising wind.

"Do you think it will come this side the hill? It can only last a few minutes. But we will go back if you think best."

"We can try it," said Paul, who disliked to preach prudence to her courage. "As you say, it cannot last long."

So they went on. A thin crust overlaid the snow, shining under the sun like a burnished mirror. To the west and south the sky was clear, while far away to the north, under the ragged line of cloud, a yellow light showed the limits of the storm. Swaying to the wind like the drapery of some mighty unseen figure the veils of falling snow swept up the further slopes of the hill. There was still a chance that its rocky buttresses might shoulder them off into the valley beyond. One could see from the smokelike clouds of driven snow drifting away from the summit that the fight was on, and that the wind was sweeping the crest bare.

"How magnificent!" cried Margaret. "It is worth coming to see. Shall we wait here till it passes? There will be no view up there now."

They were still in the sunshine and scarcely felt the wind, but the words were hardly out of her mouth when sun and sky were blotted out in a furious rush of whirling sleet. It required all her strength to keep her feet, to breathe, and the sharp crystals stung her face and neck like the lashes of whips. She had instinctively turned her back to the blast, but could neither see nor speak,

when suddenly everything became black, she felt something warm and thick over her head and shoulders, and heard Paul's voice: "Walk straight ahead. I 'll keep you in the path. It will be over in a minute."

She stumbled on through the drifts, steadied by the push of the guiding hand on her shoulder. The relief was so great that she could not protest.

"There! it 's all over. It was nothing but a bluff," said Paul, drawing back the coat he had thrown over her. She was far more beautiful now than in the candlelight of yesterday, — struggling for her breath, her cheeks aflame, her hair and lashes white with the sleet. He saw there were two brown splashes in her eyes. "Were you frightened?"

"Frightened? No," she gasped. "I had n't a faculty left. It was so sudden."

"It was a bit sudden," laughed Paul, putting on his coat. "I thought you were going to be blown away."

"I think I should have been if" —

"But you are all right now," he interrupted. "You can see the house down there in the sun. We might go on but for the drifts."

He brushed the snow from her neck and hair with his handkerchief and turned up the collar of her jacket as he spoke. It was the first time in her life a man's hand had cared for her, and she felt the strength and gentleness of its touch all the homeward way.

"You have the right to say 'I told you so,'" she said, as they started back again. "It was quite my fault."

"There 's no blame where there 's no harm. You see, one never can tell in the valley what is going on on the heights. I am glad I was with you. Are you warm now?"

"Oh, quite. Are you?"

"Quite."

After conquering the hill bastion the storm swept down on the defenseless plain, blotting out the houses of Westford, racing southward; and before Paul and Margaret reached the wood they were under blue skies again.

"How would you like to have one day with the grouse, Miss Frazer? It is late, but there are two weeks yet before the season is over."

"Is not the snow too deep in the woods? If not, I should like it very much."

"I don't think it is. The pastures are bare in places."

"We might ask Mr. Pearson," suggested Margaret. "He is the local authority. He used to go out with Mr. Kensett. He lives just there in the hollow, where you see the smoke. We can go home that way."

"That 's a good idea!" exclaimed Paul. "I remember seeing the road as we came out of the woods. I wonder if there is a light gun for you in Cecil's outfit."

"There is Dolly's. I can use that."

"Dolly's?"

"Oh, Dolly would not touch a gun for worlds," laughed Margaret. She felt a strange exhilaration and stepped on air. Was it the struggle with the storm? "Mr. Kensett hoped she would learn, and bought her a hammerless beauty. I think she fired it once."

"I am surprised she even did that," said Paul. "She never was fond of powder."

"Perhaps it is not true of men, but if women do not begin early with such things they never take them up at all. Dolly rides well, you know, but I am sure she would not begin now if she had not learned as a girl."

At the edge of the wood they turned into the lane leading to Mr. Pearson's.

"Are you a good rider?" Margaret looked up quickly, but he went on in his matter-of-fact tone. "Only a good rider knows what good riding is."

"I really do not know," she replied frankly. "I have always had horses that suited me, that I knew and loved. I might not pass the test in a trial of strength with a brute."

"Would you try?"

"I might, if there were no critics about."

"You ought not to. Never take a needless risk," he said abruptly.

Margaret made no reply, but she thought he did not look like one who would practice what he preached.

At the top of the rise they saw the Pearson homestead, and Mr. Pearson himself who, with the assistance of his son Jim and a sorrel horse which plodded dejectedly along its endless treadmill path, was sawing wood for the Westford market.

"It 's purty late in the year," he remarked in answer to Paul's query. "What do you say, Jim?"

Jim said he guessed there were birds enough for them as knew where to find 'em.

"They 're mighty well scattered now," continued Mr. Pearson. "I seed a few lone ones in the run when I come through with this load of wood. They 're mostly in the runs now, or on the edges where the sun lies. They come right down here to the house o' nights, buddin' in them yaller birches and apple trees."

There was a pause much appreciated by the sorrel, during which Jim stared hard at Margaret.

"Miss Frazer and I would like to get a shot," said Paul. "Could you take the dogs with us, say to-morrow, if the weather is fine?"

Mr. Pearson sat down on a log and deliberated.

"Fact is," he said at length, "I ain't done much shootin' since Mr. Kensett quit. But you can have Jim most any day. His eyesight 's better 'n mine."

"Well, then," said Paul, turning to Jim, "what do you say to to-morrow?"

"All right," assented Jim. "I guess I can find some."

"What about the snow, Mr. Pearson?" asked Margaret. "Is it deep in the run?"

"Waal, I reckon it ain't none too deep fer them as wants ter go, Miss Frazer."

So it was arranged that Jim should be at Cedar Hill at seven the following morning.

"That 's a mighty nice girl, Jim, that Frazer girl," said Mr. Pearson, as Paul and Margaret went up the lane. "What 's more," he added, in the intervals between the buzzing of the saw, "there 's more folks than you and me thinks so."

"It really seems as if the dogs know what we have been talking about," said Margaret, as they turned into the driveway of Cedar Hill. "See how happy they are."

"I think they do," Paul replied absent-mindedly.

They went on in silence under the firs. A sudden constraint had fallen on them both. She was slightly in advance, and as he looked at her slender figure in the black jacket with its collar still turned up under the dark brown hair he kept repeating to himself, "Who are you? Who are you?"

"What are you thinking of?" he asked suddenly, aloud. She turned her large gray eyes full upon him in a sort of bewilderment. She felt her throat swelling, yet her voice was perfectly steady.

"I do not know," she said slowly.

They went on through the short open space without another word. Dolly nodded to them from the window where she sat writing and met Margaret at the door. When Paul came in, after tying up the dogs, she was at her desk again.

"Did Miss Frazer tell you of our plan for to-morrow?" he asked.

"No," said Dolly, "what plan?"

Paul told her. "Will you go too?" he asked. He knew very well she would not.

"I? I would n't touch a gun with my little finger. But I tell you what we can do." She laid down her pen. "You are going up the run behind the

Pearson farm? that is where Cecil used to go. There is a sugar camp at the head of the run in the maples. It is an old log house, but there is a chimney in it, and I will send out in the morning and have a fire built. We will meet you there for luncheon, then you can go on in the afternoon if you wish to."

"Can you drive there?"

"Easily."

"Then you might send a sleigh for us later. I don't know how Miss Frazer will stand an all day's tramp. However, we can decide that at luncheon."

Dolly had it on her tongue's end to ask him if he did not like Margaret, but refrained. He was vaguely conscious that she wished him to. Twenty-four hours ago, had she intimated as much, he would have laughed at her. Now he would have liked to have her speak of Margaret. But she was discreetly silent. He wandered about the room restlessly for a while, glanced over the New York evening papers on the table, and finally declared he would go and have a look at the guns. While engaged in their inspection he tried to remember what he had said to Miss Frazer. So far as he could recollect — nothing. Many a time afterwards he endeavored in vain to recall that nothing. Not to remember the beginning! the beginning of all that changed the current and meaning of life.

When Margaret reached her room, of all they had said and talked about just one sentence remained. It came back when other thoughts were uppermost; it came back when she refused to think at all. "I am glad I was with you." As a young girl she had assumed as a matter of course, but without thinking over-much about it, that she would be married, as most of her school friends had been, before reaching what seemed then that distant milestone of twenty. She had had more than her share of admiration, but none that had touched her heart. She possessed none of those lesser ambitions which sometimes persuade a woman that they and the heart's wishes are in accord, and too much rectitude and sincerity of nature to drift into false situations. Gradually and insensibly, with a logic as irrational as had been her early conviction to the contrary, she came to believe she would not marry at all. She was too healthful of mind and body to be swayed by such a belief from normal living; although sometimes, after her father's death, life looked a little lonely and sad. And now, suddenly, a whole world of glorious possibility opened to her. Was it to be hers after all? Did she wish it? Oh yes, she wished it, with all the passionate force of the thirst one spring only can quench, and the consciousness of it forced its way through every barrier, and wrung the admission from her by virtue of its very truth. She took one swift look at the wonderful vision, and then crushed it out of sight and thought.

If it had been any other rightful prize of life she could have taken every rightful step to possess herself of it. But from love, the dearest prize of all, she could only shut her eyes and bar her thought. Yet the tide of a new joy ran deep in her heart.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LAPIDARY.

GREAT Lapidary, fix upon Thy mill
  This sordid earth! Wipe off the mould of green,
  The writhing life, vermicular, obscene,
The slime of sea, the scurf of town and hill.
Then grind, O Lapidary! Labor still;
  Polish the lifeless, primal granite clean,
  Till, mirrored true, shines from its heart serene
The undistorted image of Thy will.

And then? — Wouldst Thou Thyself be still the same?
  Would God be God if lacking even me? —
    Nay! Here I shout my challenge into space:
    Thou dar'st not lose, fronting Time's lonely face,
  One monad cell that thrills its life to Thee,
One gem of love that sparkles back Thy flame!

William Samuel Johnson.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

THE MEETING OF THREE WAYS.

IN his recent book, Kottō,[1] as he calls it, Mr. Hearn has added another volume to the series of tales and essays in which he has attempted to interpret the illusive mystery of Oriental life through Western speech. The new venture rounds out what must be deemed one of the most extraordinary artistic achievements of modern days. For it is as an art of strange subtlety that we must regard his literary work. an art that, like some sympathetic menstruum, has fused into one compound three elements never before associated together.

In the mere manner and method of this art there is, to be sure, nothing mysterious. One recognizes immediately throughout his writing that sense of restraint joined with a power of after suggestion, which he has described as appertaining to Japanese poetry, but which is no less his own by native right. There is a term, *ittakkiri*, it seems, meaning "all gone," or "entirely vanished," which is applied contemptuously by the Japanese to verse that tells all and trusts nothing to the reader's imagination. Their praise they reserve for compositions that leave in the mind the thrilling of a something unsaid. "Like the single stroke of a bell, the perfect poem should set murmuring and undulating, in the mind of the hearer, many a ghostly aftertone of long duration." Now these ghostly reverberations are precisely the property of the simplest of Mr. Hearn's pictures. Let him describe, for instance, the impression produced by walking down the deep cañon of Broadway, between those vast structures, beautiful but sinister, where one feels depressed by the mere sensation of enormous creative life without sympathy and of unresting power without

[1] *Kottō.* By LAFCADIO HEARN. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1902.

pity, — let him describe this terror of Broadway, and in a few words he shall set ringing within you long pulsations of emotion which reach down to the depths of experience. Or, let him relate by mere allusion the story of hearing a girl say "Good-night" to some one parting from her in a London park, and there shall be awakened in your mind ghostly aftertones that bring back memories of the saddest separations and regrets of life. His art is the power of suggestion through perfect restraint.

But this self-restrained and suggestive style is merely the instrument, the manner so to speak, of his art. If we examine the actual substance of that art, we shall discover that it is borrowed from three perfectly distinct, in fact almost mutually destructive, philosophies, any one of which alone would afford material for the genius of an ordinary writer. He stands and proclaims his mysteries at the meeting of three ways. To the religious instinct of India, — Buddhism in particular, — which history has engrafted on the æsthetic sense of Japan, Mr. Hearn brings the interpreting spirit of Occidental science; and these three traditions are fused by the peculiar sympathies of his mind into one rich and novel compound, — a compound so rare as to have introduced into literature a psychological sensation unknown before. More than any other living author he has added a new thrill to our intellectual experience.

Of Japan, which gives the most obvious substratum to Mr. Hearn's work, it has been said that her people, since the days of ancient Greece, are the only genuine artists of the world; and in a manner this is true. There was a depth and pregnancy in the Greek imagination which made of Greek art something far more universally significant than the frail loveliness of Japanese creation, but not the Greeks themselves surpassed, or even equaled, the Japanese in their all-embracing love of decorative beauty. To read the story of the daily life of these people, as recorded by Mr. Mortimer Menpes and other travelers, is to be brought into contact with a national temperament so far removed from Western comprehension as to seem to most of us a tale from fairyland. When, for instance, Mr. Menpes, with a Japanese friend, visited Danjuro, he found a single exquisite *kakemono*, or painting, displayed in the great actor's chamber. On admiring its beauty, he was told by the friend that Danjuro had taken extraordinary pains to learn the precise character of his visitor's taste, and only then had exhibited this particular picture. To the Japanese the hanging of a kakemono or the arranging of a bough of blossoms is a serious act of life. The placing of flowers is indeed an exact science, to the study of which a man may devote seven years, even fourteen years, before he will be acknowledged a master. Nature herself is subjected to this elaborate system of training, and often what in a Japanese landscape seems to a foreigner the exuberance of natural growth is really the work of patient human artifice.

And the same æsthetic delicacy, touched with artificiality if you will, pervades the literature of this people. We are accustomed, and rightly, to regard the Japanese as a nation of imitators. But their poetry, we are assured by Mr. Hearn, is the one original art which they have not borrowed from China, or from any other country; and nowhere better than in their poetry can we observe the swiftness and dexterity of their imagination and that exquisite reserve with its haunting echo in the memory. To reproduce in English the peculiar daintiness of these poems is, we are told and can well believe, quite an impossibility; but from the seemingly careless translations scattered through Mr. Hearn's pages we do at least form some notion of their art in the original. Many of these stanzas are mere bits of folk-lore or the work of unknown

singers, like this tiny picture of the cicada: —

"Lo! on the topmost pine, a solitary cicada
Vainly attempts to clasp one last red beam of sun."

That is light enough in English, but even one entirely ignorant of the Japanese language can see that, in comparison with the rhythm of the original,[1] it is like the step of a quadruped compared with the fluttering of a moth. It contains only sixteen syllables in the original; and, indeed, all these poems are wrought into the brief compass of a stanza, like certain fragile little vases painted inside and out which are so highly prized by connoisseurs. Yet these tiny word-paintings, by virtue of their cunning restraint, are capable at times of gathering into their loveliness echoes of emotion as wide-reaching as love and as deep as the grave.

To have been able to convey through the coarser medium of English prose something of this æsthetic grace, this deftness of touch, and this suggestiveness of restraint, would in itself deserve no slight praise. But beneath all this artistic delicacy lies some reminiscence of India's austere religious thought, a sense of the nothingness of life strangely exiled among this people of graceful artists, yet still more strangely assimilated by them; and this, too, Mr. Hearn has been able to reproduce. We feel this shadow of India's faith lurking in the sunshine of many of the lightest of the stanzas, — a touch of swift exotic poignancy, if nothing more. We feel it still more strongly in such poems as these, which are inspired by the consciousness of endless change and of unceasing birth and death and again birth:

"All things change, we are told, in this world of change and sorrow;
But love's way never changes of promising never to change."

. . . . . .

"Even the knot of the rope tying our boats together
Knotted was long ago by some love in a former birth."

Endless change, a ceaseless coming and going, and the past throwing its shadows on into the future, — that is the very essence of Hindu philosophy; but how the tone of this philosophy has itself become altered in passing from the valley of the Ganges to the decorated island of the Mikado! Over and over again Buddha repeats the essential law of being, that all things are made up of constituent parts and are subject to flux and change, that all things are impermanent. It is the "All things pass and nothing abides" of the Greek philosopher, deepened with the intensity of emotion, that makes of philosophy a religion. In this ever revolving wheel of existence one fact only is certain, *karma*, the law of cause and effect, which declares that every present state is the effect of some previous act, and that every present act must inevitably bear its fruit in some future state. As a man soweth so shall he reap. We are indeed the creatures of a fate which we ourselves have builded by the deeds of a former life. We are bound in chains which we ourselves have riveted. Yet still our desires are free, and as our desires shape themselves, so we act and build up our coming fate, our karma; and as our desires abnegate themselves, so we cease to act and become liberated from the world. Endless change subject to the law of cause and effect, — not even our personality remains constant in this meaningless flux, for it too is made up of constituent parts, and is dissolved at death as the body is dissolved, leaving only its karma to build up the new personality with the new body. From the perception of this universal impermanence springs the so-called "Truth" of Buddhism, that sorrow is the attribute of all existence. Birth is sorrow, old age is sorrow, death is sorrow, every desire of the heart is

[1] "Sémi hitotsu
Matsu no yū-hi wo
Kakaé-keri."

sorrow; and the mission of Buddha was to deliver men out of the bondage of this sorrow as from the peril of a burning house. The song of victory uttered by Gotama when the great enlightenment shone upon him, and he became the Buddha, was the cry of a man who has escaped a great evil.

But because the Buddhist so dwells on the impermanence and sorrow of existence, he is not therefore properly called a pessimist. On the contrary, the one predominant note of Buddhism is joy, for it too is a gospel of glad tidings. The builders who rear these prison houses of life are nothing other than the desires of our own hearts, and these we may control though all else is beyond our power. To the worldly this teaching of Buddha may seem wrapped in pessimistic gloom, for deliverance to them must be only another name for annihilation; but to the spiritually minded it brought ineffable joy, for they knew that deliverance meant the passing out of the bondage of personality into a freedom of whose nature no tongue could speak. It is an austere faith, hardly suited, in its purer form, for the sentimental and vacillating, — austere in its recognition of sorrow, austere in its teaching of spiritual joy.

Yet the wonderful adaptability of Buddhism is shown by its acceptance among the Japanese, certainly of all peoples the most dissimilar in temperament to the ancient Hindus. Here the brooding of the Hindu over the law of impermanence melts into the peculiar sensitiveness to fleeting impressions so characteristic of the Japanese, and the delicacy of their æsthetic taste is enhanced by this half-understood spiritual insight. And it deepens their temperament: I think that the feeling awakened by all these dainty stanzas of something not said but only hinted, that the avoidance of ittakkiri to which Mr. Hearn alludes, the echoing reverberations that haunt us after the single stroke of the bell, are due to the residuum of Hindu philosophy left in these vases of Japanese art. "Buddhism," writes Mr. Hearn, "taught that nature was a dream, an illusion, a phantasmagoria; but it also taught men [men of Japan, he should say] how to seize the fleeting impressions of that dream, and how to interpret them in relation to the highest truth."

Buddhism when it passed over to Japan came into contact with the national religion of Shinto, a kind of ancestor-worship, which taught that the world of the living was directly governed by the world of the dead. On this popular belief the doctrine of karma was readily engrafted, and the two flourished henceforth side by side. Faith in the protecting presence of ancestors and faith in the present efficacy of our own multitudinous preëxistence were inextricably confused. To the Japanese Buddhist the past does not die, but lives on without end, involving the present in an infinite web of invisible influences such as are incomprehensible to the Western mind.

And the Indian horror of impermanence and the rapture of deliverance have suffered like transformation with their causes. First of all, the sharp contrast between the horror and the joy is lightened. The sorrow fades to a fanciful feeling of regret for the beauty of the passing moment, — the same regret that speaks through a thousand Western songs such as Herrick's "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," and Freneau's "The frail duration of a flower," but touched here in Japanese poetry with a little mystery and made more insistent by some echo of Hindu brooding. And the joy, severed from its spiritual sustenance, loses its high ecstasy and becomes almost indistinguishable from regret. Sorrow, too, and joy are impermanent, and the enlightened mind dwells lingeringly and fondly on each fair moment garnered from the waste of Time. Here is no longer the spiritual exaltation, the *dhyâna*, of the Indian monk,

but the charmed impressions of the artist. The religion of the Ganges has assumed in Japan the mask of æsthetic emotionalism.

Now all this refinement of emotionalism Mr. Hearn by his peculiar artistic temperament has been able to reproduce almost miraculously in the coarser fibre of English. But more particularly he has sought to interpret the deeper influence of India on Japan, — the thoughts and images in which the subtlety of the Japanese has been turned aside into a strange psychology of the weird. One may suppose that some tendency to mingle grace and beauty with haunting suggestions was inherent in the Japanese temper from the beginning, but certainly the peculiar tone of weirdness that runs through most of the tales that Mr. Hearn has translated is not the product of Japan alone. Nor is it purely Hindu: the literature of India includes much that is grotesque but hardly a touch of the weird or ghostly, for its religious tone is too austere, and lacks the suggestive symbolism which that quality demands. Out of the blending of the stern sense of impermanence and karma with the sensuous beauty of Japan there arises this new feeling of the weird. How intimately the two tempers are blended, and how rare their product is, may be seen in such sketches as that called *Ingwa-banashi*, A Tale of Karma.

Had it been that Mr. Hearn's art sufficed only to reproduce the delicacy and the ghostliness of Japanese tales, he would have performed a notable but scarcely an extraordinary service to letters. But into the study of these byways of Oriental literature he has carried a third element, the dominant idea of Occidental science; and this element he has blended with Hindu religion and Japanese æstheticism in a combination as bewildering as it is voluptuous. In this triple union lies his real claim to high originality.

Now it is a fact well known to those who have studied Buddhism at its genuine sources that our modern conception of evolution fits into Buddhist psychology more readily and completely than into any dogmatic theology of the West. It is natural, therefore, that the only Western authors quoted freely by Mr. Hearn in support of his Oriental meditations should be Huxley and Herbert Spencer. For the most part these allusions to Western science are merely made in passing. But in one essay, that on The Idea of Preëxistence, he endeavors with something of philosophic system to develop the harmony between evolution and the Buddhist conception of previous existences, a conception which, as he shows, has little in common with the crude form of metempsychosis embodied by Wordsworth in such poems as Fidelity and Intimations of Immortality. To justify his theory he turns to Professor Huxley and quotes these words: "None but very hasty thinkers will reject it on the ground of inherent absurdity. Like the doctrine of evolution itself, that of transmigration has its roots in the world of reality; and it may claim such support as the great argument from analogy is capable of supplying."

Elsewhere he quotes from Herbert Spencer to show how the notion of impermanence also invades our Western evolutional philosophy. But the parallel in this respect is at once apt and misleading. To Mr. Spencer and all the spokesmen of science, it is the impermanent sphere of phenomena that is alone knowable, whereas the permanent Reality hidden from the eyes is the great Unknowable. To the Buddhist, on the contrary, all impermanence is wrapped in illusion, as indeed the very meaning of the word would seem to imply; whereas the permanent Reality, though inexpressible, is alone knowable. The difference is of great importance when we come to consider the effect of interpreting Japanese ideas in Occidental terms. It even seems that Mr.

Hearn himself is not aware of the gulf set between these two methods of viewing the world, and that consequently he has never measured the full originality of this realm of sensation which his art has opened by spanning a bridge between the two. In the fusion of Mr. Hearn's thought the world of impermanent phenomena is at once knowable and unknowable: it is the reality of Western cognition, and therefore is invested with an intensity of influence and fullness of meaning impossible to an Oriental writer; and at the same time it is the unreality of Eastern philosophy, and hence is involved in illusion and subtle shadows into which it threatens momentarily to melt away. It is a realm of half reality, this phenomenal world, a realm of mingled spirit and matter, seeming now to tantalize the eyes with colors of unimaginable beauty that fade away when we gaze on them too intently, and again to promise the Soul that one long sought word which shall solve the riddle of her existence in this land of exile. It is a new symbolism that troubles while it illumines. It leads the artist to dwell on the weirder, more impalpable phases of Japanese literature, and to lend to these subconscious motives a force of realism which they could not possess in the original. From this union with science the Oriental belief in the indwelling of the past now receives a vividness of present actuality that dissolves the Soul into ghostly intimacy with the mystic unexplored background of life. As a consequence of this new sense of impermanence and of this new realism lent to the indwelling past, all the primitive emotions of the heart are translated into a strange language, which, when once it lays hold of the imagination, carries us into a region of dreams akin to that world which our psychologists dimly call the subliminal or subconscious. The far-reaching results of this psychology on literature it is not easy to foresee. Mr. Hearn has nowhere treated systematically this new interpretation of human emotions, but by bringing together scattered passages from his essays we may form some notion of its scope and efficacy.

Beauty itself, which forms the essence of Mr. Hearn's art and of all true art, receives a new content from this union of the East and the West. So standing before a picture of nude beauty we might, in our author's words, question its meaning. That nudity which is divine, which is the abstract of beauty absolute, — what power, we ask, resides within it or within the beholder that causes this shock of astonishment and delight, not unmixed with melancholy? The longer one looks, the more the wonder grows, since there appears no line, or part of a line, whose beauty does not surpass all memory of things seen. Plato explained the shock of beauty as being the Soul's sudden half-remembrance of the World of Divine Ideas: "They who see here any image or resemblance of the things which are there receive a shock like a thunderbolt, and are, after a manner, taken out of themselves." The positive psychology of Spencer declares in our own day that the most powerful of human passions, first love, when it makes its appearance, is absolutely antecedent to all individual experience. Thus do ancient thought and modern — metaphysics and science — accord in recognizing that the first deep sensation of human beauty known to the individual is not individual at all. Must not the same truth hold of that shock which supreme art gives? The emotion of beauty, like all our emotions, is certainly the inherited product of unimaginably countless experiences in an immeasurable past. In every æsthetic sensation is the stirring of trillions of trillions of ghostly memories buried in the magical soil of the brain. And each man carries within him an ideal of beauty which is but an infinite composite of dead perceptions of form, color, grace, once dear to look upon. It is dormant, this ideal, — potential in es-

sence, — cannot be evoked at will before the imagination; but it may light up electrically at any perception by the living outer sense of some vague affinity. Then is felt that weird, sad, delicious thrill, which accompanies the sudden backward-flowing of the tides of life and time.

So, again, to follow Mr. Hearn, it is easy to infer how this perception of the indwelling of the past gives a wonderful significance to the thralldom of love, — to first love most of all, when the shock of emotion comes untroubled by worldly calculations of the present. What is the glamour, we ask with our author, that blinds the lover in its sweet bewildering light when first he meets the woman of his involuntary choice? Whose the witchcraft? Is it any power in the living idol? Rather it is the power of the dead within the idolater. The dead cast the spell. Theirs the shock in the lover's heart; theirs the electric shiver that tingled through his veins at the first touch of one girl's hand. We look into the eyes of love and it is as though, through some intense and sudden stimulation of vital being, we had obtained — for one supercelestial moment — the glimpse of a reality, never before imagined, and never again to be revealed. There is, indeed, an illusion. We seem to view the divine; but this divine itself, whereby we are dazzled and duped, is a ghost. Our mortal sight pierces beyond the surface of the present into profundities of myriads of years, — pierces beyond the mask of life into the enormous night of death. For a moment we are made aware of a beauty and a mystery and a depth unutterable: then the Veil falls again forever. The splendor of the eyes that we worship belongs to them only as brightness to the morning star. It is a reflex from beyond the shadow of the Now, — a ghost light of vanished suns. Unknowingly within that maiden gaze we meet the gaze of eyes more countless than the hosts of heaven, — eyes otherwhere passed into darkness and dust.

And if we turn to another and purer form of love, it is the same force we behold. So long as we supposed the woman soul one in itself, — a something specially created to fit one particular physical being, — the beauty and the wonder of mother-love could never be fully revealed to us. But with deeper knowledge we must perceive that the inherited love of numberless millions of dead mothers has been treasured up in one life; that only thus can be interpreted the infinite sweetness of the speech which the infant hears, — the infinite tenderness of the look of caress which meets its gaze.

So, too, when we listen to the harmonies of instrumental music or the melody of the human voice, there arises a strange emotion within us which seems to magnify us out of ourselves into some expanse of illimitable experiences, to lift us above the present cares of our petty life into some vast concern, — so vast that the soul is lost between the wonderings of divine hope and divine fear. Great music is a psychical storm, agitating to fathomless depths the mystery of the past within us. Or we might say that it is a prodigious incantation. There are tones that call up all ghosts of youth and joy and tenderness; there are tones that evoke all phantom pain of perished passion; there are tones that resurrect all dead sensations of majesty and might and glory, — all expired exultations, — all forgotten magnanimities. Well may the influence of music seem inexplicable to the man who idly dreams that his life began less than a hundred years ago! He who has been initiated into the truth knows that to every ripple of melody, to every billow of harmony, there answers within him, out of the Sea of Death and Birth, some eddying immeasurable of ancient pleasure and pain.

Genius itself, the master of music and poetry and all art that enlarges

mortal life, genius itself is nothing other than the reverberation of this enormous past on the sounding board of some human intelligence, so finely wrought as to send forth in purity the echoed tones which from a grosser soul come forth deadened and confused by the clashing of the man's individual impulses.

Is it not proper to say, after reading such passages as these, that Mr. Hearn has introduced a new element of psychology into literature? We are indeed living in the past, we who foolishly cry out that the past is dead. In one remarkable study of the emotions awakened by the baying of a gaunt white hound, Mr. Hearn shows how even the very beasts whom we despise as unreasoning and unremembering are filled with an inarticulate sense of this dark backward and abysm of time, whose shadow falls on their sensitive souls with the chill of a vague dread, — dread, I say, for it must begin to be evident that this new psychology is fraught with meanings that may well trouble and awe the student.

In the ghostly residuum of these psychological meditations we may perceive a vision dimly foreshadowing itself which mankind for centuries, nay, for thousands of years, has striven half unwittingly to keep veiled. I do not know, but it seems to me that the foreboding of this dreaded disclosure may account for many things in the obscure history of the race, for the long struggle of religion against the observations of science which to-day we are wont to slur over as only a superficial struggle after all. In the haunting fear of this disclosure I seem to see an explanation, if not a justification, of the obscurantism of the early church, of the bitter feud with Galileo and the burning of Giordano Bruno, of the recent hostility to Darwinism, and even of the present-day attempt to invalidate the significance of this long contest. For what room is left for the boasted isolation and spirituality of man, what meaning remains in the consolations and ministry of religion, if at last, in spite of all, the Veil is to be withdrawn from the memory of consciousness, and we become aware of all the hideous past of monstrous life in the world as we are aware of the doings of yesterday, — if we are to live over again in memory the passions, the wallowing desires, the enormous battles of our far-away human ancestors and of the bestial creation which preceded them? Some such tenor of discovery has, it seems to me, haunted the human race dimly through all the vicissitudes of its history; and now in these essays and tales, whose substance is so strangely mingled together out of the austere dreams of India and the subtle beauty of Japan and the relentless science of Europe, I read vaguely the interpretation of many things which hitherto were quite dark.

Paul Elmer More.

IN THE ABSENCE OF MONSIEUR.

Monsieur Armand Michel, seated before his newly installed Titian, was in the act of saying to himself that if its acquisition could not, with entire accuracy, be viewed as an unqualified bargain, it had been, at least, an indisputable stroke of diplomacy, when his complacent meditation was interrupted by the entrance of Arsène. It was the first time that Monsieur Michel had seen his new servant in his official capacity, and he was not ill pleased. Arsène was in flawless evening dress, in marked contrast to the objectionably flamboyant

costume in which, on the preceding evening, he had made application for the position of valet-maître d'hôtel, left vacant by the fall from grace of Monsieur Michel's former factotum. That costume had come near to being his undoing. The fastidious Armand had regarded with an offended eye the brilliant green cravat, the unspeakable checked suit, and the painfully pointed chrome-yellow shoes in which the applicant for his approval was arrayed, and more than once, in the course of conversation, was on the point of putting a peremptory end to the negotiations by a crushing comment on would-be servants who dressed like café chantant comedians. But the reference had outweighed the costume. Monsieur Michel did not remember ever to have read more unqualified commendation. Arsène Sigard had been for two years in the service of the Comte de Chambour, whose square, pink marble hôtel on the Avenue de Malakoff is accounted, in this degenerate age, one of the sights of Paris; and this, of itself, was more than a little. The comte did not keep his eyes in his pocket, by any manner of means, when it came to the affairs of his household, and apparently there was nothing too good for him to say about Arsène. Here, on pale blue note-paper, and surmounted by the De Chambour crest, it was set forth that the bearer was sober, honest, clean, willing, capable, quiet, intelligent, and respectful, — *and* discreet. When the Comte de Chambour gave his testimony on this last point it meant that you were getting the opinion of an expert. Monsieur Michel refolded the reference, tapped it three times upon the palm of his left hand, and engaged the bearer without further ado.

Now, as Arsène went quietly about the salon, drawing the curtains, and clearing away the card-table, which remained as a mute witness to Monsieur Michel's ruling passion, he was the beau ideal of a gentleman's manservant; unobtrusive in manner and movement, clean-shaven and clear-eyed, adapting himself without need of instruction to the details of his new surroundings. A less complacent person than Armand might have been aware that, while he was taking stock of Arsène, Arsène was taking stock, with equal particularity, of him. And there was an unpleasant slyness in his black eyes, a something akin to alertness in his thin nostrils, which moved like those of a rabbit, and seemed to accomplish more than their normal share of conveying to their owner's intelligence an impression of exterior things. Also, had Monsieur Michel but observed it, his new servant walked just a trifle *too* softly, and his hands were just a trifle *too* white and slender. Moreover, he had a habit of smiling to himself when his back was turned, which is an undesirable thing in anybody, and approaches the ominous in a valet-maître d'hôtel. But Monsieur Michel was far too much of an aristocrat to have any doubt of his power to overawe and impress his inferiors, or to see in the newcomer's excessive inconspicuity anything more than a commendable recognition of monsieur's commanding presence. So, when Arsène completed his work and had shut the door noiselessly behind him, his master rubbed his hands and said "Ter-rès bien!" in a low voice, this being his superlative expression of satisfaction. Had his glance been able to penetrate his salon door, it would have met, in the antechamber, with the astounding spectacle of his new servant in the act of tossing monsieur's silk hat into the air, and catching it, with extreme dexterity, on the bridge of his nose. Unfortunately, the other side of the door is something which, like the future and the bank accounts of our debtors, it is not given us to see. So Monsieur Michel repeated his "Ter-rès bien!" and fell again to contemplating his Titian.

Yes, undoubtedly, it had been a great stroke of diplomacy. The young Mar-

chese degli Abbraccioli was not conspicuous for his command of ready money, but his father had left him the finest private collection of paintings in Rome, and this, in consequence of chronic financial stress, was gradually passing from the walls of his palazzo in the Via Cavour into the possession of an appreciative but none too extravagant government. It had been an inspiration, this proposal of Monsieur Michel's to settle his claim upon the marchese for his overwhelming losses at baccarat by taking over one of the two Titians which flanked the chimney-piece in his study. The young Italian had assented eagerly, and had supplemented his acquiescence with a proposal to dispose of the pendant for somewhat more material remuneration than canceled reconnaissances. But Armand Michel had undertaken it before, this delicate task of getting objets d'art over the Italian frontier, — yes, and been caught in the act, too, and forced to disgorge. For the moment, it was enough to charge himself with one picture, on the given conditions, without risking hard cash in the experiment. Later — well, later, one would see. And so, *a rivederla, mio caro marchese.*

Monsieur Michel fairly hugged himself as he thought of his success. Mon Dieu, quelle génie, that false bottom to his trunk! He had come safely through them all, the imbecile inspectors, and now his treasure hung fairly and finally upon his wall, smiling at him out of its tapestry surroundings. It was épatant, truly, and moreover, all there was of the most calé. Only one small cloud of regret hung upon the broad blue firmament of his satisfaction, — the other picture! It had been so easy. He might as well have had two as one. And now, without doubt, the imbecile marchese would sell the pendant to the imbecile government, and that would be the end of it so far as private purchase was concerned. Monsieur Michel rose from his chair with a gesture of impatience, and, drawing the curtain back from the window, looked out lugubriously upon the March cheerlessness of the Place Vendôme. Little by little a most seductive plan formed itself in his mind. After all, why not? A couple of weeks at Monte Carlo, a week at Sorrento, and a fortnight at Rome, in which to win the Titian from the Marchese degli Abbraccioli, by baccarat if possible, or by bank notes should fortune prove unkind. It was the simplest thing in the world, and he would avoid the remainder of the wet weather and be back for the opening of Longchamp. And Monsieur Michel rubbed his hands and said "Ter-rès bien!" again, with much emphasis.

When, a week later, Arsène was informed of monsieur's intention to leave him in sole charge of his apartment for a time, he received the intelligence with the dignified composure of one who feels himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him. The cook was to have the vacation for which she had been clamoring, that she might display to her relatives in Lille the elaborate wardrobe which was the result of her savings during three years in Monsieur Michel's employ. Perfectly. And the apartment was to be aired and dusted daily, as if monsieur himself were there. And visitors to be told that monsieur was returning in a month. And letters to be made to follow monsieur, to Monte Carlo at first, and then to Rome. But perfectly; it was completely understood. Arsène bowed a number of times in succession, and outwardly was as calm as a tall, candid-faced clock being wound up to run for a specified time independent of supervision. But beneath that smooth and carefully oiled expanse of jet-black hair a whole colony of the most fantastic ideas suddenly aroused themselves and began to elbow one another about in a veritable tumult.

Monsieur Michel took his departure in a whirl of confusion, losing a quantity of indispensable articles with exclamations of despair, and finding them

the next moment with cries of satisfaction. Eugénie, the cook, compactly laced into a traveling dress of blue silk, stood at the doorway to bid her master good-by, and was run into at each instant by the cabman or the concierge or Monsieur Michel himself, each of whom covered, at top speed, several kilometres of stair and hallway, in the stupendous task of transferring a trunk, a valise, a hat-box, a shawl-strap, and an umbrella from the apartment to the carriage below. On the surface of this uproar, the presence of Arsène swam as serenely as a swan on a maelstrom. He accompanied his master to the gare de Lyon, and the last object which met the anxious eyes of Monsieur Michel, peering out from one of the first-class carriages of the departing express, was his new servant, standing upon the platform, as unmoved by the events of the morning as if monsieur had been passing from the dining-room to take coffee in the salon instead of from Paris to take breakfast in Marseille. The sight of him was intensely soothing to the fevered spirit of Monsieur Michel, on whom the details of such a departure produced much the same effect as do cakes of soap when tossed into the mouth of an active geyser.

"He is calm," he said to himself, rubbing his hands. "He is very calm, and he will not lose his head while I am gone. Ter-rès bien!"

But the calm of Arsène was the calm of thin ice over swiftly rushing waters. As the polished buffers of the last carriage swung out of sight around the curve with a curiously furtive effect, like the eyes of an alarmed animal slipping backward into its burrow, he clenched the fingers of his right hand and slipping his thumb nail under the edge of his upper teeth, drew it forward with a sharp click. At the same time he said something to his vanished master in the second person singular, which is far from being the address of affection on the lips of a valet-maître d'hôtel.

Wheeling suddenly after this singular manifestation, Monsieur Sigard found himself the object of close and seemingly amused scrutiny on the part of an individual standing directly behind him. There was something so extremely disconcerting in this gentleman's unexpected proximity, and in his very evident enjoyment of the situation, that Arsène was upon the point of turning abruptly away, when the other addressed him, speaking the colloquial French of their class, with the slightest possible hint of foreign accent.

"Bah, vieux! Is it that I do not know what they are, the patrons? Oh, lalà!"

"Avec ça! There are some who have it, an astounding audacity!" said Arsène to the air over the stranger's head.

"Farceur!" replied the stranger, addressing the air over Arsène's. And then, —

"There are two parrakeets that have need of plucking across the way," he added reflectively.

"There are two empty sacks here to put the feathers in," answered Arsène, with alacrity, and, ten minutes later, oblivious to the chill damp of the March morning, Monsieur Sigard and his newfound acquaintance, seated at a little table in front of a near-by wine-shop, were preparing in company the smoky-green mixture of absinthe and water which Paris slang has dubbed a parrakeet. On the part of Arsène the operation was performed with elaborate solicitude, and as he poured a tiny stream of water over the lump of sugar on the flat spoon balanced deftly across the glass, he held his head tipped sidewise and his left eye closed, in the manner of a contemplative fowl, and was oblivious to all but the delectable business of the moment.

But his companion, while apparently deeply engaged in the preparation of his own beverage, was far from being wholly preoccupied thereby. He was a man

shorter by an inch or two than Monsieur Michel's maître d'hôtel, dressed in the most inconspicuous fashion, and with an air of avoiding any emphasis of voice or gesture which would be apt to attract more than casual attention to the circumstance of his existence. There was something about him vaguely suggestive of a chameleon, an instant harmonizing of his appearance and manner with any background whatsoever against which he chanced to find himself placed, and a curious clouding of his eyes when unexpectedly they were met by those of another, which lent him an immediate air of profound stupidity. No doubt his long practice in this habit of self-obliteration made him doubly appreciative of Arsène's little outburst of ill-feeling on the platform of the gare de Lyon. A man who would do that in public — well, he had much to learn!

Just now, however, this gentleman's eyes were very bright, though they had dwindled to mere slits, and he followed every movement of the unconscious Arsène with short swift glances from beneath his drooping lids, as, bit by bit, the lumps of sugar melted under the steady drip of the trickling water, and the opalescent mixture mounted toward the brims. He knew but two varieties of absinthe drinker, this observant individual, — the one who progressed, under its influence, from cheerful candor to shrewdest insight into the motives of others, and most skillful evasion of their toils; the other whom, by easy stages, it led from obstinate reserve to the extreme of careless garrulity. At this moment he was on the alert for symptoms.

Arsène looked up suddenly as the last morsel of his sugar melted, and, lifting his glass, dipped it before the eyes of his new friend.

"To your health, Monsieur — ?" he said in courteous interrogation.

"Fresque," said the other.

"Bon! And I, Monsieur Fresque, am Sigard, Arsène Sigard, maître d'hôtel, at your service, of the type who has just taken himself off, down there."

And he indicated the imposing pile of the gare de Lyon with his thumb, and then, closing his eyes, took a long sip of his absinthe, and replacing the glass upon the table, plunged his hands into his pockets and stared off gloomily toward the Seine.

"Poof!" he said, "but I am content that he is gone. What a filthiness, a rich man — what?"

"Not to be denied," agreed Monsieur Fresque. "There is not a foreign sou's worth of delicacy in the whole lot!"

"Mazette! I believe thee," answered the other, much pleased. Fresque's thin lips relaxed the veriest trifle at the familiarity, and he lit a cigarette and gazed vacantly into space.

"But what dost thou expect?" he observed, with calm philosophy.

It appeared that what Arsène expected was that honest folk should not work from seven to ten in an ignoble box of a pantry on boots, and silver, and what not, he demanded of him, name of a pipe! — and dust, and sweep, and serve at table, good heaven! and practice a species of disgusting politeness to a type of old engraving like Monsieur Armand Michel. And all, oh, mon Dieu! for the crushing sum of twenty dollars a month, did he comprehend? while the animal in question was sowing his yellow buttons by fistfuls. Mazette! Evidently, he himself was not an eagle. He did not demand the Louvre to live in, for example, nor the existence lalala of Emile Loubet — what? but it was not amusing, he assured him, to be in the employ of the great revolting one in question. Ah, non!

"Eiffelesque!" commented Monsieur Fresque.

But, said Arsène, there was another side to the question, and he himself, it went without saying, was no waffle-iron, speaking of stupidity. He had not been present the day fools were distributed. Oh, far from that! In consequence, it

was to become humpbacked with mirth, that part of his life passed behind the back of the example of an old Sophie whom he had the honor to serve. He had not forgotten how to juggle since he traveled with a band of mountebanks. And there were the patron's plates, — at one hundred francs the piece, good blood! Also he smoked the ancient cantaloupe's cigarettes, and as for the wines — tchutt! Arsène kissed his fingertips and took a long sip of absinthe.

"He is gone for long?" inquired Fresque.

Ah, that! Who knew? Six weeks at least. And meanwhile might not a brave lad amuse himself in the empty apartment — eh? Oh, it would be life in a gondola, name of a name of a name!

The conversation was prolonged for an hour, Arsène growing more and more confidential under the seductive influence of his parrakeet, and his companion showing himself so heartily in accord with his spirit of license that, by degrees, he captured completely the fancy of the volatile valet, and was only permitted to take his departure on the condition of presenting himself in the Place Vendôme that evening for the purpose of smoking the cantaloupe's cigarettes and seeing Arsène juggle with the hundred-franc plates.

Monsieur Fresque was as good as his word. He put in an appearance promptly at eight o'clock, hung his hat and coat, at his host's invitation, on a Louis Quinze applique, and made himself comfortable in a chaise longue which, on the guarantee of Duveen, had once belonged to the Pompadour. Arsène outdid himself in juggling, and afterwards they cracked a bottle of Château Laffitte and drank it with great satisfaction out of Salviati glasses, topping off the entertainment with Russian kümmel and two of Monsieur Michel's cigars. Arsène, in his picturesque idiom, expressed himself as being tapped in the eye with his new friend to the extent of being able to quit him no longer, and forthwith Monsieur Hercule Fresque took up his quarters in the bedroom of the cantaloupe, his host established himself in Monsieur Michel's Empire guest chamber, and the "life in a gondola" went forward for five weeks to the supreme contentment of both.

Now it is a peculiarity of a life in a gondola, as is known to all who have sampled its delights, that, while it lasts, consideration of past and future alike becomes dulled, and one loses all sense of responsibility in the lethal torpor of the present. So it was not until Arsène received a letter from Monsieur Michel, announcing his return, that he began to figure up the possible consequences of his experiment. They were, as he gloomily announced to Hercule, stupefying to the extent of dashing out one's brains against the wall. But one bottle of Château Laffitte remained, and none whatever of Russian kümmel. Moreover, the brocade of the chaise longue was hopelessly ruined by the boots of the conspirators, and the enthusiasm of Arsène's juggling had reduced by fifty per cent the set of Sèvres plates. What was to be done, bon Dieu, what *was* to be done?

Monsieur Fresque, having carefully perused a letter with an Italian stamp, which had come by the evening mail, revolved the situation in his mind, slowly smoking the last of the cantaloupe's cigars, and glancing from time to time at the despondent figure of his host, with his eyes narrowed to mere slits. Had the fish been sufficiently played? He reeled in a foot or so of line by way of experiment.

"What, after all, is a situation?" he said. "Thou wilt be discharged, yes. But afterwards? Pah! thou wilt find another. And thou hast thy rigolade."

"Ah, that!" replied Arsène, with a shrug. "I believe thee! But thinkest thou my old melon will find himself in the way of gluing the ribbon of the Légion on me for what I have done? I

see myself from here, playing the harp on the bars of La Maz!"

"La vie à Mazas, c'est pas la vie en gondole," observed Hercule philosophically.

"Tu parles!"

Hercule appeared to take a sudden resolve. He swung his feet to the floor, and bending forward in the chaise longue, began to speak rapidly and with extreme earnestness.

"Voyons, donc, mon gars, thou hast been foolish, but one must not despair. What is done in France is never known in Italy. And here thou art surrounded by such treasures as the imbeciles of foreigners pay fortunes for, below there. Take what thou hast need of — a trunk of the patron's, some silver, what thou canst lay hands on of gold and brass and enamel — whatever will not break — and get away before he returns. In Milan thou canst sell it all, and get another place. I have friends there, and thou shalt have letters. Voilà!"

"But one must have money," replied Arsène, brightening, nevertheless. "And that is lacking me."

Hercule seemed to ponder this objection deeply. Finally, with a sigh of resignation, he spoke again: —

"B'en, voilà! Thou hast been my friend, is it not so? Hercule Fresque is not the man to be ungrateful. I am poor, and have need of my little savings — But, there! it is for a friend — pas? Let us say no more!" And he thrust a roll of bank notes into the hands of the stupefied Arsène.

The evening was spent in arranging the details of the flight. Arsène produced a serviceable trunk from the storeroom, and in this the two men placed a great variety of the treasures which Monsieur Michel had accumulated during twenty years of patient search and exorbitant purchase. Squares of priceless tapestry, jeweled watches and snuff-boxes, figurines of old Sèvres, ivories, cunningly carved and yellow with age, madonnas of box-wood, and wax, and ebony, — all were carefully wrapped in newspapers and stowed away; and to these Arsène added a dozen of his master's shirts, two suits of clothes, and a box of cigarettes. But when all the available material had been appropriated there yet remained an empty space below the tray. It would never do to have the treasures knocking about on the way. Arsène proposed a blanket — or, better yet, one of Monsieur Michel's overcoats. But Hercule, after rearranging the trunk so as to make the empty space of different form, turned suddenly to his companion, who was picking nervously at his fingers and watching the so fruitful source of suggestion with a pathetic air of entreaty, and clapped him gleefully upon the chest.

"A painting!" he exclaimed.

Complete demoralization seemed to have taken possession of Arsène. He was very pale, and his eyes constantly sought the salon door as if he expected the object of his ingenious epithets to burst in at any moment, with the prefect and all his legions at his heels.

"A painting?" he repeated blankly; "but how, a painting?"

But Monsieur Fresque had already mounted nimbly on a chair and lifted the cherished Titian of Monsieur Michel from its place against the tapestry. There was no further need of persuasion. The moment had come for action, and, seizing a hammer, he began to wrench off the frame, talking rapidly between short gasps of exertion.

"But certainly, a painting. This one is small — ugh! — but who can say how valuable? They sell readily down there, these black daubs. Ah! By rolling, it will fill the empty space, seest thou, and later it may mean a thousand francs. One does not do things by — umph! — by halves in such a case. Sacred nails! One would say they had been driven in for eternity! Oof! Thou art fortunate to have me to advise thee, great imbecile. Mayhap this is worth

all the rest. Pig of a frame, va! It is of iron. Ugh! He will be furious, thy patron, but what of that? In Italy thou wilt hear no more of it. Still one nail. Come away, then, type of a cow! Enfin!"

With one final effort he tore off the last fragment of frame, peeled the canvas from the backboard, and, rolling it carefully, tucked it into the empty space, replaced the tray, and closed the trunk with a snap.

"Voilà!" he said, straightening himself and turning a red but triumphant face to the astounded maître d'hôtel.

"Now for the letters," he added, seating himself at Monsieur Michel's desk and beginning to scribble busily. "Do thou go for a cab, and at a gallop. It has struck half past ten and the Bâle rapide leaves the gare de l'Est at midnight."

Hardly had the door of the apartment closed upon the demoralized valet when Monsieur Fresque hastily shoved to one side the note he had begun, and, writing a sentence or two upon another slip of paper, wrapped the latter about a two-sou piece, and went quietly to the salon window. Opening this cautiously, he found a fine rain falling outside, and the eastern half of the square deserted save for two figures, one the flying form of Arsène, cutting across a corner into the Rue Castiglione in search of a cab, and the other that of a man muffled in a heavy overcoat and with a slouch hat pulled well over his eyes, who was lounging against the railing of the Column, and who, as Fresque opened the window, shook himself into activity and stepped nimbly out across the wide driveway. Hercule placed the paper containing the two-sou piece upon the window sill, and with a sharp flick of his forefinger sent it spinning down into the square. The man in the slouch hat stooped for an instant in passing the spot where it lay, and Monsieur Fresque, softly closing the window, stretched his arms upward until he seemed to be a gigantic letter Y, and indulged in a prodigious yawn.

"Ça y est!" said he.

Papa Briguette had long since climbed into his high bedstead, in the loge de concierge, when, for the second time in fifteen minutes, he was aroused by the voice of Arsène calling "Cordon, s'il vous plaît!" in the main hallway, and, reaching from under his feather coverlid, pressed the bulb which unlocked the street-door.

"Quel coureur, que ce gars!" grumbled the worthy man to his fat spouse, snoring complacently at his side. "I deceive myself if, when Monsieur Michel returns, thou dost not hear a different story."

"Awr-r-r-r!" replied Maman Briguette.

On the way to the gare de l'Est Arsène recovered the better part of his lost composure, and listened with something akin to cheerfulness to the optimistic prognostications of his companion. By the time the precious trunk was registered and he had secured his seat in a second-class compartment of the Bâle rapide, he was once more in high feather and profuse in expressions of gratitude, as he smoked a farewell cigarette with Fresque while waiting for the train to start.

"Thou canst believe me, mon vieux," he protested. "It is not a little thing that thou hast done, name of a name. Ah, non! It was the act of a brave comrade, that I assure thee. Et voyons! When I have sold the effects down there, thou shalt have back thy little paper mattress, word of honor! Yes, and more — thy share of the gain, mon zig!"

He grasped the other's hand fervently as a passing guard threw them a curt "En voiture, messieurs!" and seemed on the point of kissing him farewell. There was some confusion attendant upon his entering the compartment, owing to the excessive haste of a man

muffled in a heavy overcoat and with a slouch hat pulled well over his eyes, who arrived at the last moment and persisted in scrambling in at the very instant chosen by Monsieur Sigard. The latter immediately reappeared at the window, and, as the train began to move, shouted a few final acknowledgments at his benefactor.

"B'en, au r'voir, vieux! And I will write thee from below there, thou knowest. A thousand thanks. Fear not for thy blue paper — what? Thou shalt have it back sou for sou, name of a name!"

He was almost out of hearing now, his face a cream-colored splotch against the deep maroon of the railway carriage, and, drawing out a gaudy handkerchief, he waved it several times in token of farewell.

"I shall never forget thee, never!" he cried, as a kind of afterthought and valedictory in one.

"Ah, ça!" said Monsieur Fresque to himself, as Arsène's face went out of sight, "*that* I well believe!"

Yet, so inconstant is man, the promised letter "from below there" never reached him. Another did, however, and it was this which he might have been observed reading to a friend, with every evidence of the liveliest satisfaction, one week later, at a rear table before the Taverne Royale. One would hardly have recognized the plainly, almost shabbily dressed comrade of Arsène, with his retiring manners and his furtive eyes, in this extremely prosperous individual, in polished top hat, white waistcoat and gaiters, and gloves of lemon yellow. His companion was equally imposing in appearance, and it was apparent that he derived as much amusement from listening to Monsieur Fresque's epistle as did the latter from reading it aloud, which he did with the most elaborate emphasis, calling the other's attention to certain sentences by tapping him lightly upon the arm and repeating them more slowly.

The letter was in Italian and ran as follows: —

MILAN, *April* 20, 1901.

MY GOOD ERCOLE, — I am leaving here to-day for Rome, where the case of the Government against the Marchese degli Abbraccioli is to come on next week; but before I do so I must write you of the last act in the little comedy of Arsène Sigard. I never lost sight of him from the moment we left Paris, and when he found I was also on my way to Italy, he became confidential, and, in exchange for certain information which I was able to give him about Milan, etc., told me a long story about himself and his affairs, which I found none the less amusing for knowing it to be a tissue of lies. The time passed readily enough, but I was relieved when we started over the St. Gothard, because I knew then that the game was as good as played. We arrived at Chiasso on time (two o'clock), and I found Sassevero on the platform when I jumped out. He had come on from Rome the night before, and was in a positive panic because Palmi, who had been watching old Michel there, had lost him somehow and nobody knew where he'd gone. He might have come through on any train, of course, and Sassevero didn't even know him by sight.

Naturally, our little business with Sigard was soon done. Cagliacci is still chief of customs at Chiasso, and he simply confiscated the trunk and everything in it, though, of course, the Government was n't after anything but the picture. There were two hours of argument over the disposition of Sigard, but it seemed best to let him go and nothing further said, which he was only too glad to do. The Old Man is shy of diplomatic complications, it appears, and he had told Sassevero to frighten the chap thoroughly and then let him slip off.

Here comes in the most remarkable part of all. Just as Sigard was marching out of the room, in came the Lucerne

express, and our friend walks almost into the arms of an oldish gentleman who had jumped out of a carriage and was hurrying into the customs room.

"Bon Dieu!" said this individual. "What does *this* mean?"

"What does what mean?" put in Sassevero like a flash; and the other was so taken by surprise that, before he had time to think what he was saying, the secret was out.

"That 's my valet de chambre!" he said.

"Really?" said Sassevero. "Bravo! Then you 're the gentleman with the Marchese degli Abbraccioli's second Titian in the false bottom of his trunk!"

Could anything have been more exquisite? The old chap is out some hundred thousand lire on the transaction, because, of course, Cagliacci confiscated it like the other. It was a sight to remember, the two pictures, side by side in his room, and Michel and Sigard cursing each other above them! We all went on to Milan by the next train, except Sigard, who did the prudent thing on the appearance of his padrone, and disappeared, but Michel's appeal to the French consulate was of no effect. The consul told him flat that he was going directly against the law in trying to get old works of art over the frontier, and that he could n't plead ignorance after the detail of the false bottom.

Sassevero says the Old Man is immensely pleased with the way you handled your end of the affair. The funny part of it is that Sigard apparently had n't the most remote suspicion of your being in any way involved in his catastrophe.

Your most devoted,

CAVALETTO.

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

WITH THE PRE-DYNASTIC KINGS AND THE KINGS OF THE FIRST THREE DYNASTIES AT ABYDOS.

THE fairy story of the resurrection from the dead of the pre-dynastic kings, and of the bringing back to actuality of the misty kings of the first dynasties at Abydos, still goes on.

We seem to be able to speak face to face with five at any rate of Manetho's ten kings, Ka, Ro, Zeser, Narmer, and Sma, — men who lived and died before Mena, or Aha-Mena, the first king of the first dynasty, came to the throne of Upper and Lower Egypt.

Those of us who remember the day when our mothers gravely assured us that the creation of the world was according to Bible chronology put at 4004 B. C. are now able to know the manners and habits, the amusements, the life's work and belief, and the funeral customs of King Ka, who presumably found it a pleasant thing to behold the sun upon the fields, and to feel the shadow of the palm groves at Abydos, as long ago as 4900 B. C.

But thanks to Dr. Flinders Petrie and his enthusiastic band of fellow workers, we can now not only know the funeral furniture of the tombs of kings who were before Mena was, but we can reach back and give hand-grasp to the shadowy presences of a prehistoric race, whose civilization was not far if anything behind the civilization of those pre-dynastic kings who used the same palettes for eye paint, drank from the same alabaster drinking cups, washed hands in the same diorite wash-bowls, cut their meat up with the same flint knives, and hoed their fields with the same flint hoes. There are now known to exist seventy-five to seventy-nine prehistoric seals of sequence dates, which overlap

the time of the pre-dynastic kings, and thus for the first time it has been established that Egyptian history in the valley of the Nile runs forward from the farthest past without a break, and prehistoric man is seen to be a civilized being of consideration before the times of the kings who preceded Aha-Mena, the first king of the first dynasty, whose date is approximately put at 4777 B. C.

During the season 1900–1901, Dr. Flinders Petrie completed the exploration of the royal tombs at Abydos, in the royal burying place between the Temple of Sety and the hill to the south, with the result that, as far as the dynastic time went, a continuous record of seventeen kings was proved. These included: —

I. Dynasty about 4777–4514 B. C.

1. Aha-Mena	Mena.
2. Zer-Ta	Teta.
3. Zet-Ath	Ateth.
4. Den-Merneit	Ata.
5. Den-Setui	Hesepti.
6. Azab-Merpaba	Merbap.
7. Mersekha-Shemsu	Semenptah.
8. Qa-Sen	Qebh.

II. Dynasty 4514–4212 B. C.

1. Hotepahaui	Bazau.
2. Raneb	Kakau.
3. Neteren	Baneteren.
4. Semerab-Perabsen	Uaznes.
5. Khasekhem	Senda.
6. Kara	Khaires.
7. Khasekhemui	Zaza.

III. Dynasty 4212–3998 B. C.

1. Hen-Nekt-Nebka ?	Nebka.
2. Neter-Khet-Zeser	Zeser.

Of the pre-dynastic kings, spoken of now as belonging to Dynasty 0, remains of objects marked with the royal names proved the existence of Ka, Zeser, Narmer, and Sma. Later search among broken fragments of pottery, and on seals from the tomb near the tomb chamber of Bener-Ab, the daughter of Mena, showed that a fifth king, whose name was Ro, must be added to the above list. Whereabouts he shall be added it is difficult to say; he cannot be far from Ka, but the existence of a large amphora-shaped jar in his tomb looks as if he lived in a time that knew the potter's art, and Ka appears to have been before the potter. The clay sealing is of yellow marl, not black mud as was the fashion of Ka's time, and the sealing is of the more advanced type of the seals in Narmer's day. Dr. Flinders Petrie has therefore placed him second on the list of pre-dynastic kings, and for a "memoria technica" we may remember that just as in the Greek alphabet the letter "ρο" succeeds to "χι," so King Ro in his list of royal personages between 4900 and 4777 B. C. succeeds to King Ka.

Not the least interesting part of the year's work, as far as the dynastic arrangement went, was the discovery in Beit Khallaf, twelve miles north of Abydos, of two royal tombs of the third dynasty; they were red brick mastabas of great size, above chambers hewn in the rock, and the mastabas of the servants of these kings Ha-Nekht and Neter-Khet were round about them. The art of making bowls out of the hardest stone had reached perfection at this time. The beauty of the finish of the alabaster vessels in Neter-Khet's tomb is undeniable. Tables for offerings too of great size were in vogue at this period, and it is pretty clear that the appetites of the "Kas" or Doubles of the king in the Land of Shades had increased. The explorers found in the long gallery of Neter-Khet's tomb the ashes of the burning of a completely stored granary. Neter-Khet had evidently determined if there was corn in Egypt there should be corn in Amenti also, and that in abundance. But Neter-Khet's tomb had special interest for the architect. In it was a double stairway of ninety feet that descended parallel with the two sides of the tomb chamber to the eighteen underground chambers of the dead. At the bottom the passage turned south under an archway, the first use of the arch in building yet discovered.

As for the art of the coppersmith, that too had evidently received encouragement under the kings of the third dynasty. Not only was a set of copper tools found, but a copper vessel with a spout in good condition was taken out of the tomb of Ha-Nekht. Close beside it was a worked flint scraper; the age of bronze and stone went hand in hand.

While Mr. Garstang's men were at work at Beit Khallaf, he was also superintending the excavations of five hundred tombs in an undisturbed burial ground of the old kingdom at Mahasna, and unearthing not only specimens of fine jeweler's craft, — the gold necklet chains now in the Cairo Museum, — but a very interesting series of button seals, which seem to have been the personal ornament of most of the gentlemen of that old kingdom before the scarab seal was introduced. The dandies of the button-seal time were evidently particular about their eye paint. Mr. Garstang brought to light many copper mirrors which had been stowed away for the use of the Ka when he came to visit his body, or when that body should rise from its sleeping and come on earth a second time.

While Mr. Mace and Mr. Garstang were working, the one at Abydos, the other at Mahasna and Beit Khallaf, Mr. R. McIver was busy at a prehistoric burial place, El Amrah. We now know how the prehistoric men built their houses, for Mr. McIver discovered a model of a house showing the door at one side and two windows at the end. It seemed to be above the average of many Irish cabins of our day, and quite as likely to be comfortable as any of the sheiks' houses I had seen up the Nile. These prehistoric men of El Amrah were excellent basket weavers, and the Nubians to-day seem to have got no further in the patterns they weave. It is clear they believed in face paint, for many of the baskets contained the green malachite they used, and one of the slates on which they ground up their paint had still some of it adhering to it. There may have been medicine men amongst them. One dress showed that from the wrist to the elbow its wearer had had his little ivory toilet outfit, which he would need in putting on the color before he danced his dance or worked his fetich. Dancing was certainly an accomplishment of the prehistoric folk, for on one of the wavy-handled jars, whose handles were perforated for hanging in a draft for coolness' sake on to the saddle-bow on a journey, there was evidence of a dancing scene in which the performers were using castanets.

Nor were the children forgotten. A pottery doll with curly black hair was found with other dolls of clay, one of which was evidently the work of a potter who had a good sense of the grotesque; the prehistoric nurses had evidently ideas of fun, and liked to hear the youngsters laugh. As to the animals of that old time, if we are to trust the find at El Amrah, the ostrich abounded, and a horned sheep of the "Mouflon" type was known. Hunters seem to have used harpoons of ivory, forked lances of flint, flint arrows, stone maces, and rope nooses or springes. Ivory was an object of luxury, and was finely worked. The skilled man of the day was the hard-stone bowl-maker, but the potter was beginning to be an artist, and while he worked the black-topped ware or the salmon-colored ware, he seemed to care for color as well as for form, and to have already begun to think of pattern, in white on black ware and paintings from the life on the yellow ware.

Our main interest after all must be with the kings at Abydos. From Ka's tomb have come pottery jars of a cylindrical shape, which bear his name and some other signs written in ink. The writing is rude, but we shall probably agree that writing even as rude as this means civilization that has advanced far; and I confess I felt that the corridors of time seemed to have length-

ened as I gazed on the queer little pair of hands, joined with a curved stroke to signify arms, upon that cylinder jar of Ka, which was written on nearly 6800 years ago.

Narmer must have been a big man in his day, and was buried in great state. He was not content with the size of the tombs that went before him, and he set the fashion, which Sma and Mena followed, of a very large dwelling-house for Eternity. All that we glean from his tomb is that ebony and ivory were objects of royal favor, that serpentine as well as alabaster was worked for his hand's use, that the hooded snake and the plover were thought fit subjects for the decorator's art, and that the king was fond of a game of draughts, for part of his draught board remains with us to this day.

Sma, the last king of the pre-dynastic time, and the probable predecessor of his son-in-law Mena, seems, by the fragments rescued from his tomb, to have cared for the crystal-worker's craft. This king drank from cups of syenite and used antimony powder for the brightening of his eyes. The ivory lids of his kohl-slates have been preserved. One little bit of news which links the first dynasty to this pre-dynastic line of kings comes to us from his tomb. An ivory rod, on which the name of the King Sma and the name of Neit-hotep are engraved, suggests that Neit-hotep was the daughter of Sma, and as we know from the tomb at Nagada that Mena had a wife named Neit-hotep, it is probable that Mena was son-in-law to the king. Sma must have had clever ivory workers about him; a bit of bull-legged furniture in his tomb tells us as much.

As for Neit-hotep, there were found in the tomb of Zer other fragments of her toilet-table, which had possibly come into the possession of her handmaidens, and when these were buried alongside Zer, the queen's gifts would be buried with them as their most valued possession, — a little hint this of personal loyalty and of friendly relations between queen and servants. From Aha-Mena's tomb come signs that the goldsmith flourished in his day; a tiny curved bar of gold found therein weighing 216 grains was perhaps the gold standard of weighing gold in his day. The ivory and ebony tablets found in his tomb and elsewhere tell us that Aha-Mena was looked upon as born of the dog-faced god Anubis, and we are able to glean from these tablets that he must have been a successful warrior, for captives with their hands bound behind their backs and others weighted with heavy neck-chains are here depicted, and one old gentleman with a very Jewish type of countenance does obeisance, holding a palm branch in his hands. The dome-shaped huts thatched with reeds, the towers and battlemented forts and villages are hinted at, and a suggestion is made that human sacrifices are in fashion, if we may trust Dr. Flinders Petrie's interpretation of a scene wherein an executioner seated before another seated figure stabs him to the heart while an officer of state stands by. I confess I thought it simply a dinner-party scene, and that the executioner was really the host offering a bit of the best of the dish to his dear friend. Of animals, the oryx, the elephant, the hippopotamus, the stork, and the scorpion abound, and are thought worthy of representation on seal or ivory or wood. There is no evidence that milch cattle, as in the days of the prehistoric folk, are kept, but from one of the most remarkable ebony tablets discovered of Mena's day, it is clear that the noble sport of wild-bull hunting was indulged in. The engraver of the bull in the net-snare might almost have inspired the maker of the celebrated Vapheio cup, so full of life is his design. The hunters of Mena's day appear to have used flint for their spearheads and arrowheads, and the king's friends determined he should not pass into the other world without some of the best; nor did they forget the

king's obsidian knife. As for the king's table, his majesty was provided with a horn if his lips felt the diorite too cold or alabaster too heavy for drinking from.

The house boat as we see it on the Thames seems to have been known in a slightly different form to Mena, and the seed-beds of the Fayum were probably one of his favorite sporting grounds.

There is a delightful little bit of poetry introduced into this chapter of the history of Mena, by the finding of several articles of a girl's toilet-table in a tomb which the king may well have visited with tears. One of these is a fine wooden comb, another a fan handle, belonging to a young princess who was probably Mena's daughter. Her name — Bener-Ab, "Sweet of Heart" — occurs on a tablet on which Mena's name is inscribed, and those who gaze on the ivory figure of a young girl clad in a long robe and with her hands crossed upon the breast, discovered in the tomb, can understand why Mena gave her the name of "Sweet-heart," how he must have loved her in the days of long ago, and what bitter tears were shed at her departing.

The find of the season was made in the many-chambered tomb of the king who succeeded Mena, Zer or Zer-Ta by name. It is clear from the tablets and bits of pottery pictures that the arts of peace had gone forward. The king was fond of his chess or some game analogous to it, and the gaming pieces are ivory lions couchant of really excellent modeling. Copper tools are seen now to have come into use. The flaking of flint has developed, so that the spearheads are notched as well as flaked to a fine edge, and crystal now is actually worked both into arrowheads and knives. The tattooer is a person of importance; his little flint-spiked tattoo instrument is preserved. Fashion in hairdressing has made it obligatory that ladies should as far as possible wear their own hair, and even in old age not be bald-headed, and here we have given from the dust of 6700 years an excellent example of a hair plait, and a false fringe, — the curl of it as good as when it left the wig-maker's hand.

As for pottery, this now is sought for and brought from far across the sea. For here in a northwestern cell of the tomb of Zer was discovered a group of offering vases, caked together by the resins which melted when at some time the contents of the tomb of Zer were set on fire; in this black and charred mass of clay jars and unguent and resinous wrappings were found not only vases and alabaster jars of Egyptian make of the time of Zer, but with them clay vases of a slender shape, with handles such as were unknown in Egypt, and which could only be of European make, and may very well have come from the Ægean potter's hands 4700 B. C.

It was not only in pottery that advances had been made; fragments of ivory bracelets with checkered pattern were found. A marble vase sculptured all over with ropework pattern in relief was discovered. But the great discovery in the tomb of Zer was the examples of jeweler's work, which as the oldest examples of the craft known are worth description.

The arm of the queen of Zer, that had all through her centuries of sleep worn these four beautiful bracelets, had been broken from her body when the tomb was plundered, and hastily, because of its ornaments, stowed away in a crevice in the wall. It had not been discovered by the builders of the Osiris shrine in the time of Amenhotep III., and for one thousand years votaries who passed with offerings close by never noticed it. It had escaped the eagle eye of the ravaging Copt, and very fortunately for Dr. Petrie had not been recognized for what it was worth by M. Amelincau and his diggers. Dr. Petrie has trained his workmen to believe that they will be well and justly paid for anything they bring him, and they went off at once to

Dr. Petrie's assistant, reported the find, and were able to give the arm with the bracelets intact into their employer's hands.

The originals are now in the Cairo Museum, but careful casts have been made and brought to England. The first bracelet consists of a series of façades with the Royal Hawk above, alternate gold and turquoise. The turquoise hawks were made probably in the time of Aha-Mena, and came from another bracelet, for they have been originally threaded with beads between them; the gold hawks are of the more finished type of the Horus hawk of King Zer. The man who worked the golden hawks cast them each in a double mould, and burnished with such perfect nicety that only an expert could tell they had not been cast by "cire perdue" process.

The second bracelet has a gold rosette or daisy as its central ornament, flanked by beads of turquoise and gold, these again flanked by dark purple beads of lapis lazuli, and these in turn by golden balls. The second half of the bracelet shows a similar arrangement, but without the rosette, and the arrangement of gold and lapis-lazuli beads is reversed. The jeweler who beat out the halves of the golden balls and soldered the two parts of each together must have been a past master in the art of soldering, just as the man who arranged the beads of gold and turquoise and purple lapis lazuli in the two other bracelets must have been a past master in the art of color arrangement. The form of the barrel-shaped beads of gold in one, and the hourglass beads of gold and amethyst in the fourth bracelet, show great knowledge of the need of variety in ornament; and the skillful threading of the fourth bracelet and the lashing of the hair — which was used to connect the bracelet to the separate beads with finest gold wire — show marvelous skill and dexterity. The jewelry found at Dahshur was in age two thousand years later; it does not show a greater knowledge of variety of design nor finer work.

It is clear that in the time of Zer women were well cared for and indulged, even if we had not a little picture on an ivory tablet preserved to us of the king with the queen upon his knees; and it is pretty certain that if Queen Zer came amongst us at this day she would ask for the jeweler's bazaar, but she would also probably ask for her dwarf to be her companion thither, for a drawing on a piece of hard stone found in the tomb shows us a dwarf.

Of the other tombs, one may note that the great stairway that took the explorers down into the tomb chambers of Den-Setui allowed them to bring up from the dead evidence of cruel destruction of important bits of history in the careless breaking and casting aside of tablets of wood and ivory; but at least Dr. Petrie was able to discover that King Den used in his day a golden seal for his judgments, and a glance at the king's own seals shows that this king was a mighty hunter before the Lord; he is seen to spear the crocodile and to hunt the hippopotamus, while from the dust of his entombment was brought the oryx horns which had been used to make a bow for the king, with arrows of reed pointed with long ivory points; some of them, stained red as if for magical purpose, were lying near. This king had dealings with the potters across the sea. Ægean pottery was found in his tomb also, and, to judge by the amount of carven fragments, encouraged home arts also; copper chisels were in use in his time. How his table was furnished we know not, but his friends apparently remembered he had a weakness for sycamore figs; they were found dried in abundance.

Of the second dynasty tombs, the one that gave most valuable information as to the order of the royal houses was the tomb of Perabsen, the fourth king. His gray syenite steles that were discovered not only bear his royal name with the

Jackal above the cartouche, but show by their shape that Phallic worship had its votaries in his day. Little was found in the great tomb with its side chambers and its inclosing passage or circumambulatory. It had been well cleared out. But the king seems to have been a fisherman, and large copper fish-hooks had been left with him when he slept with his fathers.

Three vase inscriptions from this tomb tell us of Hotepahaui, the first king of the second dynasty — 4514 B. C.; and the diorite bowl which Horus Ranab, the king, had used for the washing of his hands had evidently been appropriated by another king; Ranab's name had been erased, and the inscription had been made to run thus: —

"For the daily washing of the King of Upper and Lower Egypt Neteren."

Thus Dr. Petrie was able to reconstruct the order of the kings, — Hotepahaui, Ranab, and Neteren, which agrees with the order upon a certain ancient statue in the Cairo Museum.

The tomb which was perhaps of greatest interest as far as finds went, next to the tomb of Zer, was that in which Khasekhemui, the last king of the second dynasty, had been buried, probably about the year 4212 B. C., — Khasekhemui, the lover of cornelian beads and glazed pottery and diorite bowls that the sun might shine through.

It was a vast mausoleum this, with a central stone chamber for the king's body, and no less than fifty-eight store chambers for the treasure chattels and retinue of the king in the world of spirit. In store chamber number forty-four was a magnificent diorite bowl that looked almost as if the old hand hollowing and finish had been superseded by a lathe.

But the great find was a series of little white marble and cornelian bowls for toilet use, which were in the passage opposite chamber twenty-one. The neatness with which the man who stored these with unguent had capped them with beaten gold, in jam-pot fashion, and tied on the caps with twisted gold thread and sealed them with clay, was astonishing. The handiest member of the Apothecaries' Hall would have envied him his skill. Gold must have been plentiful in Khasekhemui's days; for when the broken-china-mender came round to the royal palace it is clear that the keeper of the king's pantry had given him a broken bowl to mend, but charged him to see to it that he only used gold rivets.

Nor was gold the only metal that was cared for in Khasekhemui's time. Copper chisels, copper tool moulds to the number of 194, and copper bowls were brought forth to the light, and from the store chamber number twenty, copper axes were also taken.

Travelers up the Nile have doubtless landed, and ploughing through the golden yellow sand drifts have entered that quaint double temple at Kom Ombo dedicate to Darkness and to Light. It has remained for the tomb of Khasekhemui to furnish us with a copper libation bowl with a double spout, which was probably used by the king who took the name of the "Rising of the peaceful double power of the two gods in him," when he bowed his head in the temple of Set and Horus and poured libation to the double principle of Evil and Good which he felt so near to him. Always above the name of the king upon his seal is shown the figures of Set and Horus, the Jackal and the Hawk; and that copper libation bowl with its double spout is a memorial of an ancient king of Abydos, who perhaps dimly felt, as centuries after the Psalmist understood, that "the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee."

One other treasure came forth from the sand of Khasekhemui's mighty grave. It was the king's sceptre. The handle of the sceptre is wanting, and of the two pieces only one came to England; the other portion, about five inches long, was reserved for the Cairo Mu-

seum. It is made of sard cylinders upon a copper rod, the cylinders of the sard being banded together by solid rings of gold.

The tombs of this first and second dynasty have at any rate made us feel that though the great men of the time were users of flint knives and drank for the most part out of stone mugs, they knew the worth of ornament, had an eye for color, and honored the hand of the craftsman in gold and ivory, ebony, alabaster, and diorite, and went to their graves in full belief that work well done here would outlast death, and find use and glory beyond the Veil.

Still, in the third season, the romance of that great resurrection of the royal dead at Abydos runs on. Dr. Petrie and his wife, Mr. Caulfield, Mr. Weigall, and Mr. Christie have returned from their campaign bearing in their hands, it is true, no jewelry like the bracelets of the queenly wife of Zer, no golden standard weight of the age of Mena, but bringing in their hands, what is of infinitely more importance, proof that amounts to proof positive, that the prehistoric times overlapped the historic days; that Abydos was a place of fame even before the time of Ka, and that very gradually the age of the master-worker in flint gave way to the age of the master-worker in pots, and that the civilization which in the age of Ka enabled men with brush of paint to write swiftly or draw strongly the hieroglyphics of the day in a flowing cursive style upon the commonest pieces of pottery was not the beginning of things in the valley of the Nile.

But the great work of the season from the historian's point of view was the being able by careful measurements of the depth at which any fragments of flint, or vase, or pot, or ornament, or bronze was found, in the soil above the clean sand of the desert, and by careful comparison of the objects found with the shapes of objects from the prehistoric cemeteries, or from the royal tombs of Abydos, to determine to what age they belonged, and so to build up a kind of standard of time and date during which the shapes were permanent, and to show how these various shapes changed as time went on.

It was fortunate for posterity that M. Amelineau and his merry jar-breakers had not had the luck to come upon these tombs. Not only was it possible to obtain a very large amount of dated pottery of the first dynasty unbroken, but comparisons with the vases and jars found elsewhere in the Temenos and in the royal tombs enabled much to be known or guessed at. It was clear to Dr. Petrie that, with one exception, the tomb chamber did not contain vases of stone or alabaster at all up to the finish of those in the kings' tombs. It looked also as if the stone vase was held to be so valuable that, if whole vases were not obtainable, parts of broken ones were considered as serviceable for the use of the dead. Another fact was plain. There must have been a series of standard shapes of alabaster vases in vogue, and great care had been taken to see that specimens of all these varieties of cylinder jars had been deliberately placed in each tomb. The Temenos of Abydos has not yielded up all its secrets yet, but it has told us many things, and added no inconsiderable flavor to the romance of the history of the first dynasty and the times that immediately preceded it. We wait for the final exploration of this centre of the oldest historic civilization and worship by the banks of Nile, and the grist of next season's labors, with the keenest interest and expectation.

H. D. Rawnsley.

THORKILD VIBORG.

A LITTLE SAGA OF THE NEW WORLD.

At the north of the Ringkjöbing Fjord, not far from Nysogn, a wild, ragged-looking castle has dug its talons into the rocks, and stands with a haggard defiance fronting the fjord, which is as immobile and as chill as death. Here for centuries have dwelt the Viborgs, a melancholy race of men born with a prescience of doom. Reckless with their lives, mad in their loves, cursed with disease, they are born for sorrow. And now, in the new time, out of this comfortless home, — for it is never warm enough or light enough or gay enough in Viborg Hold, — all save the eldest born are crowded. Only for him does the jaded ground yield sufficient substance; only for his needs can the work-worn peasants pay sufficient tax.

So at twenty, Thorkild Viborg, the young brother of his brother, said farewell to the fields and the fjord, to the headland, to the room that had been his eerie and from which he had looked out upon the world with the savage eyes of a lonely, egotistical, poverty-hampered youth, and he went his ways.

He carried in his pocket passage money to America; also two great square flawed emeralds framed about with yellow pearls, and a dull blue intaglio, showing the head of Olaf with streaming hair and beard. This swung from a chain of pure gold, curiously wrought, — now two links and now three.

The ship crossed the black January seas, and in the bitter weather Thorkild landed in New York. None knew him. There was no place waiting for him to fill. He had done little all his life but brood, read the old legends of the house, sail over the still waters, or play on the little Italian violin that hung in the hall.

Here, in the new country, he sometimes worked with his hands, and would have done that cheerfully enough if it had not been for the tones of the boss's voice, when he addressed a command to him, and the brutality of his fellow laborers. At night he sat in his lodging-house, the melancholy of his race gnawing at his breast like the fox the Spartan boy carried beneath his coat.

But one day, at the worst of his loneliness, visiting the wharves to watch the northern ships come in, he saw a maid who had worked in his brother's fields, — Kara, with the peaceful face, the brown braids, and the ox eyes. She walked down the gang plank and faced Thorkild. The homesickness in him surged up like a sorrow. He reached out his hands toward her, and she gave a cry of joy and sprang to meet him. In this strange land it was as if these two had been friends or lovers, though in truth they had hardly spoken till that day, but since childhood had stared at each other as they passed on the road. Now they walked away together hand in hand. After their dread, their timidity, they reveled in a sense of safety and companionship. They were prepared to defend each other, and they looked the insolent New World in the face and said boastfully that they were not afraid.

It came about that they were married, and for want of a wedding ring Thorkild hung the intaglio of Olaf about the neck of his bride. Moreover, he sold one of the emeralds with the exquisite moss-flaws, and he and Kara set out toward the West, and traveled till they came to a certain place where the sheep wandered all the year among sand dunes, and where land was almost as free as air. Here they built them a lit-

tle house by the side of a brackish lake, and they cared nothing that the road which led to it was of drab, drifting, irresponsible sand, so that the winds had their way with it; they cared nothing that the only things that moved along the road were the frantic tumbleweeds, racing with the wind. They had built them a house in the New World, and they looked at each other in wonder at the things they had achieved.

Five hundred common sheep had they by way of herds; and at dawn Thorkild went to keep guard over them, nor did he leave them till they lay down to sleep below the stars, — those intimate, gay stars of the arid wold. So Kara was much alone. She had time to watch the yellow wind-storms rise; to wonder at the scarlet sunsets; to note the eagles that swung with gluttonous eyes above the flocks and the skulking gray wolves on the farther hills. Kara was in no way dismayed. She neither wept for her old home nor sighed for pleasures. She looked about the raw shack with unspeakable pride. A dozen times a day she swept the sand from the floor: and every morning she wiped off the windows that the abounding sunshine might find no obstacle to its free entrance. Sometimes, when all her tasks were done, she flung herself upon the back of her yellow cayuse and rode to the place where her husband herded the sheep. There, among the still places she sang to him, — wild minor songs, known for centuries on the Ringkjöbing Fjord, — or she laughed and chattered in sheer content.

Every day brought her fresh amaze at her marvelous happiness, — at the wonder of her love. To her, her husband was a viking. His great frame, his head, carried so proudly, his white teeth, his rolling blue eyes, moved her like a song or a trumpet call. She could not look at him without a thrill of joy. From immemorial time her people had reverenced his, had followed them to battle, gone with them over seas, toiled in their fields, shouted in their hours of rejoicing, lamented in their hours of grief. That she was as an equal with this man, that he served her, sheltered her, whispered love to her, gave her of his thoughts, grew gay in her presence, filled her with astonishment.

"Can I do nothing for you, Thorkild?" she would ask when she rode out to him on the range.

"You may stay with me, Kara. You may talk."

"Of the old country?"

"Of any country, any time, any thing. Only talk, Kara my love."

"I shall talk of our little house. Some time when our sheep are sheared, and you have sold the wool, we shall buy little curtains for the windows. I shall make lace to edge them. I have already made a few yards. I like my fingers to be busy, Thorkild."

"It is so with women. Only we men are content to sit idle."

"But we women are foolish. We know not how to rest."

"You are the daughters of Hertha, the All-Mother, who never rests."

"Thorkild, in the old fields where I worked, Hertha seemed ancient, past age, — all worn and wise and weary. Here the earth seems not yet grown."

"It is the presence of men that ages the earth. No man has herded his sheep here before me. Often when my foot falls upon the ground on some high dune I say, 'No human foot has rested here before!'"

"If it be the presence of men that makes the earth grow old, perhaps we should be very careful how we step on it."

"*You* can never make the earth sad, Kara. In the morning you are happy because it is morning. In the evening you sing hymns because the night is at hand. You rejoice because we two are here alone. If we were with many men and women, you would be happy because of them. Will nothing make you unhappy, little love?"

"One thing would make me unhappy, — the loss of you, Thorkild."

He kissed her on the eyes.

So the months went by. There was no book in the shack. In all the landscape not one telegraph pole was to be seen; and Thorkild must ride forty miles when he wished to visit the post office. Yet sometimes he went; and once he came home with papers telling of the Klondike, the place of gold, the newest, bitterest Eldorado. He read over and over again the news it held, spelling his way slowly through the English words. In the night, with his arms about Kara, there, in their insecure dwelling in the heart of that mocking wilderness, he told her of what he had been thinking.

"For generations evil has been upon our house, as you know, Kara. But I — I alone escape the curse of disease that has rested upon us. I grow stronger every day. I can stand the heat, the cold, hunger, thirst. I shall not die as my father died, as my brother is dying."

"Thank the good God, Thorkild! Thank Him every night."

"I thank Him, Kara; and I have bethought me that since I am to escape one curse of the house, may I not be the means of lifting another? You know the poverty at Viborg Hold; how we are all as poor as the peasants; how we eat the fare of laborers, laying by all we can save for the fêtes that the ancient customs of the house may not be forgotten. You know how my brother is shamed before his peers; how my mother died in faded grandeur, lacking the comforts that the common born expect. Oh, in what wretched splendor have we starved in that old Hold! But now I have a way" — and he told her of the gold fields, the ships that had come back from them laden with treasure, the march northward of the gold-seekers.

Kara listened with a fluttering heart. She had her own reasons for dreading danger just then; but she had told Thorkild nothing because she was abashed before him. She wondered if, after all, a Viborg would be proud of a son born of a peasant, — Kara, the peasant! She wanted to tell him now, and turned toward him for that purpose. Then her heart failed, and she only said, —

"It is as you think. If you go north, though it be into the wildest land, I also will go."

"You will stay here," he said shortly, and his voice sounded stern because that he had to say was hard in the saying.

"I? Alone, Thorkild? I, in the little house? I, here with the sheep?"

"Word comes that we are about to have neighbors. Two American families are to move near. I can arrange, if they seem honest folk, to have our sheep put with theirs. No one will harm you here. All are kind to women in this part of the world."

She laid her hands on her breast, and waited awhile before she spoke again. Then she said, —

"And if you never come back, Thorkild?"

"It shall be as God pleases," he said almost sullenly. Then the woman's heart in her grew proud; she said to herself: "If he sorrows not at leaving me, neither shall he know how my heart bleeds. After all, it is not in reason that he should care much for me, — for me, Kara of the fields. It is the lot of women such as I to know only an hour of joy. As for my child — O God! my child, — I shall tell him nothing of that. He might stay with me for pity. I will have no pity."

And he who had been stern only that he might have courage for the broaching of his wild plan noted her silence and thought: —

"Perhaps it comes to her as a relief. For truly our marriage was hasty, and she may think ill-advised. She has been heavenly sweet to me, but it may be

that my melancholy has oppressed her. Perhaps she dreams of some happier and more gallant man, one who has not the curse of a dying race upon him."

So he spoke no more upon the subject, but made him ready for his journey. With her he left all the money that remained from the sale of the first emerald, and he took with him the second stone, which he proposed to sell at one of the coast cities, that he might equip him for his venture. Then when the Americans came to the neighborhood, he, finding them kindly folk and well disposed, confided his wife and his herds to them and said farewell.

"He shall not see me weep," Kara said over and over to herself. "My viking shall not see me weep."

So they parted tearless, and as he rode along the sands, beyond the dunes that hid his home from him, he sobbed aloud for torture at the parting; and she, face downward upon her bed, made the rune of the deserted woman: —

"The days of my joy are past. There is only sorrow for me; my day is over and gone."

. . . . . .

Five years passed. The sallow roads still shifted in the winds, the dunes were riffled with delicate wind-flutings, the eagles wheeled, the wolves skulked, the brackish lakelets smiled under the vivid sky. In that part of the world there is at once an instability and an immutability. The pathways do not remain, but the silence is always there. It seems beyond the power of man to destroy. It is as an ocean, which cannot be beaten back.

Winding down between the dunes came two men, one a sheep rancher, the other a stranger clothed in rude furs.

"A very wild place this," said the stranger. His English had a touch of something foreign in it.

"I thought so," said the other, "when I first came here. But I — Well, in a small way, I have prospered. The city drove me out. I have eight children, and in the city I was forever struggling. Here my roof is my own, and no man can drive me from it. My sheep make a living for me and mine. We ask little more."

"Still it seems a poor and lonely place."

"There are several families of us here. We keep one another company. Every few months some one comes to join us, or a child is born in one of the little homes. A number of young men came out last year and built shacks for themselves. Each has his pipe and his dog. Each has his sheep. It 's not a bad life for them, take it for all in all."

"A dog and a pipe! Do they not wish wives — these young men? "

"Wives? They are hard to find in this part of the country. Twenty men woo one woman here. A widow, Kara Viborg, living next to me, has been asked in marriage by every man in the neighborhood."

The horse of the stranger gave a leap as if he saw an apparition in the wide-mouthed draw they were approaching.

"Your horse is not used to this country. He shies at the tumble-weeds. He must get used to those, for they are always drifting up and down."

"My horse is not used to this country, as you say. But the widow — is she then opposed to marriage? "

"Who can tell? Perhaps she waits for the right one. Perhaps she hesitates to put another father over her child."

"Her child? " The horse had shied again, and was wheeling.

"Yes. A son."

"A son, you say? I cannot keep this brute in the road."

"You hold him too hard. Give looser rein. I said a son."

"And her husband? What was he? "

"A young Dane of high birth, so his wife says. He went away on a search for gold. He has never returned."

"Does she speak of him? Does she mourn? "

"She keeps her tongue in her head

and her tears well hidden. One winter she and the boy almost starved, but she told no one. She was too proud. She got on her cayuse and took the child with her, all sewed in blankets, and rode forty miles to send a trinket to a great jeweler's in the East, — it was a trinket she had always worn about her neck. Only after it was all over did the neighbors know she had been in want."

"Ah! A brave woman!"

"And a beautiful one, — but more brave than beautiful. All the months of her trial before her child came she lived alone, asking company of none. If she had a woman's terrors, she said nothing of them. If she feared death, she did not mention it."

"And when her hour came" —

"My wife was there. The two women were alone the night through. My wife said a gray wolf kept rooting about the door, and twice he looked in at the window. The wind was high and raged among the dunes, lifting their tops and flinging them in the hollows. All about, the sand drifted like fine rain. At dawn the child was born. I remember that the sun when it rose looked like a foolish ball of clay, so thick was the air with sand."

"Is she still so poor, the mother of this child?"

"Oh, very poor. A blight came to her sheep and they died. Such money as she had must be almost gone. My wife says she is as poor as poor Job. But she says nothing. She never complains. She has had comfort offered her, but she will not take it."

"A woman unlike other women."

"Good women are not unusual, — at least I have not found them so. I have a wife who" —

"Is that the house there? — that little shack beyond the dune?"

"What excites you, sir? That is it."

"I shall ask for a lodging there."

"The widow will cook you a meal. She takes no wayfarers. But my house has a bed" —

"Thank you, fellow traveler. I count it a good chance that we met."

"'T was a good chance for me. The tales you told me will give me something to think of in the long evenings. Good-night — till later."

"Good-night."

He knocked at the door of the widow's shack. Kara opened it. She saw a man slightly stooped, with broad shoulders, a face covered with wind-bleached beard, scarred across one cheek, and helmeted in a great hood of fur. His eyes had an uncertain movement like those of one who has suffered from the ice glare.

"You give lodgings to strangers?"

Kara smiled apologetically. "No. But since it is a cold night please enter and rest. I have neighbors farther on who can furnish lodging, and if you are in need of food, there is some here which can be shared with you. As for the fire, it is so much a better fire if a wayfarer sit by it."

"The widow makes her guests welcome," muttered the man, somewhat ironically. He came within the door and closed it behind him with the manner of one who does what he pleases. Then he peered at the woman from beneath hanging brows, — noting her abundant brown hair, her mellow smile, her patient ways.

"Madam," said he, with careful courteousness, — a manner such as the men about the sandhill country did not have, — "how came you — a woman like you — here in this wilderness? Pardon me for the question. Do not let me offend!"

She smiled with the unreserve of a child. "My fate brought me here. This is my home."

"You live here alone?"

"I have my son."

"Your son?"

"My son Thorkild!"

"Thorkild?"

"So. Will you take off your coat? Will you be pleased to sit by the fire?"

She began to move about the shack, preparing the meal, the man watching her frowningly.

"It must be very lonely for you here, madam."

"I have my child; I have my thoughts."

"Those thoughts — are they memories?"

She turned and smiled full at him. "Memories — and hopes."

"And hopes? All women have hopes. When everything in this life fails them, they hope for something in the next."

She said nothing to that. At last the meal was ready, and the man, the woman, and a young child, who had crept out of the bunk where he had been sleeping, sat together at the table.

The boy seemed to the man to be as beautiful as an angel. Soft golden curls made a halo about his sleep-flushed face. His lips were parted in a half-tremulous smile as he looked at the bearded face of the visitor. There was a charming humidity about his eyes, which made them look like flowers after a summer shower. His little hands moved in the swift and impetuous gestures of childhood. He was tantalizingly lovely and joyous, and one who looked at him might well be forgiven for wishing to snatch him to the breast.

With a singular rudeness the guest had not removed the hood of fur which covered his head, and which closed across the brow and chin. Now that he sat at table he loosened the chin-piece, but he still presented almost the appearance of a masked man, for beneath the eyes was nothing but a confusion of unkempt tawny beard.

He had little appetite, apparently, for the fare set before him. The potatoes, the corn bread, the coffee, the sauce of wild blackberries preserved in sweetened liquor, had no temptation for him. He watched the woman and the child with the avid eye-hunger of one who has been in a prison between blank walls. Kara's hands trembled as she passed the dishes. She tingled with a sense of danger which she could hardly define. She was glad when the meal was finished and her duties permitted her to turn her back upon her singular guest. She threw out a hint that the hour was growing late and that in the darkness it was difficult for a stranger to keep the road. He made no answer, but Kara, chancing to look up suddenly, saw that he had laid one great hand on the shoulder of her son, and was drawing the child toward him. She checked an impulse to spring to little Thorkild and snatch him away from this mysterious guest, who seemed to be compelling her son and herself against their wills. Certainly the little one made no resistance. He went toward the man with the pretty reluctance of a child who is shy and yet fain, and when he was within reach the man snatched him to his arms and laid the golden head against his breast. Then the two were silent, gazing in each other's eyes. A jealous and frightened pain leaped into Kara's heart.

"Give me the child," she said. "It is time for me to put him in his bed."

"He is bedded," said the man, and he turned his gaze back to the little one.

"It is my child," she said, half in jest and half in defiance. "I know all his little habits, sir, and it is time he was in bed."

The man motioned to a chair with gentle authority.

"Sit down," he said. And Kara obeyed.

"Draw your chair nearer to the fire." She did so, her eyes wide and startled. He bent forward and looked in her eyes.

"You are too young a woman to live here alone. It is not for such loneliness as this that you were born. Has no one told you that?"

She flushed and sat staring into the fire.

"Ah! You have been told of it, I perceive. And were you not convinced? Of what use to be beautiful if no one

sees? Of what use to have capable hands if they serve no one? Of what use to sing if no one hears?"

She answered nothing, but looked longingly at her child as if she wished him to deliver her from the spell of this insinuating voice. The man drew a little bag from the inner pocket of his coat.

"Hold your hands," he commanded. She spread out her two pink, girlish palms, and he poured into them a heap of glittering stones.

"Do you like them?" he asked, still whispering. She nodded, trembling more than before.

"I shall give them to the woman who will love me," he said hoarsely, the eyes with their snow-injured nerves shifting as he spoke. "I am a lonely man and a rich one. I want a wife. Now you, I hear, have been alone for years. Is it likely, do you think, that your husband will come back to you out of that terrible land into which he has gone? I have been there. I have seen men die by the roadside; I have seen them slip down blue crevasses of the ice. They have died there in unknown numbers of fever and snow madness, of hunger and homesickness, in brawls, in snow-slides, in drunkenness, by the Indians, by smallpox, — on sea, on land, in the ice gorges which are neither sea nor land. Do you think it is likely that he will come back?"

She was silent, and the man drew nearer, a look of hard triumph in his eyes. He laid a hand on her arm.

"Have you always enough food for the child? Ought he to grow up here, away from the schools? Ought you to wither here, — you who are made to be loved? Cease to remember a man who is dead, or who has forgotten you. For if he had not, would he have left you here in poverty?"

Kara dropped her head forward on her arm, and sat still, bowed like a grieved child. She looked so piteous, so unprotected, that something like compassion came into the man's face. Then, his purpose returning suddenly, he bent forward and put an arm about her compellingly.

The jewels he had put in her hands ran glittering to the floor; they scattered like drops of sunlit water; they shone out of the gloom of the humble room like minute fallen stars. Kara gave no heed and neither did the man. He put the child in its bunk and followed Kara to the window whither she had fled. She stood there looking out into the darkness, with the slow tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Why do you weep?" he whispered in her ear. "I offer you nothing but happiness, — nothing but happiness!"

Kara turned sternly. Her brown eyes were no longer patient.

"I love my husband," she said below her breath, so as not to disturb the drowsing child. "I love Thorkild Viborg. He may be dead, or he may live and have forgotten me. I was only a peasant in his brother's fields, and he may have tired of me. But we were happy as angels for a little while, — and I love him still."

The man leaned heavily against the window casing, and Kara could hear his deep breathing. He seemed to be struggling with an overmastering emotion, and it grew upon her that it was not sorrow!

Then a great trembling came upon Kara. She leaned forward, as if to sense the soul beneath that grim disguise. A light grew in her eyes till it fairly flamed. She moved nearer with an exquisite and rapturous timidity. She lifted her hands and undid the visor-like headpiece of his hood, and drew the garment from him. Laughs, little inarticulate cries, gasps of gladness, came from her parted lips. She dashed some tears from her eyes, — much brighter they were to the man who saw them than the jewels which lay scattered upon the floor, — and she kissed the scar on the cheek, the tangled tawny beard that

sun and frost, wind and tempest, had bleached, the eyes the glaciers had blinded.

"You did n't know about little Thorkild, did you?" she cried. "Is n't he wonderful? Is n't he like Baldur?"

But the man was sobbing out half-coherent words.

"How could it all come to me? I have deserved only sorrow. I thought of the glory of my house before the heart of a woman. What a wife! And I tempted you, — after all my cruelty, I tempted you! I have done what would make any woman save you hate me, and then I provoked you to show that hate, — that I might condemn you. How you have rebuked me! Can you forgive me? Can you love me, Kara?"

She paid no heed to what he was saying. She dragged him toward the bunk where the child lay with his arms tossed wide, and his golden curls glorifying the pillow.

"Is n't he wonderful!" she cried. "Our little Thorkild!"

Elia W. Peattie.

THE BASKET MAKER.

"A MAN," says Seyavi of the campoodie, "must have a woman, but a woman who has a child will do very well."

That was perhaps why, when she lost her mate in the dying struggle of his race, she never took another, but set her wit to fend for herself and her young son. No doubt she was often put to it in the beginning to find food for them both. The Paiutes had made their last stand at the border of the Bitter Lake; battle-driven they died in its waters, and the land filled with cattlemen and adventurers for gold: this while Seyavi and the boy lay up in the caverns of the Black Rock and ate tule roots and fresh-water clams that they dug out of the slough bottoms with their toes. In the interim, while the tribes swallowed their defeat, and before the rumor of war died out, they must have come very near to the bare core of things. That was the time Seyavi learned the sufficiency of mother wit, and how much more easily one can do without a man than might at first be supposed.

To understand the fashion of any life, one must know the land it is lived in and the procession of the year. This valley is a narrow one, a mere trough between hills, a draught for storms, hardly a crow's flight from the sharp Sierras of the Snows to the curled, red and ochre, uncomforted, bare ribs of Waban. Midway of the grove runs a burrowing, dull river, nearly a hundred miles from where it cuts the lava flats of the north to its widening in a thick, tideless pool of a lake. Hereabouts the ranges have no foothills, but rise up steeply from the bench lands above the river. Down from the Sierras, for the east ranges have almost no rain, pour glancing white floods toward the lowest land, and all beside them lie the campoodies, brown wattled brush heaps, looking east.

In the river are mussels, and reeds that have edible white roots, and in the soddy meadows tubers of joint grass; all these at their best in the spring. On the slope the summer growth affords seeds; up the steep the one-leaved pines, an oily nut. That was really all they could depend upon, and that only at the mercy of the little gods of frost and rain. For the rest it was cunning against cunning, caution against skill, against quacking hordes of wild fowl in the tulares, against pronghorn and bighorn and deer. You can guess, however, that

all this warring of rifles and bowstrings, this influx of overlording whites, had made game wilder and hunters fearful of being hunted. You can surmise also, for it was a crude time and the land was raw, that the women became in turn the game of the conquerors.

There used to be in the Little Antelope a she dog, stray or outcast, that had a litter in some forsaken lair, and ranged and foraged for them, slinking savage and afraid, remembering and mistrusting humankind, wistful, lean, and sufficient for her young. I have thought Seyavi might have had days like that, and have had perfect leave to think, since she will not talk of it. Paiutes have the art of reducing life to its lowest ebb and yet saving it alive on grasshoppers, lizards, and strange herbs, and that time must have left no shift untried. It lasted long enough for Seyavi to have evolved the philosophy of life which I have set down at the beginning. She had gone beyond learning to do for her son, and learned to believe it worth while.

In our kind of society, when a woman ceases to alter the fashion of her hair, you guess that she has passed the crisis of her experience. If she goes on crimping and uncrimping with the changing mode, it is safe to suppose she has never come up against anything too big for her. The Indian woman gets nearly the same personal note in the pattern of her baskets. Not that she does not make all kinds, carriers, water-bottles, and cradles, — these are kitchen ware, — but her works of art are all of the same piece. Seyavi made flaring, flat-bottomed bowls, cooking pots really when cooking was done by dropping hot stones into water-tight food baskets, and for decoration a design in colored bark of the procession of plumed crests of the valley quail. In this pattern she had made cooking pots in the golden spring of her wedding year, when the quail went up two and two to their resting places about the foot of Oppapago. In this fashion she made them when, after pillage, it was possible to reinstate the housewifely crafts. Quail ran then in the Black Rock by hundreds, — so you will still find them in fortunate years, — and in the famine time the women cut their long hair to make snares when the flocks came morning and evening to the springs.

Seyavi made baskets for love and sold them for money, in a generation that preferred iron pots for utility. Every Indian woman is an artist, — sees, feels, creates, but does not philosophize about her processes. Seyavi's bowls are wonders of technical precision, inside and out the palm finds no fault with them, but the subtlest appeal is in the sense that warns us of humanness in the way the design spreads into the flare of the bowl. There used to be an Indian woman at Olancha who made bottle-neck trinket baskets in the rattlesnake pattern, and could accommodate the design to the swelling bowl and flat shoulder of the basket without sensible disproportion, and so cleverly that you might own one a year without thinking how it was done; but Seyavi's baskets had a touch beyond cleverness. The weaver and the warp lived next to the earth and were saturated with the same elements. Twice a year, in the time of white butterflies and again when young quail ran neck and neck in the chaparral, Seyavi cut willows for basketry by the creek where it wound toward the river against the sun and sucking winds. It never quite reached the river except in far between times of summer flood, but it always tried, and the willows encouraged it as much as they could. You nearly always found them a little farther down than the trickle of eager water. The Paiute fashion of counting time appeals to me more than any other calendar. They have no stamp of heathen gods nor great ones, nor any succession of moons as have red men of the East and North, but count forward and back by the progress of the season; the time of

taboose, before the trout begin to leap, the end of the piñon harvest, about the beginning of deep snows. So they get nearer the sense of the season, which runs early or late according as the rains are forward or delayed. But whenever Seyavi cut willows for baskets was always a golden time, and the soul of the weather went into the wood. If you had ever owned one of Seyavi's golden russet cooking bowls with the pattern of plumed quail, you would understand all this without saying anything.

Before Seyavi made baskets for the satisfaction of desire, for that is a house-bred theory of art that makes anything more of it, she danced and dressed her hair. In those days, when the spring was at flood and the blood pricked to the mating fever, the maids chose their flowers, wreathed themselves, and danced in the twilights, young desire crying out to young desire. They sang what the heart prompted, what the flower expressed, what boded in the mating weather.

"And what flower did you wear, Seyavi?"

"I, ah, — the white flower of twining (clematis), on my body and my hair, and so I sang: —

> "I am the white flower of twining
> Little white flower by the river,
> Oh, flower that twines close by the river;
> Oh, trembling flower!
> So trembles the maiden heart."

So sang Seyavi of the campoodie before she made baskets, and in her later days laid her arms upon her knees and laughed in them at the recollection. But it was not often she would say so much, never understanding the keen hunger I had for bits of lore and the "fool talk" of her people. She had fed her young son with meadow larks' tongues, to make him quick of speech; but in late years was loath to admit it, though she had come through the period of unfaith in the lore of the clan with a fine appreciation of its beauty and significance.

"What good will your dead get, Seyavi, of the baskets you burn?" said I, coveting them for my own collection.

Thus Seyavi, "As much good as yours of the flowers you strew."

Oppapago looks on Waban, and Waban on Coso and the Bitter Lake, and the campoodie looks on these three; and more, it sees the beginning of winds along the foot of Coso, the gathering of clouds behind the high ridges, the spring flush, the soft spread of wild almond bloom on the mesa. These first you understand are the Paiute's walls, the other his furnishings. Not the wattled hut is his home, but the land, the winds, the hill front, the stream. These he cannot duplicate at any furbisher's shop as you who live within doors, who if your purse allows may have the same home at Sitka and Samarcand. So you see how it is that the homesickness of an Indian is often unto death, since he gets no relief from it; neither wind nor weed nor skyline, nor any aspect of the hills of a strange land sufficiently like his own. So it was when the government reached out for the Paiutes, they gathered into the Northern Reservation only such poor tribes as could devise no other end of their affairs. Here, all along the river, and south to Shoshone land, live the clans who owned the earth, fallen into the deplorable condition of hangers-on. Yet you hear them laughing at the hour when they draw in to the campoodie after labor, when there is a smell of meat and the steam of the cooking pots goes up against the sun. Then the children lie with their toes in the ashes to hear tales; then they are merry, and have the joys of repletion and the nearness of their kind. They have their hills, and though jostled, are sufficiently free to get some fortitude for what will come. For now you shall hear of the end of the basket maker.

In her best days Seyavi was most like Deborah, deep bosomed, broad in the hips, quick in counsel, slow of speech, esteemed of her people. This was that Seyavi who reared a man by her own

hand, her own wit, and none other. When the townspeople began to take note of her — and it was some years after the war before there began to be any towns — she was then in the quick maturity of primitive women; but when I knew her she seemed already old. Indian women do not often live to great age, though they look incredibly steeped in years. They have the wit to win sustenance from the raw material of life without intervention, but they have not the sleek look of the women whom the social organization conspires to nourish. Seyavi had somehow squeezed out of her daily round a spiritual ichor that kept the skill in her knotted fingers long after the accustomed time, but that also failed. By all counts she would have been about sixty years old when it came her turn to sit in the dust on the sunny side of the wickiup, with little strength left for anything but looking. And in time she paid the toll of the smoky huts and became blind. This is a thing so long expected by the Paiutes that when it comes they find it neither bitter nor sweet, but tolerable because common. There were three other blind women in the campoodie, withered fruit on a bough, but they had memory and speech. By noon of the sun there were never any left in the campoodie but these or some mother of weanlings, and they sat to keep the ashes warm upon the hearth. If it were cold, they burrowed in the blankets of the hut; if it were warm, they followed the shadow of the wickiup around. Stir much out of their places they hardly dared, since one might not help another; but they called, in high, old cracked voices, gossip and reminder across the ash heaps.

Then, if they have your speech or you theirs, and have an hour to spare, there are things to be learned of life not set down in any books, folk tales, famine tales, love and longsuffering and desire, but no whimpering. Now and then one or another of the blind keepers of the camp will come across to where you sit gossiping, tapping her way among the kitchen middens, guided by your voice that carries far in the clearness and stillness of mesa afternoons. But suppose you find Seyavi retired into the privacy of her blanket, you will get nothing for that day. There is no other privacy possible in a campoodie. All the processes of life are carried on out of doors or behind the thin, twig-woven walls of the wickiup, and laughter is the only corrective for behavior. Very early the Indian learns to possess his countenance in impassivity, to cover his head with his blanket. Something to wrap around him is as necessary to the Paiute as to you your closet to pray in.

So in her blanket Seyavi, sometime basket maker, sits by the unlit hearths of her tribe and digests her life, nourishing her spirit against the time of the spirit's need, for she knows in fact quite as much of these matters as you who have a larger hope, though she has none but the certainty that having borne herself courageously to this end she will not be reborn a coyote.

Mary Austin.

THE LITERARY PILGRIMAGE.

I HAVE it for truth from a wise and good man that "the author is the most sensitive of all the beasts of the field." I find, too, by sore experience, that nothing can by any means overpass "the sensitiveness of cities." When, therefore, your author gets forth on the public road, well beladen with bordereaux, guide-books, compasses, chart, and spy-glass; and when, thus ready, your au-

thor betakes him not to one but to very many cities, and afterwards bears record what good or ill he saw there, there is vast and grievous ado. Indeed, I know no other battling at all comparable with this; for, considering how poignant the weapons employed on either hand, and, moreover, considering the exquisite and utterly unpanoplied sensitiveness of whoso gets mixed in the fight, it will scarce happen that either side should come off unhurt.

In the old time it was not so. Herodotus might kodak the Egyptians in prose, and no retaliatory hieroglyphs were set in type for Herodotus, there being no types to set them withal. Neither need good Sir John Maundeville stand target for an Asiatic counterblast: Asia never found him out. Nor indeed was Dr. Samuel Johnson shamefully entreated of the northern islanders; his book cost too much. But given the high-speed press and given the shilling edition, and I promise your pilgrim a time of it. Your Dickenses, your Bourgets, your Brunetières, your Kiplings, and your Steevenses shall pay for their fun. The Hoe press eggs on the combatants, lending illimitable publicity to all that gets uttered, till sad is the havoc. What wonder, then, that the pseudo-Parisian of "America and the Americans" must cower and hide his name, well knowing the doom meted out against this monstrous literary offense?

Yet the burnt child loves the fire, and authorship will again and again go a-pilgriming, no matter how perilous the way. An eternal type is this roadster of letters, successively reincarnated and with such singular persistence that thence comes a far from incurious question: to find out what aim bids the sensitive author run hazards so dire. I note many aims, each good in itself, — or if not good, then at least serviceable and worthy of sympathetic consideration. See: they are these, — the love of truth, the love of art, the love of right, the love of men, the love of self. And however glib the scribe's plea that he serves but one lord, I must answer he serves all five; however distinctly he announce himself as this or that and none other, I nevertheless declare him five fellows at once. He is scientist, poet, preacher, philanthropist, and blatant self-trumpeter.

First, he is a social philosopher, out for facts; and that, you 'll consent, is not bad in itself. Besides, it 's a lark. To see that certain things are so and not otherwise; to discern the ways of men, the courses of trade, the disposal of wealth; to view with eager joy the shop and the smithy; to dangle one's legs from the edge of the wharf; to toast one's intellectual toes at the hearth of sweet domesticity; to walk with little children to school; to gossip amongst miniature statesmen at the tapster's; to sit in church with God's saints, while the organ peals the hymn; to hobnob with authors, painters, actors, and composers; to see the world go, and to ask it questions, — honestly now, what is this but to sip Hymettus honey the whole day long and get paid for it? To him who would find out the heart of his fellows, the clarion verses of Milton are little less than Holy Writ, —

> "Tower'd cities please us then,
> And the busy haunts of men."

But now, in the joy and the toil of the telling, our scientist turns poet, singing the thing as he saw it, in vivid, pictorial, rhythmic prose. Thus does the pilgrim live his life twice over, and give of himself and his treasure, that all who read may share the delights of the road. This, in the humanest sense, is art for art's sake, for art is the science of pleasure; and if the pilgrimage lacked other sanction, I should still speak good of it because the record of it affords happiness — to the folk who are not "written up."

Yet wholly unfitted, indeed a mere blindworm for stupid imperception, is the lover of truth and art who loves not

also a clear, brave conscience; and conscience, like murder, will out. No matter how dingy the wayfarer's linen duster, or how battered his travel-stained portmanteau, I still see him garbed as a priest and in his hand the crucifix. This man is a homilist, and ever must so remain. It is unalterably implicit in his calling. To become, as it were, a mirror of human life; to see, and make other men see, and, seeing, to ponder; to utter without favor or hesitancy the absolute, obvious fact — *that* is to preach! For whatever is, is wrong: it ought to be better. Thus comes it about that every good pilgrim prepares stout cudgels for ill and leaves of laurel and bay for good. Praise and blame are his to bestow, and bestow them he must, else who heeds? The deepest thing in humanity is the moral sense. Touch that, and the world gives ear; reach it deep down enough, and the presses will groan with enormous editions. This requires courage (not to say impudence), which comes easy when it pays, and the pilgrim takes for his motto "There 's no money in modesty." Yet spare the blame. *Nolens volens* a public character, he uses his inescapable renown as a rod of authority, — and bides what follows!

I have called the pilgrim a philanthropist: so he is, and that on broad lines, both generous and patriotic. "One half the nation does n't know how the other half lives — or why," says he; "wherefore to tell the East what the West is like, or the North what the South is like, makes for national solidarity, deepens the social consciousness, runs a square counter to prejudice, faction, sectionalism, and 'imperfect sympathies.'" Besides, "comparisons are odorous," and any canton or municipality gets good when it sees itself through the eyes of an alien. The pilgrim's published narrative yields locally a singular intellectual clarity, — not at first, perhaps, but afterward surely. His thunderbolt clears the air.

Yet very thankless is this our world-kin. Science has ever its Bruno, poetry its Keats, the church its Stephen, philanthropy its Arnold Toynbee, and happy the literary pilgrim who shares in however slight measure their glorious martyrdom. Nay more, he shall scarce miss it. He is Bruno, Keats, Stephen, and Toynbee rolled into one. Hence obloquy — and celebrity. "We are advertised by our loving friends;" yet slow heralds are they, compared with our enemies. I gravely doubt whether the pilgrim is popular afterwards along the track of his progress, but unquestionably he is famous there. It is even as Kipling foretold. "If you crack a pony over the nose every time you see him, he may not like you, but he will be interested in your movements ever afterward." Turn literary pilgrim, and you etch your name on the hearts of a people. You are made; and there is no publisher on the face of the known earth who would not give his ears to possess you. No more the rejected manuscript, no more the printed slip; instead, a list of literary contracts as long as Wordsworth's Excursion.

Here, then, are reasons stout and good why the literary seven-league-booter should take his pilgrim staff in hand. Forth, therefore, he goes, cheered off by his publisher, trundled hither and yon by obliging railroads (booked free in barter for advertising space), followed by frequent missives of editorial suggestion, and charging things to "the house." Turn where he may, the big world kotows: governors of states, presidents of vast corporations, leaders of society, rulers of universities, czars, Solons, jurists, soldiers, prelates, and dainty maidens delight to honor him that cometh in the name of the thirty-five-cent magazine! For him is the whole situation ransacked, X-rayed, Lexowed, and put on show. Amiable burghers will personally conduct him to the crests of wind-blown mountains and the melancholy depths of mines; they

will take him to service and pilot him safely through prisons and insane asylums; they will elucidate with painful prolixity the last turn in politics and the latest imbroglio of high life. Nothing escapes him. Humanity looks to the literary pilgrim like an incommensurable pussy-cat, constantly bringing large quantities of sociological mice and laying them at his feet to be admired.

Aghast at such redundancy of bright opportunity, our pilgrim takes fright. His problem, — to pick apart the real world of brick and mortar, of flesh and blood, of brain and will; to scrutinize every part of it and to tell its relation to every other part; to fit details to fundamentals; and then to re-create a pen, ink, and paper world that shall faithfully body forth objective reality, — this problem, I say, wants guidance. It gets it from social science. Perhaps from old lecture-notes, long left unread; perhaps from lunch-chats with eminent economists, who mingle huge wisdom with their coffee and tobacco-smoke; but more likely from some dry, not to say desiccated, treatise called An Introduction to the Study of Society, the pilgrim makes choice of a *modus*. Then he seeks out the biggest and valiantest native chief he can think of, and pumps him with untiring assiduity. This chief — if worthy of his rank — thinks panoramas and talks an epic philosophy of society, speaking the natural tongue of the desiccated treatise, but phrasing it humanly. In every such mind facts go captained by principles. Out of all such conversation comes the clear conception of fundamentals. "What are the great, imposing essentials that make up Ohio?" (Answered reflectively in five pregnant words.) "What constitutes Chicago?" (Another five words.) And so it goes.

Here, then, is the outline, all limned beyond error. Now for detail. The pilgrim forthwith abandons himself to a life of pleasure. Nothing can exceed the passionate zest with which he pursues the living witnesses to every phase of human existence within those borders. Snob he is none, nor ever can be; waitresses, bishops, bar-tenders, poets, cabmen, scholars, constables, saints, rogues, and the gilded youth, — he loves them one and all, and one and all they bear record of whatsoever they have proudly or humbly been, and seen, and done. This is fullness of life, keen fun, a wholesome, wholesale reveling in sweet, vivid, palpitant reality. It lasts for weeks or months, till finally dawns the sad gray day of the twice-told tale. Then the end is begun. Thenceforward remain languid repetition, the tarnishing of impressions, and a lamentable augmentation of hotel bills.

But bless you, good sirs, our pilgrim has ever an eye to his art! He is no mere statistician or social scientist, plotting a document — which other statisticians or social scientists (who already know as much as he) may coldly scrutinize. Instead he will put before the popular mind an illuminative and fascinating picture, radiant with local color, glowing with humor, faithful in atmosphere, — engaging, pleasing, human! And hence the log-book.

"Repetition," say some, "is the law of memory." Believe them not. The sole successful device to keep the dew and the undimmed glamour on the first forceful impression is to clap it down in a log-book. There is nothing so incurably flitterwinged as common fact. In a day the thing becomes commonplace; the pilgrim is then a part of all he has seen; he sees it no longer. He is nimble therefore with pencil or fountain pen; dialect, slang, local idiosyncrasies, street scenes, odd customs, anecdotes, jests, — he jots them all down. I predict he 'll eventually toss the most away; but he seizes them now with insatiable, indiscriminate greediness, for so the rainbow-gleam is caught in the spider's web, — the one a treasure, the other a dross.

Thus laden, the pilgrim wends his homeward way. To write? Not for many days. Instead to read and to ponder. That city or hamlet or commonwealth — whence came it? What call tugged irresistibly at the hearts of men that they migrated thither? What brand of soul responds, like troopers to bugles, to that particular forth-beckoning? And when spirits thus "selected," nature-fashion, out of countless thousands, got segregated in just such a community, what initial discipline had God prepared for the hardening and exalting of them? Indeed, did they ever "let themselves be lessoned so," and patiently mould out an enduring city, or did they, like the brilliant, passionate, laughter-loving folk of the Rockies, run home again to be replaced by others, so that their land was ever a land of strangers? Moreover, what befell in their day and place to test their temper and timber and show what stuff was in them? These and like questions will the pilgrim pursue with many big volumes laid open before him, the while his midnight lamp burns bright.

Just here lurks potential undoing. An ounce of ignorance spells a hundredweight of misconception. Kipling, tapping at a nation's postern gate and taking a continent hind-side before (historically as well as geographically), writes American Notes, than which none sillier ever dripped from a boyish quill. The dusty tome, the midnight candle, — these would have caught the blunder and surely estopped it. Had Rudyard Kipling but known the West a transplanted East, he would never have painted San Francisco as "a mad city, inhabited by absolutely insane people." Insight is always historical. Beautiful San Francisco, — gold-born, fever-bred, schooled in adventure, saved by the Pan-Saxon sanity that runs in the blood, — how shall the pilgrim know San Francisco who reads not the first and last lisp of the story of it?

And I do assure you, sirs, there was never more jubilant reading. They tell how a certain journalist once dispatched his reporters to question a group of celebrities as to which event in history each one would think himself luckiest to have witnessed. The first said, "The burning of Rome;" the second, "The battle of Waterloo;" the third, "The destruction of Pompeii," and so on with numberless variations till they came at last to the most sumptuous egotist in the whole world. That gentleman said quietly, "The Creation." Now the literary pilgrim, searching the history of a people whose salt he has eaten but yesterday, feels as if he beheld the Day of Creation, — a splendid, populous, wealthy, and powerful commonwealth is made out of nothing as he turns those luminous pages. The trivial becomes romantic, heroic; no slightest observation but swells with big significance. His slender notes fill inconceivable volumes. What seemed a mere transcript from ephemeral phases of human existence assumes the proportions of a philosophy of society. For, as every community is representative, this man has hit on great principles of social evolution. Whereas a fortnight ago he knew This and That, to-day he knows How and Why.

And now to the arduous task of composition, — arduous and all but perfunctory. Poor, toiling pilgrim, — you shall see him laughterlessly recording the merriest jokes, coldly transferring from palette to canvas the loveliest colors, listlessly seeking "that perfect word, which is hard to hit as a squirrel," and even inditing moral thunderbolts without blinking! Alas how limp and dull it seems, as "spirit, fire, and dew" turn to black and white! Your ardent adventurer sits on a tall stool, keeping books, — the clerk of yesterday. A manuscript? What pray is that but, as Lacordaire said, "dried leaves"? Indeed, the languid author recalls, not without anguish, the verses of Whitcomb Riley, —

"I put by the half-written poem,
While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
Writes on, — 'Had I words to complete it,
Who 'd read it, or who 'd understand ?' "

Ah, but *dis aliter visum!* That magic alchemy called publication will out of dried leaves make firebrands. No sooner has the thirty-five-cent magazine got itself distributed along the pilgrim's track than all the dogs of war are set baying at once. Zounds, what a monstrous to-do! He who beheld the thing with his own eyes, he who with infinite toil discerned the sense of it, he who spared no pain to set it down truthfully, he who in all did but follow the light of a good conscience and the sound purposings of a generous heart, — how fares he now? A hundred delirious editors revile him. Priests of I know not what sects or denominations anathematize him from the pulpit. His name is a hissing and byword on street corners. Schoolma'ams belabor him with poems. Even bedridden invalids rise up on their pillows to pen imprecations. Irate letters of remonstrance rain in upon him and upon his publishers, — insulting letters, which assail his personal character, his literary style, and his methods of inquiry. And had he not already moved to some fairer region of the earth's surface, it is plain he might now be wearing that plumage which sticketh closer than a creditor!

It seems for a bit that our pilgrim's reputation is, beyond chance of remedy, to be done away. Then he finds himself helmed like Navarre, — a battalion at his back; and the battalion is won from the foe. For no pilgrim ever wrote aught of any remotest place, but partisans sprang forth in that very place and fought for him mightily. And presently you behold the sensitive city rent with internal dissensions, faction warring against faction about nothing else but their recent visitant, though they that be for him are fewer than they that be against him.

From this there arises a psychological problem of very genuine interest (considering the fidelity and, on the whole, the geniality of that which was written), to tell the precise nature of the offense. "The sensitiveness of cities," — that is not reason enough. Why so sensitive, why so maddened by the mere publication of matters the burghers themselves have most willingly told to the pilgrim? Why so goaded and dirked through the ribs when authorship throws on the screen of national apprehension a picture patent enough to any wight who should turn his steps thither? I have pondered these questions so long (for this profession of literary pilgriming is one with which I have, from time to time, myself meddled a little) that it would not be strange if I had caught some glimmerings of an answer.

Now I find, the more I examine it, that cities don't like the plain truth about themselves. As regards the sentiment for localities and communities, there are chiefly two sorts of folk alive, — optimists, thinking no evil, and pessimists, thinking no good. Tell the story frankly and fearlessly, — tell the one side as fervently as the other, — and you can't miss enraging both parties. As for any who follow the waving plume of that gallant Navarre helmet (and God save those merry gentlemen!), they beyond doubt are the rare souls who have eaten of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. They have ethical discernment and an intellectual temper so finely balanced as to deserve the white ermine of the judiciary! So, at least at the hour, thinks the pilgrim.

I perceive, too, that sensitive cities exquisitely enjoy criticism, though they don't know it. If there is any invective in the air, they will come hundreds of miles to fly into it. Jeer a city without calling it by name, and forty boroughs will claim the opprobrium. They love to. This applies also to the citizen. There is nothing so detestable as oblivion (when you can't get rid of it), and to see one's self published, even by

the vaguest implication, is to know that at last one is heard of. Yet again, whether on charge of error or of mischief, the author's temporary discomfiture fills the community with a delicious sense of reciprocity, — also with a soul-satisfying conviction of its own superiority, both moral and intellectual, above any writer under heaven. Not long ago a studious social scientist was peering down through his sociological microscope upon many animalculæ; now the animalculæ are observing that same author through that same microscope, and when the direction of vision is thus reversed, it 's funny how small he looks!

Small you would scarce think him by the monstrous logical and illogical enginery they bring to demolish him, or by the enormous tumulus of penned and printed vituperation beneath which they seek to bury him. And this process of "curse and counterblast" is itself interesting, and not unworthy of critical analysis.

Either the author who wrote the impartial description of the city had lived in that city, or he had come there from elsewhere, or he had never been there at all. In any case the natives are primed for him. If he was never there, that seals it; he is mercifully and promptly torpedoed by frank exposure. If he has lived in his city, they hiss him for treason and short is his shrift. But if he came to that city from somewhere else, Heaven help him! He shall then be well garroted with the *argumentum ad hominem*.

This man by his scrip and staff and spyglass is confessed a wayfarer, and what, pray, shall he of the sleeping-car and the village inn, he of the hotel piazza and the tally-ho coach, he of the dusty lane and the lonely moor, write (or indeed know) of a free people? Listen, you merry roadster, and you 'll hear something to your disadvantage. On mine honor as a vagabond I declare that though you spend a whole month in your progress (through Iowa, let us say), though you continually buttonhole every Hawkeye from Davenport to Sioux City and fill twenty-eight notebooks with expert testimony, and though you pass yet another month delving in histories, census returns, cyclopædias, atlases, newspaper files, and the musty bound volumes of magazines, you shall still furnish food for flames, till indeed there is naught left of you but clinkers. "Iowa from a Car Window," — that 's what they 'll call your treatise!

Nay more, quite beyond and beside the charge of haste and superficiality lies the plausible charge of incapacity: "Only the native knows his native land." To which I reply, no native knows his native land, — nor ever can; he knows it too well to know it at all, — that is, for literary purposes. The truth is best told by him who has only just pinioned it; and the more amazed the youthful enthusiasm with which he first came on it, the more deliciously readable his report of it. They tell a good story of Charles A. Dana, — how Dana once summoned a boy reporter and said, —

"To-morrow you write up the yacht race."

"But," said the lad, "I don't know how. I 'm a Nebraskan. I only came here last night, sir, and I have n't so much as seen New York harbor yet. As for yachts, — why, I never saw a yacht in my life!"

"Just the reason I sent for you, my boy! *You 'll* write a story that people can read; *you 'll picture* the thing; *you 'll* write with enthusiasm because it 's all new to you."

Sane logic! The poetry of the sea has always been written by landsmen; it always will be. The barrack-room ballads are best sung by a gentle civilian. The inside of anything is clearest seen by an erstwhile outsider. Mr. Bryce, not Mr. Lodge, writes The American Commonwealth. Emerson, not Carlyle, writes English Traits. It

is, in fact, a general principle, taking its root in the nature of the human mind itself, that the guest sees more than the host. But this, you will discern, an angered native is emotionally unfitted to realize.

Again, the local press berates the departed visitant for "seeing things out of proportion." And now, by rejoinder, I ask, "Are those rampant and militant editors such accomplished past masters of social science? Have they half the equipment of a well-furnished pilgrim? Have they by their travels attained equal footing for broad comparisons and accurate generalization?" The case is this: the editor must fell the pilgrim, whether or no, and he addresses an audience so hysterical, for the nonce, that any sort of sophistry gets relished and approved, if only the pilgrim appears the under dog.

No, it is far more conceivable, I take it, that the utter stranger — so grant he be but patient enough — should see justly and without prejudice, or narrow limitation, or force of mental habit, rather than any native. And that — subliminally — the native suspects; hence this mace-brandishing malediction and merciless vituperation, violence making up for want of rationality. The consciously ill-versed preacher pounds the pulpit cushions; the man of puny resources swears loudest; and the faithfully reported community, seeing itself overborne by a social science beyond its power to reply to, becomes truculent and abusive, forgets all the praise, remembers all the blame, and turns with keen venom of soul upon its tormentor.

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," says the sensitive city; "and, as all literature is a confession, the pilgrim's printed narrative bespeaks an evil heart." The world is forthwith combed for corroborative evidence, and wherever the pilgrim has been in former days they look for dark tales of him. Was he once a clergyman? They call him "ex-parson," "heretic," "renegade." Did he ever work any good? They brand him as "reformer." Is he young? They picture him "an irresponsible *enfant terrible*," — a smart upstart eager to make a sensation. Old? He is verging toward "second childishness and mere oblivion." Is he single? A heartless clod. Married? Presumably henpecked. Is he college-bred? An intellectual snob. A non-university man? Incompetent to handle so serious a matter. Has he published books? They tatter them to rags. If he stood for high office or sat in the glare of "that fierce light which beats upon a throne," he would not be more pitilessly exposed to contumely and public slander. The upshot is this: a vicious man with a malicious motive has entered the innocent city, taken the municipal skeleton out of its closet, and dangled it for hire before the world, — whereas God knows there is no such skeleton! "Liar," "traducer," "spy," "enemy of society," — these dainty epithets look well in the headlines. The columns thus captioned get clipped and reprinted all over the country.

To find one's self the centre of so much uproar and confusion is, well — interesting. As a first experience, I don't recommend it. Indeed, having never been blown up by nitro-glycerine, or crushed by a falling meteorite, or cut up into little pieces with dull scissors, I know nothing more hideous than a general, concerted attack by the press. It has only one good point. For three solid weeks the pilgrim neither eats nor sleeps, and he saves a pretty penny on room rent and board bills. Think! His fair name is filched away; when people want to frighten little children, they tell them that he will get them; he cannot go back to the place of his wayfaring; and menacing letters threaten him with physical violence until he fears some delegated assassin or band of assassins may knife him in the night-time. Assailed by so overwhelming a mass of counter testimony, he doubts his own

eyes, his own reason. He has published an insane document; the padded cell awaits him! Besides, confronted by such poignant charges of moral obtuseness, he grows morbid, self-flagellatory. He gets "conviction of sin;" and should the patrol wagon pull up at his door, he would crawl into it without help!

Then come reaction and relief. The pilgrim gains the Stoic mood. Sleep returns. So does appetite. And then 's the time to reopen with untrembling fingers the long yellow envelopes sent by the clipping bureau, to carefully reread the miles of slanderous cuttings, and to paste them all in a huge, fat scrap-book. "There," says the pilgrim, "is food for thought." It certainly is, and a little reflection develops conclusions worth gaining. In the first place, he finds scarce a line but is written in anger; and that, you agree, argues on his side of the case, — it is only the truth that wounds. In the next place he detects frequent evidences of plain insincerity, — editors writing, not what they believed, but what they believed the people believed they ought to believe. Furthermore he runs on much trace of editorial penury of mind, perceiving that he was eagerly welcomed as "material," — there being little other at hand. Yet again, he discerns everywhere a woeful lack of facts, — sophistry, falsehood, abuse, but small serious attempt at rational rebuttal. But what startles him most is to see how few people do the world's thinking. Out of a hundred and fifty editorials only eight are original. The rest are "rewrites," — penned without exception by gentlemen who have denied themselves the exhilaration of reading the pilgrim's narrative!

And now the emotional convalescent reads once again the "letters to the editors" and the "communications," in which such valiant communicants as "Constant Reader," "Justice," and "Old Resident," together with many more who sign their full and true names, do him ill. Beside them he arranges the pretty missives the postie has brought. Taken all in all, they are the most amazing collection conceivable. Every one of them comes, or purports to come, from the place of the pilgrimage; no two tell the same tale! "You 've said just what I always thought, only you 've understated it." "You're a liar from the beginning, and the truth is not in you." "You were never here in your life, as I can plainly see by your damnable, conceited, malicious screed." "There are individuals in this town who recognize themselves in your article, and I 'd advise you not to come back here."

Then loud laughs the pilgrim. The personal letters don't count (save just a few that come from persons of great distinction), and neither do the manifestoes of communicants! "Ask yourself," says he, — "ask yourself if you, a sane mortal, would sit down and write to an author. Ask yourself also if, by the wildest stretch of fancy, you could imagine yourself penning a communication to the local paper." It is the silent element in every controversy that really means something.

If, now, the gentle roadster's published account savored of malice or prejudice or any other sort of knavishness, it is, I think, likely to be detected in many parts of the land. Ask a Bostonian what he thought of the essay that smote Nebraska like any ten of its own tornadoes; ask a Philadelphian how he judged the article Chicago was so frenzied by: both Bostonian and Philadelphian will declare the wayfarer's narration a sweet-spirited little document that no man in his senses need shudder at, and they 'll add, "Come and write about Boston and Philadelphia." And wait, — wait a year or two, and you shall see the pilgrim meeting Nebraskans and Chicagoans who look him frankly between the eyes and say, "You told the truth." Then let him go back on his track, and the once indignant townsmen

will tender him the freedom of their cities.

But as a personal experience, as a chapter in that *journal intime* called the life of the spirit, "the best is yet to be," for he of the scrip and staff has in a sense obeyed Ben Ezra's dictum. "Grow old along with me," said the venerable Rabbi, and, by weeks and months of torture, the pilgrim has, as it were, attained to "years that bring the philosophic mind." Boy he was; man he is. See! That sensitive nature has fled quite away; and that youthful, fawnlike timidity has likewise vanished. What cares he now for the jeers of the multitude? What for the roaring thunder of a thousand editorial maledictions? Earth holds no horrors more monstrously Gorgon-headed than those already braved.

"And hence a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks" —

a man is no use in the world until he has lost his respectability. Till then his every word and posture says timorously, "Ladies and gentlemen, with your kind permission I will endeavor to give you a correct imitation of a human being leading a life." It is all a pose. Not so our pilgrim's attitude to-day. Neither craving applause nor dreading opprobrium, he will guide his steps as the blessed Lord hath given him light to guide them, regardless of consequence.

Another pilgrim journey? Yes, gladly! For truth's sake, for art's sake, for humanity's sake, — but not for self's sake! It is only the soul founded on a rock of devout conviction that will a second time take up the roadster's staff and get him forth on the trail that is always new. There 's no fun in publicity, when you 've got it. There 's nothing so annoying as reputation — to a man grown. And yet, show him once again the path of thorns — he 'll seek it. And perchance he will so continue, spending his days a-pilgriming, though this I much doubt.

The life is the life of the vagrant. For a thousand friends, you have not one intimate. In a hundred cities men shout at you cheerily, "Why, man alive! where ever did you drop from?" — and then suggest birds and bottles, yes and pay for them; but the *old* friends, — the tried, faithful, time-tested, long-loved comrades and yoke-fellows, — these the literary seven-league-booter does n't have and can't get. Nobody calls him by his first name. There are no babies named for him, and if he wanted to borrow fifty dollars, I don't know whose door he 'd knock at.

And the life is not wholesome. You are a spiritual hobo, a moral tramp, registering from Vagabondia, citizen of nowhere. "Free lance," says the pilgrim, "with headquarters in the saddle," — but I know that somewhere inside that brave heart of his there 's ever an unstilled yearning for a pretty, rose-clambered cottage with drooping elms to shade it, — a place to call his own, — a quiet life. He recalls with pathetic frequency that stinging couplet of Peter Newell's: —

"Pray can you tell me, little lass, where lives
Lysander Rouse?"
"He ith n't living anywhere; he 'th boarding
at our houthe!"

It is even so. His universe is one big, bleak, unhomely hostelry, and he passes to and fro in it with a perpetual sense of world-strangeness.

Yet in time even the world-strangeness wears dull. Town after town flitting by in rapid succession, state after state passing in splendid pageant or panorama — oh the bliss! — till change becomes changeless, and novelty, dimmed by experience, drifts into routine, and that perfunctory. Then, believe me, these traveling days are done. The plate has lost its sensitiveness and must be sensitized anew; and he who has learned naught but roving must, for a season and perhaps forever, unlearn it. "It is the test of a good institution," said Henry Ward Beecher, "that it digs its own grave," and if there was

any merit or virtue in the wayfarer's art, be sure that the end must come by a natural reaction. One day he will take on his lips the melancholy words of the Preacher, That which was shall be, and there is nothing new under the sun. Then is his pilgrim staff broken beyond hope of prompt mending.

And now he asks calmly, "What, pray, is the due reward or guerdon I 've won by so toilsome journeying in the world and so grievous fighting with them that gave blow for blow?" I think a very rich and sweet reward. Fame? Yes, here and there; but that 's not the point. Wealth? Why, bless you, he spends as he goes, like all vagabond roadsters! Power? By no means the concentrated, calculable, dirigible power that 's his who takes root and stays put. Not by the most frivolous vagaries of destiny shall the pilgrim get voted into the commonest of Common Councils. Ah, but think! He knows his native land, — knows it and loves it. Henceforward for him there is neither East nor West, North nor South, highland nor lowland, but of each and all he is equally a citizen. Mere gossip from any humblest dog-hole of the realm, no matter how distant or how obscure, becomes personal and significant. There was he on a certain day; there he is now in reminiscent fancy. Hence even the daily paper glows with high romance, — the erstwhile wanderer has epics with his breakfast coffee, and whole race dramas enact themselves as he sips his post-prandial *demi-tasse*. In insight, in historic feeling, in sympathies, he is — an American!

"But best of all," says he, "I have fought a good joust, said my say, tried with what grace there was in me to interpret the world movement, and so to accelerate it." And when the din of the fray is stilled forever, and the last weapons laid down, and the troopers themselves put to rest and he with them, there will yet remain his testimony of whatever he saw and heard in the world, — a record of which history will one day make use; for he in his time did portray with candid, fearless truth the life men lived, the thoughts they thought, and the works they laid hand to.

Rollin Lynde Hartt.

ABSALOM'S WREATH.

I AM having a picnic, a solitary picnic in Dalen. Our milk girl, Sigga, escorted me past the bull that lives in the outfields, and then I tramped on alone for an hour and reached the Valley of the Delectable Mountains. In a semicircle stand the fjelds facing the rising of the September sun, their highest ridges lightly powdered with the first snow, their lower slopes seamed by scores of little brooks "that tumble as they run." When peat is to be cut, and the wild sheep captured for wool-pulling and for the autumn slaughter, then people come to Dalen. But to-day I see only a few black sheep, the kittiwakes and gulls on the sea rocks, and curlew quavering above the heather. Dalen is exclusive, reserved, and has an undefinable charm. Nowhere else has afternoon tea, made over a fire of peat, so fine a flavor; in no other valley does one feel that mingled sense of mystery and of brooding peace. The only disturbing element is a *Nikon* who lives in neighboring waters. His attributes vary according to the narrator's fancy, but all agree on the length of his tail, his black hue, and his disagreeable habit of appearing suddenly, snatching up some unhappy man or woman, and diving with his victim to the bottom of the sea.

One saving idiosyncrasy he has, however. He cannot "thole" to hear his own name. Can you but look him in the eye, and say calmly, but firmly, "Nikon!" he will recoil in affright down to his fishy home.

But this is a digression. The reason of my solitary picnic is that little Absalom is dead and will be buried to-morrow, and some wreath or cross should lie on his coffin. In Viderö, the most northern island of the Faroes, there is not a tree or shrub or square foot of garden; it is the 15th of September, and we are near sixty-three degrees north latitude. But of heather there is a plenty in sheltered Dalen, where it dares to grow a foot high, and surely, I thought, some last flowers can be found there, also, for little Absalom's wreath.

I stopped on my way to shake hands with the father and mother. Absalom lay in an unpainted pine coffin, a cross marked in ink on the lid. He wore his best fur cap and a muslin shroud with a cross made of pink ribbon stitched above his breast. The Pastor is in far-away Denmark, but to-morrow Absalom will be carried to the graveyard on the sea cliffs, we singing psalms all the way, and next month, when the Pastor returns, he will pray and cast earth on the grave, saying, "From earth art thou come; to earth shalt thou go; from earth shalt thou rise again."

When I first looked about me in Dalen the prospect was discouraging. The heather bells hung brown and dry; only the bent, turning to russet and ochre, gave color to the slopes. But kneeling down by the little burns, I found, under the overhanging banks, some scanty heather blossoms, belated by the shade and the proximity of the cold water. Then I scrambled up to a small ravine that looked promising, and slid down its steep sides, holding fast to heather twigs. I explored that ravine *au fond*, finding a flower here and there in the clefts and among the heather, and now, tired and hungry, I am perched on the hillside, and with an appreciative appetite, eating barley bread and cheese and cold fried cod, my treasures by my side. Here are tiny pink polygalas and intensely blue ones like a scrap of southern sky; that cosmopolitan, the crowberry, golden tormentillas (my sheepskin moccasins are tanned with tormentilla roots), a narrow-leaved polypody fern called by the Faroe folk *Trodla-Kampar:* under it the "little people" are supposed to dwell, and prudence dictates that we tread softly where it grows, for they are quick of temper and malicious when annoyed. Here is an arctic form of the field gentian (*Gentiana campestris*), dull lilac in color; the common lady's-mantle and the alpine species (*Alchemilla alpina*), little St. John's-wort, stonecrop, the calluna heather, and the crimson bells of the cinerea heather. Not a bad display for the middle of September in latitude sixty-three.

And yet it is not the latitude that limits the flora so much as the storms. Iceland, farther north, has a greater number of both species and individuals. Her summers are warmer, and she is large enough to afford some protection from the sea winds. But these islands in a storm district well up toward the Circle have conditions peculiarly their own. The Gulf Stream, mingling with the Icelandic Polar Current, causes dense fogs; it rains on three hundred days of the year, and the area is too small to check the momentum of the gales. They rush through the fjords, searching out every nook and cranny; through openings in the fjelds they fall, writhing and whirling down upon the lowlands as the dreaded *kast-vinds*, and where can the poor plants find shelter? And not only the sea gales, but the sea itself, for when the air is filled with flying spray, and even the brooks run brackish, many species are cut down as by a frost.

The first flower of spring, however, cares nothing for the salt spray. Were you to come to Dalen on May-day you

would find the white cochlearia, hardy and honey-scented, growing in clefts of the shore crags. The little English daisy is open about the same time in the home fields and on the grassy boat-house roofs. A few days later, open the sweet-scented marsh violet, the dog violet (*Viola sylvestris*), polygalas, shepherd's purse, a veronica, lady's-smock (*Cardamine pratensis*), the little starry saxifrage, and the moss campion, a charming flower, which I fancy grows on the highest of our White Mountains. It has an innocent, wide-eyed look, and varies in color from bluish white to deep crimson; I have seen a thousand growing in a space of twelve inches on a cushion of moss-green leaves, and not a blossom more than half an inch in height.

Soon after the middle of May the show of the marsh marigold begins. Never have I seen such big fat ones; many have eight, nine, or ten petals, and are two inches and a half in diameter. They grow usually in the *gröfter*, or little ditches that drain the infields. Most of the cultivated land in the Faroes is divided into long strips from eight to twelve feet in width, extending down the hill slopes. These, for better drainage, are made about two feet higher on one side than on the other, so that a cross section of a field would have the shape of a saw. Between these strips run the gröfter, and when the flowers are in full bloom and, as often happens, there is a bit of marsh land at the bottom, the effect is of little golden brooks running down to a pond of gold. "Pure color is rest of heart," wrote Richard Jefferies. After the long dusk of winter this radiance of yellow and orange delights the eye and cheers the soul. It makes the most striking color note of the round year, in fact, the only bright one except when the gay, flaunting ragged robins in June blossom also in the gröfter.

As the season advances it is interesting to see how the wave of plant life mounts from the sea to the fjelds. By St. John's Day, all the lower levels have their fullest bloom; the first part of July it is summer on the *Broekke*, or grassy slopes that crown the terraces of basaltic rocks on the fjeld sides. These terraces, or *Hamre* as they are called, begin generally at a height of from six hundred to a thousand feet. In the latter part of July and the first week of August the flowers have opened on the summits. The plants grow leisurely, and remain in bloom much longer than with us, for there are no hot days to hasten their departure. The largest, tallest species are those of "high summertide," the wild geraniums, angelica, hawkweeds, buttercups, spiræa, ragged robin, sorrels, yarrow, red campion, *Matricaria inodora* var. *borealis*, or "Baldur's flower," and an orchid (*Orchis maculata*) that grows slim and tall in the gröfter and stockyard, but only about two inches high in the open. The sea-thrift also adapts itself to circumstances. It sometimes has a height of six inches at sea level, and on exposed heights is a mere button of a flower, with no appreciable stem. Mother Nature exercises great prudence in her arrangements; the juicy angelica she puts in the gröfter and ravines, the polypody fern under heather and among thick grasses, the aspidium ferns in clefts and under overhanging rocks. She seldom permits a flower to be more than three inches high in the wide exposed places. Wild thyme, white bedstraw, yellow rattle, eye-bright, bird's-foot trefoil, brunella, buttercups, saxifrages, all grow there in dwarfed form, and the plants that are exposed to all the winds of heaven on the fjeld tops open during the quietest time of the year. Upon the Broekke we find in their season many of the flowers of lower levels, together with *Thalictrum*, *Azalea procumbens*, *Cornus suecica*, *Sibbaldia procumbens*, alpine veronica, alpine alchemilla, the herb-willow, the saxifrages *nivalis*, *rivularis*, *decipiens*, and *oppo-*

sitifolia, *Arabis petræa*, *Draba hirta*, *Cerastium edmondstonii*, the vacciniums *myrtillus* and *uliginosum*, *Gnaphalium supinum* (beginning at about 2000 feet), and many small inconspicuous plants. The pretty and rare *Dryas octopetala* and the Iceland poppy are found from 800 feet upwards.

All these Arctic species grow also on the summits of the fjelds either on rocky wastes, well fastened down by strong roots, or in the protecting grimmia heath, a close thick carpet composed of the moss *Grimmia patens* and other kinds.

Considering all disadvantages of climate, latitude, and small area, the number of species of native vascular plants, 277, is a goodly one. In addition there are forty species that have been introduced by man. The flora resembles that of northern Scotland: indeed only ten of the Faroe species are lacking in Scotland. Many, however, that are rare there, and found only on the highest mountains, are here very common and grow at low levels.

There are many small plants which a botanist would at once notice, but only the flowers I have mentioned would attract the attention of the non-scientific observer. I have a speaking acquaintance with but few of the grasses, I regret to say, and as for the 338 kinds of mosses, no one could be more densely ignorant than I. Yet even an ignoramus can admire their graceful forms and charming tones. They grow most luxuriantly over the hidden little rills, and shine with vivid green far up the fjeld sides. There are always pretty things to be found among them: butterwort, and saxifrages, epilobiums, rodiola, etc. One must tread cautiously where they grow. To-day I was about to step on a firm-looking green patch when a sudden impulse prompted me to test the spot first with my field staff. "Plup!" sank the staff, with an ugly sucking sound, over the top as I held it in my fingers. How much deeper it would have gone I do not know, but the staff measures five feet two inches, one inch above my head.

None of the Faroe fields are of great altitude. The highest, Slattaratind, is only 2700 feet high. The Delectable Mountains (that is not their Faroe name) are from 2000 to 2450 feet. But the effect of a mountain is largely dependent on its latitude and the distance above the spectator's eye. Here they are usually seen from sea level, and the utter absence of trees and bushes adds to their apparent height. And when snow rests upon sea cliffs that rise 2000 perpendicular feet from the surf-line, with mists wreathing their rugged summits, and the observer is looking upwards from a little four-man boat tossing in the sea below, I think he would not care to have one cubit added to their stature.

Dalen is almost silent these September days. From the sea rocks, softened by distance, comes a confused babble of kittiwakes; "*whip-poor-will!*" they cry shrilly, with tremendous emphasis on the first and last syllables. From time to time I have heard the cry of a raven, clearer, more metallic, than that of the hooded crows. Both are thieves and murderers of the young and of the helpless. Were one of these wild sheep to fall on her back in a little hollow, so that she could not raise herself, it would not be long before her eyes would be plucked out and her stomach torn open. Only a month ago, a full-grown healthy sheep was brought in dying, her side mangled by a raven. I am glad to see that an anxious father, a black-backed gull, is harrying the raven out of Dalen. He, too, occasionally kills lambs, but does not torture a helpless sheep. A beautiful bird he is, with shining white breast, black cap and back, and white wing tips. He has a red spot by his lower bill. The legend says that once he ate a dead man's flesh, and ever since he has borne this blood-red spot. Now he has come back, laughing with a mo-

notonous bass voice, and is so flushed with victory that he must needs pretend to take umbrage at my opera glass and swoop down close to my face with a rush that makes me wince. The young bird is almost as large as his father, but has gray plumage. "*Phe-a! Phe-a!*" he cries in his baby voice, circling slowly in mid-air, a powerful, broad-winged bird.

There is one inhabitant of the outfield who leads a peaceful life for the reason that, though he prefers harmony and order, he is always prepared for war and always ready to take the initiative in case of any "onpleasantness." That is the *tjaldur*, or oyster-catcher. The Faroe folk do not kill him, because he nests in the same wild uplands where the mother sheep graze and the lambs are born. If any raven approaches he is attacked by the valiant oyster-catcher and routed ignominiously. Altogether he is a successful bird: he is good eating (though on no account would we eat him); he is striking in his good looks, cheerful, brave, and a defender of his young and, incidentally, of the weaklings of the flocks. Were he less warlike in disposition and of weaker build, I suppose he would assume like the curlew, rock pipits, snipe, etc., the general tones of the outfields, their grays and browns and russets. But as it is, his vermilion legs and long strong bill, and dazzling black and white plumage, can be seen far afield. One must note also that the other warrior, the black-backed gull, has the same conspicuous plumage. What matters it if they are seen of all men? They are well able to take care of themselves.

Dalen is a favorite place for the *myra-snipa*, or marsh snipe. They are quiet now, and make no sign until I almost tread upon them, when they burst up through the heather like a bomb and scurry away with a fretful cry. In June, however, we can see and hear them at night, and during the day in still, foggy weather. Then they make that peculiar noise which a year ago I thought was a cry or call. A friend, writing from America, first enlightened me. She quotes, I think, from Mr. Frank M. Chapman's Handbook: —

"In the springtime, and occasionally in the autumn also, Wilson's snipe mounts to a considerable height above his favorite meadows, and darts downward with great velocity, making at each descent a low yet penetrating tremulous sound that suggests the winnowing of a domestic pigeon's wings, or, if heard at a distance, the bleating of a goat, and which is thought to be produced by the rushing of the air through the wings of the snipe."

This is written of the *Gallinago delicata*, and the Faroe species is called *Gallinago media*, but the intricacies of comparative nomenclature are not to be unraveled in this remote island with no books at command. One day last June while resting in the heather, and looking upwards, I saw a myra-snipa flying overhead in a series of vertical V's. Part of the time his flight was noiseless, but occasionally he descended with great velocity, and then came that peculiar ventriloquistic sound, "as though the air laughed" I wrote at the time in my notebook. Only yesterday, in a story by the Danish author Herr Sophus Bauditz, I read in a description of the heaths of Jutland this passage: "If you lie down near the edge of the marsh you will hear suddenly over you, around you, now on one side, now on the other, an infinitely weak and infinitely penetrating sound; you know not whence it comes; it is as though the air itself laughed around you."

What a wreath we could have made in Dalen on one of those days in June; then only the frequent rains and the distance from the base of food supplies prevented us from becoming a "permanency" in Dalen. As it was, "Our Lady" (as the peasants call the Pastorinde) and I have several times returned home reluctantly at midnight, I humming sadly, —

"And does it not seem hard to you
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?"

As we passed close to the sea cliffs we could hear the eider ducks cooing just beyond the surf, and the puffins on the sea cliffs chuckling to themselves with a jolly fat "ur-r-r-r!" and could see them moving about in circles with careful dancing steps, and then falling suddenly into quiet and solemn musings. Who that ever had the privilege of knowing a puffin did not love him?

Yet were you to come here even in June I doubt if you would feel the spell. "Grim, barren, desolate." I can fancy these words your judgment. Can we ever give the full measure of appreciation to the unfamiliar? Washington Irving looking for the first time on Sir Walter's beloved hills was impressed only by their sadness. And yet, compared to the Faroes, the Border land is a land of fatness.

"Where shilfas sing and cushats croon," the flowery shrubs and stately trees follow the courses of the burns. To appreciate our "marcies" here, a certain lapse of time is required wherein to forget those of other lands. We must look to sea and sky for grace of form and motion and beauty of color, and put from mind the thought of forests and gardens and freely growing green things. Trees, — they are the hardest to forget; trees and the glory of the changing foliage, the pageant of Indian summer that is beginning now at home: and oh, to scuffle up leaves again and smell their crisp and pungent fragrance, and in November blasts to see them "march a million strong."

Of all the birds of summer, about twenty-one will remain with us during the long, dark winter that is closing in upon us. The hooded crows will wax bold and impudent, and wrangle over bones at the cottage doors. The ravens are more wary; perhaps they have an inherited distrust of man, from the old days of the *noebbe-told*, the bill tax, when every man between the ages of fifteen and fifty was required to give every year a raven's bill to the magistrates, or pay a fine.

Black-backed gulls, the lesser black-backed, the common and the herring gulls, a few kittiwakes, the fulmar petrel, and the land-rail winter here.

The pretty rock-doves live all the year round up among the cliff recesses; wrens, starlings, rock pipits, snowbirds, cormorants, eider ducks, black guillemots, a few red-throated divers, northern divers, dunlins, mallards, and myra-snipa make up the list of the assured winter residents. In addition there will be strays, blown here by gales; not rarely the English blackbird appears, the black-cap, the bullfinch, and the little golden-crested kinglet. Last winter in Thorshavn I found myself thinking (with no apparent connection in the train of ideas) of Tewkesbury Abbey; suddenly I became conscious of a robin's song, and looking from my window saw a storm-driven waif singing as sweet a song as that I heard on the April morning when I saw my first English church and first English robin in Tewkesbury, the old village of John Halifax, Gentleman. The courage and endurance of these tiny birds is one of the marvels of nature. The seas rage and the gales howl, and there are all kinds of tragic experiences, and suddenly a round ball of fluffy feathers appears out of the commotion and sings a careless, cheerful song.

The dark days will soon be here: each morning the sun takes a step toward the south, and a November day will come when we shall see a bright and winking eye peeping for one moment above the eastern ridge of Malling-fjall; two hours later another wink above the western ridge, and the next day only a brightness in the sky. "Baldur the Beautiful" will be — not dead, — but very, very low, and for two months and a half not one glimpse of his face shall

we see, not one sunbeam will fall upon the little turf-covered Parsonage of Onegjaard.

But a chill creeps over Dalen, and I find that I am sitting in shadow; the sun shines now only on the cliffs of distant Fuglö. Sigga will be waiting at the dike to escort me past the bull again. The Delectable Mountains are turning black, the clouds are falling low, the curlew are silent, the kittiwakes have put to sea. Now if Nikon should appear would I have the nerve to confront him, and put him to flight by the terror of his own name? Decidedly it is time for me to join Sigga at the dike.

. . . . . .

"Ak du! Ak du!" exclaims Sigga, peering into my basket, "what a beautiful wreath we shall make for little Absalom!"

Elizabeth Taylor.

LIBIN, A NEW INTERPRETER OF EAST SIDE LIFE.

A SEQUEL TO HOWELLS'S CRITICISM AND FICTION.

GEKLIBENE SKITSEN [1] is the title of a neat volume of some fifty sketches from East Side life in Gotham. Most of them have appeared in the columns of The Forward, the New York radical Yiddish daily, and are now collected in book form. Libin, the author of this volume, is a poor, untutored proletaire, a newsdealer by trade. He created something of a literary furore by his pen-sketches or rather snap-shots of the East Side reality. His little volume was hailed with delight in many a Jewish home throughout the country. His numerous admirers regard him as little short of a Yiddish classic, a pioneer in a new departure of realistic fiction. Thousands of intelligent readers in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and elsewhere, read and re-read his sketches, and discuss warmly their merits and their weak points. The general verdict of his readers and critics assigns to his work a permanent place in good Yiddish fiction; and good, or even tolerable, Yiddish fiction, as well as good literature in general, the American reader must keep in mind, is a very rare article, especially in this country. A heap of rubbish is annually dumped on the Yiddish book market by a host of pensters without a shadow of literary quality about them. Amid this insipid stuff offered the Yiddish readers as an apology for tolerable fiction, Libin's volume stands out in striking relief as something unique, refreshing, and of lasting literary worth.

This keen appreciation on the part of the Yiddish-reading public is in itself a sufficient warrant for assuming that there must be some very solid qualities in these sketches, especially if account is taken of the character of that public itself. The more progressive element of Russian Jews in large industrial centres of this country was nourished at home on the works of Russian classics, from Pouchkine to Tolstoi; Byelinski, Dobroliùbov, Pìsaryov, and Shelgunòv — masters of Russian criticism — have helped not a few of these Yiddish readers to a more than average insight into true literary value. These Russian emigrants have been more or less fed on this wholesome nourishment which refined their art taste and sharpened their judgment. Nothing trashy, no printed matter below a certain literary level, will permanently appeal to them. An

[1] *Geklibene Skitsen.* By Z. LIBIN. New York: The Forward Press. 1902.

American of culture and of fine discrimination, should he once gain an intimate familiarity with this class of Jews, would be astonished to find how superior their literary taste is to that of many a college-bred reader of magazines. These "ignorant foreigners," many of them grimy shop-hands, news-venders, or peddlers, with the marks of culture long worn off from their faces by years of fierce struggling for daily bread and a place in the world, will frequently display an unusual degree of literary, dramatic, and general art appreciation, a keen relish for a really good novel, poem, a Shakespearean or other classic play, or a symphony ; they often show an instinctive insight into what is true realism in art, — an insight that might grace with profit even an editorial sanctum, to judge by many a book review. This, then, is the character of the public which reads exclusively in Russian and in Yiddish. Its literary taste at least, if not its critical judgment, should command some respect. It will, therefore, be of interest to the American student of letters to find here an account of this literary phenomenon called Libin's Sketches. I shall try to present a clear view of the subject matter of this book, of its literary merits, and of its author, and shall also show the significance of all this for American fiction.

What is the woof and thread of these sketches? It is the East Side reality, a peculiar complex of material and psychical elements inseparably bound up with American economic conditions, and a vital part of the larger American reality. This complex engrafted on American life is, on its material side, a huge aggregation of shops and tenement prisons with hundreds of thousands of emigrant folk congested there. This aggregate is apparently bounded by the East River, the Bowery, and the fringe of "up-town;" it is not, however, strictly speaking, a "ghetto," as some reportorial folk delight to dub it, since the people and the material conditions of the East Side ramify into all parts of Gotham, Williamsburg, Harlem, and other sections of Greater New York; besides, the East Side does not materially differ in aspect from similar aggregations of sweat-shops, tenements, and their inmates, in any other large industrial centre where a mixed community of emigrants more or less Americanized and of natives has grown up as a product of American industrial development. On its material side, then, the East Side is an immense industrial beehive just like any other, only more congested. It is the temporary home of the Jewish proletariat. There is a sprinkling, here and there, of the so-called "better classes:" "intellectuals," professional people, embryonic "capitalists," "bosses," and other more or less parasitic outgrowths in a community of toilers; principally, however, the East Side is the home of the Jewish mass that knows many of the curses of modern industrialism and very few of its boons. There, as at the domicile of any other section of the "great unwashed," as the "overwashed" gentry delight to brand the mass of wage-toilers, is the dire poverty with its victims ground down daily to a spiritless pulp called the "submerged proletariat;" there is the blank despair of thousands of families doomed to waste away their health and vitality; manhood, womanhood, and budding childhood are there stunted amid unspeakable misery of dingy garrets, dark holes, stifling in summer, cold in winter; there sunshine is a rare vision, where everlasting gloom reigns supreme. There are the thousands of shop-hands, dull and haggard, with the hollow cheek and the lustreless eye; they are crushed by incessant toil, and stultified by the constant din and whir of the machine and the galling lash of the boss, that implacable parvenu himself recently sprung from the ranks of toil. There is going on the fierce struggle for daily bread of a whole army

of workers racked by overwork; the horrid spectre of "slack" time constantly stares in their faces. This is the East Side in its economic phase. So far it presents nothing that cannot be found in any other home of the proletariat, irrespective of race, native or foreign; the curse is here, only more intense.

Big, pathetic, soul-stirring, rich in content as the life-story of the general proletariat is, it is far behind the reality of the East Side; we have here the great tragedy of the wreck of thousands of lives, the maiming, the blighting of character, the coma of the soul. Life in the East Side, however, surpasses anything else in the wealth of psychical elements. This huge monster of sweat-shops and tenement-holes with their human contents offers a mine of psychological material hardly to be found in any other variety of American life. Why is it so? Because we deal here with a community made up of emigrants and their immediate descendants. In a community uniformly composed of native elements, that is, of people and conditions, there is something of stability in character and in habits of mind. The mental and moral make-up of such people is more or less fixed, inert. Violent changes in the psychics of individuals and groups are extremely rare at ordinary times, when the social or economic environment in which these people live is not convulsed. It is only at long intervals, after great economic or political changes, that new types, new tendencies or modifications of character appear. So it was in reconstruction times after the civil war, and after other landmarks of political, industrial, and social evolution. At times of comparative equilibrium, the real process of character-building and character-evolution in such a community is partly latent, partly disguised by outward uniformity.

It is quite different in a community made up of emigrants in various stages of assimilation with the surrounding native element. Each emigrant, torn off from quite a different economic and social environment at home, is transplanted into new conditions, economic and social, let alone the influence of a new climate and of a new habitat in general. By this violent change of surroundings, by this clash with a new environment, the emigrant undergoes a more or less violent, because sudden, psychical change. His old habits of thinking and feeling, down to his very manners and trifling allures, begin to be jarred by the new conditions and the people; the ideals he once cherished, his preferences, his sentiments, his way of looking at things, his estimates of moral worth, æsthetic standards, national predilections and bias, — in short, his whole past personality comes into collision with the new environment. As a result of this constant friction we note moral ulceration of the emigrant; his character, the character of whole groups of emigrants, begins to disintegrate. The emigrant, internally scarred, is never the same person, never his old self again. This is especially true in the case of foreigners in this country, where the clash is between older, simpler, as well as more idealistic, civilizations of Eastern Europe on the one hand, and the more complex, materialistic, industrial régime of the New World on the other. It is the clash between the contemplative, slow life, where rural conditions prevail, and the rush and turmoil of urban and industrial centres of this country. Emigrants themselves and those who have lived among them know well how true all this is. Not only ideas and habits, but deep-rooted sentiments and character have changed materially among emigrants, to such an extent that foreigners fresh from home are often startled by the immensity of the change. They do not recognize their own countrymen, their very kinsmen, in their new moral state. A shiftless fellow at home, without a bit of energy, becomes

here often a wide-awake business man, full of the dash and "push" of a native Yankee; an effeminate city lounger becomes a hardy, dare-devil Western cowboy. I have known city-bred old men, all nerves and sensibility, who knew nothing but the graces of the salon and the red tape of a government bureau, men without a grain of pluck, enterprise, or daring about them, kid-gloved gallants, who would not muster up courage enough to face a day of toil or privation, or to walk a few miles; I knew these same men to turn steady farmers away out in the Dakotas or in Kansas. The change on the emotional side, in the mode and intensity of feeling, is especially striking. Parental and filial affection, so typical of family life in Russia, and the consequent relations between children and their parents, between brothers and sisters, between young and old, — all this is here radically changed; filial affection especially is in most cases irretrievably gone. Space will not permit to cite many of the thousands of other cases of a similar kind; what is said is sufficient to show how deep and far-reaching is the psychical transformation of emigrants.

The East Side, therefore, as an emigrant community in close touch with the natives, is an inexhaustible mine of material for character-study. The social psychologist and the man of letters can trace here, step by step, how character is disintegrated and built up anew. It is a great psychological laboratory, where, amid a constantly changing environment, soul-evolution is taking place on a large scale. New types and group-characters, their origin and their various interactions, can be best studied here.

This remarkable phenomenon of psychical change is especially peculiar to the East Side, since the underlying cause, the clash between two environments, is more potent here than elsewhere; most of the East Siders are natives of Russia. I leave it to the reader to grasp the immensity of the contrast. People are born in a vast plain, in agricultural communities, under Russia's political régime; these people at once settle on the Atlantic seaboard, in the heart of Yankeedom; the outcome is a violent clash; the psychical disturbance produced on these people is, therefore, the most intense.

We see, then, that the East Side, both as the home of the Jewish proletariat and as a great community of Russian emigrants, is rich in psychical content and dramatic interest to a degree that would tax the powers even of a Tolstoi, should he undertake adequately to portray this immense and complex reality.

But what makes the East Side more challenging to literary portrayal is the fact that these emigrants are Russian Jews, that is Jews, and moreover coming from Russia. They are a race with a peculiar mental and moral structure, of Oriental and Slav warp and woof, a complex nature too subtle and elusive for the ordinary methods of any fiction and especially American. The Jew, retaining some remote traces of Oriental buoyancy and vitality, has, under the influence of a few centuries of Russian landscape and of contact with Slav life, acquired many of the qualities peculiar to Slavs. He, like his Slav neighbor, is subject to long spells of depression as well as to high spirits, or serene moods. A dreamer, a visionary, often poetical, a noble idealist, full of universal sympathy; he is just as often the reverse: dry, practical, matter of fact, patient, with a wonderful power for adapting means to ends. At times very active, energetic, developing remarkable will power, grim determination; he is at other times, like his prototype Oblomov in Gontcharof's famous novel, a victim to paralysis of the will. He is, in fact, a bundle of contradictions most of the time. Coupled with all this is the Jew's high degree of susceptibility and his internal life. In this regard he is

essentially different from his American neighbor. The Russian Jew not only observes, perceives, or knows an external fact; he also *feels* it, and this intensely. He is also given to introspection and intellectual rumination. An experience, great or small, joyful or sad, tragic or comical, leaves a distinct and lasting mark upon his sensitive nature. Many a family trouble, business reverse, any sort of disappointment or vexation that will hardly affect the placid nature of the "sporty" American, will shake the Jew's emotions and disorganize permanently his delicate mental machinery. It is this internal, contemplative life of the East Side Russian Jew, along with the complexity of his nature, this subtle psychic life of his, which is so hard to portray.

Now this immense material and psychical reality of the East Side has been waiting long for an adequate literary interpreter, but in vain. The American man of letters that should take up the work where Howells, the father of realism in American fiction, has left off, the man of a wide literary training and of keen psychologic insight, the man of broad sympathies who could understand the masses, their external and internal life, who could note and interpret new tendencies in character, new types and psychic groups, this man does n't show up. The "intellectuals" of the East Side have done very little to reveal that complex life to itself and to the American world at large. The rich vein has hardly been touched. With the exception of Cahan's Jekl, a work full of irresistible humor, but touching only the comic fringe of East Side life, there has been, up to Libin, no attempt, whether in English or in Yiddish, to deal with East Side life in the manner demanded by Howells in his Criticism and Fiction. The reason for this is that the problem of literary interpretation of that complex life is too vast for the powers of one man, no matter how gifted, if he is to proceed in the conventional way of the littérateur. No story, no novel, however comprehensive, not even a series of such novels, can catch and crystallize that life; the possibilities of conventional fiction, its resources, are inadequate to the task, especially with regard to the East Side reality, because of the facts I pointed out above: the psychical instability, the liquidity of character so to say, the subtle change going on before our eyes in the psychical make-up of the East Siders. A novel or story can successfully cope with individual character more or less stable amid an environment comparatively constant. A novel, or any conventional form of fiction, in spite of all the advantages of style and of the creative power of a master, cannot render or interpret such an indefinite variable, where we have to deal with a constantly changing social environment where new economic and social classes and groups are born, new types are in process of formation, in short, where we have beginnings and tendencies. The novelist, even Tourgenyef himself, cannot pause at each stage of this constant transformation, going on in individuals and groups, and record it. A rounded-out story can properly take care of the grosser forms of character-development, as, for example, the psychic career of a Silas Lapham; it can portray large phases of life. The artificial methods of the novel unfit it for the task of interpreting human nature by spying it out at every twist and turn of its changeful course. Such minute work is best done by a series of sketches drawn close to Nature, in her very workshop. This is what Libin attempts to do, and does it, in my opinion, not without success.

A young man without literary training, Libin came to the East Side some ten years ago. His life in a sleepy little town of White Russia, where he was born, equipped him with nothing that would in any way facilitate his future work as a snap-shot portrayer of the East Side proletariat life. His only

equipment is, a rare gift of observation, a native ability to note the significance, the psychical meaning of everything about him, and an insight into the human heart. For ten years he has lived himself, so to say, *into* East Side life, has tasted all its bitterness and its humor, has gone through the very trying school of an East Side proletaire. He is himself a product of that life, where man has to grapple daily and hourly with an implacable economic world for a chance of a wretched existence. In knocking about Gotham on his newspaper "route," Libin learned the ins and outs of East Side life, and the human tragedy going on there all the time.

Unhampered by literary tradition or convention, of which he had not an inkling, he set about his work as a true realist ought to do. With the valves of his mind and heart open, he let the life he is now portraying stream in upon him in all its freshness and directness, in this way getting reality at first hand, the reality in all its psychical significance. Having so absorbed life, he goes about secreting it in the manner he had obtained it, that is, piecemeal, in episodic succession. His sketches are therefore a series of such episodes from real life, the life he not only observed, but also felt.

His little volume embodies a new departure in realistic fiction; this consists in letting the life the author has lived *ooze* out drop by drop. It is, seemingly, the absence, the negation of all art; and yet, as one plods through Libin's volume, sketch after sketch, episode after episode, one feels in these artless, spontaneous attempts of an untutored, untrained mind to portray the life of the East Side some fundamental principles of a new art, a truer art than the one known to the conventional story-teller or novelist. A would-be reviewer in a Boston weekly slightingly remarked about Libin that he, Libin, "has a lot of stories to tell, but does not know how." The naïve reviewer's notions of what constitutes good, interpreting art did not as yet advance beyond a juvenile conception of a story. There is, in Libin's Sketches, hardly anything approaching a story of the conventional type; neither is there any so-called style, as there is none of this in real life. The only art that really pervades all his sketches is the spontaneous, unconscious art of selection. Every sketch of his is simply a moment, a situation in that East Side life; but that moment or situation is so chosen and so told as to be typical, highly suggestive, and to afford the reader a sort of double perspective, a twofold vista; as you read sketch after sketch, you feel back and forth, you feel what has gone before the particular moment, and you also dimly divine what *must* come in front in the vague beyond, extending further away into life from the point where the author left off telling. Libin leads you into the life of the proletaire, his tenement prison, his shop, his rare amusements, his picnic parties. The shop-hand, the "finisher," the "operator," the "peddler," the half-Americanized young "swell" of the East Side, the "missis" with all her troubles and trials, the boarder with all his vexations and comic mishaps, the little waif tramping the streets, the newsboy, the "intellectual" with all his strivings and disappointments, his internal conflicts, and his struggles with a rude environment, the budding capitalist, the boss, — these and many other types and varieties peculiar to the East Side figure in his sketches. All these talk, and move, and feel, and struggle, strive, and succumb just as they do in that real life; they are so intensely alive when Libin, in his extremely artless manner, in his distressingly colloquial diction, in his innocent disregard of all the canons of style, sketches them with a few careless strokes, that you spurn any suggestion of associating his work with that of the glib reporter; you feel that Libin's unconscious art of realistic interpreta-

tion of a complex reality is as remote from newspaper aping of the meaningless externals of life as the gross fibre of the reporter himself is from the delicate vein of an artist, trained or untrained.

The art of Libin, as I mentioned before, consists in his unconscious choice of typical moments in the life of the East Sider, moments extremely suggestive, a method somewhat similar to the one adopted by the Greek sculptors. Does he tell you an unpretentious tale of how the longed for picnic of Sam the cap-maker and his family, that "have not seen a green blade" in all their cursed tenement existence, — how this picnic, after all the laborious preparations, the scrubbing and washing and fitting out of all the party, after all the wonderful financiering, *saltus mortales*, of scraping together the necessary funds to defray this frightful plunge into "luxury," how this picnic fell through at the very nick of time when the whole "outfit," after an eventful career of various mishaps and tribulations, safely reached the picnic ground, and how it all ended in the utter discomfiture of the poor cap-maker, succumbing under the volleys of reproach and curse fired at him by his ferocious Sarah, and the deafening concert of his disappointed progeny, — all this is told in such a way that you have the whole past and the future of these tenement folk opened before your vision; their whole wretched existence both before and after the picnic, the whole external and internal drama of these people keeps haunting you long after you are through with this sketch. And so on through all his volume, there is the same unconscious art of drawing East Side life in its manifold manifestations by unfolding before you a typical moment, a situation in which a good deal is said because left unsaid, when a slight turn of a phrase, a suggestive incident, a bit of colloquial talk, a deft plunge into the recesses of a proletaire's soul, reveals to you interminable vistas of his outer and inner life.

The author's lack of style and his extreme colloquialism are such as to render an English version well-nigh impossible; English literary diction, besides, is very little adapted to portray the emotions and psychic life in general, let alone the peculiar internal world of the Jew. There is hardly a phrase in Libin's volume that has not some emotional flavor in it, a flavor and subtle meaning often untranslatable because strange to the Anglo-Saxon mind. An English version of these sketches would rob them of their chief power, — their directness, the pathos emanating from many a word and phrase like a delicate perfume, and the subtle psychical suggestiveness which only those feel and perceive who have a more or less intimate knowledge of Jewish life and whose habits of mind and feeling are somewhat akin to the internal life of Libin's creations. Still, some attempt may be made to introduce Libin's work to the American public. It will then repay the American littérateur to delve into this new realistic art. He will discover there true methods; how to study life and how honestly to record it. It is high time that American fiction wake up and interpret life as it is in this country, life in its process of becoming, of transformation; American life, the American reality with its various foreign ingredients and stratifications, this life awaits its literary interpreter.

Charles Rice.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

LITERATURE AND LIFE.

"For my own part," writes Mr. Howells in prefacing his latest collection of papers,[1] "I have never been able to see much difference between what seemed to me Literature and what seemed to me Life. If I did not find life in what professed to be literature, I disabled its profession, and possibly from this habit, now inveterate with me, I am never quite sure of life unless I find literature in it. Unless the thing seen reveals to me an intrinsic poetry, and puts on phrases that clothe it pleasingly to the imagination, I do not much care for it; but if it will do this, I do not mind how poor or common or squalid it shows at first glance: it challenges my curiosity and keeps my sympathy." Mr. Howells is suggesting that a certain unity may be discoverable in the miscellany of sketches and essays which he here offers; but the passage as a confession of faith by a leading professional man of letters is of no little interest on its own account. It suggests, in the first place, an important quality in Mr. Howells's own work, the result of his attempt to identify life and art. His art, especially when it takes the form of criticism, is likely to be compromised by his desire to be merely human. On the other hand, he cannot help approaching life by way of literature; and is indeed whimsically fond of detecting himself in the fact of regarding life as material for literature, instead of regarding literature as a mode of life. This is a limitation which in some degree exists in nearly all creative work; for only in the most elementary and the very highest forms of art is the natural equilibrium between art and the other modes of life instinctively maintained. The genius which can produce a folk-song or an Odyssey need not trouble itself with the question from which critics and novelists can never escape: unless one except here and there a critic like Bagehot, or a novelist like Fielding.

[1] *Literature and Life.* By W. D. Howells. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1902.

I.

Mr. Howells offers, on the whole, a rather discouraging picture of the literary person, both as other people see him and as he sees himself. "In the social world, as well as in the business world, the artist is anomalous, in the actual conditions, and he is perhaps a little ridiculous. . . . He must still have a low rank among practical people; and he will be regarded by the great mass of the American people as perhaps a little off, a little funny, a little soft!" This is not a pleasant fact to face. Mr. Howells's practice elsewhere in this very volume may perhaps do something toward suggesting the reason for it. Such sketches as Worries of a Winter Walk, and The Midnight Platoon, express with a somewhat disturbing irony the instinct of the literary producer to detect "copy" in the spectacle of human stress. One reflects that the public does not consider the present coal famine as a situation affording material for art. Of course every human exigency does afford such material; and we cannot fairly suppose that the public would be altogether deaf to the account which art might later have to give of it. Perhaps the final usefulness to the race of any such exigency might be really conditioned by its life in art; for without the creative touch its record might be soon forgotten. But the chances are not great that art will be able to make

such magnificent use of any given facts; and the public has its own immediate use for them. It takes them at first hand, feels itself absorbingly implicated in them, and is impatient of the disinterestedness with which the man of broad cultivation presumes to speak. Thus one of the obvious questions of the relation between literature and life is, How far can the literary artist, if he is to deal with contemporary life at all, afford to detach himself from the prepossessions of the hour? And how strictly must he stand true to the color of his own conscience as an artist?

The question may be answered readily in the large, for it is evident that when an artist ceases to be true to his conscience, he ceases to be an artist at all; and his conscience will deal with public events as it deals with the other facts of human experience. There is no special problem to be solved in this case, therefore; one is merely reminded afresh of the general question, Upon what combination of human and creative qualities must the artist base his hopes of effectiveness? As has been suggested, the perfect balance of these qualities is rarely achieved; but probably it is oftener approximated than one might think. Possibly even it has never been approached so nearly by the average writer of influence as it is now.

But the condition is not to be altogether argued out of the way. A certain amount of misunderstanding is bound to exist between the creative artist and the people whom he strives to please. The great public likes plain speaking, not to say dull speaking. It thinks in blocks and feels in grooves, and it is greatly put out by the qualifying subtlety of the liberal mind. This is Mr. Howells's own habit of thought. Except upon the subject of the art of fiction, he is disinclined to commit himself flatly, even to himself. He prefers a delicate balancing of probabilities to the palpable, not to say crass, statement of conviction. The reader who wishes to be convinced of something may be distinctly disconcerted by the opening essay, in the present volume, on The Man of Letters as a Man of Business; for the essayist begins with the remark that he thinks no man ought to live by an art, that in fact some shame attaches, and ought to attach, to that way of life; and then by a somewhat devious path arrives at the conclusion that art is, after all, only a form of trade, in which he himself is "proud to be a worker, eating his bread in the sweat of his own brows."

II.

This is the discursive method of the old-fashioned "lyrical" essay, as in lamenting its present decay Mr. Howells has recently called it; the form of prose in which a series of mental impressions is cheerfully and profitably suffered to take the place of disquisition. One fact is clear about such work: wherever it may lie in tone and content between the extremes, say, of Thackeray's Roundabout Papers and Emerson's Essays, it is a daring form, rarely found in its perfection, and then perfect because it expresses a personality of distinction. One need only think a moment of the idle triviality of Rambler, or Chatterer, or Onlooker columns in the daily press to be assured of this. In the hands of the ordinary journalist the medium becomes worthless from the literary point of view, its fine audacity becomes mere presumption, and its easy familiarity mere impertinence.

We have never had a Montaigne or a Lamb in America, but cheerfully accepting as we now do for the most part the fact that our literature is a department, or, as Mr. Howells calls it, a condition of English literature, we are still at liberty to be proud of what we have done in this field of the discursive essay. For scholarship and for technical criticism there is an undoubted

advantage in a logically articulate structure, and even a requirement of it. But there is a sort of creative prose which owes its charm to spontaneity, and at its best comes nearer gaining the effects of poetry than any other prose form, — even than the carefully modulated inventions which are called rhythmic prose. In a sense, that is, the discursive essay is a purer form of literature than the logical essay. It comes more direct from the personality of the author, less compromised by mere thinking, and less hampered by set method: and this is why a considerable personality must stand behind it.

Of course, a considerable personality does not always succeed in expressing itself in terms of art, but it may say a good deal for all that. One of the most interesting and original people I have known was a middle-aged negress who could neither read nor write. One did not straightway begin to grieve that she had not learned enough of literature to fancy it superior to life. Only too frequently life itself ceases to be an art to persons who are over-absorbed in turning it to literary account.

Among living American writers there is hardly a personality so effective as that of Mr. Burroughs. He is a lover of nature and of literature, but above all a lover of life. The effect of his work can hardly be described better than in his own words: "Now and then a man appears whose writing is vital; his page may be homely, but it is alive; it is full of personal magnetism." Mr. Burroughs is not a critic of academic mind, and those who are impatient of any method but that which, furnished with a critical vocabulary and a store of historical precedent, passes for the impersonal, will find much that is frankly personal in his latest judgments.[1] He believes, indeed, that the personal method is the only true method of criticism; and probably goes a trifle far in doubting the usefulness of a more formal and regular method from the results of which his own results really differ very little. "The standard of the best," he says, "is not some rule of thumb or of yardstick that every one can apply; only the best can apply the best." No doubt there are dangers in the scholastic acquirement of a critical method. The critic's individual taste is, as Mr. Burroughs asserts, his final test. But taste is subject to laws, so that the taste of the sound critic is as nearly a reliable quality as any other human virtue is. A critic may be sound without being creative, and though it is a pity he should not be that too, there is room for a good deal of dullness and thoroughness in the world just now, particularly in the world of American criticism. The academically trained critic is at least not likely to be stupidly conciliatory or irresponsibly hostile. But rare personalities are not common; the chances are that most critical writing will at best be sound rather than creative, will lack the note of personal authority upon which the greatest criticism has always depended for its permanent usefulness.

It is not improbable that Mr. Burroughs's book will carry more weight in its plain and forcible expression of critical theories upon which other good critics have agreed as sound, than in its occasional production of a really novel or individual point of taste. But the creative critic is yet to be found who has not at least one predilection which most other critics fail to share. With the exception of his estimate of Whitman and the corollary or subsidiary conception of democratic literature, there is nothing of importance in the present volume which can be impugned as unsound by the academic mind. And it has the immeasurable advantage over most criticism of being literature in itself. Mr. Burroughs's style is here, as always, clear, simple, and strong, an adequate expression of the man.

[1] *Literary Values.* By JOHN BURROUGHS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

III.

That is what style is now generally admitted to be: nothing more nor less than, as Mr. Howells puts it, "a man's way of saying things." An affected or artificial manner of writing is, we perceive, as unprofitable as the same manner in walking or speaking. The main objection to such a manner is that one is left absolutely in doubt as to what sort of person the writer really is. The chances are he is not distinctly any sort of person. People who have something to say, something, that is, which must be said for their own peace of mind, and who are used to saying things, are not likely to fidget about their manner of speech. They will of course need to take every care short of fidgeting. Few men are conscious from the outset of a sure and distinguishable "way" of speech; and the fearsome thing is not that a man should take thought, but that he should so often mistake fastidious predilection for creative impulse, and deliberately worry himself into an unnatural habit of utterance. In the effort to rise above commonplaceness, he sinks to imitation or contortion, and the world sees in the attempt nothing but a pitiful flutter of waxen wings, or a lamentable straining at the boot-straps.

Unfortunately this mistake, common to those who can only fidget, and important only to them, is sometimes made by their betters; as in the instance of Louis Stevenson, for example, who as a boy began to imitate and to contort, and who never quite outgrew the notion that art was a trick. Luckily his humor and love of life kept him at all times from the worst excesses of the stylist, and his indomitable personality insisted upon making itself felt through the many disguises with which his perverse and Pucklike ingenuity attempted to veil it.

Two new volumes of discursive essays[1] have just come from England, each of which might send one back to the shelf where, beside Sir Thomas Browne and Lamb, Virginibus Puerisque reposes. They represent quite distinct types of prose: that of the scholar, dreamer, and dilettante, absorbed in his fancies and his periods; and that of the active, alert, humorous intelligence to which no human experience comes amiss, and which prefers to be downright at cost, if need be, of delicacy. Mr. Thomas is a stylist, not in the extreme sense of one who looks for a theme to fit his cadences, but as one to whom words have a charm apart from thought. The usual result follows, that only in passages where the author loses himself does he effectually find himself, — does he achieve style at all, that is. The reader is too seldom permitted to forget that the writer is a man of classical training, of æsthetic sensibility, and of certain notions as to the way in which such a man ought to write. He sculls two miles up a river, and stops at a farmhouse for luncheon, whereupon this happens: "The farm folk gave me a bowl of cream and a golden loaf with honey; then left me. Something puritanic in the place — or was it something in the air before the cockcrow of civilization? — endowed the meal with a holy sweetness as of a sacrament." Passages like this are a little irritating to the hardy mind; it is inclined to imagine the author at the moment of composition not eating the food of a hungry man in the open air, but mincing about a library at dusk with the world well shut out, firing up now and then with a sip of tea and, as his voice melodiously rises and falls, beating time delicately with a slice of buttered toast.

This would not matter if the writer were really nothing but a lover of the

[1] *Horae Solitariae.* By Edward Thomas. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.
The Defendant. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co; London: R. Brimley Johnson. 1902.

coddled sensation and the fetched phrase; but his work as a whole shows that he is a good deal more than that. There are personalities which cannot be expressed in bare terms, and to which a simple style would be an affectation. Mr. Thomas has a vein of true imagination. When the fire of it fairly possesses him, the elaboration of his style ceases to appear labored. But the manner which assumes force and a certain richness in moments of rhapsody is too prone, in the expression of common moods, to become ingenious and precious. It is seldom that the essayist allows himself to speak so simply of a simple matter as in the sentence: "There are two obvious remarks to make about nearly everything, and it is one of the charms of The Young Man's Best Companion that it usually says both."

This is more like the habitual manner, though it does not suggest the characteristic point of view, of Mr. Chesterton. As "the defendant" he has set himself a task which might easily have been carried out in a spirit of mere effrontery. It has actually been done in a spirit of creative humor, so that even the extravagances from which such an attempt could not be altogether free are full of suggestion. In the score of brief essays which make up the book the author undertakes a defense of modern life against conventional pessimism. "Pessimism is now patently, as it always was essentially, more commonplace than piety. Profanity is now more than an affectation, — it is a convention. The curse against God is Exercise I. in the primer of minor poetry. . . . The pessimist is commonly spoken of as the man in revolt. He is not. Firstly, because it required some cheerfulness to continue in revolt, and secondly, because pessimism appeals to the weaker side of everybody, and the pessimist, therefore, drives as roaring a trade as the publican. The person who is really in revolt is the optimist, who generally lives and dies in a desperate and suicidal effort to persuade all the other people how good they are."

In the course of his trade as optimist, Mr. Chesterton takes occasion among other matters to defend from the abuse of pessimism such institutions as Detective Stories, Useful Information, Ugly Things, and Patriotism, — a selection of titles which suggests fairly well the range of his argument. The general character of the papers is not unlike that of Stevenson's Apology for Idlers, but they are written in a bolder and less conscious style, which is evidently the natural manner of the author; they are, that is, literary without being bookish. Of the many passages which ought to be quoted we may give just one, from A Defense of Penny Dreadfuls: —

"In this matter, as in all such matters, we lose our bearings entirely by speaking of the 'lower classes' when we mean humanity minus ourselves. This trivial romantic literature is not especially plebeian: it is simply human. The philanthropist can never forget classes and callings. He says, with a modest swagger, 'I have invited twenty-five factory hands to tea.' If he said 'I have invited twenty-five chartered accountants to tea,' every one would see the humor of so simple a classification. But this is what we have done with this lumberland of foolish writing: we have probed, as if it were some monstrous new disease, what is, in fact, nothing but the foolish and valiant heart of man." Perhaps the most charming paper in the collection is that called A Defense of Baby-Worship; but all of them are delightful, with the possible exception of the Defense of Patriotism, in which the performer appears to sweep the string somewhat too loudly for his purpose.

It is a pity that no important volume of discursive essays should have been published in America since the day of the Autocrat. Dr. Holmes was our greatest master, and the Breakfast-Ta-

ble Series is still our finest product in this kind. So fresh and engaging are these papers still that it is hard to realize how long ago most of them were written. Nor does it seem probable that eleven years have now passed since the last prefatory note to The Autocrat was written, and that no further message can come from that beloved hand. Most of us possess thumbed copies of his work, which have been household companions for a decade or a generation; but there really ought to be room beside them for the new and beautiful edition which has just been produced.[1] These volumes are printed by Dent in a style much like that which gave the recent editions of English novelists such popularity; and Mr. Brock's delicate drawings in pen and ink — a grateful relief from the muddy wash drawings now in vogue — are illustrations in the best sense. The artist has, indeed, done for the Autocrat and his companions at the Breakfast-Table very much what Mr. Thomson has done for the immortals of Cranford and The Vicar of Wakefield.

Dr. Holmes, though reared in an older school, which he never cared to outgrow, though an aristocrat and romanticist, had a sense, quite as keen as that of Mr. Howells, of the intimacy of literature and life. His method is of course different; he is an autocrat as well as a speculative observer. But it is evident that his office of tyrant only increased his love of the human nature for which he framed his kindly fiats. He is one of those to whom Mr. Burroughs's saying would certainly apply: "The great artist, I take it, is primarily in love with life and things, and not with art."

H. W. Boynton.

[1] *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, The Poet at the Breakfast-Table, The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes. With Illustrations by H. M. Brock. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1902.

Lanier's Lectures on Shakespeare.

On the whole one is inclined to think it a cruel judgment that forced out into the world of books, in all the ironical dignity and pomp of two noble octavo volumes embellished with rare illustration, Sidney Lanier's casual and sketchy lectures upon Shakespeare and his Forerunners.[2] Doubtless these amiable discourses upon Lanier's best beloved poets from Cynewulf to Habington, and upon his pet theories of verse, stirred the sympathetic enthusiasm of the ladies and gentlemen of Baltimore two decades ago; but in ripe scholarship and criticism they are all to seek. It is ungracious, but only honest, to say frankly that from the point of view of scholarship they are discredited at the outset by an inaccuracy which is not altogether the genial disregard of facts which we sometimes excuse in a mind preoccupied with truth. The placing of Dunbar and Douglas in the *fourteenth* century and the description of a page of savory Latin manuscript as Anglo-Saxon are probably printer's indiscretions, but for the sake of Lanier's reputation we can but wish that his lectures, instead of being printed apparently verbatim as he delivered them, had been rigorously edited. To discuss the quality of Chaucer's art on the basis of The Flower and the Leaf was a misfortune even in 1880; to print Sir Philip Sidney's best known sonnet with two most poetic lines missing from its octette, and no indication of the loss, is a disaster; and an allusion to the "*twelve* long books" of the Faërie Queene suggests too vividly Macaulay's lamentable essay at the Blatant Beast. Moreover in the account of Shakespeare's forerunners, which occupies nearly all the first volume and a

[2] *Shakespeare and his Forerunners:* Studies in Elizabethan Poetry and its Development from Early English. By Sidney Lanier. Illustrated. 2 vols. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1902.

considerable portion of the second, there is no real grasp and coördination of the intellectual forces at play in English literature before the emergence of Shakespeare. Rather the lecturer's method was to dwell upon the poets of his own predilection, not indeed with very firm critical handling, but with ardent admiration, reading copiously, and doubtless charmingly, from their works. This, too, was his procedure when he came at last to the great dramatist himself. It is quite obvious that such lectures could never appear to the best advantage in octavo state.

But if these volumes do not tend to advance Lanier's repute as a scholar and critic they do at least show in many passages the working of a truly poetic imagination; here, if anywhere, their justification is to be sought. The romantic form of the chapters on The Domestic Life of Shakespeare's Time makes them pleasant and suggestive reading, and shows a considerable skill at weaving quasi-fictitious narrative, while throughout the chapters upon the relations of man and nature in Shakespeare's plays runs that analogical, or rather mystical, sense of the "correspondence" of music and meaning, matter and spirit, which is so largely the source of impressiveness in Lanier's poetry. It assumes particular form in many quaint yet convincing comparisons, and it inspires a train of somewhat dreamful philosophizing which culminates in a cosmic formula like that of Poe's Eureka, — a formula not calculated to do more than warm momentarily the imaginations of most of us prosaic folk, but the very blood and bone of a young poet's genius: "As modern science has generalized the whole universe into a great congeries of modes of motion, so rhythm pervades all these modes: everything not only moves, but moves rhythmically, from the etherization in light to the great space globes; and so we get back by the most modern scientific path to the old dream of Pythagoras which blindly guessed out the music of the spheres."

Still one wonders if, after all, the fresh exemplification of this quality of poetic imagination is a sufficient excuse for the being of two such tall tomes. One turns the last page with no uncertain wish that life might have been kinder to Lanier; that instead of going the ways of the lecturer, he might have kept for poetry alone the imaginations, which he wove in melody with such ravishing division. *F. G.*

Two Books about Webster.

THE general opinion of Webster has inevitably changed during the fifty years which have elapsed since his death. His oratory is not now taken quite so seriously: perhaps no oratory is; and his statesmanship appears, when shorn of the magnificent generalities with which he loved to adorn its manifestoes, to have been the fruit of a sane opportunism. Yet the name of Webster has come down armed with a certain awe even for the youngest generation. His very physical presence will not be forgotten; the vision of that dark, austere, and massive figure, "in shape and gesture proudly eminent," the echo of that sounding voice, still linger in the American consciousness; and we have a feeling that the man who looked and spoke like that must have had something dæmonic if not Satanic in his power. The generation of Americans is yet to arise which has not been bred in the fear of Webster. Yet Webster has never been loved. Even in his hour of greatest authority the public could find no affectionate nickname for him. There was something withdrawn, even a little forbidding, in the man as the people saw him; some quality whether of lack or of reluctance which the public admired and could not quite forgive.

I confess to have taken up two recently

published books about Webster[1] mainly in the hope of correcting or modifying this impression. It would not have been reasonable to expect any radically new interpretation of the public policy, or appraisal of his public speeches; these matters have been pretty well settled by time. The remaining question, on the other hand, — what kind of man he really was, — has been only obscured by the passage of years. Mr. McMaster's book offers nothing toward answering this question. It is clearly a by-product of his work in American history, and valuable simply as it affords a compact account of Webster's public acts and speeches.

The new edition of Webster's letters, on the contrary, yields the best evidence to the point now obtainable. "It is for Webster, the man," says the editor in his preface, "that one comes to the letters. The statesman, the jurist, and the orator are in the volumes which we call his works." Mr. Van Tyne's method of classifying the letters is on the whole an aid to this end. Except to students of history, the only noteworthy fact about the large number of letters printed under the heading The National Statesman will be that they are so dull. The present editor frankly calls attention to the fact that Webster's literary ability (that is, his power of putting things in the way most effective for him) exerted itself only upon extraordinary occasion: "There is abundant evidence that the massive mind of Webster needed, if it was to manifest its greatest power, the spur of a great national crisis. Webster had to feel that the fate of a nation hung upon his words if he was to render the best that was in him. . . . His mind had little subtlety, and his letters have none of that ingenuity in the phrasing of trivial matters which is characteristic of the typical literary man." He excelled, that is, only in the grand style; and it must be said further that his greatest efforts in that style were gained largely by his physique, his eye, his voice, and his rhetoric. That is why the man remains, as no great writer can, a mystery in spite of his works; and that is why, in the present collection of his letters, under the headings which have to do with his private life, we may get rather better evidence of what his private character must have been from the letters written to the man by his family and friends than from his own letters.

The letters of his two wives are particularly interesting. They were very different women. Mrs. Grace, the wife of his youth and the mother of his children, was, as she says meekly, "the daughter of a poor country clergyman, — all the early part of her life passed in obscurity, toiling with hands not 'fair' for subsistence." Mrs. Caroline was the daughter of a wealthy New York merchant, a person of fashion according to the modest standard of that day, and a woman of some ambition. The first wife seems more domestic, more devoted, more exacting; altogether more womanly, in short. She is a little plaintive about her husband's remoteness in Washington and in public life, though she most wishes to desire what he himself desires. She believes him a very great man, but at the bottom of her pride lurks a pitiful and wholly human regret that he could not have been a little less great and a little more hers. It is easy to understand how she might have bored her busy and absent husband. At times she proses and at times she undeniably nags; but there is so much sweetness and ingenuousness behind it all. "How many hundred of times I have written you love and kisses, — I think you must be tired of both. Charley asked me this morning, 'Where is papa?' I told him.

[1] *Daniel Webster.* By JOHN BACH MCMASTER. New York: The Century Co. 1902.

The Letters of Daniel Webster. Edited by C. H. VAN TYNE, Ph. D. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

'Why don't he come home?' said he, and, I confess the truth, this has been a very long fortnight since you left. It seems as though you had been gone long enough to return."

It is a pity that Webster's part of this correspondence should not have been preserved; though it is easy to guess that he may have destroyed his own letters in the first moment of his loss. Webster was, Mr. McMaster tells us, prostrated for a time after his wife's death; a supposition mercifully reconcilable with the fact that he was married again within the year.

Mrs. Caroline Webster is a far less humble person. She takes pride in her distinguished husband, but she offers him a face dressed with smiles rather than a heart full of yearning. She addresses him in a tone of affectionate civility, congratulates him properly on his public successes, and tells him whom she has been drinking tea with. Altogether the most eloquent and human letter of hers in the present collection gives an account of her first New Year's Day in Boston. It is written at six o'clock in the evening: "A gloomy day this, I have been dressed up all day, and the only creature who called was Alleyne Otis, and he sent his card in. I had my table spread with cakes, liquor, and wine, and not a soul to take them." This is apparently as near tragedy as Heaven allows Mrs. Caroline to approach, and it is near enough, Heaven knows.

Whatever whimsical interest one may find in comparing these letters, there is no doubt that they help correct one's estimate of Webster as a mere historical bogey. Mrs. Grace Webster feared her husband not as an imposing figure in national life, but as a man who might not give her quite enough love in return for her passionate devotion; and Mrs. Caroline made a social confidant of him because she found him approachable and human. People who have a weakness for humanity as opposed to mere greatness will find much to interest them in Mr. Van Tyne's collection. *B.*

Two Books of Western Birds.

It is doubtless the attraction of levitation which makes any book of the West readable, provided it be sincerely done; but such a book as Florence Merriam Bailey's Handbook of Birds of the Western United States[1] is its own excuse. In pursuance of the late discovery that the real service of scientific books is to make knowledge handier, Mrs. Bailey presents her work with technical accuracy without technical finicality. One feels particularly grateful for such concessions as the reduction of measurements to inches rather than to centimeters, which the lay mind never quite masters.

Besides the key to genera the book contains several interesting local check lists, bibliographia, and over six hundred illustrations as an aid to identification. Most acceptable to the amateur collector is the chapter of instruction on the taking of field notes and the preservation of specimens.

The notes on the life history of species by the author and Vernon Bailey have the literary charm. Such happy touches as the account of the flight of the sandhill cranes, such hints of human interest as Brigham Young praying for the flocks of Franklin gulls, make the book an acquisition to the nature lover whose bird knowledge is neighborly rather than scientific. Quite as admirable is the restraint with which the notes are selected. Very evidently Mr. Bailey does not tell all he knows, nor weary with telling what you know too well. Naturally the Westerner turns for a touchstone to the most notable examples, the water ousel, the cañon wren, the burrowing owl, and the road-runner. It is reassuring to mark that in the case of the last-named free lance of the chaparral, Mr. Bailey has

[1] *Handbook of Birds of the Western United States.* Illustrated. By Florence Merriam Bailey. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

contented himself with merely hinting at, without relating, the pipe yarns of the Old Timer; but it is a little surprising to find no mention of the road-runner's predatory attacks on the eggs and young of ground-nesting birds.

Throughout the book credit is given very handsomely where it is due, so that one reads what Mr. Loomis observed, or Mr. Grinnell says, with that comfortable sense of fellowship that it is the business of serious books to promote. Altogether this handbook of Western birds gives just that impression of impartial ease that is possible only to the competent. Certainly Mrs. Bailey has done nothing better.

Very different in scope, but quite as much to the point, is Leander Keyser's Birds of the Rockies.[1] The book is beautifully made up, with illustrations by Bruce Horsfall and Louis Agassiz Fuertes, who have done some excellent work for Mrs. Bailey, and it has the generous margins that all outdoor books should have to admit of annotations.

In this work Mr. Keyser gives the field notes of his rambles in and about the Rockies, with an additional check list of the birds of Colorado. The tone of the book is fresh and interested, though perhaps not compelling; and the observations are of real value. Doubtless many such books as Mr. Keyser's must be written before one such as Mrs. Bailey's could be produced. There is no method that yields so much as the daily recording of insistent looking, and the author of Birds of the Rockies has looked to some purpose. One could wish, however, that he had overcome his confessed indifference to the burrowing owl to have made such a study of its habits as would have saved him from giving even casual support to the attenuated fable of the bird, the rattlesnake, and the prairie dog. It is evidently an oversight by which he claims the Rocky Mountains as the sole habitat of the water ousel, for he plainly mentions, a few pages further on, the existence of that feathered delight in the mountains of California and Alaska, but no Westerner should be forgiven such spelling as "coyotte." One makes these suggestions with no misgiving, for Mr. Keyser is too evidently in search of realities not to be worth reminding. It would be pleasant to think that there were other quarters in the West from which work of such quality could be confidently expected.

Mary Austin.

REAL FORCES IN LITERATURE.

THERE are two main currents, two streams of tendency, in the popular taste for literature, although only one is usually visible to the eye of the superficial observer. The first and more obvious appears in the advertisements of publishers, in the lists of "best-selling books," in the columns of current criticism. If we were to depend exclusively upon these sources of knowledge, we should be forced to conclude that all the world was engrossed in the perusal of modern fiction. The triumphs of those who number their readers by the hundred thousand are dazzling to the unaccustomed mind. Such rapid and enormous sales would have been inconceivable a few years ago. At best they were confined to books of exceptional interest. Uncle Tom's Cabin, we know, is the classical example of well-nigh universal circulation; but it did not leap to its supremacy at a single bound and

[1] *Birds of the Rockies.* By LEANDER S. KEYSER. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1902.

keep the presses hot for weeks to supply the demand. In these days one could not count on the fingers of both hands the novels which have reached this distinction within a twelvemonth. It is undeniable, then, that writers of fiction at the present time can command larger audiences than any of their predecessors, and that success in reaching these audiences is more easily attained than ever before. And it is equally undeniable that many of the volumes they produce have little artistic value.

Is there really any connection whatever between popularity and merit? Perhaps it is too natural for critics who try to keep their heads among the loud hurrahs which greet the favorites of the moment to denounce these favorites somewhat indiscriminately, and to conclude that the novel which every one is reading is *ipso facto* unworthy of serious attention. The truth is, rather, that in this, as in other matters, we are eclectic in our enthusiasm, and permit the sun of our approval to stream alike on the just and on the unjust. All experience denies the assumption that the great books of the world have not been appreciated by the multitude. If sometimes in our day it seems as if these books were neglected, the blame may lie more with our methods of instruction in literature than in the perversity of the uninstructed. But certainly a fine critical judgment at first hand is not to be expected of the public at large. It will take what is provided for it without much hesitation. If "every one" is reading a book that is enough. Thus the excellence of the "best-selling books" might vary from the standard of Miss Marie Corelli to that of Mr. Thomas Hardy. It is doubtless a subject for congratulation, on the whole, that the circulation of the bound volume has reached a point where it rivals the circulation of the daily newspaper. For the same agencies that float the trash serve also to keep in the current the complete and rounded work of art. Possibly a nicer choice might be exercised by the uncritical if the reviewers for their part were less given to "a derangement of epitaphs." He who seeks light from them will find Cimmerian darkness. It is idle to put the responsibility upon the publisher, whose separation of the sheep from the goats is provisional and commercial, who may justly be expected to maintain a decent æsthetic and ethical level, but who cannot be a competent judge in his own suit. Criticism has the office of selection; and at a time when it appears in every guise it should be especially effective; whereas the melancholy fact is that, with a few honorable exceptions, we hear little concerning each new defendant but one loud swelling chorus of praise. Not to speak tropically, criticism is becoming rapidly incompetent to guide us.

Much may fairly be said against the slating habits of the older critics. No doubt rank injustice has often been done by the sharp words of those who preferred being brilliant to being honest. Nor has the reviler, whether vocal on Saturday or another day, utterly vanished. But criticism as a whole would be benefited by a more general admixture of judicious severity. Every writer cannot be an incipient Thackeray; every new novel cannot be a work of genius. It would be unkind to some of our appraisers of literary values to preserve the tickets they affix to the literary goods of a year. A hundred volumes "of absorbing interest," a score "of transcendent power," a dozen which are "permanent additions to the great novels of the world," are a simple coming-in for a generation so clever as this. Seriously, all this profusion of admiring adjectives indicates a lamentable lack of the sense of proportion. It is not strange that readers are confused and take all geese for swans. The space given to notices of novels, too, would lead the unwary to fancy that these monopolize the domain of literary art. Nothing is more foolish, of course, than

the traditional outcry against the reading of novels as mere intellectual dissipation. Fiction, whether in prose or in poetry, has been the chosen mode of utterance of some of our finest minds. It doubtless will always occupy, and rightly, the first place. But we should demand a reasonable measure of truth to life and fidelity to art, and these are what we seldom find in the popular tale of the moment. Indeed, it would be base flattery to call the ordinary compounder of romance an artist at all. His decoction may be harmless; in most cases it probably is; but let us moderate our transports when we recommend it as a specific for blue devils — or for insomnia. On the whole, the old-time slating did less harm than the contemporary rapture. It never really killed genius; the story of Keats and the Quarterly Reviewer was long ago discredited. When Mr. Lang says that he proposes to treat modern incompetents as Macaulay treated Montgomery, he commands approval from those who still believe that the dignity of literature is not an empty phrase.

Yet the second current of taste, though less swift and strong than the first, and sometimes invisible to the superficial observer, may none the less develop unexpected force. There are readers who have other ideals than those of the popular journal, and critics who have other standards. The general level of culture may be lower than we would have it, but ten righteous men may be found even in the most debased cities of the plain. The figures which spell success for the modern novelist do not make up the whole account. We may arrive at a fairer estimate of public preferences by noting the large and constant sales of reprints of the classics. There has been of late a remarkable increase in the number of these reprints; nor has it been confined to our gods or even to our giants. It would not be in the least surprising to discover that Shakespeare and Thackeray are still among our "best-selling" authors. If we take the novelists only, we shall have to confess that many writers too hastily pronounced unread, and consigned to oblivion down among the dead men, have shown surprising signs of continued vitality. The revived vogue of Jane Austen is no longer a novelty; perhaps Charlotte Brontë never lost her hold upon sentimental girlhood; Cranford has long been an accepted classic. But even the warmest admirers of Trollope had begun to feel that his gifts — hardly second in some respects to Thackeray's own — had not sufficed to save him with the present generation. Once again, however, his name creates a stir of interest; and his singularly vivid and vital characters, Mrs. Proudie, Archdeacon Grantly, Lily Dale, and the rest, are no longer caviare to all but the chosen few. The fact probably is that Trollope has always retained an audience; on more than one occasion I have found him an unexpected bond of sympathy with some one whom I should never have suspected of caring for him. When Mrs. Oliphant died, unkind gibes were flung at her. She had written herself out, we were told; no one read her in these days; her books would soon be forgotten. Carlingford was to be blotted from the map, and the ancient kingdom of Fife was to lose one of its most loving chroniclers. The prediction so far may seem to be verified; the purveyors of "literary gossip" care nothing for the creator of a whole world of living figures. Yet, as in Trollope's case, I have frequently come across those who care for her as I do, and it would surprise some of those who decry her merits to find how constant is the demand for her novels among cultivated readers. As with these writers, so with others: Reade, Bulwer, and not a few others down the list, even to G. P. R. James and Ainsworth, may yet have their day again despite the immense flood of contemporary fiction.

It is unnecessary to assume, of course,

that the only good authors are dead authors. Undue depreciation of the literature of the day may be quite as futile as undue approval, though it is apt to be less mischievous in its effects. But it would certainly be well for those who trumpet so loudly the praises of the favorite of the moment to remember that there were emperors before Cæsar.

Literary taste in the highest sense may always be the possession of the few; but even the many may have keener perceptions than they are sometimes credited with having. If the appetite for poor fiction is discouraging, let us not forget that other dishes in the menu are not wholly neglected. There has been a gratifying demand for history and biography of late years. To unaccustomed readers such volumes may have a portentous look; but familiarity will breed ease. It is here that the heads of public libraries can do good service. In more than one such institution the experiment has been tried of directing inquirers by means of carefully prepared lists to works that are within the capacity of any person of ordinary education. One who would be dismayed by the formidable array of the voluminous Dr. Gardiner or repelled by the serious and philosophic pages of Mr. Lecky, or even unequal to the sustained attention demanded by masters of a fluent style like Froude and Macaulay, might still find in the briefer books now so frequent both pleasure and profit. This is one of the chief advantages, perhaps, of the many excellent series of historical and biographical studies which are now being issued. The volumes contained in them are, as a rule, both entertaining and scholarly, and they tell the unprofessional reader practically all he wishes or needs to know. Of course it may be said that history and biography are only incidentally literature, and that their influence upon culture is indirect; even so they may save from utter intellectual anæmia minds to which fiction of the higher order makes slight appeal. From the literature of knowledge, to use De Quincey's admirable classification, to the literature of power, it is only a step. The chance that it will be taken is not altogether remote. But there seems to be no good reason for believing that a taste for poor novels will easily develop into a taste for good. That argument is sometimes advanced. There is a theory, especially prevalent among the half-educated who are so large a class in these days, that any kind of reading is better than none at all. Parents rejoice that their children are "fond of books," as if the printed page were in itself a guarantee of merit The fact is that this fondness may in the end do more harm than dislike would be able to accomplish. If a boy or girl grows up without having learned the elementary principles of discrimination, the probability of learning them later in life is exceedingly small. Nothing is more important than a wise supervision of the reading of the young. The lack of all interest in literature among the mass of adults may be traced in the last analysis to the lack of this supervision. I do not believe that any one was ever admitted to a genuine appreciation of the best books by the back door. The person whose taste is formed on trash will have a trashy taste to his dying day. The most that can be done is to divert him from his natural bent, to add to his mental equipment some few valuable ideas. It is worth while, of course, to do this; but how much more worth while it would have been to guide him aright at the start!

As a matter of fact, the ordinarily intelligent mind, if habits of desultory or unprofitable reading be not too firmly fixed, may quite as easily be turned to the good as to the bad. We are too apt to assume, as I have intimated, that the admirers of Miss Corelli could not in any case have cared for Mr. Hardy. But the very boy who devours eagerly

the juvenile literature (so called) of the day might have become absorbed in the pages of Shakespeare or Scott had any one put those authors into his hands. A great mistake is made in "adapting" too freely the reading of children. It is quite unnecessary that they should understand everything they read. If they get confused or even ridiculous ideas, that is of little consequence; larger knowledge will come by and by, and meanwhile the imagination has been stimulated by the light that never was on sea or land. What we are able to do for men and women in the way of increasing their love for the best in literature must be mainly remedial. But with boys and girls we have a freer and fuller opportunity. Education, then, is one of the real forces in literature, and perhaps the education that is obtained by those who have a good library to range through is the most potent of all. Even in our schools, usually the last to feel the impulse of new life, the principle of "supplementary reading" is recognized, and the best authors are more and more brought within the vision. This is a departure which must in time remedy in some degree the defects in home training and sharpen that appetite for wholesome literary food of which I have spoken. It is from the existence of such an appetite that a hopeful view of the future of literature may be most plausibly derived. In other words, the greatest authors will become also the most popular authors under any fair system of competition. The fact that they are even now read so widely, despite all the influences in favor of books of merely passing interest, is sufficient testimony to the truth of this conclusion.

Criticism is, or used to be, a real force in literature, and the critics have a duty in this matter which they should not forget. Unfortunately the tendency to universal praise has become almost overwhelming; comparatively few writers have the ability or the disposition to withstand it. Yet now and again some one is found who in a humble and anonymous way is doing good service. Such an one may be a real force in literature. It has seemed at times, indeed, as if the day of his usefulness were over. The desire for a famous name has set eminent politicians and distinguished capitalists to discoursing in print on Shakespeare, taste, and the musical glasses. Unfortunately success in one line does not imply capacity in all; and I cannot help feeling that current criticism has been on the whole debased by those who were supposed to give it splendor. It is easy, however, to overestimate the strength of evil tendencies. The truth must never be forgotten that the mass of mankind is sound at heart; and this applies to literature as to other things. The influence of a critical journal of high repute cannot be calculated, and one who has conducted such a journal may die almost unknown to the general public and still deserve a place high among the really useful men of his time. There are still such journals and such men, and we must count them among the real forces in literature. Their work may sometimes seem wasted, but it is not lost. Of the two streams of tendency of which I have spoken it is only the second that flows on unbroken. Time, as one of the finest of our poets has said, is the only righteous judge, and its verdicts mock our own. No modern methods of "booming," no forgetfulness of critical duty, can keep the perishable from perishing.

Edward Fuller.

EARLY PERSIAN LITERATURE.[1]

To write a literary history of Persia is to chronicle the thought and development of the land of Iran, from the time of the prophet Zoroaster and the laws of the Medes and Persians down to the latest minstrel in whose ear echoes the soft note of the nightingale's song or on whose lip still lingers the praise of the rose. In short, it is to sweep with rapid glance over a period whose age counts little less than three thousand years, and whose works number hundreds on hundreds, though the names of the authors are sometimes sunk in oblivion, or the author's name is known and his writings have long since perished. The theme cannot fail to be an attractive one, especially when we consider that of the early Asiatic peoples which came into closer touch with the history of ancient Greece and Rome, Persia alone has maintained a real degree of independence, and her present Shah may well boast of sitting on the throne of Cyrus the Great. Lessons are to be learned, moreover, from Persia old and new, and to present the history of that interesting land, from the literary standpoint, is a worthy task, and worthily has Professor Browne accomplished it.

The scope of the work is broad enough, and is indicated in the sub-title "from the Earliest Times until Firdawsī," — for so the author prefers to transliterate the poet's name rather than Firdausi (with *u*), which most scholars favor. But as in the title of Edmund Gosse's interesting volume From Shakespeare to Pope one is sometimes a bit disappointed in finding little if anything regarding the two catching names, so in the present volume there may be a moment of disappointment in discovering there is so little about Firdausi, although there is an abundance about the earlier times that preceded him. But this momentary regret is at once dispelled when we learn that the author has in preparation a succeeding volume, which is to begin with Firdausi and to complete the history of Persian literature in the narrower sense of the term down to our own times. The present work Professor Browne regards practically as the Prolegomena of the one to follow; we must join him therefore in so considering it.

As to the aim, which is in keeping with the rest of the series, we can give hearty accord to the author when he states that his purpose is to write the intellectual history of the Persians. It is his wish and desire to trace the movements that have made Persia what it was and is, and the various ways in which the genius of its people manifested itself in religion, philosophy, and science, quite as much as its expression in the domain of literature in the more restricted application of that term. Well has he carried out his design, almost too well some might claim, who are unwilling to see the historical side at times outweigh the literary side. But such critics forget that this is not unnatural in the period covered, where we are dealing with Prolegomena.

In extent, arrangement, and disposition of material we may note that over a third of the volume, or practically two of the four books into which the work is divided, is devoted to the earliest history of Iran from ancient days down to the Arab invasion in the seventh century of our era. For this earlier period of Iranian literature Dr. Browne professes himself no specialist, but when he reaches the Arab invasion of Persia

[1] *A Literary History of Persia*, from the Earliest Times until Firdawsī. By EDWARD G. BROWNE, of the University of Cambridge, England. (Library of Literary History Series.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

(seventh century A. D.) we can see at once he is on his own ground. The Muhammadan conquest meant a mighty change for Persia, religiously and politically. In church and state a new faith supplanted the old. Zoroaster gave place to Muhammad, the Avesta to the Quran, and the chanting voice of the Magian priest in the fire temple was drowned by the muezzin call of the Moslem to prayer from the top of the high-domed mosque. The author here goes out of his way to show, as far as he can, that the conversion of the Persians from Zoroastrianism to Islam was less a matter of compulsion and force than is generally supposed. This is unquestionably true in a measure, and it is well to have it brought out; the impartial judge must give due weight in the picture to the claims which this unintentional barrister makes in the pages devoted to the rise of the Crescent of Islam, even though he may feel it is a case of special pleading, or an over-emphasis of the defense in order to offset the extravagant claims made on the other side. In any event the question is ably argued, whatever the decision may be.

Most important in the author's entire treatment of the Arab conquest is the stress he lays upon the influence it exercised on Persian thought and the counter influence of Persian ideas on Arabic literary development. That the Norman conquest was a factor beneficent as it was great in the history of the English race, English letters, and English speech is generally conceded by every one, even though he may have some hesitancy in granting the last point of the three. Professor Browne might perhaps find some suggestive parallels to draw in the matter of his presentation of the Muhammadan conquest of Iran. Almost the entire second third of his book is divided between Arabs and Persians, so that at times the reader might fancy that he had a history of Arabic literature before him, so great is the attention given to that branch. But one of the things that the author is seeking to demonstrate is how much of what we call Arabic literature really is the work of Persians using the tongue of their conquerors as a medium of expression. This is a matter which is often lost sight of, or not given sufficient consideration; and it becomes quite striking when we learn that nearly a third of the most celebrated contributors to the classical period of Arabic literature were really of Persian extraction. To scholars who may think that Dr. Browne has laid undue weight on the Muhammadan side because of his growing predilection for Arabic studies we may perhaps respond that the Venerable Bede is always included among early English writers, though he wrote almost entirely in Latin. Nor again in tracing the development of the English mind would any one think of disregarding the Latin writings of Bacon and Milton; no, nor during the twelfth, thirteenth, and early fourteenth centuries following the Norman conquest should we discard those British writers who employed French until Chaucer reopened the well of English undefiled.

In following the courses of the different streams of religious and philosophic thought which played a part in developing or changing the national character of Persia, special stress is laid by the author on the various heresies that arose from time to time. The great Manichæan schism which was anathematized alike by Zoroastrians, Christians, and Jews is duly recorded; and consideration is given to the less known heresy of Mazdak with all its communistic ideas. Among the great Persian heresiarchs, moreover, there is an opportunity for including "the Veiled Prophet of Khurasan," and the pages devoted to the rising which he headed will be read with interest by all who care for Lalla Rookh.

The fourth book into which the volume is divided treats of the period from

A. D. 850 to A. D. 1000, or from the decline of the caliphate to the accession of Firdausi's great patron, Sultan Mahmud of Ghazna, whose capital was situated in the territory which would now be called Afghanistan. In connection with this period our scholarly guide has chosen to anticipate a part of his second volume, and to devote a chapter to Sufi mysticism. The beginnings of this he thinks he can trace back as far as the Sasanian period or earlier, and he believes that the full development of this idealistic, pantheistic, and theosophic system of thought owes more to Greece and Neo-Platonism than it does to Indian Vedantism and Hindu philosophic pantheism.

For those who have some acquaintance with Hafiz and Omar Khayyam, or have dipped into the Shah Namah, it will be interesting to see how much more information we are gathering about the forerunners of the poet of the great epic. There were brave men before Agamemnon, and neither Chaucer nor Shakespeare was without predecessors, nor was Firdausi unheralded. Scholars of course well know of Rūdagī and Daqīqī, and will be glad to have more general information made accessible regarding these two poets. Daqīqī, we may remember, was Firdausi's direct predecessor, the herald of the dawn. He had conceived the plan of rendering into epic verse the glories of his ancient race; but he was cruelly slain before he could fully carry out his plan. Some think that the assassin's dagger was used because of the poet's strong leaning toward the old Zoroastrian creed, — too strong to meet with Muhammadan approval. However that may be, a thousand of Daqīqī's verses have been rendered immortal because Firdausi has incorporated them into the Shah Namah. They are the very portion in which Firdausi himself would have had to deal with Zoroaster and the development of fire-worship — a delicate subject to treat in the midst of Moslem believers. And some have thought there was as much wisdom on Firdausi's part as loyalty to his dead predecessor in adopting this chapter instead of committing himself on the situation.

Another point that is well brought out in various parts of the volume which touch upon the great Persian epic is the dependence of the Shah Namah on the earlier Pahlavi chronicles. Students in the field are thoroughly acquainted with this fact, but Dr. Browne has emphasized still more that Firdausi — so true a Persian at heart — drew directly from the old stock of Iranian traditions when he composed in melodious verse the spirited descriptions of the valorous deeds of his heroes that make up the Book of Kings. Parallels with the use of old British legends by Layamon in his Brut, or of Celtic themes by Geoffrey of Monmouth and Sir Thomas Malory, would not be far to seek.

In the name of Rūdagī, as mentioned above, we have one of the pioneers of Persian poetry. He lived in the early part of the tenth century of our era, and is said to have written no less than a million and three hundred thousand verses! Most of these have perished, but Professor Paul Horn, of Strassburg, has recently been doing grateful service in restoring some scattered verses and *disjecta membra* of this early poet, by collecting chance quotations preserved in later Persian writers, so that some day we may have an edition of the fragments of this minstrel and know more about his character and life. From what is already known, however, Dr. Browne finds certain striking resemblances between him and a bard that is dimly visible in the old Sasanian days under the name of Barbad or Bahlabad. Regarding the latter he quotes a delightful tale of the king who swore he would slay the man that brought him tidings of the death of his favorite horse. The difficult mission was entrusted to the child of the Muses, and he contrived so skillfully to weave the story into

verse that the king divined the truth, and in anguish of heart himself cried out, "My favorite steed is dead!" This exclamation at once removed the necessity of carrying out the menace, for otherwise it must fall upon his own head.

In conclusion, if we make due allowances for the emphasis given to the Arabic side of literature, as is proper on the premises laid down above, we may rightly regard this work as the most important that has appeared in English, or elsewhere, in the particular field that it covers and in the way in which it is done. We shall look forward with lively interest to the second volume, as that will treat more fully of Firdausi than does the present, and will deal with all the great lyric, romantic, mystic, and didactic poets that have given Persian literature a high place in the general literature of the world.

A. V. Williams Jackson.

COÖPERATIVE HISTORICAL WRITING: THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY.

THE eager historical activity of the half-century just past has been applied chiefly in two directions: first, in bringing to light and presenting in usable form the documentary material on which, in the last analysis, all history must rest, and then in telling with much detail the story of many small sections cut out of the vast record of human progress. The historical monograph in all dimensions, from the pamphlet to the stately volume, has been the ideal of the modern historian. He has set that ideal over against another earlier one to which he alludes with a fine contempt as the "literary," and has been proud to rank himself with that great company of investigators in natural science to whom also anything savoring of "literature" has been an unpardonable offense. It has been a splendid service on the one side and on the other. The spirit of accuracy, of honesty, and of thoroughness it has engendered has been a contribution of inestimable value to our modern world. Some, indeed, have even fancied that with this change of method the last word in historical as well as in physical science had been spoken, and that we were to go on indefinitely piling up the record of observation and experiment before a world of men who have long since passed the limit of possible first-hand comprehension of what is offered them.

But now, as was to have been expected, a reaction is beginning. Our world is asking itself, where, after all, is its share in this genial activity, and it is demanding that somehow the meaning of it all shall be made plain to its unprofessional understanding. And here it is that we touch once again the function of literature. Every science must find its art, whereby the crude material in which it works, which it observes and classifies and tries to understand, shall be transmuted into a something finer and more subtle. It is this finer perception, this subtler gift of expression, that makes the artist, and that brings him into closer sympathy with the mass of listeners, seers, or readers, and, so far as the world has gone, nothing but this art will do that. The science of the musician is impotent until the art of the composer finds its way to the heart of the listener. The science of line and color, with all the added lore of harmony, rhythm, and what not, is lost until the incommunicable sense of form and shade that makes the painter compels the wonder and the interest of every one who has

eyes to see. So the science of the historian — for his is a true science — can never find its response in the world until it too discovers its own form of artistic expression. We may fairly say, too, that as artistic form varies with the time, no prediction, certainly no prescription, can be made as to precisely what form shall come to meet the evident demand. It is not likely that we are to be called upon again to admire the tiresome magnificence of Gibbon, or the fervid partisanship of Macaulay, or the dramatic pose of Michelet. The new science must bring its own art; the only thing that concerns us here is that there shall be an historical art. The only medium for its expression is literature.

These reflections have taken form in view of the latest attempt to solve the problem of historical presentation to English readers. The Cambridge Modern History [1] is a vast coöperative undertaking, said to have been planned by the late Lord Acton, and now carried on under the auspices of the University of Cambridge and the editorship of three members of the University staff. The work is planned for twelve large octavo volumes, each to be devoted to some phase of modern life. According to the editors' preface to the first volume, now before us, the present plan was chosen mainly because the time seemed to have come when the vast results of individual research in the field of modern history ought to be put into shape for the general reader, and yet this was a task too great for any one mind to undertake. No one, it was said, could be expected to know enough of the various and widely divergent currents of life in the modern world to furnish even the necessary material. Still less could any one, even if he were possessed of superhuman erudition, be equal to the task of combining it all into one comprehensive presentation. The obvious alternative was coöperation.

Already we can point to great cooperative undertakings — the editors name the Monumenta Germaniæ Historica, the Rolls Series, and the Dictionary of National Biography — which have been successful, and have no doubt immensely advanced the cause of historical learning. The inference which the editors plainly wish us to draw is that the same method is equally well adapted to narrative history. But is this a sound inference? It would be a stretch of language to describe any one of these great encyclopædic undertakings as a work of literary art. Those ponderous volumes were never written to be read; they were made to serve as quarries for the historical student, and furnish therefore but the slightest analogy to the present venture. The artistic element, which in an encyclopædic work would be out of place, must, in a book intended to find readers, be the dominating principle. As in the encyclopædia inclusiveness is the natural aim, so in a presentation of results to the general reader it is only by the method of exclusion that any approach to satisfaction can be made. To select the thing that tells, to reject everything else, to set the telling thing against a background of detail, enough and not too much, to lead the reader on from the familiar to the less familiar, to keep up the sequence of ideas, to make the reader feel the spirit of the time he is studying, to excite his interest without appealing to the baser motives of partisanship, above all to touch him with sympathy for every phase of honest human effort, — this is the function of literary art as applied to history.

The real problem, then, raised by this new venture is whether such a work of art can be done by the combined labor of many hands. It would evidently be unfair to prejudge any

[1] *The Cambridge Modern History.* Vol. i. *The Renaissance.* Edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, and Stanley Leathes. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1902.

work before its completion. The most we can fairly do is to form some anticipation of the whole from the specimen offered in this first volume on the period of the Renaissance. A short apologetic introduction to the whole work by the late Bishop Creighton defends the principles which have governed the editors in their labors. There follow nineteen chapters by eighteen authors. Each chapter treats of some aspect of the period as a whole, or of some incident characteristic of one or another phase in its development. For example, Dr. William Cunningham gives a chapter on Economic Change, Professor Jebb on the Classical Renaissance, Dr. Henry C. Lea, the only American contributor, on the Eve of the Reformation. Savonarola is treated by Mr. E. Armstrong, and Machiavelli, by Mr. L. A. Burd, these two chapters being intended to show the position of Florence in the movement of Italian politics. Dr. Richard Garnett writes upon Rome and the Temporal Power, Dr. Horatio Brown upon Venice, and Professor Bury on the Ottoman Conquest; Dr. A. W. Ward on the Netherlands, and James Gairdner on the Early Tudors. Surely no better names to conjure with could have been found in the whole range of English historical scholarship. If the coöperative method can ever succeed, it ought to be with such an array of specially equipped talent as this, guided by intelligent editorship toward a well-conceived aim.

Certain characteristics of this volume are at once noticeable. First, as was to have been expected, the treatment is very uneven. Some chapters, as for instance that on Economic Change, are well-considered essays, with a definite point, and leaving, therefore, a fairly distinct impression on the reader. Others appear to have been written under pressure, as a man learned in a large way throws together an article for an encyclopædia, trying to get in as much as possible, and by the way to do full justice to his own hobbies. It is interesting to note that almost every attempt here to compress into a chapter the narrative of a considerable period or of a phase of culture has resulted in the rather dull, more or less mechanical presentation that has become characteristic of modern English historical writing. Then we find a good deal of repetition. It is true that repetition in the hands of a master is an effective and altogether justifiable method of enforcing an idea; but that is not the kind of repetition we meet here. It is the mere accidental repeated allusion to things that do not need reinforcement. Whether each contributor was permitted to see the manuscript of every other before finishing his own is not clear, but without such comparison, how could we look for a unity of result? For example, Erasmus of Rotterdam is naturally referred to in several chapters; twice an attempt is made to give a sketch of his career and an estimate of his value; this was perhaps inevitable, but nowhere can the reader find such a comprehensive treatment of Erasmus as would be expected in a volume on the Renaissance. This same evil of repetition appears also in the fairly extensive but uncritical bibliography, which is placed at the end of the book, but is arranged according to the several chapters. Here, too, one might easily miss an important work, or find it where it would least be looked for.

In short, to return once more to our main theme, it may fairly be said that our satisfaction in reading these somewhat disjointed chapters will be in proportion to the opportunity given in each for the use of literary art, so that we are left at the close still occupied with the problem whether a better effect could have been produced if the right man could have been found to study the special contributions already made by these several writers to the history

of the Renaissance, and then, fixing them on a background of personal knowledge and personal insight, to weave them into a consistent narrative that should carry the reader along by a rational process. Such a writer would have known how to give its due proportion to each event and to each phase of progress. We should have had the best of the specialists, who in these days of great things are after all mainly compilers of other men's results, and all this would have been interpreted to us by the convincing art of one man. Such a gift is indeed rare: Mr. John Fiske had it; Mr. Parkman had it; Mr. Froude had it and abused it. If it be said that this power of presentation is a thing of the past, that is only saying that literary art is no more to concern itself with history. It is only the confession that for a generation past we have deliberately discouraged this whole side of the historical field. We have been captured by "Geschichte," — that which has happened, and have slighted "historia," — the telling of what has happened. So, on the other side, literature has left history out of sight as a subject for its interest. Signs are not wanting that an approach between these two things, literature and history, is being effected from both sides, and that the day of great historical writing is once more to dawn. When it is demanded it will come.

Ephraim Emerton.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Thomas Brackett Reed.

May an old neighbor of Thomas B. Reed talk about him a moment, in the presence of the Club? Perhaps it is needless to do so, for every man is, in one sense, his own biographer, using deeds for words. Mr. Reed's deeds were of the difficult kind. The way to a college training was steep and beset with difficulties. He began the practice of law without the aids that bring business, among numerous and able competitors, and he gained eminence. He kept himself in Congress in spite of serious and sharp opposition. His widest fame was won by mastering the House of Representatives and forcing it to do its work. He belonged to the class of men of whom Montaigne wrote: "Who doth ever so greedily search after restful ease and quietness as Alexander and Cæsar have done after difficulties and unquietness?" His place was by the Hill Difficulty. He could say, did say in fact, —

> "The Hill though high I covet to ascend,
> The difficulty will not me offend."

But how did Mr. Reed get to the top of the hill, as he generally did? Arts of the demagogue and small politician he did not use. He did not make himself familiar with men, was not where the multitude was. There are many in the city of his birth and long residence who did not know him by sight. Public favor did not come to him through advocacy of personal or local schemes. He did not purchase devotion by patronage. His congressional career was not distinguished by great speeches, nor by the initiation and defense of great measures. None of his deeds was of the kind that ordinarily brings popularity. He did not win men, he mastered them. Like the primitive man, the modern man is a worshiper of power, and power Mr. Reed had, — not the power to flatter and please, nor the power to invent, but the power to do. He coveted to ascend the Hill Difficulty.

The first time I heard Mr. Reed was during a presidential campaign. He

was preceded by an eminent senator who failed to get a hold upon the audience. It was tumultuous, disorderly, frequently interrupting the speaker, putting various disturbing questions. Mr. Reed sat upon the edge of his chair, hands on his knees, evidently in leash, waiting his opportunity. The senator was forced to close before completing his address. Mr. Reed moved forward, put one foot on the footlight screen, confronted the noisy crowd, stood still for seconds, then uttered a few mild words, — went on quickly and wittily, meeting questions, moving steadily toward his main thoughts, compelling attention which continued till he was done. It was a victory of power. Something was due to his unique appearance, something to his inimitable but natural drawl, something to his wit, something to his ample and ready knowledge, but more to his ability and eagerness to do a difficult thing. He coveted to ascend "the Hill."

"Faith has an eye to power," is an old saying. It has an eye, possibly a sharper eye, to something else. Power is not all that faith, confidence, devotion require. Underneath or behind it must be a righteous purpose. This Mr. Reed had. Fidelity to convictions clarified and reinforced his will. He saw broadly as well as straight. He surveyed a large field through connection with national affairs, through much and varied reading, and his own thinking; and he chose a path. The choice was not however determined by knowledge alone. He had a discerning mind; he saw the permanent, not the transient; the right, not the expedient. His was the prophet's vision, and his devotion was the devotion of a righteous prophet. It was natural for men to follow him.

Mr. Reed was not a vain man. He did not make the mistakes vain men make, did not attempt what he could not do. He once said of a preacher, "He has less to take back than any preacher I know." The comment is a self-revelation. He had few words or deeds to take back. There will always be different explanations of his withdrawal from public life: political disappointment, desire to provide for his own, — one or the other of these reasons will be given. Whatever the reason, unless he forgot himself and contradicted all previous conduct, his course had for himself justification.

He was a lover of good books. When at his home in Portland he was certain to be seen almost at any hour of the day seated at his library window, book in hand, — not the same book, nor books of the same kind. He read and delighted in poetry, — had the sensibilities it moved and gratified. He had what so many truly great men have had, — love for children. It was a sight to be remembered when, on the beach by his seaside home, the large man walked leading a child by the hand, enjoying the intercourse quite as much as intercourse with his equals in age and knowledge. He bound the members of his own household most closely and tenderly to himself.

What the world has conceded to Mr. Reed, power, fidelity to convictions, wit, sarcasm, is not a complete catalogue of his personal possessions. Having gifts, he was not destitute of graces which make men lovable, which attract children, secure the devotion of intimates, make life for others richer and sweeter. In these graces the best in men has revelation. They are of a shy nature; their habitat is not the public arena, but the fireside. They bear their fruit in secret places. When all the deeds of this man are told, it will be found that he did not expend his entire self in wit, in sarcasms, in ruling assemblies, in public acts, but put much of what was richest and finest in him into lowly, kindly deeds.

What place Mr. Reed will have among the great men of the Republic time will determine. That he has a secure place in the esteem of contempora-

ries is certain; and so long as men honor power controlled by a right purpose, so long will he be held in remembrance. Herein may be his greatest service. He may not have coveted posthumous fame, but this is certain: no young man can live imaginatively in his presence and not be better. Therefore he deserves well of his country.

The Mind and the Book.

At a certain point in The Virginian Mr. Owen Wister, after permitting himself some exercise of logic, apologizes to the reader for having asked him to use his mind. The apology implies the author's knowledge that the novel-reader does not expect to be put to this particular task. But in reality is it not the thing which the author who puts some mind of his own into his fiction silently requires and often gets, though the reader may be unaware of it?

Certainly in such a book as The Virginian the reader's mind is richly replenished with the knowledge of scenes and lives well worth knowing about. Certainly the same may be said of much of the best imaginative writing in the English tongue. What makes such writings more significant than books of information is, in varying measure, the very quality which makes The Virginian what it is. Above and apart from the exercise of mind required both in writing and in truly reading such a book, its potent appeal to the sympathies, the emotions, the spirit of fellowship with whatever is really human, its art in urging this appeal, — these are the things which separate the story of Mr. Wister's nameless hero from the mass of "popular fiction."

But to regard only the qualities of mind which enter into distinguished fiction — are they not the qualities which the biographer of distinction must also possess? Both the biographer and the novelist must apprehend with entire clearness the human beings, and the scenes with which they have to deal; and they must be masters of the art which shall breathe life into these persons and places. It may be too much to say that the good biographer could often turn his hand to novel-writing with success. It is not a groundless belief that the novelist, with some of the patience and method of a scholar, may almost always become a notable writer of biography.

Mr. Wister is eminently a case in point. The same grasp and vision which have given his stories their unusual historic and human value made his short Life of General Grant a masterpiece in its kind. Thus having shown his power to draw a man of action, what wonder that he has now promised himself to depict a philosopher, Franklin, and a humorist, Dr. Holmes? A man of action, a philosopher, a humorist, — surely the Virginian himself has much in common with each of these essential characters. The completion of Mr. Wister's portrait gallery is worth waiting for. Yet there remains, when all is said, an important advantage in favor of the novelist turned biographer; he need not apologize for the frank use of his own mind or the frank demand upon the reader to employ the corresponding agency.

Justice in France.

I have been strongly impressed by the extraordinary coincidence, in one respect, between two recent French novels which have come into my hands within the last month: L'Arriviste (The Man Who Gets There), by one Félicien Champsaur, of whom I never happened to hear before, although this is not his first book; and Les Deux Vies, by the brothers Paul and Victor Margueritte, who have been somewhat favorably known, I believe, as collaborators, mainly in fiction, for a number of years. The books have little else in common, save perhaps a sort of all-pervading gloom unrelieved by a single ray of cheerfulness. Paul Barsac, the man who "gets there" (I can think of no other exact synonym for *arriver* in the sense in which it is used as the parent of

arriviste — a pure neologism), is an advocate of uncommon ability and of lofty aspirations; but he is poor and without a "pull," and because of those disadvantages is unable to make any substantial progress in his profession. He finally "arrives" by resorting to the amiable expedient of robbing the mistress of his dearest friend of a million francs, and then murdering her to cover up the robbery. His friend, being accused of the double crime, is successfully defended by Barsac, who, by his masterly conduct of the defense, insures his own reputation and fortune.

Messieurs Margueritte, on the other hand, tell the story of a mother and daughter, the former of whom, being unhappily married, submits to every sort of indignity to which a wife may be subjected, partly from an exaggerated respect for the world's opinion, and partly because she believes such submission to be best for her daughter. The latter, in her turn, equally unhappy in her choice of a husband, refuses to submit to her fate, although she too has a little daughter; and she attempts to obtain a divorce, to which, even under the peculiar French law, she is clearly entitled. After two or three years of harassing litigation, her suit is finally denied.

The first story is little more than a bitter diatribe against what is alleged to be the universal, unrelieved corruption of Parisian society.

Les Deux Vies is an arraignment of the tyranny of the laws governing marriage and divorce in France. A mismated wife seems to be in no better case in that country now than when George Sand wrote Indiana and Valentine, nearly three quarters of a century ago.

The striking coincidence between the two books consists in the openly contemptuous method in which the administration of justice in France is treated in both alike, although from a somewhat different standpoint. I am not now speaking of the legal procedure which obtains in that enlightened republic, and which presents such a strange anomaly to us who are accustomed to the procedure in English and American courts of justice. That is taken for granted by both authors. But M. Champsaur, without circumlocution or innuendo, boldly asserts that all prosecuting officers and judges (with no more exceptions than are necessary to prove the rule), owing their elevation sometimes to actual crime, and very frequently to influence due to powerful connections or to the basest truckling and fawning, are guided in their official conduct by unworthy motives, seldom, if ever, by the evidence, or by the abstract principles of justice.

In Les Deux Vies the magistrates who compose the tribunal before which the unhappy wife's divorce suit drags its weary length along are represented as being susceptible to the influence brought to bear upon them by the husband's connections in society and in political circles. M. Tracassier, the president of the tribunal, was "incorruptible, but, like every man, open to influence." The husband had an uncle in the Court of Cassation, a cousin in the Senate, etc., and M. Tracassier's mind was insensibly poisoned by them before the case came before him in his magisterial capacity.

And so, although the husband's infidelity was proved so conclusively that it could not be denied, a majority of the court, being determined to *débouter* the plaintiff, seized upon the pretext afforded by a pretended "reconciliation," which was based upon a most palpable trick on the part of the husband; the law providing that even a momentary reconciliation works automatically, as it were, to defeat an application for divorce.

In the Court of Appeal to which the wife carried her cause, the prospect seemed a little brighter, mainly because the president of that court made it a rule to reverse M. Tracassier's judgments "whenever it was possible for him to

do so!" But he died before the cause came before him, — although not before he had been "seen" in the interest of the appellant, — and the same influences which had defeated her in the court below prevailed with a majority of the remaining judges, one of whom, who had a wife and five children, yet "protected" an actress, had such a horror of divorce that he was invariably against granting one!

Imagine such a sweeping arraignment of the courts of any state in this country, to say nothing of the Federal courts, by a reputable writer! For the brothers Margueritte may certainly be so described, whether M. Champsaur is or is not anything more than a mere *boulevardier* (as to which I know nothing). What does it mean? Is it a true bill? or does public opinion in France differ so radically from our variety of that article as would seem to be the case if these charges are unfounded?

To the Editor:

The Authors' Encyclopaedia.

Dear Sir, — I take the liberty of addressing you, to call your attention to a work which I believe will interest you. I beg to assure you that I have determined to consecrate the efforts of my life to the task.

I am a believer in evolution, and I have endeavored to apply its principles to the facts that I have observed, to trace the progress of specialization and organization in every department of life, the realm of literature not excepted. I believe that more and more the making of books is to become a *business* and a *system;* I believe that we are destined to find less and less of the individual initiative, less and less waste of energy, and more and more productiveness. I believe that there are laws of literary excellence and interest that can be studied and understood and followed just as much as any other laws. I am convinced that literary composition is, before another half-century is past, destined to be entirely reduced to system, regulated by laws as well known as those that move the planets to their infinite variety of positions. To bring about this consummation there is but one thing needed, which is knowledge.

I hereby announce, to all whom it may interest, the beginning of The Authors' Encyclopædia; a Practical Compilation for the Use of All Literary Craftsmen; being a Digest of all Extant Material and Knowledge of the Science of Fiction; in thirty volumes, folio. I shall content myself with touching upon a few of the more important features of the work.

The first ten volumes of the Encyclopædia will be given up to the subject of plots; here the reader will be able to find information about all that any human mind has ever devised in the way of plots. There will be, first, a general disquisition upon the *principles* of plots, and second, a summary of all possible plots in their various classes and subclasses, genera, species, and variations. Thus, for instance, the reader desires to vary his tale by the incident of a fire; he turns to the first section of the Authors' Encyclopædia, and looks up the word fire. He may then read of all the possible varieties of fires that have occurred in fiction; fires on shipboard, forest fires, Sienkiewicz-Nero fires, De Foe-London fires, and so on. He will read of all the possible deeds of valor by which a bold hero may rescue his lady-love from a fire; of all the possible contrivances by which a villain may be burned in a fire of his own kindling. He will find all the various effects of fire; all the complications that make fire more dreadful, as the presence of powder, or naphtha, or babies, or wild Indians in the vicinity. There will be a special section treating of vocabulary, in which he may learn all the most effective phrases; the billowing surges of flame, and the dense rolling volumes of murky smoke. Also there will be a full bibliography, referring the reader by

volume and page to all existing descriptions of conflagrations since the days of the youth that fired the Ephesian dome. And with the same thoroughness will be tabulated the information about plots of every other species. There will be adventures on Greek galleys, in Egyptian Pyramids and Christian catacombs, in African jungles, and on Aztec teocallis; the submarine torpedo-boat and wireless telegraphy will be fully discussed, and the subject of dungeons and prisons will receive a special volume.

In the plot section there will appear likewise all statistics of plots; here will be settled forever the vexed question of which the public prefers, happy endings or sad endings; here too will be discussed all possible and actual *openings* of stories; here will be statistics as to success of landscape openings and the "Hist, what 's that?" style of opening; here too the unhappy playwright may escape the servant-girl and dust-brush opening, and may learn how to put the audience in possession of the fact that the hero is twenty-one, handsome and disinherited, without having the butler tell it all to the housekeeper. Here also the practical artists will be able to ascertain just what proportion of humor and pathos is preferred; it will be possible to put into a work exactly the right proportions of exactly the choicest ingredients, just as if one were making a Christmas pudding. Each artist will be able to have his own private receipt, thus: Two quarts of finely sifted adventure, and two cups of tears; sweeten with three cups of love-making, and flavor to taste with the spice of impropriety; bake in an oven of red-hot excitement, and crown with the savory white-icing of a happy marriage. Does not the reader's mouth water at the thought of such a treat?

But to continue: the second ten volumes of the Authors' Encyclopædia will contain information on the subject of characters. The subject will be divided into two sections, characters "externally" portrayed, and those whose interest is psychical. In the former will be presented, carefully classified, a complete list of all possible characters after the fashion of Dickens and Laura Jean Libbey; here will be every trick and peculiarity of face, language, and thought; here will be Uriah and his humility and Cap'n Cuttle with his hook; here will be the old gentleman who whistles, and the fat boy who goes to sleep. Here too will be a volume discussing the names of the heroes and heroines of fiction, humorous, or intense and suggestive of passion as the case may require; here will be a table of the most successful names, so that the author who is about to portray a tragic infidelity may ascertain in a moment the chances of Vivian and Beatrice as against John and Mary Ann. Here too will be full information as to "labeled" characters, — Sergeant Short and Corporal Crimp, Sir Anthony Absolute, Lydia Languish and Mrs. Malaprop, together with an extensive alliterative index. Under the subject of characters portrayed "internally" there will appear full information about proud and haughty characters, mean and cringing characters, winsome and winning, snobbish and cold, dashing and slashing characters, with all kinds of complications of each. That this is an extensive subject the reader will of course perceive immediately.

But the most wonderful of all parts of this monumental work will be the ten remaining volumes; the subject is Local Color!

What a subject that is, and what its adequate treatment would mean, none but a practical author can know. Here will be every nation, every age, every circumstance. Here the author will find a description of the corner grocery in New York; of the lumber camp in Maine; of the ranch-house in Texas; of the negro cabin in Virginia; here will be every circumstance, — every article

about the buildings, every stitch of clothing worn by the inmates. Here likewise will be the Chinese pagoda, the Lapland snow-house, the Indian wigwam, the Paris salon; here the Roman forum, the Saxon drinking hall, the Dutch windmill. A special volume will be devoted to castles of all ages; here the author may learn the names and uses of castellated moat, mullioned arch, and creaking drawbridge; here will be the aged seneschal, his costume and duties fully portrayed; here, in short, the castle, from its waving pennons to its subaqueous depths and its moaning captives. Another volume will be devoted to dueling; all weapons, and all rules, and all possible events will be portrayed; the author will learn how to stand on guard, when to try a *flanconade* and when a *pasquinade;* he will know just what a tierce is, too.

Of these volumes several will be devoted to language. Here will be the most elaborate dictionary of foreign phrases ever attempted; the hero will be able to say anything at a moment's notice in any language known. Two volumes will be devoted to dialect; and so in conjunction with the other local-color volumes and the local-color bibliography any one will be able to tell a Gentleman of France story, an Irish pastoral, and a negro comedy in one afternoon. One can write as much Eternal Nonsen-City as desired without even visiting Italy at all. It must be added that half a volume on the dialect part will be especially given to ejaculations; there will be an "attatai" class, a "per Baccho" and "di immortales" class; a "parbleu" and "mon Dieu" class; a "carramba" and a "diavolo" class; a "zounds," "egad," and "oddzooks" class; a "b'gosh" and "Jehoshaphat" class; a "fo' de Lord" class, and a "hully gee" class. There will be likewise all the picturesque oaths of all picturesque swearers from Falstaff and Pan Zagloba down to Bob Acres and Asa Bird Gardiner.

To leave the endless subject of language, there will be three or four hundred pages devoted to the subject of music, a feature which authors will find an especial boon. Here will be described all kinds of musical compositions for the uses of heroes and heroines; so that the author may luxuriate in dreamy and mournful melody, may lightly finger a technical exercise, or may carol a bright and cheerful lay with impunity; there will be a list of bright and cheerful lays to carol, with appropriate remarks as to each one. Also the instrument for each composition will be carefully specified and described, so that Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith would not again need to torture one of the heroes to execute a Beethoven symphony on a 'cello, nor Professor Matthews to trouble his heroine to play the Moonlight Concerto on the piano; neither perhaps would Tennyson have his dancers "dance in *tune* to the flute, violin, bassoon," and neither would Charles Lamb discuss the disagreeableness of the singing of "thorough-bass."

On Writing for the Club.

I CONTINUE to note with great gratification in my reading of the Atlantic Monthly that there is a place left over in it, at the very end of the magazine, for Pleasant-Suppressed People. I turn to these people first, generally. They seem to me very companionable. Almost any one would be willing to be suppressed a little, I should think, to be one of them.

I am far from flattering myself that I would fit, exactly, in this gentle company, but I am in the way of having a good many anonymous sorts of things on my mind from time to time. I could do the anonymous part of it. And more than once I have caught myself wondering if The Club would not let me, also — be anonymous awhile. Then that is the end of it. Or rather it looks as if it were the end of it. But every now and then something starts me up. Before I know it, I get to feeling pleasantly suppressed about something, and

sit down and write it out for The Club, promptly, — as one ought, — and put it in a drawer. I (and The Other One) enjoy the drawer, some, — probably more than we ought. The Other One every little while tries edging me along with one of these bits toward the great public precipice. Not infrequently one of them really gets a chance — an almost chance, not to be wanted for The Club. I lift it over as far as the envelope, but before I quite know what has happened it is back in the drawer again, softly appreciating itself, like all my other things. The Other One looks at me half-superior, half-rebuking. When she has things, "little things like this," she says she "sends them right in" (almost before she has them). Many and many a time, kind people who have read as far as this have heard her saying out in the open — things from under my bushel. Things I thought of and threw away, or as good as threw away, she has had checks for in these columns, and glory, the pleasant furtive glory that seems to come with this corner, from the right people, — people who have a right to you and who guess who you are, and who are not always guessing who you are not, and would not be for the world.

The way some people go blundering about The Contributors' Club with their minds — people who seem to think they have a private latch-key to nearly everybody's soul — is one of the things we have had to learn in our family. We are gradually getting used to it. The latest principle we have arrived at is, that one is really exposed more, exposed to more people for not signing things than one is for signing them. One cannot help feeling when the latest copy of the Atlantic has come in, and people are talking about it, as if one's soul might be let out to almost anybody. It makes The Other One almost wish she had never had a soul, sometimes, anonymous or not. Often it is the other way. I will find her going about the house for days with some celebrated soul that does n't belong to her. She will be almost bewilderingly agreeable. But it 's a little monotonous. I like her better with just her own, even though it 's a bit wearing at times, and I must say (and I have told her) that with some souls she gets (and likes) and goes about the house with, she makes a perfect spiritual guy of herself.

But of course this is strictly apropos of "Clubs." She has been about to become the author of a book lately, and has retired from this little trysting place for the time being, and she has been living strictly in her own soul so long that both the pleasures and pains of anonymousness in our family just now take hold as mere memories. But the facts remain (and are not herewith suppressed). Next the book. Next time you see or suspect The Other One, in her old place, Gentle Reader, in this duly loved and doted-on corner of the literary earth, I hope that you will have read It, and that you will not have guessed who she is.

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THE WRITING OF HISTORY.[1]

One of the most distinguished of our recent predecessors in the walks of history, the late Bishop of London, Mandell Creighton, has said with much force, "There is only one thing we can give to another, and that is the principles which animate our own life. Is not that the case in private life? Is not that the case in your relationship with those with whom you come in contact? Do you not feel increasingly that the one thing you can give your brother is a knowledge of the principles upon which your own life rests? It is assuredly the most precious possession that you have. It is assuredly the one that is the most easily communicated." Although by him urged with immediate reference to considerations of moral or religious effect, these sentences have in my apprehension their application to influence of every kind. That which you are in yourself, that you will be to others. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth in the long run speaketh; and if you have received the gift of utterance, more or less, you will utter most profitably that which is your own by birthright, or which has been made your own by effort and reflection.

To communicate to others that which one's self has acquired, be it much or little, be it money or any other form of human possession, is not only a power, but a *duty*, now so commonly recognized, so much a note of to-day's philosophy of life — if somewhat less of to-day's practice — as to need no insistence here. If it be in any measure a reproach to a man to die rich, as has been somewhat emphatically affirmed, it is still more a reproach to depart with accumulations of knowledge or experience, willingly locked up in one's own breast. For the wealth of money remains, to receive such utilization as others may give it; the man cannot carry it away with him; but his thoughts and his treasures of knowledge perish with him, if he has not had the unselfish pains to communicate them to others before he dies. Thus only do they become part of the common stock of mankind, like the labors of great captains of industry, whose works, even when conceived and executed in the spirit of selfishness, remain for the benefit of posterity.

Under the pressure of the emergency to make an address, which my momentary office requires, such a line of thought is peculiarly forced upon me; for it must be obvious, to all who in a general way know my past profession, that the study of history has been to me incidental and late in life; which is much the same as to say that it has been necessarily superficial and limited. It is not possible, under my conditions, to claim breadth and depth of historical research. I cannot be expected to illustrate in my own person the protracted energy, the extensive delving into materials hitherto inaccessible, the

[1] President's Inaugural Address before the American Historical Association at Philadelphia, December 26, 1902.

vast accumulation of facts, which have been so forcibly described by the late Lord Acton, in his inaugural lecture on the Study of History, as the necessary equipment of the ideal historian to-day. Had I attempted this, beginning when I did, I must have died before I lifted pen to put to paper; and in necessary consequence it follows that upon this, as upon topics closely related to it, I am as unfit to address you as Lord Acton was most eminently qualified, by his immense stores of acquirement; the most part of which he unfortunately took away with him.

I am therefore forced to introspection, if I am to say anything the least worthy of the recognition which you have too generously accorded me by your election. I have to do for myself what but for this call I probably should never have attempted; namely, to analyze and formulate to my own consciousness the various impressions — the "unconscious cerebration," to use a current phrase sufficiently vague for my purpose — which have formed my mental experience as a writer of history, and have probably been reflected in my treatment of materials. Do not, however, fear that I propose to inflict upon you a mental autobiography. What I have so far said has been explanatory of shortcomings, and apologetic, at least in intention; I trust also in impression. Being now finally delivered of it, I hope to get outside and clear of myself from this time forth, and to clothe such thought as I may give you in the impersonal terms which befit an attempted contribution to a perennial discussion concerning the spirit which should inform historical writing.

There are certain fundamental factors upon which I shall not insist, because they need only to be named for acceptance. They are summarized in thoroughness and accuracy of knowledge; intimate acquaintance with facts in their multitudinous ramifications; mastery of the various sources of evidence, of the statements, usually conflicting, and often irreconcilable, of the numerous witnesses who have left their testimony. The critical faculty, so justly prized, is simply an incident to this ascertainment of facts. It plays the part of judge and jury in a trial; not establishing the facts, but pronouncing upon the evidence. It needs not therefore to be separately classified, as something apart, but is truly embraced under the general expression of "knowledge," exact and comprehensive. In like manner the diligence and patience required for exhaustive examination of witnesses, though proper to name, form no separate class. They are, let us say, the lawyers, the advocates, whose business is to bring fully out the testimony by which the verdict shall be decided; but, like the critical equipment, they simply subserve the one bottom purpose of clear and demonstrated knowledge.

Knowledge thus established is, I apprehend, the material with which the historian has to deal; out of which he has to build up the artistic creation, the temple of truth that a worthy history should aim to be. Like the material of the architect, it will be found often refractory; not because truth is frequently unpleasant to be heard, especially by prepossessed ears, but because the multiplicity of details, often contradictory, not merely in appearance but in reality, does not readily lend itself to unity of treatment. It becomes thus exceedingly difficult to present numerous related truths in such manner as to convey an impression that shall be *the* truth. Not only may the formless mass of ill-arranged particulars affect the mind with the sense of confusion, like that produced by a room crowded with inharmonious furniture; not only may it be difficult to see the wood for the trees, but there may be such failure in grouping that the uninstructed reader may receive quite erroneous impressions as to the relative importance of the several incidents. As I have had occasion to

say, in reviewing a military history, fidelity of presentation does not consist merely in giving every fact and omitting none. For the casual reader emphasis is essential to due comprehension; and in artistic work emphasis consists less in exaggeration of color than in the disposition of details, in regard to foreground and background, and the grouping of accessories in due subordination to a central idea.

Of the difficulty here existing, history bears sufficient proof. Not merely the discovery of new evidence, but different modes of presenting the same facts give contradictory impressions of the same series of events. One or the other is not true; neither perhaps is even closely true. Without impeaching the integrity of the historian, we are then forced to impeach his presentation, and to recognize by direct logical inference that the function of history is not merely to accumulate facts, at once in entirety and in accuracy, but to present them in such wise that the wayfaring man, whom we now call the man in the street, shall not err therein. Failing here, by less or more, the historian, however exhaustive his knowledge, by so far shares the fault of him who dies with his treasures of knowledge locked in his own brain. He has not perfectly communicated his gifts and acquirements to his brethren.

This communication is not a mere matter of simple narrative, nor even of narrative vivid and eloquent. All of us know histories which by the amplitude of their details, and the chronological sequence of occurrences, produce in the end much the same vague generality of impression that is received from watching a street movement from a window. Here and there an incident out of the common, yet often of the most trivial in itself, catches the attention, perhaps sticks in the memory; but of the entirety nothing remains save a succession of images substantially identical, to which there is neither beginning nor end. Such may be a valid enough conception of the life of a city street, or of the whole external aspect of an historic generation. Such to me is the interest of Froissart. Having the gift of pictorial utterance, he passes before you a succession of vivid scenes, concerning any one of which it is quite immaterial whether it be directly true to history. It is true to nature. You have realized on the outside one dominant aspect of the life of that bustling, seemingly inconsequent, generation, through true portrayal and frequent iteration; but there is neither beginning, middle, nor end, only surface ebullition. Take the incidents of the same period selected and grouped by Stubbs in his Constitutional History, and you see order emerging from chaos, the continuous thread of life which was before Froissart, which underran his time, — though it does not appear in his narrative, — and which flows on to our own day.

In this interrelation of incidents, successive or simultaneous, history has a continuity in which consists its utility as a teaching power, resting upon experience. To detect these relations in their consecutiveness, and so to digest the mass of materials as to evolve in one's own mind the grouping, the presentation, which shall stamp the meaning of a period upon the minds of readers with all the simple dignity of truth and harmony, answers to the antecedent conception by the architect of the building, into which he will put his stones and mortar. Facts, however exhaustive and laboriously acquired, are only the bricks and mortar of the historian; fundamental, indispensable, and most highly respectable, but in their raw state they are the unutilized possession of the one, or at most of the few. It is not till they have undergone the mental processes of the artist, by the due selection and grouping of the materials at his disposal, that there is evolved a picture comprehensible by the mass of men.

Then only are they in any adequate sense communicated, made part of the general stock. Work thus done may be justly called a creation; for while the several facts are irreversibly independent of the master's fabrication, or manipulation, the whole truth, to which they unitedly correspond, is an arduous conception. To attain to it, and to realize it in words, requires an effort of analysis, of insight, and of imagination. There is required also a gift of expression, as often baffled as is the attempt of the painter to convey to others his conception of an historic scene; which indeed he may find difficulty in clearly realizing to his own mental vision. This process, however, does not create history; it realizes it, brings out what is in it.

Of such artistic presentation it is of course a commonplace to say that essential unity is the primary requirement. It must be remembered, however, that such unity is not that of the simple, solitary, unrelated unit. It is organic. Like the human body, it finds its oneness in the due relation and proportion of many members. Unity is not the exclusion of all save one. The very composition of the word — unity — implies multiplicity; but a multiplicity in which all the many that enter into it are subordinated to the one dominant thought or purpose of the designer, whose skill it is to make each and all enhance the dignity and harmony of the central idea. So in history, unity of treatment consists not in exclusion of interest in all save one feature of an epoch, however greatly predominant, but in the due presentation of all; satisfied that, the more exactly the relations and proportions of each are observed, the more emphatic and lasting will be the impression produced by the one that is supreme. For instance, as it is now trite to observe, in the Iliad, amid all the abundance of action, the singleness, the unity, of the poet's conception and purpose causes the mighty deeds of the several heroes, Greek or Trojan, ever to converge toward and to exalt the supreme glory of Achilles. It would have been quite possible, to most men only too easy, to narrate the same incidents, and to leave upon the mind nothing more than a vague general impression of a peculiar state of society, in which certain rather interesting events and remarkable characters had passed under observation, — Froissart, in short.

I speak rather from the result of my reflections than from any instance on my own part of a conscious attempt to realize my theories in an historic work, but I conceive that it would minister essentially to the intrinsic completeness of the historian's equipment, and is yet more important to his usefulness to others, — his usefulness as a teacher, — if, after accumulating his facts, he would devote a considerable period to his preliminary work as an artist. I mean to the mental effort that I presume an artist must make, and an historian certainly can, to analyze his subject, to separate the several parts, to recognize their interrelations and relative proportions of interest and importance. Thence would be formed a general plan, a rough model; in which at least there should appear distinctly to himself what is the central figure of the whole, the predominance of which before teacher and reader must be preserved throughout. That central figure may indeed be the conflict of two opposites, as in the long struggle between freedom and slavery, union and disunion, in our own land; yet the unity nevertheless exists. It is not to be found in freedom, nor yet in slavery; but in their conflict it is. Around it group in subordination the many events, and the warriors of the political arena, whose names are household words among us to this day. All form part of the great progress as it moves onward to its consummation; all minister to its effectiveness as an epic; all enhance — some more, some less — the majesty, not

merely of the several stages, but of the entire history up to that dire catastrophe — that fall of Troy — which posterity can now see impending from the first. This, in true history, is present throughout the whole; though the eyes of many of the chief actors could neither foresee it in their day nor lived to behold. The moral of fate accomplished is there for us to read; yet it belongs not to the end only, but to the whole course, and in such light should the historian see and maintain it. Can it be said with truth that the figure of Lady Hamilton throws no backward shadow, no gloom of destiny, over the unspotted days of Nelson's early career? A critic impatiently observed of my life of the Admiral that this effect was produced. I confess that upon reading his remarks I thought I had unwittingly achieved an artistic success.

It should scarcely be necessary to observe that artistic insistence upon a motive does not consist in reiteration of it in direct words; in continual pointing of the moral that the tale carries. That true art conceals its artfulness is a cheap quotation. It is not by incessantly brandishing Achilles before our eyes, or never suffering him to leave the stage, that his preëminent place is assured in the minds of the audience. Nevertheless, the poet's sense of his own motive must be ever present to him, conscious or sub-conscious, if his theme is not to degenerate from an epic to a procession of incidents; and this is just the danger of the historian, regarded not as a mere accumulator of facts, but as an instructor of men. In a review of a recent biography occurs the following criticism: "The character and attainments of the man himself" — who surely is the appointed centre in biography — "are somewhat obscured by the mass of detail. This is indeed the worst danger incurred by the modern historian. Where his predecessor divined, he knows, and too often he is unable to manage his knowledge. To consult State Papers is not difficult; to subordinate them to the subject they illustrate is a task of exceeding delicacy, and one not often successfully accomplished. The old-fashioned historian thought it a point of honor to write in a style at once lucid and picturesque. The modern is too generally content to throw his material into an unshapely mass;" content, in short, with telling all he knows. As in war not every good general of division can handle a hundred thousand men, so in history it is more easy duly to range a hundred facts than a thousand. It appears to me that these observations, of the validity of which I am persuaded, are especially necessary at the present day. The accuracy of the historian, unquestionably his right arm of service, seems now in danger of fettering itself, not to say the historian's energies also, by being cumbered with over-much serving, to forgetfulness of the one thing needed. May not some facts, the exact truth about some matters, be not only beyond probable ascertainment, but not really worth the evident trouble by which alone they can be ascertained?

I once heard of a seaman, who, when navigating a ship, pleased himself in carrying out the calculated definement of her position to the hundredth part of a mile. This, together with other refinements of accuracy, was perhaps a harmless amusement, only wasteful of time; yet when he proceeded to speak of navigation as an exact science, he betrayed, to my mind, a fallacy of appreciation, symptomatic of mental defect. I speak with the utmost diffidence, because of my already confessed deficiency in breadth and minuteness of acquirement; but I own it seems to me that some current discussions not merely demonstrate their own improbability of solution, but suggest also the thought that, were they solved, it really would not matter. May we not often confound the interest of curiosity with the interest of importance? Curiosity is well

enough, as a matter of mental recreation; truth is always worth having; but it may in many cases be like the Giant's Causeway to Dr. Johnson, worth seeing, but not worth going to see. It is troublesome enough to handle a multitude of details so as to produce clearness of impression; but to add to that difficulty an over-fastidious scrupulosity as to exhausting every possible source of error, by the accumulation of every imaginable detail, is to repeat the navigator's error by seeking to define an historical position within a hundredth of a mile. Neither in history nor in navigation do the observations, and what is called the personal equation, justify the expectation of success; and even could it be attained, the question remains whether it is worth the trouble of attaining. Lord Acton's Study of History is in this respect a kind of epic; dominated throughout in its self-revelation by the question why so learned a man produced so little. May not the answer be suggested by the vast store of appended quotations lavished upon the several thoughts of that one brief essay?

It appears to me sometimes that the elaboration of research predicated by some enthusiastic devotees of historical accuracy, who preach accuracy apparently for its own sake, is not unlike that of the mathematicians who launched a malediction against those who would degrade pure mathematics by applying it to any practical purpose. Mathematics for mathematics alone, accuracy only to be accurate, are conceptions that need to be qualified. An uneasy sense of this is already in the air. Since writing these words I find another reviewer complaining thus: "The author is content simply to tell facts in their right order, with the utmost pains as to accuracy, but with hardly any comment on their significance. Of enthusiasm there is only that which specialists are apt to feel for any fact in spite of its value." There is a higher accuracy than the weighing of scruples; the fine dust of the balance rarely turns the scale. Unquestionably, generalization is unsafe when not based upon a multitude of instances; conclusion needs a wide sweep of research; yet unless some limit is accepted as to the number and extent of recorded facts necessary to inference, if not to decision, observation heaped upon observation remains useless to men at large. They are incapable of interpreting their meaning; the significance of the whole must be brought out by careful arrangement and exposition, which must not be made to wait too long upon unlimited scrutiny. The passion for certainty may lapse into incapacity for decision, — a vice recognized in military life, and which needs recognition elsewhere.

I have likened to the labor of the artist the constructive work of the historian, the work by which he converts the raw material, the disconnected facts, of his own acquirement to the use of men; and upon that I have rested the theory of historical composition, as it appears to my own mind. The standard is high, perhaps ideal; for it presupposes faculties, natural gifts, which we are prone to class under the term of inspiration, in order to express our sense of their rarity and lofty quality. This doubtless may be so; there may be as few historians born of the highest order as there are artists. But it is worse than useless to fix standards lower than the best one can frame for one's self; for, like boats crossing a current, men rarely reach as high even as the mark at which they aim. Moreover, so far as my conception is correct, and its development before you sound, it involves primarily an intellectual process within the reach of most, even though the fire of genius, of inspiration, may be wanting. That informing spirit which is indispensable to the highest success is the inestimable privilege of nature's favored few. But to study the facts analytically, to detect the broad, lead-

ing features, to assign to them their respective importance, to recognize their mutual relations, and upon these data to frame a scheme of logical presentation, all this is within the scope of many whom we should hesitate to call artists, and who yet are certainly capable of being more than chroniclers, more even than narrators.

In fact, to do this much may be no more than to be dryly logical. It is in the execution of the scheme thus evolved that the difficulty becomes marked; like that of the artist who falls short of reproducing to the eyes of others the vision revealed to himself. Nevertheless, simply by logical presentation the keenest intellectual gratification may be afforded; the gratification of comprehending what one sees, but has not hitherto understood. From this proceeds the delineation of the chain of cause and effect; the classification of incidents, at first sight disconnected, by a successful generalization which reveals their essential unity; the exposition of a leading general tendency, which is the predominant characteristic of an epoch. These processes do not, however, end in mere gratification; they convey instruction, the more certain and enduring because of their fascinating interest.

To conceive thus the work of the historian is perhaps natural to my profession. Certainly, from this same point of view, of artistic grouping of subordinate details around a central idea, I have learned to seek not only the solution of the problems of warfare, but the method of its history; whether as it concerns the conduct of campaigns, which we call strategy, or in the direction of battles, which we define tactics, or in the design of the individual ship of war. Unity of purpose — exclusiveness of purpose, to use Napoleon's phrase — is the secret of great military successes. In using this word "exclusiveness," which reduces unity to a unit, Napoleon was not weighing scrupulously the accuracy of his terms. He was simply censuring the particular aberration of the officer addressed, who was so concerned for a field of operations not immediately involved as to allow his mind to wander from the one predominant interest then at stake. Yet though exaggerated, the term is not otherwise incorrect, and the exaggeration is rather that of emphasis than of hyperbole. Other matters may need to be considered because of their evident relations to the central feature; they therefore may not be excluded in a strict sense, but equally they are not to usurp the preëminence due to it alone. In so far its claim is "exclusive," and their own exist only as ministering to it.

The military historian who is instructed in the principles of the art of war finds, as it were imposed upon him, the necessity of so constructing his narrative as to present a substantial unity in effect. Such familiar phrase as the "key of the situation," the decisive point for which he has been taught to look, upon the tenure of which depends more or less the fortune of war, sustains continually before his mind the idea, to which his treatment must correspond, of a central feature round which all else groups, not only subordinate, but contributive. Here is no vague collocation of words, but the concrete pithy expression of a trained habit of mind that dominates writing necessarily, even though unconsciously to the writer. So the word "combination," than which none finds more frequent use in military literature, and which you will recall means to make of two one, reminds him, if he needs to think, that no mere narrative of separate incidents, however vivid as word painting, fulfills his task. He must also show how all lead up to, and find their several meanings in, a common result, of purpose or of achievement, which unifies their action. So again "concentration," the watchword of military action, and the final end of all combination, reminds him that facts must be massed as well as troops, if they are to prevail against the

passive resistance of indolent mentality, if they are to penetrate and shatter the forces of ignorance or prejudgment that conservative impression has arrayed against them.

It is not in the coloring, but in the grouping, that the true excellence of the military historian is found; just as the battle is won, not by the picturesqueness of the scene, but by the disposition of the forces. Both the logical faculty and the imagination contribute to his success, but the former much exceeds the latter in effect. A campaign, or a battle, skillfully designed, is a work of art, and duly to describe it requires something of the appreciation and combinative faculty of an artist; but, where there is no appeal beyond the imagination to the intellect, impressions are apt to lack distinctness. While there is a certain exaltation in sharing, through vivid narrative, the emotions of those who have borne a part in some deed of conspicuous daring, the fascination does not equal that wrought upon the mind as it traces the sequence by which successive occurrences are seen to issue in their necessary results, or causes apparently remote to converge toward a common end. Then understanding succeeds to the sense of bewilderment too commonly produced by military events, as often narrated. Failing such comprehension, there may be fairly discerned that "it was a famous victory;" and yet the modest confession have to follow that "what they fought each other for," — what the meaning of it all is, — "I could not well make out." No appointed end is seen to justify the bloody means.

This difficulty is not confined to military history. It exists in all narrative of events, which even in the ablest hands tends to degenerate into a brilliant pageant, and in those of less capable colorists into a simple procession of passers by, a more or less commonplace street scene, — to recur to a simile I have already used. It is the chief privilege of the military historian that, if he himself has real understanding of the matters he treats, they themselves supply the steadying centre of observation; for the actions are those of men who had an immediate recognized purpose that dictated their conduct. To be faithful to them he must not merely tell their deeds, but expound also their plan.

The plan of Providence, which in its fulfillment we call history, is of wider range and more complicated detail than the tactics of a battle, or the strategy of a campaign, or even than the policy of a war. Each of these in its own sphere is an incident of history, possessing an intrinsic unity of its own. Each, therefore, may be treated after the fashion and under the limitations I have suggested; as a work of art, which has a central feature around which details are to be grouped, but kept ever subordinate to its due development. So, and so only, shall the unity of the picture be successfully preserved; but when this has been done, each particular incident, and group of incidents, becomes as it were a fully wrought and fashioned piece, prepared for adjustment into its place in the great mosaic, which the history of the race is gradually fashioning under the Divine overruling.

I apprehend that the analogy between military history and history in its other aspects, political, economical, social, and so on, is in this respect closer than most would be willing at first to concede. There is perhaps in military history more pronounced definiteness of human plan, more clearly marked finality of conclusion, and withal a certain vividness of action, all of which tend to enforce the outlines and emphasize the unity of the particular subject. A declaration of war, a treaty of peace, a decisive victory, if not quite epoch-making events, are at least prominent milestones, that mark and define the passage of time. It is scarcely necessary to observe, however, that all these have their very definite analogues in that which we call civil history. The De-

claration of Independence marks the consummation of a series of civil acts; the surrender of Cornwallis terminates a military record. The peace of Westphalia and the British Reform Bill of 1832 are alike conspicuous indications of the passing of the old and the advent of the new. But yet more, may we not say that all history is the aggressive advance of the future upon the past, the field of collision being the present? That no blood be shed does not make the sapping of the old foundations less real, nor the overthrow of the old conditions less decisive. Offense and defense, the opposing sides in war, reproduce themselves all over the historic field. The conservative, of that which now is, holds the successive positions against the progressive, who seeks change; the resultant of each conflict, as in most wars, is a modification of conditions, not an immediate reversal. Total overthrow is rare, and happily so, for thus the continuity of conditions is preserved; neither revolution, nor yet stagnation, but still advance, graduated and moderate, which retains the one indispensable salt of national well-being, Faith, — faith in an established order, in fundamental principles, in regulated progress.

Looking then upon the field of history thus widened — from the single particular of military events that I have taken for illustration — to embrace all the various activities of mankind during a given epoch, we find necessarily a vast multiplication of incident, with a corresponding complication of the threads to which they severally belong. Thus not only the task is much bigger, but the analysis is more laborious; while as this underlies unity of treatment, the attainment of that becomes far more difficult. Nevertheless, the attempt must be made; that particular feature which gives special character to the period under consideration must be selected, and the relations of the others to it discerned, in order that, in the preëminence of the one and the contributory subordination of the others, artistic unity of construction may be attained. Thus only can the mass of readers receive that correct impression of the general character and trend of a period that far surpasses in instructive quality any volume of details, however accurate, the significance of which is not apprehended. An example of the thought that I am trying to express is to be found in the brief summaries of tendencies, which Ranke, in his History of England in the 17th Century, interposes from time to time in breaks of the narrative. This is not, I fancy, the most artistic method. It resembles rather those novels in which the motives and characters of the actors are explained currently, instead of being made to transpire for themselves. Nevertheless, the line of light thus thrown serves to elucidate the whole preceding and succeeding narrative. The separate events, the course and character of the several actors, receive a meaning that without such a clue they do not possess.

I conceive that such a method is applicable to all the work of history from the least to the greatest; from the single stones, if we may so say, the particular, limited researches, the monographs, up to the great edifice, which we may imagine though we may never see, in which all the periods of universal history shall have their several place and due proportion. So coördinated, they will present a majestic ideal unity corresponding to the thought of the Divine Architect, realized to His creatures. To a consummation so noble we may be permitted to aspire, and individually to take pride, not in our own selves, nor in our own work, but rather in that toward which we minister and in which we believe. Faith, the evidence of things not seen as yet, and the needful motive force of every truly great achievement, may cheer us to feel that in the perfection of our particular work we forward the ultimate perfection of the whole, which in its entirety

can be the work of no one hand. It may be, indeed, that to some one favored mind will be committed the final great synthesis; but he would be powerless save for the patient labors of the innumerable army which, stone by stone, and section by section, have wrought to perfection the several parts; while in combining these in the ultimate unity he must be guided by the same principles, and governed by the same methods, that have controlled them in their humbler tasks. He will in fact be, as each one of us is, an instrument. To him will be entrusted, on a larger and final scale, to accomplish the realization of that toward which generations of predecessors have labored, comprehending but in part, and obscurely, the end toward which they were tending, yet building better than they knew because they built faithfully.

A. T. Mahan.

REAL AND SHAM NATURAL HISTORY.

I SUPPOSE it is the real demand for an article that leads to its counterfeit, otherwise the counterfeit would stand a poor show. The growing demand for nature-books within the past few years has called forth a very large crop of these books, good, bad, and indifferent, — books on our flowers, our birds, our animals, our butterflies, our ferns, our trees; books of animal stories, animal romances, nature-study books, and what not. There is a long list of them. Some of these books, a very small number, are valuable contributions to our natural history literature. Some are written to meet a fancied popular demand. The current is setting that way; these writers seem to say to themselves, Let us take advantage of it, and float into public favor and into pecuniary profit with a nature-book. The popular love for stories is also catered to, and the two loves, the love of nature and the love of fiction, are sought to be blended in the animal story-books, such as Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's Kindred of the Wild, Mr. William Davenport Hulbert's Forest Neighbors, Mr. Thompson Seton's Wild Animals I Have Known, and the Rev. William J. Long's School of the Woods. Only the last two writers seem to seek to profit by the popular love for the sensational and the improbable, Mr. Long, in this respect, quite throwing Mr. Thompson Seton in the shade. It is Mr. Long's book, more than any of the others, that justifies the phrase "Sham Natural History," and it is to it and to Mr. Thompson Seton's Wild Animals I *Alone* Have Known, if I may be allowed playfully to amend his title to correspond with the facts, that I shall devote the major part of this article.

But before I proceed with this discussion, let me briefly speak of the books that have lately appeared in this field that are real contributions to the literature of the subjects of which they treat. All of Mr. Bradford Torrey's bird studies merit this encomium. They have a rare delicacy, sweetness, and charm. They are the product of a shy, gentle, alert, birdlike nature, dwelling fondly, lovingly, searchingly, upon our songsters and the scenes amid which they live.

Mrs. Fannie Hardy Eckstorm's Bird Book and her work on the Woodpeckers are fresh, original, and stimulating productions. Mr. Leander S. Keyser's Birds of the Rockies tells me just what I want to know about the Western birds, — their place in the landscape and in the season, and how they agree with and differ from our Eastern species. Mr. Keyser belongs to the

noble order of walkers and trampers, and is a true observer and bird-lover. Florence Merriam's (now Mrs. Bailey) books on Western bird life and Mr. Frank M. Chapman's various publications, apart from their strict scientific value, afford a genuine pleasure to all nature-lovers. Mr. Ernest Ingersoll has been writing gracefully and entertainingly upon the lives of our birds and wild animals for more than twenty years, and his books foster a wholesome love for these things.

Another book that I have read with genuine pleasure is Mr. Dallas Lore Sharp's Wild Life near Home, — a book full of charm and of real observation; the fruit of a deep and abiding love of Nature, and of power to paint her as she is. How delightful his sketch of the possum, and how true! Mr. Sharp is quite sure the possum does not faint when he "plays possum," as some naturalists have urged: "A creature that will deliberately walk into a trap, spring it, eat the bait, then calmly lie down and sleep until the trapper comes, has no nerves. I used to catch a possum, now and then, in the box-trap set for rabbits. It is a delicate task to take a rabbit from such a trap, for, give him a crack of chance and away he bolts to freedom. Open the lid carefully when there is a possum inside, and you will find the old fellow curled up, with a sweet smile of peace on his face, fast asleep. Shake the trap and he rouses yawningly, with a mildly injured air, offended at your rudeness, and wanting to know why you should wake an innocent possum from so safe and comfortable a bed. He blinks at you inquiringly, and says, 'Please, sir, if you will be so kind as to shut the door and go away, I will finish my nap.' And while he is saying it, before your very eyes, off to sleep he goes."

Of all the nature-books of recent years, I look upon Mr. Sharp's as the best; but in reading it, one is keenly aware of the danger that is always lurking near the essay naturalist, — lurking near me as well as Mr. Sharp, — the danger of making too much of what we see and describe, — of putting in too much sentiment, too much literature, — in short, of valuing these things more for the literary effects we can get out of them than for themselves. This danger did not beset Gilbert White. He always forgets White, and remembers only nature. His eye is single. He tells the thing for what it is. He is entirely serious. He reports directly upon what he sees and knows without any other motive than telling the truth. There is never more than a twinkle of humor in his pages, and never one word of style for its own sake. Who in our day would be content to write with the same moderation and self-denial? Yet it is just these sane, sincere, moderate books that live.

In Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's Kindred of the Wild one finds much to admire and commend, and but little to take exception to. The volume is in many ways the most brilliant collection of animal stories that has appeared. It reaches a high order of literary merit. Many of the descriptive passages in it of winter in the Canadian woods are of great beauty. The story called A Treason of Nature, describing the betrayal and death of a bull moose by hunters who imitated the call of the cow moose, is most striking and effective. True it is that all the animals whose lives are portrayed — the bear, the panther, the lynx, the hare, the moose, and others — are simply human beings disguised as animals; they think, feel, plan, suffer, as we do; in fact, exhibit almost the entire human psychology. But in other respects they follow closely the facts of natural history, and the reader is not deceived; he knows where he stands. Of course it is mainly guesswork how far our psychology applies to the lower animals. That they experience many of our emotions there can be no doubt, but that they have intellec-

tual and reasoning processes like our own, except in a very rudimentary form, admits of grave doubt. But I need not go into that vexed subject here. They are certainly in any broad generalization our kin, and Mr. Roberts's book is well named and well done.

Yet I question his right to make his porcupine roll himself into a ball when attacked, as he does in his story of the panther, and then on a nudge from the panther roll down a snowy incline into the water. I have tried all sorts of tricks with the porcupine and made all sorts of assaults upon him, at different times, and I have never yet seen him assume the globular form Mr. Roberts describes. It would not be the best form for him to assume, because it would partly expose his vulnerable under side. The one thing the porcupine seems bent upon doing at all times is to keep right side up with care. His attitude of defense is crouching close to the ground, head drawn in and pressed down, the circular shield of large quills upon his back opened and extended as far as possible, and the tail stretched back rigid and held close upon the ground. Now come on, he says, if you want to. The tail is his weapon of active defense; with it he strikes up like lightning, and drives the quills into whatever they touch. In his chapter called In Panoply of Spears, Mr. Roberts paints the porcupine without taking any liberties with the creature's known habits. He paints one characteristic of the porcupine as felicitously as Mr. Sharp paints one of the possum: "As the porcupine made his resolute way through the woods, the manner of his going differed from that of all the other kindreds of the wild. He went not furtively. He had no particular objection to making a noise. He did not consider it necessary to stop every little while, stiffen himself to a monument of immobility, cast wary glances about the gloom, and sniff the air for the taint of enemies. He did not care who knew of his coming, and he did not greatly care who came. Behind his panoply of biting spears he felt himself secure, and in that security he moved as if he held in fee the whole green, shadowy, perilous, woodland world."

The father of the animal story as we have it to-day was doubtless Charles Dudley Warner, who, in his A-Hunting of the Deer, forever killed all taste for venison in many of his readers. The story of the hunt is given from the standpoint of the deer, and is, I think, the most beautiful and effective animal story yet written in this country. It is true in the real sense of the word. The line between fact and fiction is never crossed.

Neither does Mr. William Davenport Hulbert cross this line in his Forest Neighbors, wherein we have the life stories of the porcupine, the lynx, the beaver, the loon, the trout, made by a man who has known these creatures in the woods of northern Michigan from his boyhood. The sketches are sympathetically done, and the writer's invention is called into play without the reader's credulity ever being overtaxed. But in Mr. Thompson Seton's Wild Animals I Have Known, and in the recent work of his awkward imitator, the Rev. William J. Long, I am bound to say that the line between fact and fiction is repeatedly crossed, and that a deliberate attempt is made to induce the reader to cross, too, and to work such a spell upon him that he shall not know that he has crossed and is in the land of make-believe. Mr. Thompson Seton says in capital letters that his stories are true, and it is this emphatic assertion that makes the judicious grieve. True as romance, true in their artistic effects, true in their power to entertain the young reader, they certainly are; but true as natural history they as certainly are not. Are we to believe that Mr. Thompson Seton, in his few years of roaming in the West, has penetrated farther into the secrets of animal life

than all the observers who have gone before him? There are no stories of animal intelligence and cunning on record, that I am aware of, that match his. Gilbert White, Charles St. John, Waterton, Wallace, Darwin, Jefferies, and others in England, — all expert students and observers; Bates in South America, Audubon roaming the whole country, Thoreau in New England, John Muir in the mountains of California and in the wilds of Alaska have nothing to report that comes within gunshot of what appear to be Mr. Thompson Seton's daily experiences. Such dogs, wolves, foxes, rabbits, mustangs, crows, as he has known, it is safe to say, no other person in the world has ever known. Fact and fiction are so deftly blended in his work that only a real woodsman can separate them. For instance, take his story of the fox. Every hunter knows that the fox, when pursued by the hound, will often resort to devices that look like cunning tricks to confuse and mislead the dog. How far these devices are the result of calculation we do not know, but hunters generally look upon them as such. Thus a fox hotly pursued will run through a flock of sheep. This dodge probably delays the hound a little, but it does not often enable the fox to shake him. Mr. Thompson Seton goes several better, and makes his fox jump upon the back of a sheep and ride several hundred yards. Of course no fox ever did that. Again, the fox will sometimes take to the railroad track, and walk upon the rail, doubtless with the vague notion of eluding his pursuers. Mr. Thompson Seton makes his fox so very foxy that he deliberately lures the hounds upon a long trestle where he knows they will be just in time to meet and be killed by a passing train, as they are. The presumption is that the fox had a watch and a time-table about his person. But such are the ways of romancers. The incident of the mother fox coming near the farmhouse at night to rescue her young, and, finding him held by a chain, digging a hole and burying the chain, thinking she had thus set him free, is very touching and pretty, and might well be true. It shows how limited the wit of the fox really is. But, finding herself unable to liberate her offspring, that she should then bring him poison is pushing the romantic to the absurd. In all the animal stories of Mr. Thompson Seton that I have read the same liberties are taken with facts. In his story of the rabbit, Raggylug, he says: "Those who do not know the animals well may think I have humanized them, but those who have lived so near them as to know something of their ways and their minds will not think so." This is the old trick of the romancer: he swears his tale is true, because he knows his reader wants this assurance; it makes the thing taste better. But those who know the animals are just the ones Mr. Thompson Seton cannot fool. Any country boy knows that the rabbit takes no account of barbed wire fences or of briers and brambles as a means of punishing the dog that is pursuing him. If these things were universal, it is possible that in the course of long generations rabbits might learn to interpose them between themselves and their enemies, — possible, but not probable.

Or take his story of the crow — Silver Spot; how truthful a picture is this? how much of the real natural history of the crow is here? According to my own observations of more than half a century, there is very little. In the first place, that these natural leaders among the fowls of the air ever appear I have no evidence. I have known crows almost as intimately as I have hens from my boyhood, and I have seen no evidence of it with them. For forty years I have seen crows in winter, in different parts of the country, passing to and fro between their rookeries and their feeding grounds, and I have never seen anything like leadership among them. They leave their roosting places at daybreak and disperse north and south

or east and west to their feeding grounds, going in loose, straggling bands and silently, except in early spring and when they first leave their rookeries; and they return at night in the same way, flying low if it is stormy and windy, and high if it is calm, rising up or sheering off if they see a gunner or other suspicious object, but making no sound, uttering no signal notes. They all have eyes equally sharp and do not need to be warned. They are all on the alert. When feeding, they do post a sentry, and he caws when danger approaches, and takes to wing. They do not dart into a bush when pursued by a kingbird or a purple martin; they are not afraid of a hawk; they cannot count six, though such traditions exist (Silver Spot could count thirty!); they do not caw when you stand under them in winter to turn their course; they do not drill their young; they do not flock together in June; they cannot worry a fox into giving up half his dinner; they do not, so far as we know, have perpetual sentries; they have no calls that, we can be sure, answer to our words, "Mount," "Bunch," "Scatter," "Descend," "Form line," "Forage," — on these and other points my observations differ radically from Mr. Thompson Seton's.

Crows flock in September. Through the summer the different families keep pretty well together. You may see the old ones with their young foraging about the fields, the young often being fed by their parents. It may be permissible to say that the old are teaching the young how to forage; they are certainly setting them an example, as the mother hen or mother turkey is setting her brood an example when she leads them about the fields. The cat brings her kitten a mouse, but does she teach him how to deal with the mouse? Does he need to be *taught?*

From my boyhood I have seen that yearly meeting of the crows in September or October, on a high grassy hill or a wooded ridge. Apparently all the crows over a large area assemble at these times; you may see them coming, singly or in loose bands, from all directions to the rendezvous, till there are hundreds of them together. They make black an acre or two of ground. At intervals they all rise in the air, wheeling about, all cawing at once. Then to the ground again or to the treetops, as the case may be; then, wheeling in the air, they send forth the voice of the multitude. What does it all mean? Ask our romancers; they can tell you, I cannot. It is the meeting of the clan after the scattering of the breeding season, and they seem to celebrate the event. The crow is gregarious, he is social, he seems to have a strong community feeling; he will act as sentinel for the safety of his fellows. I have never seen crows quarrel over their food, or act greedy. Indeed, I am half persuaded that in hard times in winter they willingly share their food with one another. Birds of prey will rend one another over their food; even buzzards will make some show of mauling one another with their wings; but I have yet to see anything of the kind with that gentle freebooter, the crow.

What their various calls mean, who shall tell? That lusty *Caw-aw, caw-aw* that one hears in spring and summer, like the voice of authority or command, what does it mean? I never could find out. It is doubtless from the male. A crow will utter it while sitting alone on the fence in the pasture, as well as when flying through the air. The crow's cry of alarm is easily distinguished; all the other birds and wild creatures know it, and the hunter who is stalking his game is apt to swear when he hears it. I have heard two crows in the spring, seated on a limb close together, give utterance to very many curious, guttural, gurgling, ventriloquial sounds. What were they saying? It was probably some form of the language of love.

One very cold winter's morning after a fall of nearly two feet of snow, as

I came out of my door, three crows were perched in an apple tree but a few rods away. One of them uttered a peculiar caw as they saw me, but they did not fly away. It was not the usual high-keyed note of alarm. It may have meant "Look out!" yet it seemed to me like the asking of alms: "Here we are, three hungry neighbors of yours; give us food." So I soon brought out the entrails and legs of a chicken, and placed them upon the snow. The crows very soon discovered what I had done, and with the usual suspicious lifting of the wings approached and devoured the food or carried it away. But there was not the least strife or dispute among them over the food. Indeed, each seemed ready to give precedence to the other. In fact, the crow is a courtly, fine-mannered bird. Yet suspicion is his dominant trait. Anything that looks like design puts him on his guard. He suspects a trap. A string stretched over and around a cornfield will often keep him away. His wit is not deep, but it is quick, and ever on the alert.

Since Mr. Thompson Seton took his reader into his confidence at all, why did he not warn him at the outset against asking any questions about the literal truth of his stories? Why did he not say that their groundwork was fact and their finish was fiction, and that if the reader find them entertaining, and that if they increase his love for, and his interest in, our wild neighbors, it were enough?

It is always an artist's privilege to heighten or deepen natural effects. He may paint us a more beautiful woman, or a more beautiful horse, or a more beautiful landscape, than we ever saw; we are not deceived even though he outdo nature. We know where we stand and where he stands; we know that this is the power of art. But when he paints a portrait, or an actual scene, or event, we expect him to be true to the facts of the case. Again, he may add all the charm his style can impart to the subject, and we are not deceived; the picture is true, perhaps all the more true for the style. Mr. Thompson Seton's stories are artistic and pleasing, but he insists upon it that they are true to the fact, and that this is the best way to write natural history. "I believe," he says in his preface, "that natural history has lost much by the vague general treatment that is so common." Hence he will make it specific and individual. Very good; but do not put upon our human credulity a greater burden than it can bear. His story of the pacing mustang is very clever and spirited, but the endurance of the horse is simply past belief. What would not one give for the real facts of the case; how interesting they would be, no matter how much they fell short of this highly colored account! There should be nothing equivocal about sketches of this kind; even a child should know when the writer is giving him facts and when he is giving him fiction, as he does when Mr. Thompson Seton makes his animals talk; but in many of the narrations only a real woodsman can separate the true from the false. Mr. Thompson Seton constantly aims to convey the idea to his reader that the wild creatures drill and instruct their young, even punishing them at times for disobedience to orders. His imitator, the Rev. Mr. Long, quite outdoes him on this line, going so far as to call his last book the School of the Woods.

Mr. Long doubtless got the hint of his ridiculous book from Mr. Thompson Seton's story of the crow, wherein he speaks of a certain old pine woods as the crows' fortress and college: "Here they find security in numbers and in lofty yet sheltered perches, and here they begin their schooling and are taught all the secrets of success in crow life, and in crow life the least failure does not simply mean begin again. It means *death*." Now the idea was a false one before Mr. Long appropriated it, and it has been pushed to such length

that it becomes ridiculous. There is not a shadow of truth in it. It is simply one of Mr. Thompson Seton's strokes of fancy. The crows do not train their young. They have no fortresses, or schools, or colleges, or examining boards, or diplomas, or medals of honor, or hospitals, or churches, or telephones, or postal deliveries, or anything of the sort. Indeed, the poorest backwoods hamlet has more of the appurtenances of civilization than the best organized crow or other wild animal community in the land!

Mr. Long deliberately states as possibly a new suggestion in the field of natural history "that animal education is like our own, and so depends chiefly upon teaching." And again: "After many years of watching animals in their native haunts [and especially after reading Thompson Seton] I am convinced that instinct plays a much smaller part than we have supposed; that an animal's success or failure in the ceaseless struggle for life depends, not upon instinct, but upon the kind of training which the animal receives from its mother." This is indeed a new suggestion in the field of natural history. What a wonder that Darwin did not find it out, or the observers before and since his time. But the honor of the discovery belongs to our own day and land!

Now let us see if this statement will bear examination. Take the bird with its nest, for instance. The whole art of the nest builder is concealment, — both by position and by the material used, — blending its nest with and making it a part of its surroundings. This is the way to safety. Does the mother bird teach her young this art? When does she do it, since the young do not build till they are a year old? Does she give them an object lesson on their own nest, and do they remember it till the next season? See, too, how all the ground birds and the females of nearly all the tree birds are protected by their neutral and imitative coloring. Is this, too, a matter of education? Or take any of our wild animals. Is the cunning of the fox a matter of education? or of inheritance? Is he taught in the school of the woods how to elude the hound, or how to carry a fat goose, or how to avoid a trap? Here is a neighborhood where a fox-trap has not been put out in fifty years. Go and bait your fox for a week in winter and then set your trap with your best art, and see if he comes and puts his foot or his nose in it. You may finally catch him, but not till you have allayed his suspicions and fairly outwitted him. He knows a trap from the jump, and it is not school knowledge, but inherited knowledge.

On what does the safety of the hare depend? On his speed, his sharp eyes and ears, and on his protective coloring; the deer likewise on its speed and on its acute senses; and so on through the list. Nature has instilled into them all the fear of their enemies and equipped them with different means in different degrees to escape them. Birds of prey have almost preternatural keenness of vision. Many of the four-footed creatures have equal sharpness of scent. A wild animal is a wild animal when it is born, and it fears man and its natural enemies as soon as its senses and its powers are developed. This fear, this wildness, can be largely eradicated from most of them, if we take them young enough, and it can be greatly increased by hunting them with guns and dogs. The gray squirrels in some of our city parks are as tame as cats. On the other hand, let a domestic cat rear its kittens in the woods, and they are at once wild animals. Wild geese are tame geese when hatched and reared by domestic geese, but when in the fall they hear the call of their migrating clan in the air above them, do they not know the language? do they have to be taught to spread their wings and follow after?

The question I am here arguing is too obvious and too well established to be considered in this serious manner, were

it not that the popularity of Mr. Long's books, with their mock natural history, is misleading the minds of many readers. No pleasure to the reader, no moral inculcated, can justify the dissemination of false notions of nature, or of anything else, and the writer who seeks to palm off his own silly inventions as real observations is bound sooner or later to come to grief.

There is a school of the woods, as I have said, just as much as there is a church of the woods, or a parliament of the woods, or a society of united charities of the woods, and no more; there is nothing in the dealings of animals with their young that in the remotest way suggests human instruction and discipline. The young of all the wild creatures do instinctively what their parents do and did. They do not have to be taught; they are taught by nature from the start. The bird sings at the proper age, and builds its nest, and takes its appropriate food, without any hint at all from its parents. The young ducks take to the water when hatched by a hen as readily as when hatched by a duck, and dive, and stalk insects, and wash themselves just as their mothers did. Young chickens and young turkeys understand the various calls and signals of their mothers the first time they hear or see them. At the mother's alarm note they squat, at her call to food they come, on the first day as on the tenth. The habits of cleanliness of the nestlings are established from the first hour of their lives. When a bird comes to build its first nest and to rear its first brood, it knows how to proceed as well as it does years later, or as its parents did before it. The fox is afraid of a trap before he has had any experience with traps, and the hare thumps upon the ground at the sight of anything strange and unusual whether its mates be within hearing or not. It is true that the crows and the jays might be called the spies and informers of the woods, and that other creatures seem to understand the meaning of their cries, but who shall presume to say that they have been instructed in this vocation? Mr. Long would have us believe that the crows teach their young to fly. Does the rooster teach its young to crow, or the cock grouse teach the young males to drum? No bird teaches its young to fly. They fly instinctively when their wings are strong enough. I have often thought that the parent birds sometimes withheld food for the purpose of inducing their young to leave the nest, perching near by with it in their beaks and calling impatiently. The common dove will undoubtedly push its fully fledged young off the dovecot to make them use their wings. At a certain age young birds and young mice and squirrels and rabbits will leave their nests when disturbed, whether their parents are within hearing or not. Young hawks and young crows will launch out boldly into the air when they see or feel you shinning up the tree that holds their nest. Fear is instinctive in the young of all creatures, even of turtles. Yet Mr. Long would persuade us that young birds and animals are strangers to this feeling till their parents have taught them what to fear. Every farm boy knows that when old Brindle hides her calf in the woods, and he is sent to look it up when it is only a few hours old, that it is "as wild as a deer," as we say, and will charge him desperately with a loud agonized bleat. Had the old cow taught her young to be afraid of what she herself was not afraid? So with the human kind. Does the mother teach her baby to be afraid of strangers? When I was a small boy I remember being afraid of the first soaring hawk I had ever seen, and I ran and hid behind the fence.

What Mr. Long and Mr. Thompson Seton read as parental obedience is simply obedience to instinct, and of course in this direction alone safety lies, and there is no departure from it, as Mr. Long seeks to show in his story of

What the Fawns must Know. The parents and the young are filled with the same impulse. Is it to be supposed that our white-footed mouse has taught her young to cling to her teats, when the plough throws out her nest, and thus be carried away by her? When did she drill them? Was it by word of command or by pinches and nudges? Are we to believe that the partridge teaches her just hatched brood to squat motionless upon the ground, or to stick their heads under leaves at a signal from her when a man or a dog appears? There they sit as if suddenly turned to stone while she blusters about and seeks to lead you away from the spot. Who taught her to try to play her confidence game upon you, to feign lameness, a broken wing, a broken leg, or utter paralysis? her parents before her? How interesting it would have been to have surprised them in their rehearsal! Nearly all the ground builders among our song birds try the same tactics when driven from their nests. When and how were they taught, and who was their teacher? The other day a lady told me she thought she had heard a robin in the summer teaching its young to sing. But, I said, the young do not sing till the following year, and then only the males. If they are taught, why don't the females sing? Is the singing school only for boys? It was not so when I was a youth.

Eternal vigilance is the price of life among the birds and the lower animals, and then they probably seldom die in their beds, as we say. They are like the people of a city in a state of siege, or like an army moving through, or encamped in, an enemy's country. They are surrounded by scalpers and sharpshooters; yea, their camp is invaded by them. Guns, traps, snares, nets, snakes, weasels, cats, foxes, hawks, bloodsuckers, bone crushers, — foes in the air, in the bush, in the grass, in the water; foes by day, foes by night, foes that stalk, that glide, that swoop; foes that go by sight, that go by scent, that waylay, that spring from ambush, — how can they escape the fearful and the tragic, from the moose in his power to the hare in her timidity; from the fox with his speed and cunning to the mouse that he hunts in its meadow burrow? They cannot and they do not escape, and if Mr. Long had learned his lesson outside of his study, he might have found it out. Mr. Long often describes, with an extra show of exactness and particularity, incidents he has seen in the lives of the wood folk that no man ever saw or ever will see. He would make us believe that in the Northern woods (he does not name the spot) it is often difficult to frighten the moose out of your way; he says that they get in the way of your canoe in the water, or follow it threateningly, even though you fire your rifle to frighten them off; and that the bears are so tame that they stand in the path before you and dispute the right of way with you, but that if you look hard enough at them they may clamber up the rocks and look down upon you as you pass! We know that even the musk ox in the Arctic barren lands, that has never seen or known man, is wary and hard to approach. Mr. Long's book reads like that of a man who has really never been to the woods, but who sits in his study and cooks up these yarns from things he has read in Forest and Stream, or in other sporting journals. Of real observation there is hardly a vestige in his book; of deliberate trifling with natural history there is no end. He describes how on one occasion his attention was arrested by a curious sound among the bushes on the side of a hill. He could not make out what was coming. But let me give the passage entire as a good sample of the tales of this Münchausen of our nature-writers: "It was not a bear shaking down the ripe beechnuts — not heavy enough for that, yet too heavy for the feet of any prowler of the woods to make on his stealthy hunting. *Pr-r-r-r-ush, swish! thump!*

Something struck the stem of a bush heavily, and brought down a rustling shower of leaves; then out from under the low branches rolled something that I had never seen before, — a heavy grayish ball, as big as a half-bushel basket, so covered over with leaves that one could not tell what was inside. It was as if some one had covered a big kettle with glue and sent it rolling down the hill picking up dead leaves as it went. So the queer thing tumbled past my feet, purring, crackling, growing bigger and more ragged every moment as it gathered up more leaves, till it reached the bottom of a sharp pitch and lay still.

"I stole after it cautiously; suddenly it moved, unrolled itself. Then out of the ragged mass came a big porcupine. He shook himself, stretched, wabbled around a moment, as if his long roll had made him dizzy; then he meandered aimlessly along the foot of the ridge, his quills stuck full of dead leaves, looking big and strange enough to frighten anything that might meet him in the woods." And presently we are told he did frighten a hare almost out of its wits. One would like to know what Mr. Long had for supper the night he dreamed this dream. He had probably just read or heard the old legend of the porcupine rolling over under an apple tree and walking off to his den with his quills stuck full of apples; this, with a late supper of Welsh "rabbit," had doubtless caused this fantastic vision to dance through his brain. But how did he come to believe it was a real experience? that is the mystery. One doubts his ever having met a porcupine in the woods, or he would know that these creatures do not cover their noses with their tails; the tail is always extended flat upon the ground and used as a weapon of defense. He ought to know, too, if he had had any such experience as he describes, that when a lynx, or any other wild animal, attacks a porcupine and gets its mouth full of quills, it does not lie down beside its murderer and die, as he represents. It lives for days, maybe weeks, wandering through the forest.

Or take Mr. Long's picture of the death — euthanasy — of an eagle, an occurrence which came under his own observation.

The eagle was circling in the air at a great altitude above the mountain top, and sending forth the loud, strident eagle scream, — advising Jove, no doubt, that his bird was ready to come. Presently the wheeling and the screaming ceased, the great bird set its wings and came sailing with great speed straight toward the earth, passing near the observer, who saw with wonder that the head with partly closed eyes "drooped forward as if it were heavy." "Only once did he veer slightly, to escape a tall stub that thrust its naked bulk above the woods athwart his path. Then with rigid wings he crossed the bay below the point! still slanting gently down to earth, and vanished silently into the drooping arms of the dark woods beyond," where Mr. Long soon found him, "his head lying across the moss-cushioned root of an old cedar, his wings outstretched among the cool green ferns — dead." Let us see how probable this event is: birds die as men do, suddenly, or from lingering disease and old age. We all know that when birds or poultry or caged eagles die of old age, or other causes, they sicken and droop for several days, refuse food, and refuse to use their wings, till some morning we find them dead under their perches. Sudden death with them is probably from apoplexy or something akin to it. I have heard of canaries suddenly falling dead from their perches, and of wild birds suddenly falling dead from great emotional excitement, when their nests were being robbed. It is possible that an old eagle might be smitten with apoplexy while high in air. In that case would he come sailing calmly to earth like a boy on a toboggan slide? Would

he not rather collapse and come down in a heap as men and birds do?

It is not unusual for one to see hawks and eagles come to the earth from a great altitude with wings set in the manner that Mr. Long describes (all except the drooping head and the half-closed eyes); but who ever before fancied Death sitting astride their necks? The tale goes very well with the other of Mr. Long's, — of the playful porcupine rolling down the bank just for fun!

If it be urged that I discredit Mr. Long's stories simply because I myself have never seen or known the like, I say, no; that is not the reason. I can believe many things I have never seen or known. I discredit them because they are so widely at variance with all we know of the wild creatures and their ways. I discredit them as I do any other glaring counterfeit, or any poor imitation of an original, or as I would discredit a story of my friend that was not in keeping with what I knew of his character. There are many, very many, things in our own natural history that I do not know; I add a little to my knowledge of it every year, and hope to keep on doing so as long as I live; but I do know that Mr. Long draws the long bow when he says he has seen the great blue heron break up a frog and scatter the fragments upon the water and then wait to spear the little fish that might be thus attracted; or when he describes so circumstantially, in one of his late magazine articles, how he had a peep into the kingfisher's "kindergarten," and saw the old birds go fishing downstream and return with small minnows which they placed in a shallow pool near the main stream, and then went off and fetched their young to the spot and instructed them in diving for these shiners. If he had said that he saw the parent birds fishing with hook and line, or dragging a net of their own knitting, his statement would have been just as credible; or, his story of how he has seen the mother fishhawk train her young day after day to fish, even catching a fish for them and then dropping it back wounded into the water, and then encouraging them to try for it! Our historian urges that if the young were not thus initiated into fishing they would relapse into the "old hawk habit of hunting in the woods, which is much easier." How does the Rev. Mr. Long know that they would go straight back to the "old hawk habit"? I once reared a marsh hawk, taken from the nest long before it was fledged. As it grew up it certainly needed no instruction as to how to use its talons. It would practice upon a dry leaf or a fragment of bark, striking it with unerring aim.

Equally fictitious is Mr. Long's account of what he calls the Roll Call of the Partridge — how, after the mother of the brood had been killed, he has seen a young male take her place and lead the flock, and, near nightfall, take up his stand upon a log and call till his mates came one by one and stood beside him to the number of nine. Still the leader called, — there should be two more, — the two that were in Mr. Long's game-bag; and who does not know that a smart young partridge, fresh from the school of the woods, can count eleven? Mr. Long saw him in the act of counting them. The family had at last become alarmed he asserts, and "huddled on the ground in a close group, all but the leader, who stood above them, counting them over and over, apparently, and anon sending his cry out into the darkening woods."

Why should any one palm off such stuff on an unsuspecting public as veritable natural history? When a man, writing or speaking of his own experience, says without qualification that he has seen a thing, we are expected to take him at his word. Mr. Long says his sketches were made in the woods with the subjects themselves living just outside his tent door; and that "they are all life studies, and include also some

of the unusual life secrets of a score of animals and birds." We are not, therefore, to regard him as playing with natural history material for the amusement of his reader, or, like Mr. Thompson Seton, seeking to make up an artistic whole out of bits and fragments of the lives of the animals, gathered here and there, and heightened and intensified by a fertile fancy, but as an actual recorder of what he has seen and known. What the "life secrets" are that he claims to have discovered, any competent reader can see. They are all the inventions of Mr. Long. Of the real secrets of wild life, I do not find a trace in his volume.

The only other book of Mr. Long's I have looked into is his Beasts of the Field, and here he is for the most part the same false prophet that he is in the School of the Woods. His statements are rarely convincing; rarely do they have the verisimilitude of real observations. His air is that of a witness who is trying to mislead the jury. What discoveries he has made! Among others, that the red squirrel has cheek pockets in which he can carry half a dozen chestnuts at a time! Has he really never seen a red squirrel, or does he not know him from a chipmunk? There is probably not a natural history museum in the land that would not pay a fine sum for a red squirrel with pouches in his cheeks.

What fun the fishermen and hunters and farmers must have with Mr. Long! Some fisherman along the coast told him that the fox catches crabs by trailing his brush over the water as a bait; the crab seizes it, whereupon the fox springs away and jerks the crab to land. Mr. Long hopes to confirm the observation some time!

An old fox hunter found him still more gullible. He told him how one morning he made the discovery that a fox was in his hencoop killing his chickens. Approaching cautiously he closed the opening and had the fox a prisoner. On entering the coop a few moments later, what was his surprise to find one dead pullet and a dead fox beside it. He concluded the thief had tumbled down from the roost and broken his neck. He laid both the fox and his victim on a box outside the door. A minute later both fox and pullet were gone! The fox was only "playing possum," and when he left he took his chicken with him!

He knew of a black fox that played the same trick. A boy caught it in a trap, and found it in the morning apparently dead and frozen stiff. He carried it home in triumph over his shoulder. (Of course the fox had suppressed its animal heat also!) He removed the trap from the frozen leg, stroked and admired his beautiful prize, and then, as he turned his attention away for a moment, "he had a dazed vision of a flying black animal that seemed to perch an instant on the log fence and vanish among the spruces." Could credulity any further go?

It seems to me that Mr. Long's story of how an old fox captures chickens roosting beyond his reach in a tree does go a little further. The fox simply runs around the tree, going faster and faster, "jumping and clacking his teeth," and the chickens in trying to follow him with their eyes get dizzy and tumble off the roost! Mr. Long gives this as if it might have been his own observation, but doubtless some old farmer has "soaked" him with it. How the old humorist must have chuckled in his sleeve! I have read of an owl in South Africa which the natives believe can be made to twist its head off by a person walking round and round it. The curious bird follows you with his eyes, till, presto! his head is off. This story goes one or two better than that of our Natural History Münchausen!

John Burroughs.

HIS DAUGHTER FIRST.

X.

It was natural for Dolly to lean. When her course was plain she went her way resolutely, but she was not one to grapple with uncertainties or hew a path through perplexities with instant decisions. She loved straight roads. At the crossways she faltered. Her natural instincts were so simple, and generally so true, that complexity of any kind took her by surprise. She was continually looking at life as it ought to be, and continually finding cause for indignation that it was otherwise. Her own had been so free from obstacles that when they presented themselves in an uncompromising form she recoiled. She had appealed to Paul, but he had not convinced her. Before taking any step she always wanted everything perfectly plain and clear, — as few things ever are. It was this longing for a straight road out of perplexity that impelled her to seek counsel, and she still felt that desire for companionship which leads the patient to surround himself with friends upon going to an operation he knows he must in the end face alone. If we could only take chloroform for difficult tasks and wake to find them done!

On the slightest provocation she would have unbosomed herself to Margaret, in the vague hope that Margaret would see some course she could not discern herself. But dear as Margaret was to her, she did not invite confidences of this sort. The more Dolly reflected on Paul's advice to speak to Jack the less it commended itself to her. She felt that it was with Mabel she had to do, not with Jack; and while Paul was inspecting Cecil's guns in the billiard-room, this thought took concrete form.

She was still bending over her desk when he came back, and the distress in her blue eyes as she looked up at him caused him to stoop and kiss her. He knew what she was thinking of.

"I wish I could help you, Dolly dear," he said.

She folded the sheet on which she had been writing, and answered him with a smile.

"I am not going to take your advice, Paul; but what you said has suggested something which I think is better. I love Mr. Temple, — so much more than I thought." Her voice was low, but her eyes bright with conviction. "I am going to see Mabel."

"To see Mabel?"

"Yes. If I cannot conquer her before I cannot expect to afterwards."

Paul thought for a moment. The implication in Dolly's "before" and "afterwards" amused him.

"And if you do not conquer her?"

"I shall," said Dolly. Decision had brought relief and the courage of action.

"Do you mean you are going to New York?"

"No, I shall ask her here."

Paul inwardly approved of fighting battles on one's own ground, but did not say so.

"Suppose she declines?"

"I do not think she will," replied Dolly slowly.

"Do you mean you have any reason for thinking so?"

"Only a woman's reason. I want you to be very nice to her, Paul, and to forget what I have told you."

"Of course I shall be nice to her, for your sake. But I should like to give her a good shaking. She deserves to be told how desperately mean and selfish she is, how utterly unwarranted and impertinent her interference has been, and made to realize what consequences it might have had, — and may have yet."

"Then you approve of my plan?" Dolly said after a pause.

"Why yes, I approve of it; I approve of anything except sitting still and being ridden over. As I told you last night, I should have gone straight to Jack," — Dolly shook her head, — "but you are perhaps the best judge of that. You may be sure of one thing though, Dolly, — that I shall not see Jack Temple again without being tempted to tell him the whole story, and put him out of misery. You think it would pain him to know about Mabel. What 's that, against the happiness of knowing you love him! "

"Misery? " repeated Dolly.

"Well, I should call it misery to be told by the woman I loved that she did n't care for me."

"Would you, Paul? "

"Certainly I should," he said, going to the window and drumming on the pane impatiently.

Dolly looked at him as he stood with his back toward her and smiled inscrutably.

"Would you like to read my note? " she asked at length.

Paul turned and took the folded sheet from her outstretched hand.

My dear Mabel (it began): I am inviting a few friends for the Christmas holidays to Cedar Hill. It would please me very much if you would be among them, with Miss Gaunt. My cousin Mr. Graham is with me now, and Margaret's mother. I am not asking your father, for this is to be a young people's party, and if there are any among your friends whom you would like me to invite, do give me the pleasure of adding them to my list.

Sincerely yours,
DOROTHY KENSETT.

"I don't believe she will come," said Paul tersely.

"We shall see."

"What do you propose to say to her? " he asked, handing back the note.

"I don't know yet — that is, I know what I shall say, but not how I shall say it."

And then Mrs. Frazer came in with her solitaire and began to spread the cards on the large library table.

Mabel found Dolly's note beside her plate at the breakfast-table. She was late, as she usually was on all occasions, being one of those who avail themselves of every day or minute of grace. She recognized the handwriting on the envelope at once with a secret flutter of excitement, — was it to be peace or war? — and honored the pale blue missive from Cedar Hill by selecting it from among her other letters for first perusal. She read it through twice carefully, and decided that it was war. Its friendly tone did not deceive her an instant. Mrs. Kensett was not stupid, and could by no possibility have misunderstood her. She handed it carelessly to Helen, and asked her if she would like to go. Jack, who had finished his breakfast, was buried in the morning paper.

"It is very nice of Mrs. Kensett to invite us so soon again," said Mabel, who seemed to forget that Helen had not gone before.

"Very," said Helen; and then, after a momentary hesitation, "Shall you go, Mabel? "

"Go? of course. We had great fun there the last time. Besides, I want to see the South African."

Helen was bewildered and said nothing. She entirely disapproved of Mabel's conduct, but she could not help a certain guilty admiration for her easy self-confidence in a matter which, had she herself dared the same interference, would have cost her endless tears and anxiety. She had encountered at the very outset Mabel's air of indulgent superiority. At first it had amused her, but as the child grew into the woman it annoyed her. It was not a malicious or supercilious assumption, and so did not positively hurt, but it did often produce in her that disagreeable feeling of not

being at her best. She had not resented it, chiefly because Mabel did not entertain the slightest idea of possible opposition, but the mere consciousness of Mabel's stronger will embarrassed her when there was no other cause for embarrassment whatever.

"Papa," remonstrated Mabel, "do put down your paper. Mrs. Kensett has asked Helen and me to a Christmas party at Cedar Hill. Here is her note."

Jack read it and said Mrs. Kensett was very kind. It was the same comment which Mabel herself had just made, but Helen observed that a faint smile of mingled amusement, pity, and scorn passed over Mabel's face.

"I don't like to leave you all alone, papa dear," Mabel said doubtfully.

"I would much rather have you go than not," was his reply. "Would you," thought Helen, "if you knew?"

"I shall take the opportunity to go down to the Island and see the Vixen. The skipper says she needs a lot of overhauling."

"Whom would you ask Mrs. Kensett to invite, papa?"

"Oh, I leave that to you, as she did."

"Suggest some one, Helen," said Mabel.

Helen thought for a moment. "There is Florence Wilson" —

Mabel made a pout of decided disapproval.

"We can ask one man and one girl, don't you think so, papa? There is plenty of room at Cedar Hill."

"I should write Mrs. Kensett that in sending any names you are carrying out her own suggestion, but that" —

"Certainly, certainly," Mabel broke in.

"How about Spencer Willis?" suggested Jack. "He 's a nice fellow."

"I think he is horrid!" exclaimed Mabel.

Jack laughed. He did not mind how horrid she thought him. "Settle it among yourselves, then," he said, "it is not my party. But I must be off." He stooped to kiss her before going. "Good-by, dear. Good-morning, Miss Gaunt."

"I tell you whom we will ask," said Mabel when the door was closed; "Mr. Heald and Constance Montrevel. She 's tremendously amusing with her little snub nose and French accent. Will you please write for me, Helen? No, on second thought, I will write myself. It will be more polite. You are n't eating anything this morning, Helen. Pass me the rolls, please."

No, Helen was not eating anything. She was feeling miserably. It was all very well when Mabel was a little girl to tamper with the Dresden clock and tease Lady Bess, but it was quite another thing, having reached years of discretion, to trifle so light-heartedly with serious things. Moreover, she had an appointment for that afternoon of which she had said nothing to Mabel. Why, she knew well. There was an exhibition at the Academy, and Mr. Heald had asked her to go with him. He had called Thursday, and Mabel, in her most capricious mood, had been alternately alluring and elusive. Sometimes she believed Mabel had no heart at all, and at others a chance word or generous mood reversed this estimate, and made her feel there was a very big heart slumbering under the surface and biding its time. Mabel's treatment of Mr. Heald had mystified her. She had a good deal to say against him. That was not to the point, but rather that she talked of him at all. She always gave him the dances he asked for, and he had led the cotillion with her at the Wendells'. Now she had secured his invitation to Cedar Hill. At one time Helen had been sure Mabel cared for him, and this had caused her no little anxiety; for while there was nothing clandestine in their meetings, Mr. Heald was not then a caller at Gramercy Park nor a friend of Mr. Temple's. Mabel had never given her any clue to her real feelings, and she had never dared to question her.

But this was not what made Helen miserable. Lately, and for the first time in all her relations with Mabel's friends, Mr. Heald had in some indefinable way made her feel that he was looking at *her* over Mabel's shoulder; that there was something between them, something no one knew, — what, she did not know herself, — but *something*, — something which made the one waltz she gave him more than all the dances he had on Mabel's card, and sent her to bed after the Wendells' ball with a fluttering joy in her heart which made her close her eyes to shut out what she did not dare to see. And when they were shut she had the most extravagant and improbable dreams, of independence and freedom from all the luxury that was not her own, of surprising the family in Boston with a tremendous piece of news, of turning the last page of the book of being nobody, of having something of her own, her very own, — and then her heart leaped and her eyes opened wide in the darkness, and she turned over on her pillow and tried to persuade herself that she was very silly.

With the morning light the dream moved a little farther into the background, but it was still there. She took a new interest in the most insignificant things, above all in herself, in the long hair she was brushing before the mirror, in the face looking back at her, beyond which, in the mirror's depths, was the dream.

It was Monday. Mr. Heald had called Thursday. She had known he would, for she had heard him ask permission on the night of the opera. To Mr. Temple he had said "on your daughter," but that was not what the words meant to her. And he had asked her to meet him to-day at the Academy, and she had consented. She was pouring tea for Mabel, as she usually did. He had said nothing to her — indeed, she had avoided him — until he asked her for a cup of tea. But his presence, in the room even, made her nervous. She knew he was coming, just as a dozen others had come during the afternoon, — yet not as the others, — and her voice trembled when she asked him the conventional "Cream or lemon?" She did not remember now which it had been. He had put her quite at her ease, however, and they had talked about Boston, the new Public Library, and the Puvis de Chavannes frescoes, and so of the pictures at the Academy.

And then she had promised to go.

What troubled her now was that she had not said anything to Mabel. She was not obliged to consult her about her comings and goings, but she always had. Why not now? She had the guilty conscience of concealment, and of stepping into Mabel's place. Still she had kept silence. To admit any obligation to tell Mabel where she was going, that it would be more fair-minded, would be to admit a great deal more than she was prepared to. In the sunlight the dream had almost faded out of sight. Yet she was miserable. Objects which disappear in a glare of sun are not annihilated.

What did he mean by making automatons speak? All the significance of that sentence was in its tone, and his manner Thursday afternoon at the tea-table had been quite natural and ordinary. The recollection of this was like a draft of cold air. But that lasted only a second. She *knew*, and she went to the Academy for the sheer joy of knowing more.

She dressed herself with unusual care. Mabel had told her that her hat with the black plumes was the most becoming one she had ever had; so she wore that, with a dress of soft dove gray, and a turquoise star set in diamonds Mr. Temple had given her Christmas. She did not look twenty-nine, and she did not feel so.

She told Mabel she was going out for a walk. They were going to a dance that evening, and Mabel was lying down.

"Remember the Bishop is coming to dinner to-night," Mabel called out to her as she closed the door.

It was early and she walked through to Broadway to consume time, looking in at the shop windows. It seemed as if every one who looked at her knew where she was going. Turning into Twenty-third Street her heart began to beat. Then she told herself she was a little fool, and quickening her pace went up the steps, pushed aside the green baize door, and went in.

The Exhibition had been open for some weeks, and there were but few persons present. No one whom she knew. She walked through the first room and turned into a side one. There was no one there except a little old, near-sighted man with his nose in the catalogue. She sat down on the circular seat in the centre of the room and waited. The thought that he might not come occurred to her, first as a relief, then, as the minutes went by, with a dull pain. There was a large picture on the opposite wall representing a procession in the streets of old Rome, — perhaps a general returning from Gaul or Parthia with his victorious legions, erect in his chariot behind four prancing horses, and preceded by slim young girls in floating draperies, dancing and strewing flowers. The sunlight was so strong, the tones so clear, the atmosphere of joy and triumph and force so real, that it created a sort of illusion, making the room seem dingy, the streets she had just walked commonplace, and life sordid and mean. She had bought a catalogue in the vestibule, and she opened it in search of the explanation, when a voice behind her said: —

"Ah, here you are. What do you think of the pictures?"

"I have just come."

"And I have been looking for you everywhere."

She had been startled after all, and her cheeks were hot with color. His eyes were full of admiration, and no wonder. There was something just short of beauty in her face, something charming and appealing, a perfect foil to Mabel's imperiousness.

"Have you? I came directly here, and then this picture fascinated me. I was trying to find it in the catalogue."

"You have stumbled on the worst one in the whole collection."

"The worst?" She looked up at him inquiringly.

"Not the worst painted, — I think it is the best, — but the worst ethically."

He had thrown her off her guard and interested her.

"Ethically?" she repeated.

"Yes, the triumph of brute force, the saturnalia of victory."

"I like it. I don't understand you."

"No, you were not moralizing, you were feeling."

"Yes."

"Listening to the songs of joy. Any kind of intense joy is uplifting."

"Yes."

"And it made modern humdrum New York, teas and dances and receptions, all the petty round, seem commonplace and shabby."

"Yes, that is what I was thinking."

"I don't wonder. It *is* commonplace and tiresome."

"I did n't suppose you would think so," she said, looking up into his face again with interested sincerity.

He laughed. "Well, you must n't tell. You are the only one who knows it."

"But you do."

"Decidedly. And so do you."

"I had n't thought of it before," she said, turning to the picture again.

"No one knows what one really thinks, or feels, till a picture, a something, — or a somebody, — comes to tell us. Then the curtain of the commonplace we have been staring at content-

edly rolls up and the real play begins."

Her eyes went back to his, smiling. "Oh, but that *is* the play, the illusion."

"Are n't illusions better than most realities?"

"No, — not real illusions."

He laughed again. "You like best the illusions that turn out to be realities. So do I."

She laughed too. "You are talking nonsense now," she said.

"No, I was only asking you not to ring down the curtain. We shall be back in New York again soon enough."

"Yes," she said. "The Bishop is coming to dinner, and we are going out this evening."

"To the Wendells'?"

"Yes. It 's their last dance. They are going abroad."

So am I."

"Are you?" She started imperceptibly and looked up at him.

"To the Wendells', not abroad. I wish I were."

There was silence, and Helen, looking intently down the long Roman street, saw her dream advancing beyond the dancing feet and waving hands, the rods of the lictors and the soldiers' helmets. And then something daring flashed upon her, and the silence pushed her on, and she took the leap.

"If teas and receptions and balls bore you" —

"I did n't say they bored me. I said they disgusted me."

"It 's the same thing."

"No, it 's not the same thing, it 's more. But it 's true. They do. You were saying" —

She had been going to retreat. His question brought her back.

"That I know of one ordeal before you of which you are ignorant."

"Really?"

She was laughing again now, looking at him over her muff.

"Yes. You are going to a house party at Mrs. Kensett's."

"How do you know?" he asked, surprised.

"Because I do."

"I shall not be bored by that," he said, "but I am surprised. I have n't seen Mrs. Kensett for an age, since last summer in fact. I don't know why she should invite me."

"I did n't say she had, as you say," said Helen maliciously.

"I don't understand you, as *you* say," he retorted.

She had taken the plunge and there was no retreat now.

"Mrs. Kensett asked Mabel to send her the names of some people she would like to have invited, and she sent yours."

She endeavored to speak unconcernedly, but the steadiness of her voice was a forced one, and the eyes above her muff were shining. She was frightened now, and felt her face growing hot. If she had expected to see his brighten with pleasure at the announcement of how Mabel had used her privilege she was mistaken. Before she knew what was happening he had seized her wrist and dragged the muff away from her face.

"Helen, you don't think I care for" —

She struggled to free herself and he let go.

"Helen — Helen" —

The little old man in the corner coughed. He was looking on in amazement. She was hurrying from the room, down the stairs, which were full of people. She thought it was terror. It was the terror of sudden joy.

He caught her on the sidewalk. "Helen — Miss Gaunt" —

"You had no right," she half sobbed, "please go" —

"I will, when you have forgiven me."

"Yes, I forgive you — but I hate you."

He stood still. She felt as if she had struck him a blow, and hurried on.

She did not stop till she was within sight of the door, and when, breathless, as if still pursued, she took her latch-key from her pocket, she was hating herself more than him. The dream had come true, but she had not done what she expected to do when it came. She had played with fire, and it had scorched her. Yet she was glad, glad, glad.

XI.

As was expected, the Bishop came to dinner. Mabel and Helen were in evening dress. They were going to the Wendells'. Both were looking exceptionally lovely.

On her return from the Academy Helen had gone directly to her room, and had had an hour to think before Mabel opened her door to ask her what dress she was going to wear. Her mind was a tumult of conflicting thoughts. She had no sufficient reason to offer for not going to the Wendells'. She could invent no excuse which Mabel, who was bent upon going, would accept. She both dreaded and longed to go; dreaded to, because she did not wish her next meeting with Mr. Heald to take place in a crowded room where the inevitable explanations would have to be suppressed, — she was in no mood for conventional talk; dreaded to, because feeling might break through the barriers under Mabel's observing eyes. But her longing was stronger than her dread. It was invincible, and she knew it to be so the while she argued. Fate was waiting for her, her own fate, and she could not keep away. For the first time in her orderly life she was excited and reckless. With a whole hour to think she had not been able to think at all, every reason conjured up by her old-fashioned ideas of propriety, by her natural timidity, by her fear of taking a false step, disappearing before the undercurrent of her desire. Her meeting with Mr. Heald had been far more decisive than she had expected, and after the first shock was over there came an ecstasy of exhilaration. She had made an overwhelming discovery. He did not care for Mabel. There was a corollary to this proposition which she hardly dared yet to put into words — he loved *her*, Helen.

The Bishop reflected during dinner on the Providence which in taking the wife had left this charming daughter to brighten a lonely fireside and had given this daughter so charming a friend and companion. He remarked to Jack, after the children as he termed them were gone, on the blessing of children in general. Jack said Mabel was a good girl; he had at times felt the responsibility of guiding one who had no mother; he would have known better how to manage a son, but he was satisfied. For he had observed that there were three dangerous periods in a business man's career: when he began and knew nothing, a little later when he thought he knew everything, and when his sons came of age. He had at all events escaped the last.

The Bishop laughed over his wine at Jack's escape from disaster, and then they adjourned to the library where plans and elevations were spread upon the table. Jack gave a polite attention to these details, but made no comment, not being as he said an expert in church architecture, and asked bluntly what the estimates called for.

The Bishop coughed and replied that he was gratified to be able to say that the necessary amount had been already subscribed, but that at the suggestion of Professor Fisher, a most excellent, sagacious man, it was proposed, in order to promote a closer connection between the church and the college, to establish a fund to be known as the Church Aid Foundation, to assist such worthy young men as were intending to enter the ministry; and that, as the money required for the church had been already provided, he wished to suggest that

whatever amount Mr. Temple had felt disposed to contribute should be applied in this manner. He also explained that he had had some general conversation with Mrs. Kensett on the subject, and that he thought a word from her business manager and adviser would probably lead to good results.

"No," said Jack decisively, "I can't do that. I make it a rule in the management of other people's property never to advise them how to give it away. My business is to care for it and increase it, if I can."

"I can quite understand that," replied the Bishop. On the other hand it was quite possible that Mrs. Kensett might ask his advice.

"That 's another thing," said Jack. "I shall send you a check to-morrow for five thousand dollars, provided you can apply it to the church, and can divert an equal amount from what has been subscribed for that object to the Aid Fund. I am not in sympathy with wholesale aid of that kind on organized lines. Why not help the doctors or the lawyers? When I find a good man who needs assistance I am willing to give him a lift" —

"That is precisely" — began the Bishop.

"But I take his note," continued Jack, "and make him pay it. Make education as good, as cheap, and as universal as possible, but don't encourage a man to expect to get it for nothing. If you do, he will expect to get his living for nothing."

The Bishop listened attentively.

"Help individuals, not classes," Jack went on. "I don't know why ministers should be coddled. You are suffering to-day from a system which has landed men in the pulpit who could n't earn their salt in any other profession. The men you can bait with free tuition and half-price rates are not the men you want."

The Bishop admitted it was very difficult to administer aid intelligently. He came back to the point however by remarking that he thought there would be no difficulty in obtaining the consent of some of the donors to a transfer of their gifts from the church to the Aid Fund.

"There is Mr. Heald, for example, who has given one thousand dollars, and who would doubtless have no objection."

"Mr. Heald?" said Jack. "I did n't know he was fish for your net, Bishop."

The Bishop felt called upon to explain. It was an excellent sign, he said, when the successful young men of the country showed so substantially their appreciation of the serious needs of the community and their own obligations to society.

Jack did not argue the question. He was willing to meet Mr. Heald in his own way and at his own time, but it irritated him thus to keep running up against a man of whose existence he had barely heard a week ago. He recognized, too, his duty to help the world along and up so far as he could, but he was glad that was not his sole business, as it was the Bishop's. "I should have to wink at too many things," he thought, while the Bishop was explaining Mr. Heald's contribution, "or else kick the whole kettle of fish over."

After the Bishop had gone he picked up a book and settled himself to read. He was glad Mabel was having a good time. He was pleased that Mrs. Kensett should have been so kind to her. How good she was! His book was the personal narrative of a war correspondent with the English in Africa. Paul had sent it to him with his own marginal comments. He had been reading some time before he discovered he had not taken in a single word. He threw away his second cigar with the idea that he was smoking too much, and began again at the first page. It did not hold him long, for he soon found himself asking how old he was — he was born in '48, — two, and fifty, and two — that made

fifty-four, — not much time to lose, — to wait. He closed the book, and as he laid it on the mantel noticed that his temples were tinged with gray. Then he decided to look in at the Wendells' and bring Mabel home.

The Wendell house was built around three sides of an open court separated from the street by an iron grille. A long line of carriages extended on either side of the gateway when Mabel and Helen arrived. A half-hundred people on the sidewalk without braved the cold to catch a fleeting glimpse of the toilettes as the carriage doors were opened under the porte-cochère. Above shone the brilliantly lighted windows of the ball-room, whence came the sound of music and the hum of voices to mingle with the rattle of wheels over the pavement and the shouts of policemen regulating the circulation.

The pillared hall was a garden of palms and flowering shrubs, and a continuous stream of guests from the dressing-rooms was ascending the broad stairway between garlands of smilax and roses wreathed along the white balustrades.

The dancing was in full swing, and Mabel had hardly exchanged a word with her hostess in the reception-room at the head of the stairs before she was claimed by her partner for the waltz just begun.

Contrary to her usual habit Helen accepted every partner who offered himself. Dancing had not occupied a prominent place in her academic training, and when she first began to go out with Mabel she had sacrificed the appetite which comes with eating to what she thought the inferiority of her social position demanded. But all this austerity and shyness had long since retired with the elliptic functions into the background. To-night, movement was a necessity to her. The fever of the dance matched her own. The partner for whom her eyes swept the room in the whirl of the waltz had not come, but not for an instant did the certainty of her expectation fail. He had said he was to be there.

The surprise of the evening was a minuet in costume and masks at midnight. At a quarter to twelve the music ceased. The size of the room limited the number of couples in the minuet, and the fortunate ones, selected by lottery, retired to the dressing-rooms. At twelve o'clock the card parties in the smoking-room had broken up, and those whom fortune had not favored filled the doors and lined the sides of the ball-room as spectators. Then, to the music of a march, the dancers entered, advancing from opposite doors, the ladies in pink, the gentlemen in black dominos. Each lady carried a black fan with ribbons to match the bow on the black domino of her partner. No one was to know who his partner was till the minuet was over, when all were to unmask and go in to supper.

A few moments of confusion and subdued laughter followed the entrance, while the black dominos were searching for the fan whose colors corresponded with their own. Then the stately music of the minuet began. Helen recognized it at once. It was the minuet of the first act of Hoffmann's Tales. Should the automaton speak or keep silence?

Her partner had bowed to her, but had not spoken. For the first few measures not a word was uttered; then the voice for which she had been waiting said, —

"Is it New York, or Rome?"

"Rome," she whispered.

It was not possible to converse, only to exchange a word now and then, to answer a question after an interval of separation and waiting.

The mystery and protection of her mask gave her assurance. She had looked forward to possibly a few hurried words of explanation; an awkward meeting under observing eyes, or, worse still, a forced and embarrassing silence.

She had felt that whatever the result of her first meeting with Mr. Heald might be, that first meeting must be a shock, a pain, a moment when things would be said which were not meant, or perhaps more would be meant than could be said. Her mask and domino were both a shield and a weapon. They hid the beating of hearts and the eloquence of eyes. She could be as near or as far as she pleased.

"And everything is forgiven?"

"Forgiven — not forgotten."

A murmur of approval greeted the termination of the first movement.

"And the hate is gone?"

"No."

"That is unjust" —

Then the music recommenced.

"How does your bow happen to match my fan?"

"Which is stronger, hate or curiosity?"

"Curiosity, — now."

"I bribed a tiring-maiden. Am I forgiven that, too?"

The movement of the dance separated them. Then she was beside him again.

"You are in constant need of absolution."

"I am content with my confessor."

Another pause. Then —

"Yes, I will forgive you — on one condition — in a moment we shall unmask" —

"Yes."

"Promise me" —

"Everything."

"To forget, as I have forgiven, that we" — her voice trembled and softened over the pronoun — "were ever in Rome."

"I cannot. One can promise to forgive, not to forget. It is not in our power. You have just said so yourself."

"Till I remind you of it, then."

There was a silence.

"Quick! we are almost through — it is my first request."

"Yes, I promise."

The music ceased, the doors of the supper-room were thrown open, and there were exclamations of surprise and ripples of laughter.

"You!" he exclaimed, as the masks fell. "I did not dream."

"Nor I," she said, slipping her hand through his arm. It held her fan, and he took it from her.

"How pretty! May I keep it?"

"Why do you want it?" she asked, forcing herself to speak indifferently.

"It will be my — my passport to Rome."

"I did not know you were going abroad."

"I did not know you were such a coquette."

Then their eyes met, they both laughed, and went in with the throng to supper.

It was served at small tables and there was no further opportunity for confidences or mystery. The cotillion began immediately after, and Helen was claimed by her partner. Of Mr. Heald she saw no more. She was almost glad, although she was constantly looking for him. She was excited and talked at random. Nothing seemed worth talking about any more. She wanted to go home, to be alone, to think, and was relieved when Mabel signified her readiness to leave.

In the carriage Mabel's high spirits jarred upon her. Her gayety seemed forced and frivolous. In the awakening of her own heart, and the sudden concentration of its feeling into a single channel, life had become serious as well as beautiful, and Mabel's frivolity grew to such proportions that she almost despised her. As the carriage rolled on, after Jack had asked a few questions, Mabel lapsed into silence, — a silence which in Helen's nervous and excited state seemed ominous. She essayed a beginning of conversation, but Mabel replied in monosyllables. Occupied with her own happiness, she had forgotten Mabel entirely; now, the old thought

that Mabel had cared for Mr. Heald came back again. She tried to remember why she had ever thought so. Mabel cared generally so much more for herself than for any one else, her moods were so contradictory and her remarks so often inconsequential and purposeless, that she really did not know why she had ever imagined such a thing. But with the silence had come a complete revulsion of feeling. Did Mr. Heald really care for *her*, Helen? Amid the lights, the flowers, and the music, the banter in which they had indulged had been delicious to her. In the gloom of the carriage rattling over the stones it seemed unsubstantial. To him it might be all banter. She possessed nothing, she was nobody. Why *should* he love her? She had asked the question before, once almost indifferently, as she might have asked a question affecting some third person. Now it made her heart beat with a dull pain. She was glad when the carriage stopped, glad when Mr. Temple had said good-night, glad when Mabel's door was shut. They usually had to talk such evenings over. To-night, when she pleaded fatigue and a headache, Mabel advised her to go to bed at once. She undressed quickly, and then, lying in the darkness and stillness, she went over every incident, repeated every sentence. And it was not the light words exchanged in the ball-room, when she was so happy, which were dearest, but that moment of surprise and anger when he had torn her hand from her face, and looked into her eyes with all for which she hungered in his own.

XII.

A succession of dull, stormy days had necessitated the postponement of the plans for a morning with the grouse. Then, too, Dolly had unexpectedly decided to go to New York for a day on matters incident to her projected house party. There were various orders to be given for supplies not to be found in Westford's Doric Emporium, — supplies which required Dolly's personal selection and supervision. And Margaret was going with her.

Mabel's note of acceptance had been received and the invitations had been issued.

"It seems you were right," Paul said, as he read Mabel's opening sentence. "At any rate she is no coward. And Heald, too!" reading on, — "well, I *should* like to meet *him*."

The evening before they started a letter came from Jack which ran as follows: —

DEAR PAUL, — Argonaut is quoted to-day at 45. Two thousand shares at 45 means $90,000. Deducting cost, one thousand shares at 25 and one thousand at 40, net profit, less commissions, $25,000.

If Mrs. Kensett's chief concern is for her friend, she can turn over to said friend this profit, together with the $40,000 cost of original investment, and get her own $25,000 back whole.

A good four per cent bond can be had at about par, and four per cent on $65,000 is $2600. This would put her friend on a safe basis with an income of $2600, instead of $1400 as before the exchange of the three and one half per cent bonds for Argonaut.

I have as yet no information about the latter, but I should advise sale as above. Wire me if sale is decided, and send certificates by early mail for delivery.

Yours,
JOHN TEMPLE.

Paul took the letter at once to Dolly.

"You ought to be thankful to get out of it as well as that. Certainly Miss Frazer cannot complain."

Dolly thought wistfully of the prediction that the shares would go to one hundred and fifty, but her ambition to make money for Margaret had received

a chill. She agreed without a word. The certificates were in the silver safe in the dining-room. She would go and explain it all to Margaret at once.

"It is n't necessary to tell her all the profits are not hers, *is* it, Paul?"

"A little while ago you were going to tell her all the losses were yours," said Paul, laughing. "You must settle that with your own conscience. Have Miss Frazer assign her stock to Jack. You can take it down with you."

"No," said Dolly, "I do not want to meet Mr. Temple — yet. We can send it by registered mail."

"If Mrs. Frazer would n't mind being alone for a day or two I would go down with you."

"Do, do!" cried Dolly. "I had thought of it myself, but I did not suggest it for the same reason. After all, it will be for only two nights and a day. I will go and ask her."

On inquiry Mrs. Frazer declared she would like nothing better than to be alone. She would call it a rainy day and catch up with her correspondence. So Paul wired Jack to sell, and the Waldorf for rooms.

They reached New York the evening of the Wendells' ball. The following day Mrs. Kensett and Margaret were to be occupied with their purchases, and it was agreed that they should lunch out and all meet for dinner. Paul rose early. He had nothing in particular to do, but he wished to deliver the certificates at once and get them off his mind and hands. There were but few persons in the breakfast-room, and he found a vacant table at one of the Avenue windows. While eating his breakfast he became absorbed in the morning paper. There were rumors of peace negotiations which, if confirmed, would necessitate his return to London and South Africa.

On leaving the table after finishing his breakfast he overheard a gentleman inquiring at the desk for Mrs. Kensett. The clerk informed him that Mrs. Kensett had not yet come down, whereupon he left a letter, asking that it be sent to her room at once. The stranger's face struck Paul as one he had seen somewhere before, where he could not remember, but the incident made no particular impression upon him, and without thinking any more of it he started down town for Jack's office.

The gentleman was Mr. Heald. He had left the Wendells' that morning at one o'clock, immediately after supper, and had gone directly to his bachelor apartment at the Carleton. There were two letters on his writing-table, one bearing an Arizona postmark, the other that of Westford.

He opened the former, reading it through slowly and holding it afterwards a long time in his hand, plunged in thought. At last, laying it down with a shrug of the shoulders, he took up the second letter, — Dolly's note of invitation to Cedar Hill. To this he wrote at once a brief reply as follows:—

My dear Mrs. Kensett, — I have just received your invitation to come to Cedar Hill on the twenty-third instant, — an invitation which I accept with the greatest pleasure. It is most kind of you to include me among your friends, and I appreciate deeply the honor you do me. I have not had the pleasure of seeing you since we met at Lenox, and before I had read your note this morning I had intended to write you and to advise you, in the same spirit in which a year ago I suggested the purchase of the Argonaut shares, to sell them *without delay*. I shall ask you to treat this letter as confidential, and I shall, on seeing you, explain the reasons for this advice, as also for my not giving them here in detail.

With renewed thanks for your kind invitation,

I am, most sincerely yours,

Reginald Heald.

Then he sealed the letter, directed

it, and went to bed, leaving orders to be called at seven.

At seven o'clock his man brought him his mail and coffee. In a morning paper he saw among the hotel arrivals the name of Mrs. Kensett at the Waldorf. He dressed with his usual care, put the letter to Mrs. Kensett in his pocket, and walked over to the hotel. Mrs. Kensett's name was on the register, but the ladies, he was told, had not yet breakfasted. He hesitated a moment, finally decided not to wait, changed the address of the letter, asking that it be sent up to Mrs. Kensett's room, and left immediately.

Paul found Jack at the office though it was barely nine o'clock when he sent in his card.

"Holloa!" said Jack, "I did n't expect to see you."

Paul explained that he had had no idea of coming until he had received Jack's letter. The statement was not literally exact, for while Jack's letter had had its influence, the idea of accompanying Dolly had been conceived when he found Margaret was going with her. He did not, however, say anything to Jack about Dolly's being in New York.

"I brought down the stock," he said, taking it from his inside pocket. "I suppose it is sold. You got my telegram?"

"Yes. As I wrote you, I had no reasons except prudential ones. I sent a man out to Arizona to investigate" —

"You did?" exclaimed Paul.

— "but when I saw the stock at forty-five I thought it better not to wait. You see, I am rather bound to look pretty carefully after Mrs. Kensett." He smiled as he spoke and looked out of the window.

"Quite right. Dolly was a little fool."

"We all do foolish things once in a while," said Jack.

"It is n't every one learns his lesson on a rising market, though," Paul replied. "What do you suppose possessed the man?"

"Who, Heald? I don't know. One is naturally suspicious of men who advise women to put money in such things. But it may be all right. What are you doing to-day?"

"Nothing, till dinner. I have an engagement for this evening, and shall go back to-morrow unless there is something in this peace news. What do you think of it?"

"I don't believe a word of it. London does n't, either. The market always gets the first news."

"Nor I," said Paul. "Besides, I should have a cable if there was anything in it. But you are busy, and I won't bother you."

"Will you lunch with me?" asked Jack, as Paul turned to go.

"Of course I will."

"Well, to-day is Saturday and I lunch at home. I would rather like to have you meet Mabel."

"Certainly, I should like to."

"At one o'clock, then. I will telephone her you are coming. Good-by."

When Paul was shown into the reception-room at Gramercy Park a young girl came forward to meet him who reminded him instantly of Gladys, or rather of what Gladys might have been at her age.

"This is Mr. Graham? I am Mabel. Papa has not come home yet. I believe he is never late at business appointments, but I cannot say as much for him at home. This is my friend, Miss Gaunt. Mr. Graham, Helen."

There was something very winning and gracious in Mabel's manner, and Paul thought she was not so bad as she painted herself.

"I suppose people talk to you about South Africa," she went on, "till you are tired of the very sound of the name. I resolved, when papa told me you were coming, not to say a word about it."

"It is n't a place many people are interested in, Miss Temple, aside from the war."

"Oh, but I am interested in it," cried Mabel, "only it sounds much the same as Patagonia, or Kamchatka. I don't think I should like to live there. I don't care for places which only have futures. I like best those that have a present. You can't live on a future, can you?"

"Only those who have no satisfactory present need try to," replied Paul. "I live a lot in the future."

"Certainly. In one sense we all do. But you do not appear so very discontented."

Helen, sitting in the window seat with her embroidery, smiled. Until she went to the Academy and found her new world she had always been very matter of fact, and it amused her now to see how quickly Mabel touched the personal note of conversation.

"No, I am not," said Paul, "and I would not tell you so if I were. I am not fond of people who trail their personal grievances before the world."

"Are n't they detestable!" assented Mabel. "And yet," she added, smiling at him with her violet eyes, "I hope you are not perfectly satisfied. I shall not like you if you are."

Paul was determined not to like Mabel, and cared little whether she liked him or not. But like most men in whom women show an interest, her interest in him interested him in her. She changed the subject, however, immediately.

"You are staying at Cedar Hill, are you not, Mr. Graham? It is such a lovely spot, and Mrs. Kensett is such a lovely woman."

"Do you think so?" said Paul, looking at her.

"Indeed I do. Everybody does. There is no minority of opinion on that subject. You need not feel obliged to feign surprise just because you are her cousin," she said, laughing back into his eyes; "or don't you agree with me?"

"Certainly I do. Dolly is one of the dearest women in the world. But not every one shows his liking in the same way."

Helen held her breath. She was sure Paul knew. But Mabel was smiling.

"I show mine by going to Cedar Hill next week. Did you know that?" she said, fastening a rosebud from the flowers on the table in her corsage.

"Yes. Mrs. Kensett told me."

"Helen dear, will you please see if that is papa? Of course, she naturally would," she resumed carelessly, after Helen had gone. The smile had faded from her face, and a light came into her eyes. "Does she tell you everything?"

"No, indeed," said Paul, resolving to keep away from dangerous ground; "we have a lot of secrets we do not tell."

"Have you? How *do* you manage to keep them? It 's so hard to keep a secret if it 's worth telling."

Paul was thinking it was very hard to keep one's friends if one did not conceal one's resentments, when Miss Gaunt came in with a telegram.

"It 's from papa," said Mabel, tearing open the envelope and reading aloud: "'Sorry. Detained. Don't wait.' How provoking!" she exclaimed. "But you will not lose your luncheon, Mr. Graham; that is the most important thing, is n't it? And we shall not lunch alone, Helen, which is more important still. Every one thinks himself the only one who asks for papa's time and money," — she led the way into the dining-room, — "the result is, poor papa will have little of either left. There ought to be a society for the protection of — will you take this seat, Mr. Graham — of papas like mine."

"Would n't you be the first to come under its operation?" asked Paul.

"Oh, but I don't count. Papa belongs to me, and I am his diversion."

"Yes, but by and by, when you do as all young ladies do — what then?"

"You mean when I marry?" said Mabel, with a disdainful shrug of her pretty shoulders. "You talk like the Bishop, and you are not old enough for that — or does life in South Africa make one preternaturally old and serious?"

"I don't need to be a bishop to make a prediction of that kind. I was only generalizing in the mildest and safest manner possible."

Mabel laughed. "That is just what the Bishop is always doing. He 's a dear good soul. He never singles you out, or makes you feel worse than other people. Do you know him, — Bishop Stearns, I mean?"

"He was at Cedar Hill last week."

"And Mrs. Frazer is there, too, is n't she? I have always wanted to meet her. Is n't she very eccentric? She has such a wonderful name — Laurinda! It sounds like a sword flashing from its scabbard — *en garde!*"

Paul was amused and fell in with her mood. "You will have the opportunity of exchanging opinions and crossing swords with her soon. I heard her say you were a spoiled child."

"Did she? Really! How interesting. Then you were forewarned. What do you think now?"

"Oh, my opinion is n't worth anything. I can't give it on hearsay evidence."

"Well" — her expressive face became earnest — "you will have the occasion to observe me at Cedar Hill next week. I challenge you to tell me what you think then." She was leaning forward with one elbow on the table, a half-serious, half-provoking light behind her lashes. "Ah, now you are beating a retreat. Please don't. It will be so interesting. Papa is such a poor judge, and Helen — she never says what she really thinks of me."

"Why, Mabel," protested Helen.

"Will you, will you?" she persisted, heedless of Helen's protest; "not a polite, commonplace opinion, like the Bishop's sermons, but a real, sober, serious" —

"I warn you, I shall be terribly blunt and outspoken."

"Of course, otherwise it will be good for nothing. Then it 's agreed. The night before I leave Cedar Hill I shall hold you to your promise. And for once," she said, drawing herself up triumphantly, "we shall have the truth, the sweet, naked truth. I can bear anything, — you will have found that out in making up your opinion."

"Mabel," said Helen, after Paul had gone, "I wish you would let me speak to you without being offended."

They were in Mabel's room upstairs, and Mabel was pinning on her hat before the mirror. She turned, with her hands still adjusting her hat, looking at Helen with an expression of benevolent curiosity. Helen was bending over her embroidery.

"Well, I am waiting."

Helen looked up with a reassuring smile, as if she were propitiating an idol.

"I don't mean to say anything that would hurt you in any way" —

"Say it, say it, Helen. Don't keep me in suspense so. When you have anything horrid to say you always begin in that way."

"I don't wish to say anything horrid," protested Helen.

"Helen, you are as transparent as glass. Don't you suppose I know when you disapprove of me? You were scolding me all through luncheon while I was talking to Mr. Graham."

"No, I was not," said Helen, asserting herself. "But I was thinking you were doing yourself an injustice. I don't like to see you do that. It sometimes seems as if you were determined to prevent any one from — from" —

"From what?"

"From being your friend."

"In other words, I am unnatural, insincere, repellent" —

"Mabel!" broke in Helen pleadingly. "Be just. Did I say that? Is n't it just because you are none of these things that I dislike to see you appear" —

"Then I do appear so, do I?"

"Don't question me so, Mabel. You put words into my mouth. I was simply saying that you sometimes assume a manner, a way of speaking, that wrongs you in the eyes of those who do not know you as I do."

"Are you sure you know me?"

Leaning back in her chair, Helen looked up into Mabel's face. "I thought I did," she began, trying to smile and struggling with the beginning of tears. But the coldness in Mabel's eyes changed her to stone. "I am sorry I spoke," she said. "I was not trying to be profound. Perhaps neither of us knows the other. We certainly do not understand each other now." It was on her lips to say: it makes a difference who tells you the truth, — but she restrained herself.

Mabel was drawing on her gloves. She was conscious of the sudden revulsion in Helen's feelings, and her own softened. She often see-sawed with Helen in this way.

She stooped quickly to Helen's hair and kissed it. "Forgive me, but don't scold me. I am made as I am. If I am ever to change it will be by" — she paused and laughed — "by something great, a crisis, a catastrophe, something volcanic — which is not likely." Helen went on with her embroidery in silence. "Are n't you going to forgive me?" The continued silence reversed the current of her feeling again. "This is play. We may have something *real* to forgive some day." She moved toward the door, buttoning her gloves. "Tell papa we entertained Mr. Graham as well as we could." She was at the door now. "And Helen, Helen — look at me — love me a little, will you?"

Helen started forward, disarmed. But the door had closed and Mabel was gone.

XIII.

Paul had left immediately after luncheon on the plea of important business. It did not appear to be very pressing, or to require his presence in any particular place, for he wandered in an aimless fashion out of the quiet of Gramercy Park into the roar of Broadway and up Fifth Avenue, looking into the shop windows with the eager but vacillating gaze of a Christmas shopper searching for he knows not what. Yet it was a very important business he had in hand. He wanted to give something to Margaret.

The idea had come to him that morning; it had haunted him all day, and could not be dislodged. He had said to himself twenty times that if he had a reason for giving Miss Frazer anything it was not one he could adduce. A gift to her could not mean what an ordinary gift means, and certainly the reason for such a gift did not exist; their acquaintance was too short for that. But he did not reason this out. It was *not* an ordinary gift. The only question was to find something she could accept. It was not a gift at all, but only a way of telling her what was not yet to be told in words.

The streets were filled with holiday throngs bent on similar errands, and windows glittered with every temptation. He elbowed his way through the crowds, conscious all the while that what he was seeking was not to be found in any shop window. It must be something personal, — personal to him, — and then he stopped on the curbing, lost in thought. A woman can give an old glove, a flower, but a man has nothing. There was a florist's across the street, and he went over. The window was a garden in miniature, — flowering shrubs in rare old china pots, clusters of roses tied with broad ribbons, orchids of

strange shapes, and bunches of violets of royal size. No, that would n't do. It was all too rich, almost vulgar, as bad as diamonds. A wild flower from the hillside slope above Cedar Hill, that could lie between the leaves of a cherished book, was infinitely better. Yet he could not rid himself entirely of the idea of value. Nothing was too good for *her*. Did the whole world contain nothing which held what a woman gives with a worn glove or a faded flower?

And then he turned down the Avenue again, suddenly, with a quick, decided step, walking straight for the porch of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He had taken a room there the night of his arrival, and had left in storage certain trunks and boxes for which he had no immediate use. From one of these he took a small package, and the important business was done.

It was five o'clock when he reached the Waldorf. Dolly had said they might be back for tea, but he was told by the elevator boy that the ladies had not yet come in. He went to his room, locked his door, and opened the package. It contained an oblong black box of teak-wood, dug out in rough uncouth fashion, like a log canoe. Within, wrapped in a yellow cloth, of coarse fibre but soft as silk, lay a long neck-chain of blood-red carnelians, curiously cut in varying shapes, and separated by gold beads cut through in patterns intricate and delicate as lace.

He had bought it in Ceylon years ago — for nobody. That was the satisfying thought. On leaving for home he had put it in his trunk with a vague idea of giving it to Dolly, but that idea did not recur to trouble him now. What pleased him now was that it was a personal possession, and that he had not bought it for Margaret, but for Somebody — not Dolly either — who was found. He still had some doubts whether she would accept it, whether she would not think it too much, and to overcome as far as possible this objection he took out his card and wrote on the back: —

"Remember, the value of a friend's gift lies in the giving."

This done, he wrapped the chain carefully in its yellow cloth, laid it with the card in the teak-wood box, dressed for dinner, and began the long process of waiting. Christmas, which was only a few days off, had first presented itself as an excuse, but had been abandoned. Christmas had nothing to do with it.

It was only six o'clock. There were two whole hours yet before dinner, and time hung heavily on his hands. And then he was aware of his restlessness and impatience, and an old-time resolve came to him that if ever he loved a woman he would love her straightforwardly, honestly, manfully, without any nonsense; and he determined to banish Margaret from his mind and go down to the reading-room to see what the evening papers had to say about the peace rumors.

At a quarter to eight he had exhausted the evening news and was dividing the time between watching the clock and the people going in and out from the restaurant. He was beginning to grow cross over Dolly's unconscionable delay when a hall-boy asked him if he was No. 33 and, on receiving an affirmative answer, announced that dinner was served in No. 20.

No. 20 was a pleasant parlor with very little of the hotel about it. Shaded candles were burning on the dinner-table as Paul entered, and numberless feminine belongings scattered about the room gave it a homelike appearance.

"We were both tired," Dolly said, "and thought we would dine here, unless you are anxious to dine downstairs."

"You have n't tired yourselves out, I hope," said Paul, looking at Dolly but speaking to Margaret.

"Oh no," replied Dolly, "we have taken it very leisurely. When you know just what you want and just where to get it, it 's very easy."

Paul, remembering his recent shopping experience, thought the converse of the proposition equally true.

And then with all a woman's love for dainty things and joy in their possession, amid innumerable excursions from the table in search of proofs and exhibits, Dolly told the story of the day.

"You can smoke here, Paul," she said, as the table was cleared away, "and, by the way, I want to show you a letter I received this morning."

She disappeared for a moment and then came in with Mr. Heald's note in her hand.

"I absolutely forgot," she said apologetically, "it is marked confidential. I saw it at the time, and then it passed entirely out of my head. It was very stupid of me. I shall tell you all about it some day."

Feeling that she was not concerned in the conversation, Margaret had drawn her chair up to the fire and was cutting the leaves of a magazine.

"But I must answer it at once. You don't mind, do you? My writing materials are in my room. It will take me only a minute."

Margaret was still sitting before the fire. Her back was turned toward Paul, her head, bent forward over her book, outlined against the background of firelight. He saw the wisps of brown hair that could not be confined, from which he had brushed the snow and frozen sleet, — he had touched them once! — and there rose from his heart the certain knowledge that he wanted her, just wanted her, without any afterthought or forethought of what that meant. Whenever he had thought of marriage before, the subject had involved all sorts of prudential considerations. Could he afford it? Would it interfere with his work? What woman would accept his life in South Africa! Not one of these things occurred to him now. But something else did, something that had never crossed his mind before, — that he would be content to stand outside this woman's door for all time if that was the condition she would impose. He did not stop to reflect that no woman had ever imposed such a condition, or could. His feeling was only the inseparable part of that reverence which is the dawn of all true human love.

The scratching of Dolly's pen came from the adjoining room. He took the parcel from his pocket and went softly forward.

"Miss Frazer." She turned, startled by his voice. "Long ago, before I knew you existed, I went shopping too, in Ceylon, for an unknown Somebody" — he put the black box in her hand — "I want you to keep this — will you?" — her eyes turned from his to the strange-shaped box and back again to his in evident surprise — "don't say no."

"For me?" she said, a little confused; "must I look at it?"

"I suppose you must."

She lifted the lid with trembling fingers, looked up again with a shy wondering smile, and then back to the yellow wrapping, unfolding it slowly. She glanced at the chain, — a woman's glance that takes in everything, — then read the card.

"O Mr. Graham!" She did not look up, and the chain had fallen into her lap, but she held the card in her closed hand.

"And we shall have our day with the grouse — before the crowd comes?"

"Yes," she whispered, "if you wish it."

"There!" cried Dolly, coming in with her letter, "now we can have a quiet talk. What have you done with your day, Paul?" She drew her chair up beside Margaret's, whose magazine lay in her lap performing its new duty of guard and shield. But nothing of all that was talked over that evening had much interest for Paul, — a fact quite evident to Dolly, who began to feel sure that some day she could tell him she really had not written any let-

ter at all, and that he would agree with her that it was quite right not to do certain things if people did not know you were not doing them.

XIV.

From Dolly's point of view the day with the grouse had proved a great success; that is to say, they had had a most delicious lunch before a blazing log fire in the sugar camp, and no one had been hurt. Driving out with Mrs. Frazer to meet the hunters she had asked her whether Paul was not becoming interested in Margaret, and had been disconcerted by the reply that Margaret had been sounded on that subject and had pronounced the idea ridiculous. She had received a second check when Margaret came down to dinner that evening wearing a wonderful chain of unusual and exquisite workmanship, which Dolly was imprudent enough to declare she had never seen before. "Where were your eyes?" Margaret had said; and the quiet indifference of this answer had so effectually closed all the avenues of further inquiry that Dolly was almost persuaded she had seen it a hundred times.

The dogs had proved worthless, not having been shot over since Cecil's death, and having meanwhile been spoiled by feminine society. They were wild beyond control, and vanished entirely after flushing the first bird, to reappear only at night with bleeding feet, fagged out with their all day's run after rabbits in the swamps and ravines beyond what Mr. Pearson called the "mount'n."

Margaret had no appropriate costume except such as she had improvised, — a pair of Cecil's brown leggings over high moccasin shoes, a short blue skirt and jacket with white flannel blouse; and a blue veil knotted under a soft hat to keep her hair from the spikes and twigs of the thickets. Dolly thought she had never seen her look so beautiful, and was still more of this opinion when Margaret came into the glow of the leaping fire, flushed with her tramp in the bracing air, — being so impressed that she could not resist kissing her and saying under her breath, "You dear, you are just lovely."

Unable to beat off temptation, Mr. Pearson had "guessed he 'd come along o' Jim." Between them they knew every bit of cover on the hillside and had hunted out a half-dozen stray birds, of which Paul had got three and Margaret two, — good results for a half day in late December. In default of the dogs' aid, thrown on their own resources, they had been absorbed in their work. Oh, that breathless listening, waiting, watching, in the wood twilight, when one's heartbeat is the only sound, — what is there like it!

"Can you whistle?" Paul had asked when they started.

Margaret laughed. "I can try."

"We may be out of sight of each other, you know." And he had listened for that low call of hers through the woods more than for the whir of beating wings.

When her maid knocked that morning at her door an hour earlier than usual Margaret knew by that token that the day was fair, that the day he had asked for, the day she had given, was come. Not for a moment had she doubted that it would, and when the shutters were thrown open, and the bright sun streamed in, it was no surprise. How wonderful that such a day could be! like other days for all the rest of the world, yet created apart for her. She dressed herself as in a dream. Not that all was not real and sure, but too sweet and strange for anything but dreams. Her heart worked like her mind, straight and true, with the rectitude and certainty of nature. Love had risen in it as the sun in the sky, and there was no more night. Yet not since the chain had fallen from her

hands into her lap in the parlor of the Waldorf, and she had covered it from sight at Dolly's approach, had she looked at it again. She had hurried it into its black box without a glance and hidden it away. For she had taken it as it had been given, not as a gift, but as a message, a summons, and she could not see it without seeing all she had given in return. The sun was warm and gladdening, it was sweet to stand in its light and feel its strength, but she could not look into its face yet. As she dressed she heard the dogs barking in the yard, and Jim was talking to Paul. He "reckoned the day was just made on purpose, — the birds would be on the edges in the sun, sartin." And then at the last moment, after breakfast had been announced and her maid had gone, she went to the closet, took the black box from its dark corner under the contents of her secretest drawer, and unfastening her white flannel waist clasped the chain hurriedly about her neck.

All through breakfast while Dolly was enlarging upon the importance of meeting promptly at noon, explaining that luncheon would be ready at that hour, and cautioning her to be careful of her gun, she was living in another world, going to another rendezvous. All through the morning Jim's presence at her elbow threw no doubt upon the issue of the day; and when the luncheon-table was cleared away, the horses unblanketed, and Paul asked her if she was too tired to walk home, with a beating heart she said unhesitatingly "No."

Dolly wanted the guns put into the sleigh, but Paul objected; they might get a chance shot on the way home, — that was the reason for walking. Mr. Pearson "guessed there would n't be no more shootin' done unless they went clear over the ridge, and said if he was n't wanted no longer, as he 'd got the chores to do, he 'd take a short cut 'cross lots."

"Yer can't miss yer way," he said to Paul. "Jest foller the run down ter the pasture, and then the cart track out ter the road." He watched the pair after the sleigh drove off with Dolly and Mrs. Frazer until they disappeared among the hemlocks, then turning to Jim he said, "Come along, Jim, they ain't goin' to git in no trouble."

No man who is not an egoist, or worse, is ever sure of a woman's love till she has told it with her own lips. Coming up in the train from New York, while Dolly was reading the latest novel, Margaret had told Paul something of her early life and of her memories of her mother. She had been speaking some time before she realized how little her natural reserve counted when talking with him. "I don't know why I should tell you of these things," she said; "I never have, I never could, to any one." "I don't know why you should," he replied, "so far as my being able to help you is concerned. But I should like to." And conscious only of the help that comes from giving dear and long kept memories into trusted hands, she had said, "You do — you do." On leaving the train at the little Westford station, while Dolly was superintending the transfer of numerous packages to the carriage, Margaret had dropped her glove, and he had stooped to pick it up. She had extended her hand to take it with a word of thanks ready. "No," he had said, "I want to keep it." "Not that old" — "Yes, just that" — And then Dolly came.

And still, walking by her side in the silence and solitude of the December woods, he was not sure. He only knew that he had something of hers, warm with the warmth and sweet with the breath of her body, which said to him, "You do, you do."

"Do you know the people who are coming?"

"Not all. Dolly told me their names. There are several I do not know."

"You know Miss Temple, I suppose."

"Yes indeed, she has been here before."

"Do you like her?"

"Most people do. She is very pretty."

"But do you?"

"You should not ask me such questions."

"No, you are right. It was an impertinence."

"I did not mean that, but only that when one puts vague feelings into words they sound harsh. I do not like to speak ill of people."

"I am sure you do not."

The drainage of the snow-covered hills had gathered into a little brook which grew larger as they went on.

"We must cross here," said Paul. "Let me have your gun. The stones are slippery."

"No," she replied. "Papa made it a rule whenever I went out with him that I must do my share of the work or stay at home."

But he took it from her, carrying it over with his own. "Now come," and he held out his hand.

In a moment they had crossed to the other side, but he did not let go the hand in his. "Margaret" — it was like a new name — "Margaret." She felt herself drawn to him by strong arms, but they did not hurt, and she did not resist. "Margaret — dear" — And then her life and soul went out on her lips to his.

"Don't — dear," she murmured.

"But tell me you do."

She opened her eyes for one moment.

"Yes — I do."

In that homeward walk, when the winter world took on such marvelous hues and so many common things became precious because they no longer belonged wholly to one's self, it was decided that with the exception of Dolly and Mrs. Frazer no announcement should be made until after Dolly's guests had gone. On returning home they found Dolly had driven over to Lemington with Mrs. Frazer to make calls, and there was no opportunity to see either alone until after dinner was over. Margaret would have spoken when Dolly questioned her about her chain, but the butler was announcing dinner. The moment was not an auspicious one.

Dolly always went up to the nursery after dinner to kiss Dorothy good-night, and after she had gone Mrs. Frazer had the satisfaction of knowing she was right. She refrained from all reference to her previously expressed views on the subject, but smiled so significantly when Margaret made her explanation that words were unnecessary.

"It all seems very strange," Margaret said; "for when you spoke to me the other day I did not dream of it."

"No, dear, I suppose not. Traps of this sort are very cunningly set, and we generally walk into them blindfolded."

Margaret made no reply. She was not disturbed by this point of view. Her happiness was too real. She hardly knew how the first few steps in her new world had been taken, but she knew they had been willing steps and that she was not blind.

"Have you told Dolly?" asked her mother, as Paul came in with his cigar.

"No, I shall now;" and she left the room hurriedly to go upstairs.

Through the half-open nursery door she saw Dolly sitting on the edge of Dorothy's bed, and waited till the story which always preceded the last kiss was finished. Then Dolly came forward, her train in one hand, her lighted candle in the other.

"What is it, Margaret?" she said softly, closing the door gently behind her.

Margaret's arm went about her waist. "Come into your room," she whispered; "I have something to tell you."

Of all secrets love is the most diffi-

cult to guard, and before Margaret spoke Dolly knew. But with the instinctive feeling that the knowledge of any outside influence would be resented, that to claim any share in bringing about this happiness would mar it, she managed to wear a wonderful mask of surprise.

"Do you remember, Dolly, the first night he came, you said you did not expect me to like him?"

"Did I?" said Dolly innocently, her eyes half full of tears.

"And I said I should not quarrel with any one you loved?"

"Yes, dear, I think I do remember."

There was but one interpretation to put upon Dolly's glistening eyes and subdued enthusiasm. "All her happiness is in the past," thought Margaret; "all mine in the future." That Dolly was glad was unmistakable; but the note was not clear, and its tremor could come only from the memories which another's joy stirs in our own hearts.

"I will come down presently," she said, after they had talked together awhile. But she did not come down, and Mrs. Frazer, with some mumbled words which were not intelligible, left the drawing-room soon after Margaret's return.

She went directly to Dolly's door and knocked. On entering she saw at once that Dolly was embarrassed, like a child who being interrupted in the performance of some mischief pretends to be doing nothing at all. There was no light in the room but a candle, and Dolly was standing in the middle of the floor, holding it in her hand.

"Well?" said Mrs. Frazer, seating herself on the old-fashioned sofa drawn up near the fireplace.

Dolly put the candle down on the dressing-table. "I was just coming down. Dorothy always pulls my hair about so. Were you surprised?" She took up her comb and was smoothing out her hair.

"Dolly." The word was like a call to judgment, and Dolly turned at once. "I have not come to talk to you of Margaret. We both knew all that ages ago."

"You have not come to talk about Margaret?" repeated Dolly, bewildered, her comb in mid-air. And then, as Mrs. Frazer maintained silence, "What have you come to talk about?"

"You. Sit down."

Dolly sat down in a daze, her back to the candle.

"You must n't be so astonished, dear. You were not deceived by Margaret. I am not deceived by you."

"By me?" Dolly repeated again, leaning forward in the eagerness of her surprise, and then sinking back once more into the shadow. "By me? what do you mean, Laurinda?"

"I mean that I am not stone blind. I am telling you what I told Margaret a few days ago. She was evasive, or obstinate. You are too sensible to be either." Dolly made a gesture. "Don't say you do not understand me. You do — perfectly. If you wish me to go away and say nothing more about it, I will. But if I am to be of any use to you" —

Dolly was silent, staring at the carpet.

"I have known you and John Temple all your lives;" Dolly did not start at the name; she knew it was coming. "I do not know what is the trouble between you, but I know there is some trouble. Will you tell me what it is?"

"There is no trouble," said Dolly faintly.

"Well, if there is none, there will be, and it 's too bad. He has had enough trouble in his life. Do you wish me to drop the matter where it is?"

Dolly was recovering her self-control. "I would rather not have spoken of it, but since you have begun" —

"I began because I wished to be of some service to you. You know I am

not speaking from curiosity." A deprecatory gesture was the only answer. "Whether you like it or not I saw there was something between you and John, something which was causing you both unhappiness. It is n't money, I suppose? Of course not. A man may be very self-contained, but he cannot altogether hide his own feelings. He loves you, Dolly."

"Yes, it 's true, but" —

"And you?" persisted Mrs. Frazer.

Dolly made no reply.

"Your silence means only one thing. If you know that he loves you, then he has told you so; and if he has told you so, you must have answered him — what? I cannot understand."

"I answered him no," said Dolly in a low voice that startled her questioner by its energy and finality.

There were a few minutes of silence.

"I can only repeat that I do not comprehend it at all," resumed Mrs. Frazer at length, smoothing out the wrinkles of her dress with her lorgnette. She was not given to caresses, nor was she a person to whom one naturally offered them; but her voice was less abrupt than her words, and the sincerity and kindliness of her purpose made themselves felt. "I do not assume to say that you are suited to each other. People have to find that out for themselves. But why, if you love each other, you should not make the trial I cannot imagine. Do you care to tell me?"

"I should not have told you," said Dolly with a resolute effort at steadiness. "Indeed — I did not suppose — we hardly spoke to each other when he was here — that any one" — She stopped before her voice broke.

"My dear," said Mrs. Frazer gently, "I have not the least right in the world to intrude upon your privacy. But a third person sometimes sees more clearly than we do. I cannot bear to see you unhappy."

"There is nothing you can do," replied Dolly. She had wholly recovered herself. "It is something to be borne — for the present. Perhaps — in time" —

"One has n't any time to throw away at any age, — certainly not at yours. I shall not ask you what the obstacle is, and I shall not feel aggrieved if you do not confide it to me. But do you think one always knows one's own affairs best? It is a very plausible theory, but it is not true."

"The obstacle between us is his own child," said Dolly desperately.

Mrs. Frazer looked up.

"Let me ask you one question. Does he know it?"

Dolly shook her head.

"No. She wrote me a letter in the fall after her visit, — a very plain letter, in which she said — it is too humiliating to repeat — I cannot."

Mrs. Frazer seemed taken quite unawares, yet she said, "I might have known it. It is like Gladys's child. But it is not like his."

She remembered the imperiousness and willfulness of the mother, her quiet pursuit of her own way, her —

"He worships her," said Dolly wearily.

"And you. He cares nothing for you?" asked Mrs. Frazer, recalling her thought from Gladys.

"You forget that he does not know, and that I cannot tell him."

"I admit that would be a difficult thing for you to do."

"For any one to do," said Dolly firmly.

"Yes, for any one."

Apparently sobered by the information she had received, and at a loss for what to say, Mrs. Frazer went on playing with the chain of her lorgnette.

"You see," said Dolly, rising and replacing the comb on her toilet-table, "there is nothing to be done." She took up the candle and stood holding it in one hand. "We ought to go down. Margaret and Paul will think it very strange."

"Have you consulted Paul?"

"Yes, I told Paul. Not because I expected it would do any good — I had to tell some one" — Her voice began to waver again.

"Put your candle down, dear. They are not thinking of us downstairs. What reply did you make to Mabel's letter?"

"I asked her to make me a visit. She is coming next week."

"With the purpose of speaking to her?"

Dolly put down the candle again and took the seat in the farther corner of the sofa.

"I could not let such a message pass unnoticed," she said. "I am going to speak to Mabel myself. I will not have her for an enemy if I can help it — in any event."

"An enemy!" exclaimed Mrs. Frazer wrathfully. "She is no one's enemy but her own. You mean you are going to conciliate her?"

"You may put it so if you choose. It is worth the effort. I only want her to know me better. I have thought it all over, and there is nothing but my pride that stands in the way. I have put that aside. If I cannot lead her to see things differently before — by kindness — what could we do afterwards — by force? Paul wished me to tell Mr. Temple. I know what that would mean, because I know what I should do in like circumstances myself. He would stand by me."

Mrs. Frazer listened in silence.

"Would you let me try my hand with Mabel?" she asked at length.

"I think that would hurt my pride still more," said Dolly. "There are some things we cannot delegate to others without losing our self-respect. I should be thankful to put it all into some one else's hands if I could — so thankful!"

"I do not think Mabel is a girl to be cajoled," Mrs. Frazer went on, pursuing her own thought.

"I do not intend to cajole her," broke in Dolly indignantly.

"Well, conciliate then. She is not in the right, she is in the wrong — most decidedly in the wrong — a selfish girl to be brought to her senses. You are not the person to do that, to say to her the things that ought to be said. Her father might, for he has authority on his side, — if she has an ounce of love for him in her, — but not you. You will find your pride alive the moment you speak, and if not your pride, then your sense of injustice. She needs a good shaking. Let me think this over," she said, getting up and stooping to Dolly's hair with her lips. "We must make no mistakes." There was something comforting in the plural pronoun. "Now bathe your face, dear, and come downstairs. I will go first and see what those two children are doing in their paradise."

She took Dolly's hand in hers, patting it reassuringly.

"Yes," said Dolly, "I will come in a moment." Then rising impulsively she followed the retreating figure to the door and kissed Mrs. Frazer's cheek. "Thank you," she said softly, "I am glad you spoke."

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MASTERS.

INCOMPARABLE white galaxy of suns!
O stars of song whose lustre blinds the day —
Æschylus, Homer, Shakespeare, — deathless ones
Holding on high your proud and lonely way! —

Rulers of Night's domain of domeless space,
Transcendent thrones, victorious over Time,
Slaying with splendor from your distant place
A thousand flickering satellites of rhyme! —

God! what are we, that underneath such skies
We dare to light our tapers! From afar
The constellations watch this mad emprise:
A puny candle challenging a star!

Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

ACADEMIC FREEDOM IN THEORY AND IN PRACTICE.

II.

THERE is a current impression that the higher education of civilized communities shows a steady progress from servility to freedom; that, beginning with a rigidly ordered school course, each nation, as the years go on, gradually widens the opportunities for individual development on the part of instructors and students. But we find few facts to justify this idea. Instead of a continuous progress toward freedom we have oscillations backward and forward. A large measure of freedom comes in those generations when some new idea or interest takes hold of a considerable section of the community. With the development of schools and universities to teach these ideas and interests, the freedom, both of the teachers and the taught, is gradually restricted, until some other popular movement arises and brings a movement toward liberty from a new quarter.

Never was the nature of these movements better illustrated than in the development of the mediæval universities throughout Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. These universities were not the outcome of a liberalization of the old cathedral schools. They were the result of the organization of a student body which had previously been subject to no academic discipline at all. A great intellectual awakening had been aroused by the development of the scholastic philosophy. To those who judge it by its later fruits, this philosophy, with its endless syllogisms, seems like hidebound pedantry; but to the men of the twelfth century it represented progressive science. All through Europe there was a zeal among active minds to study this new learning. Men crowded in hordes to hear its exponents, to drink with those who professed adherence to one's own views, and to fight with those who followed some other master.

We are fortunate enough to possess

a good collection of the student songs of this period, preserved in the Abbey of Benedictbeuern. They are divided into three groups, — serious, amatory, and potatory. Those which come under the first head are fairly numerous; but they have less vividness and less distinctive impress than that larger number which combine the language of Virgil with the metres of Isaac Watts, and with sentiments averse to book-learning and its devotees. "Examinations make us pale," sings the student of the present day; and in the same manner said his predecessor, eight centuries earlier, "Dialectics sends us into miserable exile:" —

"O ars dialectica, nunquam esses cognita!
Quae tot facis clericos, exules et miseros."

It is rather from the tavern and the gaming place, from the roystering brawls and the freedom from restraint, that this poetry draws its inspiration, — an inspiration which I have in vain endeavored to reproduce in an English metrical rendering: —

"Tunc rorant scyphi desuper
Et canna pluit mustum
Et qui potaverit nuper
Bibat plus quam sit justum."

"Where brimming goblets overflow,
And flagons rain good liquor;
And he who erst was drinking slow
Drinks each next round the quicker."

Politics was barred from these student gatherings: —

"Tam pro papa quam pro rege
Bibunt omnes sine lege."

"Drinkers all, and none the wiser
Whether bound to pope or kaiser."

For the luckless devotees of study they have commiseration, or worse: —

"Invidos hypocritas
Mortis premit gravitas
Pereant fallaces
Et viri mendaces.
Munus qui negant promissum
Puniendi ruant in abyssum."

The last two lines are not so very far away from our modern version: —

"The man who drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed right sober,
Falls as the leaves do fall
So early in October;"

but the assumption that the sober men were "fallaces et viri mendaces," "cheats and liars," is a distinctly mediæval one. As for the prototype of the modern "dig" or "grind," he would get his own penalty, without any added curses from the fast set: —

"Nonne, circa logicam si quis laborabit,
Spinas atque tribulos illi germinabit?
In sudore nimio panem manducabit,
Vix tamen hos illi garrula lingua dabit."

"What about the student whose logic so elates him?
Thorns and trials are the crop which erewhile awaits him.
By the dint of toil and sweat, crusts of bread he nibbles;
Little fruit of any kind, for his talks and scribbles."

How the teachers and pupils lived during this somewhat unorganized period is no easy problem to settle. The songs which form the staple of our material do not tell us. They are more concerned with the spending of money than with the getting of it. "Si aliquis debibat tunicam, postea deludat camisiam." "If any man shall drink away his coat, let him next gamble away his shirt." Verily, a new version of the njunction, "If any man will . . . take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also." We hear of many a man who has thus gambled away coat, shirt, and trousers, — or whatever most nearly corresponded to them in the sartorial terminology of the time, — and has had to remain in the alehouse for want of decent means of escape. How these were subsequently acquired our song leaves us in ignorance. Each unfortunate gambler remains pilloried in his tavern for all time — for aught we can learn of his exit therefrom. In fact, one song adapted from the Confessio Goliae of Walter Mapes accepts this conclusion: —

"Meum est propositum
In taberna mori

Et vinum appositum
Sitienti ori,
Ut dicant, cum venerint,
Angelorum chori,
Deus sit propicius
Isti potatori!"

It seems probable, however, that some of the teachers were beneficed ecclesiastics, who taught chiefly in connection with the abbeys or chapters from which their revenue was derived; and that others were so popular that by exacting comparatively small fees from each pupil they were able to make what was for the time a most comfortable living, traveling about from place to place as they were led by demand for their services, or forced by quarrels in which they had involved themselves. The career of Abelard, at the beginning of the twelfth century, which is given us in some detail, was a good example of the habits of life of the scholars of this period. At the age of twenty-three he went to Paris, attracted by the fame of William of Champeaux. Here he was at first welcomed; but when he began to beat his master in argument the latter became jealous and drove him away. Supported, however, by some of the nobles, he founded a rival school; first at Melun, and then, as he became bolder, at Corbeil, right under the nose of his older rival. A war seemed imminent, compared with which the most strained athletic relations of modern universities are peacefulness itself. It was, however, interrupted by the sickness of Abelard; and when, some years later, he returned to his teaching work, the whole contest had to be begun over again. This time he carried the war into Paris itself, where syllogisms rained for a while like bullets. After a few years he retired to Laon, where he qualified himself to teach theology as well as logic, and, thus fortified, returned once again to Paris, where his enemies appear by this time to have become weary, and where the number of his pupils was so great as to give him a large income. This prosperity was interrupted, first by his relations with Heloise, and next by a trial for heresy. Surviving all these vicissitudes, he at last went out into the wilderness and there founded a more orderly school than was possible in the large cities, or than was likely to arise in the heat of controversy, — a monastic establishment, where the students provided the teacher with the necessary means of livelihood, besides erecting for him whatever buildings were needed and cultivating the collegiate acres. Verily, the career of such a scholar was a varied one; he founded schools as he pleased, fought, drank, and made love at his own pleasure, all with the abandon and the vanity of a knight or baron.

The life of the traveling student of the Middle Ages, apart from special guarantees, was at once more unrestrained and more unsettled than would be possible for any group of men to-day, where all are under the protection of the police and at the same time under the authority of the police. To meet this want an effort was made to arrange the students into a set of "nations" of their own, on a plan not wholly unlike the guilds of craftsmen. It is not easy to see just how closely the enrollment of the students by nations corresponded to political lines. They were probably grouped on a basis of language or dialect, rather than of citizenship. In Bologna these nations were very numerous. In Paris there were but four; in England probably two. In the deliberations and votes of these bodies, present and former students, and as a rule professors also, sat side by side. By them all matters of discipline and of legislation were established. Through them the rector of the university, highest representative of student authority, was chosen and maintained. Thus the first form of university government was student self-government, with advice of the graduates and professors.

This independent authority of the

students sometimes had curious results. Standing, as they did, in the midst of a foreign country, to which the permanent professors were bound by closer ties, they represented broad influences as contrasted with narrow ones. In Bologna, during the first century of its existence, a series of quarrels arose, which cast an interesting light on the legal relations of the time. The professorships in this place had been endowed by members of the civic body, and their incumbents were thus to a considerable measure dependent on the will of these citizens. In the movements of local politics two families had become so unpopular that the professors of law were warned by the civic authorities not to give their members the usual certificates on the completion of their course. To this demand the professors yielded, and refused to recognize these obnoxious persons as masters, even when they had attended the proper courses and passed the proper examinations. On this refusal of the professors the students met in council, and through their rector not only expressed their disapproval of the action of the law faculty, but threatened to expel the whole professorial body from the university in case this protest was unheeded. Such were the anomalies to which the system was liable, and which caused it in the long run to give place to another system of university organization, — the system of control by members of the teaching force.

As soon as the life of a university became in some measure orderly — in short, as soon as it had a local habitation and a name — it became essential to determine who had the right to teach in such a place. A man thus qualified was entitled indiscriminately *magister*, master, or *doctor*, teacher. It is probable that these were at first simply titles of courtesy. A man who did teaching was addressed as doctor *de facto*, and gradually acquired by usage a recognized right. But when the university charter was drawn up it became necessary that the prerogative of teaching should be conferred by some properly designated official. This was usually, though not always, the archdeacon of the diocese in which the institution was situated. Either he or the bishop himself in his capacity as *cancellarius*, or chancellor, presided over the investiture of rights to teach, as he might preside over any other ecclesiastical function.

Two changes of usage, however, soon made themselves felt. In the first place, it frequently happened that the archdeacon was too much occupied with other duties to exercise any intelligent scrutiny as to the qualifications of the candidates for teaching positions. In such cases he would almost necessarily consult with the well-known men already on the ground, and would in all ordinary cases be guided by their recommendations. Out of this consulting body or nominating committee there grew up something corresponding to the modern conception of a faculty, — a group of permanent officers, making suggestions about appointments, which suggestions, by usage or by charter, came to have nearly the force of law. In this connection, the acts of the popes served well the cause of intellectual liberty. The popes were jealous of the bishops, and were anxious to limit their power in every way. As one means of so doing they gave independent authority in the intellectual world to these bodies of professors, just as in the material world kings and emperors, in their jealousy of feudal barons, were ready to give liberal charters to free cities which might act as a counterpoise against baronial power.

In the second place, this right to name the doctors, masters, or teachers, proved of unexpected importance, because a large number of university students who did not expect to teach desired the title as an evidence of attainment and consideration; even as the modern East Indian desires a first de-

gree in arts, because it will increase the dowry which he can demand on the occasion of his marriage. And as comity between different universities developed, and the doctorate, instead of conveying a local right to teach, was accepted as evidence of attainment through the whole intellectual world, there was an increase in the number of those men outside of the teaching profession who applied to the faculty for this honor, and a corresponding increase of the influence of the faculties in ordering the affairs of the university as a whole. And when once the conception of the degree as a certificate of scholastic standing rather than as a right to office made itself felt in the intellectual world the introduction of the lower degree of bachelor followed with rapidity, and permitted the faculties to exercise the authority and influence of their examination rules over a large part of the student body, instead of a comparatively small one. Gradually did this leverage enable the faculties, with their chancellors or deans, to make their supremacy good against the students and the rector, and to become the centre of gravity of the university organization of the Continent.

From a very early period there were in general four faculties in a well-equipped university, but the original grouping did not quite conform with modern lines. In many of the universities theology and philosophy were represented in one faculty, canon law in a second, civil law in a third, medicine and arts in a fourth. In fact, the German word for physician, *Arzt* or "artist," signifies one who has previously taken his degree in arts. The consolidation of the two faculties of civil and canon law and the separation of arts from medicine were matters of later growth; while the superposition of a faculty of philosophy upon that of arts is something of distinctly recent period. Gradually also there was a separation of the title of doctor from that of master, — the faculties of theology, law, and medicine, which gave the former degree, being regarded as more advanced, while the faculty of arts, which gave the master's degree, dealt with the more elementary studies of younger pupils, and made good, as well as they might, the absence of proper secondary schools. As soon however as the lack of secondary schools was overcome, there was a general tendency of the arts course to become a course in philosophy, — that is, a course for the training of teachers instead of for the preliminary education of lawyers and physicians. As this development progressed the degree of Doctor of Philosophy gradually superseded that of Master of Arts in public importance; though the change in this respect is not many generations old. The conventional type of university with four coördinate faculties reached its first and fullest development in Germany. The other nations of Continental Europe have approximated thereto in varying degrees.

But the universities of England were carried by the Reformation into a different course. The English Reformation had the effect of sweeping away the theological faculties of the English universities, because the theology in which they were brought up was no longer taught. It had an almost equal effect upon the law faculties, because the Roman law, which they taught, depended in very large measure upon ecclesiastical authority for its utility, and was of far less consequence when this authority was removed. As for the medical faculties, they had never had the importance in England which they possessed in many of the universities of the Continent. Thus the faculty of arts alone remained. But the students in the arts course, on account of their youth, had habitually lived in colleges provided for their care and discipline; and the authority of the heads of these colleges over such students was more important and immediate than the authority of

any faculty. The faculty had to do with an examination, which was remote; the heads of the colleges were charged with the supervision of the daily life of the pupil. Consequently the centre of gravity in the English system was by the logic of facts shifted from faculties to heads of colleges, and the English universities became assemblages of collegiate schools, in which the authority of the central body or faculty outside of the examination hall was reduced to a mere shadow. The English colonists of the New World, in the first provision which they made for higher education, naturally enough followed the English model as closely as they could, and established colleges which were arranged like the English foundation, without even that slight degree of stimulus and control which the remnant of university organization provided in the mother country.

Neither the Continental nor the English system was in any wise favorable to freedom of teaching during the three centuries which followed the Reformation. The faculties of theology, of law, and of medicine busied themselves with preparation for civil careers, and made all else subservient to success in this respect. They allowed a very great degree of license to the individual student in his conduct and his morals; but with liberty of thought they scarcely concerned themselves unless it were to deprecate it. Nor were matters for the time much better in the faculty of philosophy. More than once, indeed, and notably at Göttingen, the principle of liberty of philosophic thought was boldly and clearly enunciated; but of practical realization of that liberty there was comparatively little in Germany, and still less in other parts of the Continent. Nor did matters stand better in England and America. Situated as the college authorities were, as guardians of the industry and morals of the pupils rather than as sponsors for their subsequent success, it was inevitable that they should lay stress on those studies which could be made available for purposes of discipline rather than on those which should stimulate individual zeal. There were indeed colleges which during the early half of the last century endeavored to depart from the narrow tradition of classical training. Notably was this the case in Virginia, where Thomas Jefferson founded a university on lines not at all unlike those which were afterward so successfully exemplified at Johns Hopkins. But these experiments were less fruitful than could have been expected. They left no large impress on the intellectual life of the nation. Many of those who wished to imitate them were misguided in their zeal. The original territorial charter of the University of Michigan is not only an outgrowth, but an exaggeration, of Jefferson's ideas. It begins as follows, *verbatim et literatim*: —

> "An Act to establish the Catholepistemiad, or University of Michigania.
>
> "*Be it enacted by the Governor and the Judges of the Territory of Michigan,* That there shall be in the said Territory a Catholepistemiad, or University, denominated the Catholepistemiad or University of Michigania. The Catholepistemiad or University of Michigania shall be composed of thirteen Didaxum, or Professorships; first, a Didaxia, or Professorship of Catholepistemia, or universal science, the Didactor or professor of which shall be President of the Institution; second, a Didaxia or professorship of Anthropoglossica, or literature, embracing all the Epistemum or sciences relative to language; third, a Didaxia or professorship of Mathematica, or Mathematics; fourth, a Didaxia or professorship of Physiognostica or Natural History; fifth, a Didaxia or professorship of Physiosophica or Natural Philosophy; sixth, a Didaxia or professorship of Astronomia, or Astronomy; seventh, a Didaxia or professorship of Chymia, or Chemistry; eighth, a Didaxia or professorship Iatrica, or

Medical Sciences; ninth, a Didaxia or professorship of œconomia, or economical sciences; tenth, a Didaxia or professorship of Ethica, or Ethical Sciences; eleventh, a Didaxia or professorship of Polemitactica, or Military Sciences; twelfth, a Didaxia or professorship of Diegetica, or Historical Sciences, and thirteenth, a Didaxia or professorship of Ennoeica, or Intellectual Sciences, embracing all the Epistemum or sciences relative to the minds of animals, to the human mind, to spiritual existence, to the Deity, and to Religion; the Didactor or professor of which shall be Vice President of the Institution."

After such ambitious preliminaries, which successive legislatures tried to carry out to the best of their ability, it is somewhat discouraging to find, in the first accessible statement of the course of instruction, that the freshmen studied Lincoln's Livy, ancient history, Grecian and Roman antiquities, Homer's Odyssey, Bourdon's algebra, Legendre's geometry, Horace's Odes, Xenophon's Anabasis, botany, zoölogy, and Greek Testament; that in sophomore year there was an even more exclusively classical and mathematical course; that junior year still had its share of classics, besides logic, natural philosophy, and astronomy, with a little French; and that senior year was overwhelmingly crowded with mental and moral science in its various forms. And we find also that "in the government of the institution the faculty ever keep in mind that most of the students are of an age which renders absolutely necessary some substitute for parental superintendence."

The grouping of professional schools about some of our colleges, which began as early as the Revolution and continued without interruption through the generations to follow, enabled these colleges to lay claim to the title of universities, and doubtless did something to promote the liberalization of their courses. But the real freedom in the American professional schools of the early half of the nineteenth century was very slight. The students were relieved from that close supervision of their morals which existed in the colleges, but the course of study was in general a cut and dried one. The movement which really changed the character of modern university education in Germany and in the United States, and which is operating in the same direction in other civilized countries, was one which came from without, not from within; from the public, and not from the faculties. It was the outcome of a change in social standards rather than in educational methods.

We have seen that the first step toward university organization in Europe consisted in the creation of an estate of scholars, — a body of teachers and pupils with standards and ambitions of their own, more or less independent of those of the community about them. The experience through which Europe passed from the twelfth to the fourteenth century was repeated in America in the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth. There was developed in either case a sort of freemasonry of learning, with its rites of initiation over the grammar of the ancient languages. There was an effort to create — or perhaps we should say there was created without effort — an indefinable barrier between those who had pursued the regular classical course and those who had not. The former were supposed to have acquired scholarship, — that elusive ideal which does not mean scientific attainment, nor power of generalization, nor even the habit of using books efficiently, but which might almost be characterized as a certain distinctive way of looking at the intellectual life. The body of scholarly men was supposed to be entitled to a certain special consideration on this account, while all others were left in outer darkness. Certainly the initiation was severe enough, and some of the subsequent

ceremonies absurd enough, to give the guild of old-time scholars the character of a secret society. The force of this tradition and the sort of caste distinction that lies at the base of it is illustrated by the survival of phrases like "the learned professions," — a term of social rather than intellectual import; one which was applied to the work of the minister, the lawyer, or the physician, as distinct from that of the engineer or the banker, not because greater ability was required for their conduct, but because entrance into these professions was supposed to imply, and in many countries actually does imply, a previous course of classical training. "The bachelor's degree," says Boutmy, in discussing educational conditions in France, "is not simply a goal of secondary studies; it is a social institution of the highest consequence, and its social importance is greater than its pedagogical importance." If any one is disposed to doubt the applicability of this criticism to America, he need only observe the fact that so many men who in their own business question or even deny the value of a college education nevertheless when the time comes for the decision send their sons through an old-fashioned classical course.

But these lines, like most other social lines, are less sharply drawn to-day than they were a generation ago. It is found that other professions require a training just as strict and scientific for their proper exercise as those traditionally characterized by the name "learned;" and the courses intended to lead to all these different professions become every day so much more closely analogous to one another in their character that the old sharp line of demarcation can be no longer maintained within the schools themselves.

This was first illustrated in the case of military engineering, where the old-time antagonism of spirit between the scholar and the fighter has gradually given place to mutual respect and coöperation. The soldier recognizes military colleges as a necessity; the scholar recognizes the course of study in the military college as furnishing something coördinate with that which was given in the universities. During the nineteenth century there was a similar breakdown of caste lines in many other directions. In civil and mechanical engineering, in the various forms of technology, in commerce and in finance, the community began to feel the need of theoretical training. In striving to meet the need which was thus felt, our educators were forced to break with some of their old traditions, and to widen their conception of what a college course might do for the student in the way of studies prescribed and preparation given for life. The men who took the lead in this movement found a quick public response to what they did. The new university education appealed to classes which were out of sympathy with the narrower traditions of the older college. The institutions which took up the new movement made such rapid progress in numbers and in pecuniary resources that the others, willingly or reluctantly, were compelled to follow their example. The character of the public demand for higher education at the end of the nineteenth century was so far different from what it had been at its beginning that experiments like those of the University of Virginia, which had remained isolated at the earlier period, found universal approval and imitation at the later.

The history thus far given is primarily that of the United States; but it holds true of other countries to a higher degree than would be generally supposed. In Germany the increase of academic freedom is to a surprisingly large measure the result of public interest in modern science and public demand for competent and trained technical experts. There is a change in the intellectual standards of the community which is reflected in the work of university education, and which has produced

a loosening of old traditions which puts a strain upon the present university organization, and particularly upon the institution of faculties.

This problem of faculty reorganization assumes different forms in different countries. We are chiefly concerned with the shape which it has taken in the United States. The modern American "faculty," or group of regularly accredited officers in any of the half-dozen "departments" which constitute a university, unites in its hands three somewhat incongruous functions: —

(1) It determines the conditions necessary for the receipt of the degree or group of degrees which the department awards; prescribing rules for admission to candidacy, term of residence required, and nature and scope of the examinations or other prerequisite formalities.

(2) It nominates the teachers who are empowered to instruct students in the branches which come under its cognizance. The amount of power exercised in this respect varies in different universities. In some the nomination is made by the president, after consultation with such men as he chooses to take into his confidence; in others the faculty exercises the right of initiative and of veto; but in almost all cases a committee of the faculty determines the amount of teaching which any given man can do in the regular course for the examinations; and thus by indirection the faculty can affect the amount of salary which he will receive from the university funds.

(3) It makes the necessary police regulations for the orderly conduct of the students, and charges its committees with the administrative and disciplinary measures required for the maintenance of the good name of the institution as far as it is dependent upon those who are studying for the degrees awarded by the faculty in question.

Now it will be noted that this is a very wide range of functions, — wider, I believe, than that which is exercised by the corresponding bodies in any other country (unless possibly in Scotland). In Germany the faculties regulate (though within some restriction) the teaching and examinations, but not the discipline. In France they have hitherto regulated the teaching and discipline, but not the examinations. In England it is hard to say what they do, for there are really no corresponding bodies whatsoever; but the one rule is that the examination and the teaching are *not* under the same authority.

I cannot see that, if we were once started on the road, there would be any great difficulty in separating the disciplinary function from the other two and putting it into different hands. Of course there is a convenience in the present practice; the man who is judging of the scholarship of any particular student has certain obvious advantages for supervising his conduct. But I believe that the disadvantages of the combination outweigh these advantages, — that the discipline hurts the teaching more than the teaching helps the discipline; and that no small part of the alleged infringements of student freedom could be avoided if these two matters were kept entirely separate.

It will be remembered that perhaps before faculties existed at all, the students of Bologna were organized by *nations*, — bodies of students and graduates charged with protection of scholastic rights and enforcement of good order. I can see no good reason against the attempt to reintroduce this arrangement in the United States. I should like to see the whole control of discipline, of athletics, of public student functions, and of intercollegiate relations of the undergraduates — in short, of all things outside of the sphere of study and examination — in the hands of a committee chosen either by the graduates alone, or, probably better, by students and graduates together. For

the initial point in such an organization our alumni associations form admirable centres. Were the graduates thus given a regular organized place in the daily life of the universities, it would not only help to solve some of the problems of freedom of teaching by removing a disturbing element, but would tend to emphasize that community of interests and standards among college men which it is so important to preserve as a bulwark against some of the disintegrating tendencies of the day.

The disentanglement of the functions of examination and teaching, of prescription of courses and of nomination of professors, involves more difficult problems, — but I think not insuperable ones. In fact, the progress of events is moving us rapidly in this direction and compelling us to meet the problem of making this separation, whether we will or no. The development of modern science is disregarding old faculty lines. Law is connecting itself with history, medicine with biology. Every great university has men who are teaching, in the same classes, students who are working for different degrees and are under the control of different faculties. In fact, it is this possibility of combination which furnishes the chief justification for the existence of the large university, as distinct from the separate technical schools. It is obviously necessary that in nominations for these teaching positions which overleap departmental lines we should consult some of the members of different faculties rather than all the members of some one faculty; and that, wherever the nomination finally comes from, the real initiative should arise from the department of *study* rather than from the department of university *organization*. In other words, the teaching should be provided by the university, rather than by the several faculties thereof.

If this distinction could once be made, it would avoid most of the complaints of faculty interference on the part of the professors as completely as the graduate control of discipline would avoid similar complaints on the part of the students. The individual professor would see that if students were discouraged from coming to him by the arrangement of the course, it was because a certain faculty had its views as to the proper requirements for a certain degree rather than as to the proper teaching of a certain subject. He might differ from the members of that faculty in their opinion; but the difference would come in such a domain that it would not be an infringement of his liberty as a teacher, and would lose the element of personal bitterness which is now so prominent. The man who was unable to teach students in arts as well as he could teach students in philosophy would see the true reason for his non-employment in the former capacity far more clearly, if the arts faculty, as a *faculty*, were concerned solely with the requirements of the student and not with the qualifications of the professor.

A development on these lines would help to solve most of the avoidable controversies concerning academic freedom. But there is one set of controversies which is perhaps unavoidable. Teaching costs money. Modern university teaching costs more money per capita than it ever did before, because the public wishes a university to maintain places of scientific research, and scientific research is extremely expensive. A university is more likely to obtain this money if it gives the property owners reason to believe that vested rights will not be interfered with. If we recognize vested rights in order to secure the means of progress in physical science, is there not danger that we shall stifle the spirit of independence which is equally important as a means of progress in moral science?

A large and influential class of men sees this last question written in such large letters that it takes a short cut to

the solution of the whole problem. It says that the higher education must be directly controlled by the state, because in no other way can the people have the necessary degree of control and influence upon it. Private endowments, we are told, necessarily give such rights to the corporations which handle them that they become dangerous in the progress of education. Men who hold these views believe in state universities supported by taxation and in a great national university as the proper climax of our educational system.

The first difficulty with this theory is that political control does not always secure educational freedom. On the contrary, the tendency to jeopardize the freedom of the teacher is probably more conspicuous among state universities than among endowed ones. The pretext of exercising control in the interest of public safety is made a means of removing men for political or even for personal reasons. There is many a place where a change in the dominant party in the legislature means a subversive change in text-books and instructors. The more intelligent advocates of state and national universities recognize this evil, and desire to see the administration of the university placed in the hands of an independent board. This is a far better method than more direct control by the governor or legislature. But if the board is really independent, you have put the possibility of control as fully out of your hands as if it were a private corporation; and if you have not made it thus independent, you have the pretense of freedom without the reality.

The fact seems to be that the form of corporate control chosen makes far less difference with the degree of freedom of the teacher than does the general habit or standard of the community concerning toleration. A locality in which theological universities turn away professors for their views on points of doctrine is apt to be one where state universities turn them away for their views on matters of party politics; and it is not infrequently one where private benefactors are disposed to reserve rights of making their personal views dominant in deciding how their foundations shall be administered. On the other hand, a locality where the *odium theologicum* is kept within its proper limits is pretty sure to be one where people see the necessity of making tenure of office depend upon something besides partisan affiliations, and where donors are ready to allow a large degree of freedom in the use of their gifts. The worship of the creed as a fetich and the worship of the platform as a fetich are both survivals of an earlier stage of civilization where the necessity of securing coherence of public sentiment was paramount to the necessity of securing free and progressive thought, or business-like execution of that thought. The more fully developed community tends to regard the creed not as an essential to salvation, but as a working hypothesis to secure an efficient basis of action, — and it regards the platform in the same way. Under such circumstances, it is generally possible to secure enlightened administration, even of a pretty rigid deed of trust; and to secure proper regard for the future, even among those legislators and administrators who in politics are strong party men. If by changes of organization we can do away with the unnecessary questions and issues concerning academic freedom, we may well trust the public sentiment of our progressive communities to prevent most of the others from arising at all.

Arthur Twining Hadley.

THE WITCH-BRIDLE.

In Killick Cove the family woodlots still furnished most of the fuel used, yet in very cold weather there was a certain amount of coal required for the tall, bedizened stoves which blistered the paint on the mantelpiece of many a sitting-room in the village.

Among the most unmistakable signs of winter's approach were the arrival of Cap'n Job Gaskett's diminutive cargo of coal at the town wharf and the subsequent sounds of his shovel throughout the Cove as he delivered it from a bright blue cart backed up among the dry leaves at the cellar bulkheads. After this, it was reckoned time to screw on storm porches and bank up the houses with rock-weed and kelp from the shore.

A prolonged dry spell extending well into October had been followed by a week of sombre clouds, with the wind piping fresh from the northeast, bringing the rote of the sea up across the eastern marshes in a constant jarring rumble, and driving whirlwinds of dust and leaves up the narrow road till this already rocky thoroughfare was scoured down to bare ledge in many fresh places.

In anticipation of much needed rain at last, all over the Cove cisterns and gutters had been put in readiness, but further than a slight misting during each night, the howling northeaster brought no relief.

"What d' ye cal'late, Job?" inquired Cap'n Simeon Roundturn, as Job Gaskett occupied his usual chair in the store after supper. "Air we liable to git rain out o' this, or no?"

"I don't think it, you!" answered Job without hesitation. "When she fust come to take holt here to the east'ard this way, I was some in hopes she 'd make out to blow up a rainstorm, but I don't scursely look for a one now. This here acts to me jest like only one of them reg'lar-built ole dry no'theasters, and nothin' else."

"Be consid'ble rough on folks round here ef the ground doos go to work and close up this fall without we git rain fust," said Cap'n Simeon. "I hear tell the alder swamps is nigh bone dry, so 's there won't be no wood hauled acrosst 'em this winter unlessn there 's rain, and I 'll resk but what more 'n half the wells to this Cove has went dry a'ready."

"By fire, you!" exclaimed Job Gaskett. "The prospects in regards to water doos appear a grain duberous, and no mistake. Now this aft'noon there, I hauled up ole Mis' Lyddy Kentall her little pod o' coal, and come to go acrosst Merrymeeting Bridge, why I see the brook was dreened dry, or so nigh it there wa'n't no fun in it anyways; nothin' only the leastest little dite o' dreeble left to her, and that 's sumpin I seldom ever see the likes on afore sence I been round."

"Sho!" said Simeon. "I dunno for the life o' me jest where them folks up that way would git a turn o' water to, 'lowin' the brook did take a notion to go back on 'em complete. That 's all the way ever I know for 'em to water up after their wells goes dry, without," he added jocosely, "without they was to turn to and call on ole Aunt Polly, or else some other of them ole ancient style folks to come back and help 'em out someways or 'nother."

"Mebbe they 'll be drove to that yit," said Job. "'T would n't be the fust time Aunt Polly located water, that 's dead sure. Speakin' of her, I was thinkin' only to-day this is the time o' year, and jest the very weather, would started her and the rest-part o' them ole fly-by-nights on one of them dod-blasted frolics o' theirn to Merrymeeting Bridge."

"You don't cal'late them 's all the

ones to this Cove ever was up to sich works by nights, do ye, Job?" asked Asa Fairway, suddenly stopping his usual vigorous whittling by the stove.

"All the ones?" repeated Cap'n Job disdainfully. "Not much they ain't all the ones! I don't misdoubt myself the least dite but what they 's folks now to Kentalls's Hill and Number Four deestrict too, for that matter, that 's up to all the works ever Aunt Polly tried on! I know plaguy well they is, come to that! They 's two famblies to my own knowin', down there to Number Four, that 's got bridles to their houses yit! I won't turn to and call ary person by name, but ef I ain't seen the tail-end of a reg'lar-built, proper ole witch-bridle hangin' out from betwixt the mattresses of a bed to a certing house down there inside a fortnight's time, then all is, I never yit sot eye on a one nowheres!"

"Why, 't aint the leastways onlikely!" exclaimed Asa. "I could turn to this minute and name you an ole sir down to the Lower Neck there that kep' a bridle to his house, a-hanging right out in folkses sight 'longside the chimbly in the spare room for years, and 'peared to set a store by her, too. I done him quite a consid'ble big favor one time, and I know he up and says to me then, 'Asy,' s' he, 'take anything I got that 's mine,' s' he, 'without it 's the woman and that air ole bridle!' He was jest knowin' enough not to leave that go fur out o' sight, I took good notice!"

"Set-fire, you!" cried Job in a tone of deep disgust. "It don't look right for nobody, I don't give a rap who 't is, to take and hang on to them tormented ole witch-bridles so-fashion! All the fit way ever to serve them kind of things is to heave 'em ker-chunk into the fire, and then mebbe you 'll know somewheres nigh where in tunkett they be to! Plague on the things, the time my ole sir put the L on to our ole place, come to rip off the boarding a grain, dinged ef there did n't hang a complete bridle, big 's life, all plastered in betwixt the studding, she was! Mother she would n't leave nobody else tech of the thing on no account, but took and ketched holt right off herself with the tongs, and flipped her out on the floor, full bigness. Extry big long one, this one was; guess she 'd go nigh on to three fathom, come to heave out the kinks and haul her good and taut. Mother she cal'lated for sure 't was the same ole bridle Sairy Kentall hove round the neck of ole Skip' Nate Spurshoe, the time she and them other ole fly-by-nights turned to and rid him chock to the Nubble and back afore daylight. You rec'lect the L part to our ole home-place used to set up in the sheep pastur' back o' Kentalls's Hill in them days, and seems 's though ole Sairy put up there all soul alone quite a few years afore she fin'lly got through. Mother she 'lowed this was her bridle no doubt, and says to us young uns right off, 'Don't ary one on ye come a-nigh, but,' s' she, 'I want the whole kit on ye should take notice of this bridle in real good shape, so 's to know jest what sich tormented things is like unto for all the rest-part o' your lives.' Dretful pertikler, she was. 'There,' s' she, 'this here strand is mostly wove out of tow, and this here one has allus got to be hair from a mare's tail, and all the rest-part,' s' she, 'is nothin' only the inside bark of a yaller birch tree.' Soon 's ever she 'd give us the whole bus'niss about them bridles all complete, she turned to and chucked this one into the fireplace quicker 'n scat!"

"Served her good and right, too!" declared Asa Fairway. "You could n't learn your mother no great in regards to them kind o' works, now I tell ye what! She knowed well a bridle wa'n't no fittin' thing to leave layin' round loose in no person's house them times, or now'days neither! They 's folks to-day right here to this Cove that ain't forgot how to heave the bridle, and don't you run away with the idee they have!" he con-

cluded, with an emphatic nod of the head.

"Without I 'm consid'ble mistakened," remarked Cap'n Roundturn from his high desk behind the counter, "your mother, Job, was to ole Sairy Kentalls's place up there the very same night Skip' Nate Spurshoe was attackted so scand'lous by that parcel of ole fly-by-nights, wa'n't she?"

"Godfrey mighty, yas!" replied Cap'n Job. "Mother was up to her place that evenin' to try and borry some med'cine for the ole sir. 'T wa'n't only jest a short spell after they 'd got married, that wa'n't. Set-fire, yas! Mother allus claimed she see the fust commencemint o' them works all right enough, and master works she called 'em, too!"

"Someways or 'nother I most forgit jest how it worked in the very fust send-off of that air scrape," said Asa Fairway, scratching his head reflectively. "Skip' Nate had been talking of it round how Sairy Kentall had teched his vessel so 's he could n't git ary decent trip o' fish, or what was the spat about betwixt the two at the fust send-off?"

"No, no," answered Cap'n Gaskett, who was universally recognized as the highest possible authority on such matters. "That wa'n't the way on 't at all, Asy. You 're way off'n your course. The fust commencemint was like unto this way; guess likely I 've heern it told over times enough to git the thing somewheres nigh straight, and resk it! Ye see, ole Skip' Nate Spurshoe, him that was gran'sir to them Spurshoes was lost in the ole Marcellus on Matinicus Rock, you rec'lect, he 'd only jest arrived home here from the Western Banks with a trip o' fish in the ole 'pink' Equator. He 'd landed his fare up to the fishyard islant same 's usual, but seems 's though he had n't quite fished out his whole bounty-time yit awhile that season, and so he was layin' here to the Cove sojering same 's they used to till his time was up, so 's to go down to the custom-house at the Harbor and draw full bounty-money, ye see. All his crew, without 't was three or four, had went home, but ole Skip' he 'd turn to and git under way of a nice mod'rit day with what few still stopped aboard 'long on him, and jest drop outside here onto the aidge of Betty Moody's Gardin, mebbe, or some place anyways where they could down killick in tol'ble shoal water.

"Then they 'd turn to and heave a line or two over the vessel's rail jest so 's to say they 'd fished ag'in that day, and then up anchor, fill away, and give it to her back in home here with a little air o' wind to the south'ard by the fust of the aft'noon. Take and chalk her right down slappo in the book, '' 'Nother day's fishing outside.' Got it all worked down to a consid'ble fine thing them times, had n't they, Simeon?"

"Oh, complete!" replied Cap'n Roundturn, with an approving grin. "Cute enough, some o' them ole fellers was. There was any God's quantity got rich off'n the bounty them times, and never so much as wet ary line over the rail! Reg'lar out and out snap it must been for 'em them days!"

"I only wisht we had half the snap to this day o' the world!" continued Cap'n Job. "But what I 'm coming at, seems 's though ole Skip' Nate come ashore from his vessel one aft'noon after they 'd been out on the Gardin sojering away bounty-time same 's usual, and he 'd fetched ashore 'long on him a blame' great bundle of stripped halibut, cal'lating to lug her up home to his woman.

"Lived clean away out back here to hell and gone, he did, — I was to his ole cellar-hole only t'other day, hunting up my cow, — and seems 's though nigh dark, come to git somewheres about halfway over Kentalls's Hill, and he run plump a-foul on ole Sairy coming down along. It 'pears them two wa'n't none too chummy jest about that time, for

the reason that ole Sairy had been making some little gossup-talk round amongst folks in regards to Skip' Nate's putting in so dod-blowed much bounty-time after he 'd got home with his vessel that fall, and ole Skip' was knowin' to it in good shape.

"So bimeby when ole Sairy come to ask him this time would he give her some of the stripped halibut for winter, he jest says right up-and-comin', 'No sir-ee, sir! Not the fust damned ioty 'll you git out o' me, marm!' 'Cording to the tell of some folks, he 'lowed he 'd see her chock to hell 'fore ever he 'd spare her no fish, but I allus misdoubted ef ever he done so, myself. Them that dasst up and say over that way to ary one o' them ole ancient folks here to this Cove was consid'ble scattering, now I 'm tellin' of ye!"

"My soul, but you can bate high they was!" cried Asa Fairway. "'T was nothin' only a set-fired meracle ever Skip' Nate dasst deny her no halibut anyways!"

"So 't was!" assented Job, "but the way it worked, prob'ly the ole sir was nigh half slued with the red rum they use to fetch home from Novy Scoshy, them days. Why, sence my goin', we 'd allus cal'late to have a kag of her lashed on deck good and handy, with a tin dipper seized onto her by a lanyard! Turn to, all hands and take holt, and drink hearty, too! That was the style aboard a fisherman them days ye know, and all the way ever I could account for Skip' Nate's actin' that way is, he 'd been laying right to that kag o' red rum pooty much all day out there on the Gardin, and was jest a grain how-come-ye-so. Anyways, he would n't spare Sairy Kentall no halibut that time, and seems 's though she up and told him right then and there how she 'd make him ache for it in every blame' bone there was to his karkis, and then she kep' on down along the ro'd to the west'ard.

"Skip' Nate he started up over the hill ag'in, but had only went a very short ways, when all to once the lashin's on his bundle of stripped halibut was cut clip and clean, so 's the fish flew all over the ro'd there, forty diff'rent ways for Sunday. Wal, o' course he nacherly turned to right off to gaft onto 'em, and lash 'em together ag'in, never once mistrusted nothin' outen the common run, ye see, but by fire! quick 's ever he 'd make out to git one rope-yarn tied up good and solid, another would bust loose ag'in, and fin'lly, git them strips o' dry fish lashed up once more he could n't, not ef he went to the ole scratch!

"All of a suddin, he heerd a rustling sound in amongst the alder bushes side of the ro'd there, and bedide ef he did n't ketch sight of Sairy Kentall jest makin' ready to heave a bridle at him. Seems 's though she 'd slipped right around to ole Hetty Moyeses' on the nor'rard side o' the hill, and borried a bridle o' her, cal'lating to git a come-uppance right away off that very same night. All them ole ancient folks was allus and forever in cohoots together, ye know. What I mean, one was allus standin' by ready to take holt and help out t'other in any kind o' dod-blasted works, so Skip' Nate he see blame' quick how the land laid, and jest slipped his cable you might say, and took up the ro'd for all he was wuth!

"Them days, ye see, it used to be the way that when one o' them kind of folks got after ary pore devil with her bridle, all the squeak ever he stood in God's world for shakin' of her was to cross water, or else a stone wall, ary one. Ef so be it he could jest make out to do ary one o' them two things, all the ole witch women-folks this side o' hell could n't do him no hurt, not that time, anyways. There was sunthin' proper sing'lar about the thing someways, so 's after that 'ere, the bridle could n't be hove over nobody, and Skip' Nate he jest chucked away his halibut into the ditch, and give it to

her up over Kentalls's Hill fair b'ilin', cal'lating to try and make the ole stone wall that commences there to the sou'-west corner of Amis Kentalls's mowing field.

"Ole Sairy she fetched a master leap out o' them bushes, and after him same 's a streak, a-swinging of her bridle over her head, and screechin' and cacklin' fit to raise the dead, but by fire! Skip' Nate made out to save his bacon that time, anyways, though the very same secont he lep' acrosst that wall, ole Sairy let go the bridle at him, so 's they allus 'lowed she struck him, but in room of falling fair round his neck, she jest brushed his shoulder like."

"Jee-whitaker, you! but wa'n't that some close!" exclaimed Asa Fairway, with a sigh of relief. "I remember me now pretty much all about that set-fired racket. The ole folks used to set there to our place and gossup them things over amongst 'em more 'n a little."

"I 'll warrant ye they done so!" said Cap'n Job, "and there was a blame' sight more 'n jest only old women's gossup-talk to it, too! That 'ere turn in the ro'd atop of the hill there has allus been called the Devil's Gap from that day to this, ye know. But there, what 's the good talking? There 's jest sich actions goin' on now-days — any grists on 'em! I cal'late there 's folks within cable's length of where we 're settin' to that 's chock-a-block jammed full o' jest sich, only they 're cunning 'nough not to git ketched."

"Godfrey mighty, you!" cried Cap'n Roundturn, "I ain't noways sure there ain't, myself, 'twixt you and me and the windlass-bitts! But jest how come it your mother got drawed into it that time, Job?"

"I 'll git round to that 'ere direc'ly, Cap'n," replied Job, by no means to be hurried in his narrative. "Seems 's though ole Sairy chafed consid'ble bad in regards to this here slip-up of hern, and made her brags everywheres round how one o' these days she 'd git a come-uppance 'long of Skip' Nate in a way he nor nobody else ever once dremp' on.

"So you see," Cap'n Gaskett went on, "for quite a few weeks there Skip' Nate was nigh skeered of his life, but bimeby I s'pose likely it sort o' blowed over like, and he commenced to git his tail up ag'in a grain. For one thing, I rec'lect mother told how his cow kep' gitting mired in the hackmatack swamp that fall, and how his woman was bothered to death in gittin' butter to come every blame' time she sot out to churn, and all sichlike works was going on stiddy, so 's fin'lly him and his folks figgered ole Sairy cal'lated to take it out that way, same 's them ole creeturs allus and forever used to be doing of, 'lowin' they held a gredge agin ye.

"Wal, by this time 't was way along late in the fall o' the year and nigh time for snow to fly, so 's the bulk o' the vessels was thinking of hauling up. Bimeby one day she commenced hermin' up good and greasy here to loo'ard for a gale o' wind, and by night-time I know mother said it had canted out about east-no'th-east, blowin' like a man, thick o' rain and slate by spells, and breezenin' on stiddy every minute, till down there to our place you could n't hear talking, for the rote there was a-going.

"I wa'n't only a consid'ble small shaver then, but I allus rec'lect mother's telling of us kids 't was jest the time o' year, and jest the very style night, ole Sairy Kentall, and Hetty Moye, and all the rest-part o' them ole ancient folks would be liable to pick for one o' them hell-fired frolics of theirn to Merrymeeting Bridge. Blow my shirt ef ever I can set and harken to the rote sounding anyways loud to this day, or hear the rustle of dry leaves under foot in the fall o' the year, without it puts me in mind o' them same ole folks, and them dod-blasted high-jinks up there to the bridge."

"Same here!" declared Asa Fairway. "Be jiggered ef I would n't lievser lay hove to in a Janooary breeze o' wind on Georges, sooner 'n take chances cruising round this Cove by nights in the fall o' the year! Seems 's ef I could hear the swish of a bridle through the air every time I scuffled up the dry leaves in the ro'd there to Spurshoes' Hollow by nights!"

"I can't noways abide 'em myself," said Cap'n Job, "but what I was going to say, bimeby about nine o'clock this here nasty blowy night, the ole sir was took dretful bad with a colic that kep' growing wuss and wuss till he like to died with the pain on 't. Mother she turned to and give him this to take, and that to take, and done everything in God's world she knowed, but could n't seem to strike nothin' would corroborate nor hender her no great, ary one, so fin'lly she took and wropped herself up tight, and put her for ole Sairy Kentalls's.

"All them ole ancient folks was called clean away up at doctoring, ye know anyways, but Sairy Kentall in pertikler was nigh old 's the north star, and I cal'late what she did n't know about mixin' up med'cines wa'n't noways wuth knowing. Them days she was counted an extry big herb amongst them kind o' folks, anyhow, and seems 's though she 'd turn to and mix up a master cure for the colic that would lay ye out stiffer 'n ary handspike without you handled her jest so. I know for one thing there was rat into her, all baked black and cripsy, and pounded up fine, and wolfsbane, and I won't say now jest what not, but she was a grand good med'cine to take holt, that I 'll gurentee!

"Wal, mother she footed it clean way up there this here dungeon-black stormy night a-purpose to see ef ole Sairy would n't spare her a little grain o' that same cure, being as the ole sir was attackted so bad, and that 's all the way ever she come to be anyways knowin' in regards to them works there to Skip' Nate's that night.

"Sairy she made out to spare her a little small vial of the colic cure, and jest as she done so, that very same minute there come the divil's own thumpin' and shindy on the ruff right chock overhead, so 's mother 'lowed it like to stunded her.

"'Mis' Gaskitt,' says ole Sairy right off spango, 'I 'll have to take and leave ye, bein's I got a pertikler app'intmint to keep this evening, but,' s' she, 'I want you should set right here where you be so 's to git all good and rested up afore ever you go. Dŏn't be noways put out at nothin' you may happen to sight, for I 'll gurentee there won't be the leastest thing do you no hurt,' s' she. Some ways or 'nother ole Sairy allus used to be real clever 'long o' mother, reg'lar. Wal sir, she had n't more 'n fairly out with the words afore she fetched a slat, and flippo! away she went right chock into nothin', same 's a soap-bubble doos when she busts, eggsac'ly, and in room o' her, to the very spot where she sot, mother see this tormented great big shiny black cat setting there lickin' her chops, and blinkin' away at her, big 's ole Cuffey!"

"I don't b'lieve ary word o' no sich rubbidge, you!" exclaimed Sheriff Windseye, who had just dropped in. "I 've allus and forever been hearing that same gossup-talk here to this Cove, but set-fire! at this day o' the world, I 'd full lievser take stock into that rot they pretend to call grav'tation!" The sheriff had recently announced his intention of running for the legislature, and perhaps felt that he should now rise superior to vulgar superstition.

"Dod-blow it all!" cried Job, "I would n't turn my hand to have ye b'lieve it or disb'lieve it, ary one, Cap'n Windseye. It 's God's own truth jest the same, and I 'm telling of it jest eggsac'ly for all the world the way I 've allus heerd it from them that see it, sence I was the bigness of a trawl-kag!"

"Godfrey mighty!" put in Asa Fairway. "Seems 's though 't ain't scursely raytionable to misdoubt the truth on 't at this day o' the world! Bedide ef you ain't as much call to set there and tell us how C'lumbus never come ashore up there to Plymith! I would n't wonder ef it did n't give the ole lady a master start though, seeing sichlike works going on right afore her that way."

"Never jarred her a mite!" declared Job. "Not a cent's wuth! No more 'n 't would me, for I cal'late I seen cur'user works than ever them made out to be, not to say but what them was consid'ble cur'us, too.

"This here ole black cat she sot there only a short spell, and then all to once lep' chock into the fireplace and up chimbly 'fore ever you 'd say Jack Robinson! Then there come a hell-fired ole cacklin' and laughin' up there on the ruff from two or three more o' them ole ancient folks, and then pooty quick off they went together through the air, the whole blame' kit on 'em, same 's so many ole night-herins. By fire! but ye know mother she jest made up her mind there was goin' to be some master high-jinks to Merrymeeting Bridge that night, for a sure thing!

"They allus allowed how them days ole Betty Baker would skip over from Ole York ways, and Joanny Tinney she 'd skin down acrosst country from Eliot Neck, and ole Matty Merton clean away up to the head o' the crick, all them ole fly-by-nights was liable to git together 'long o' our folks for a frolic quick 's ever it come the fall o' the year. Betwixt us and the windlass-bitts," continued Cap'n Job, lowering his voice with a quick glance about him, "I 've heern it kind o' gossuped round on the sly like, how ole Mis' Rhody Kentall up to the Top o' the P'int there, you take her mother, and she 'd turn out ef she took a notion, and hold up her end to them frolics 'long o' the best on 'em. Mind ye, I won't say as ever she done so, but I 've heern it talked she would so ef there was a little sumpin extry in the wind.

"But you see this pertikler night them ole creeturs was fairly chock-a-block full o' mischeef. They had pertikler fish to fry jest about that time, and I cal'late the whole hell-fired troop on 'em was turned out all greased up in good shape with that 'ere bloody 'intmint of theirn, so 's to fly through the air same 's ary hagdon-gull. You un'stand ole Skip' Nate's woman there, she 'd been gone away nigh onto a week's time then, a-doing for a darter o' hern that was layin' sick to Dover P'int, so 's the ole sir was left all soul alone there to home without nobody to do for him at all, nor jest so much 's even keep him comp'ny by nights.

"Seems 's though ever sence his woman quit him that way, Skip' Nate he 'd been growing ter'ble oneasy ag'in for fear o' bein' ketched onawares by night-times, so 's 't was seldom ever he dasst turn in at all till nigh daylight, and come to take it this here dungeon-black, blowy night, why nacherly he had the fidgits onto him wuss 'n ever he had.

"Gracious evers, they 'lowed he 'd turned to and rigged up a set of shores ag'in the two outside doors, and spiked hard-wood cleats atop of every blame' sash there was to the house, and every night reg'lar he 'd take and shove his thunderin' great, over-growed sea-chist chock up ag'in the bedroom door where he slept to. She was a master big heavy chist, so 's 't was much 's ever he could budge her hisself, and him as stocky built, withey ole feller too, as ever was raised to this Cove.

"Wal, it come this here dretful dark, stormy night, and he done same 's ever with the door soon 's ever it commenced to grow dark un'neath o' the table, and lit him up a pair o' big candles in room o' jest only one, same 's he most gin'ally had. Seems 's though he figgered this night he 'd full better set up in the rockin'-cheer, in room of

turnin' in, though he never cal'lated to take a wink o' sleep anyways, but it 'pears he did bimeby kind o' lose hisself like, and fust thing he knowed he was woke up by the scrapin' o' that plaguy great chist acrosst the floor, and be jiggered ef them tormented ole trollops had n't made out to git inside someways, and shove open his bedroom door quite a few inches so quick! Up he lep' for God's sakes, and hove hisself ag'in the door with all his heft, but in room o' shetting of her none, she kep' on opening stiddy jest so fast, till all to once some on 'em hove a bridle through the gap, and come within one o' fetchin' of him the fust clip.

"Wal, the pore ole divil see right off then 't was prob'ly all day 'long on him, but still it come acrosst him he might by chance be able to fetch a leap into bed and haul the quilt over him someways so 's they could n't make out to heave that dod-blasted ole bridle round his neck, and so that 's what he tried on, and same time commenced to holler for resicue same 's a stuck pig, so 's they heern the shindy tol'ble plain chock down to the shore, mother said."

"Resicue? Who in tunkett did he cal'late would turn to and try on resicuing of him from them kind?" demanded Asa Fairway earnestly.

"Oh, jest fairly skeered out of all manner o' reason, the pore ole sir was, and not to blame neither!" said Cap'n Gaskett. "Nacherly his taking to bed same 's he done did n't amount to shucks anyways, for the dinged ole trollops jest turned to and cut the bedkivers off'n him in less 'n no time at all, a-screechin' and cacklin' the wusst ole kind o' way, and then they jest attackted of him fair scand'lous, the whole troop on 'em to once, same 's a parcel of set-fired dog-fish, 'cording to tell. The whole pack fell atop on him, and fit him tooth and nail, and like to have massacreed him outright 'fore ever they made out to git their dod-blasted ole bridle hauled good and taut round his neck. Then, by fire! of course his name was nothin' only jest mud. He was theirn then, clip and clean, huffs, horns, and hide, as the feller says, and 't was then they turned to and rid the ole sir through the thick o' the storm way down past Ole York Village chock to Cape Neddick Nubble and back ag'in to this Cove afore ever the fust streak o' day showed up to the east'ard."

"Be jiggered, you! but wa'n't that some horrid, though!" cried Asa Fairway. "And cruelized the pore ole sir awful, too, I allus heern tell, so 's come to git home ag'in he was blood and gurry nigh from head to foot, and the togs all ripped and tore off'n the back of him complete!"

"That 's a actual fact," asserted Cap'n Job. "Why, they like to done him up for good and all that night. 'T was going on a month's time 'fore ever he was so 's to set foot out o' bed ag'in, and" —

"Jest what d' ye cal'late ever them ole folks done to Skip' Nate on this here master frolic you tell on, Job?" again interrupted Sheriff Windseye, with a sidelong wink and leer at the others present. "I allus heern it said how come to git back home ag'in he was one of the very lookin'est objicts ever went on two legs!"

"I guess likely that 's nothin' only gospil truth, too, Cap'n Windseye," answered Job. "Godfrey mighty, you! why would n't he looked that way, for king's sakes? Jest you turn to and take it right chock home to your own self for a secont, Cap'n. You cal'late you 're a consid'ble big herb round here, you allus do, but set-fire! ef half a dezen o' them same breed o' ole she-divils had lep' atop o' you when you was all soul alone by night-time, and jest once made out to bridle ye up in proper good shape, and then took and rid ye a little matter of eighteen or twenty mile through rain and slate and mud in a living gale o' wind, a-proddin' and clawin' of ye stiddy the whole blame' trip out and

back, and givin' of ye reg'lar ole bungo everyways they could hit on, I 'll bate a pollock 'long of ary man here it 's a chance ef you would n't come out on 't a damn sight lookin'er objict 'n what ole Skip' Nate was that time! "

George S. Wasson.

SAINT TERESA.

THE story of Teresa de Cepeda has been retold in some form in every century since her death, and written afresh in many different languages. But the plain "unvarnished tale" has been difficult to unravel from among the legends which have enveloped her history. We should observe her as closely from the human standpoint of Teresa the Sinner, the name she gave herself, as from that of Teresa the Saint, as the church has christened her. It is more than worth while to renew her acquaintance from her own letters and autobiography. The larger portion of such a familiar history must, of course, be compiled and translated, yet if translations and rearrangements will bring the reader of to-day to know and care for this woman of genius, this inspirer of the people, this warm, loving, human heart, it is reason enough for recalling once more the story of her life.

Teresa was born at Avila in Spain, in 1515, just at the time, according to one of her early biographers, when Luther was secreting the poison to be poured out two years later. She was one of a large family, eleven children in all, eight sons and three daughters. Her father, Don Alfonso de Cepeda, was twice married. Teresa's mother was the second wife, Beatrice de Ahumada, a beautiful, imaginative woman, always in bad health. "The Cepedas were of honorable descent; Don Alfonso was a gentleman of leisure and moderate fortune. He spent his time, when not engaged with works of charity, in reading Spanish literature — chiefly church history and lives of the saints. His library, if the Barber and Curate had sat upon it, would have been sifted as ruthlessly as the shelves of the Ingenious Knight of La Mancha, for half of it was composed of books of Knight Errantry — probably the same volumes which those stern Inquisitors condemned to the flames. These books were devoured as eagerly by the delicate Beatrice as were the graver pages by her husband, and her example was naturally imitated by her children. They sat late at night in their nursery over Rolando and Don Belianis and Amadis of Gaul. Teresa composed odes to imaginary cavaliers, who figured in adventures of which she was herself the heroine. They had to conceal their tastes from their father, who would not have approved of them. He was a very good man, exceptionally good, who treated his servants as if they were his sons and his daughters. He was never heard to swear, or to speak ill of any one. He was the constant friend of the Avila poor. If too indulgent, he had sense and information, and when he discerned what was going on, he diverted Teresa's tastes into a safer direction." By nature, she says of herself, she was the least religious of her family, but her imagination was impressible, and delighted in all forms of human heroism. "She early forgot her knights and devoted herself to martyrs; and now, being concrete and practical, thought that she would turn her new enthusiasm to account. If to be in heaven was to be eternally happy, and martyrs went straight to heaven without passing through purgatory, Teresa concluded that she could do nothing more prudent than to become

a martyr herself. When she was seven years old, she and her little brother Antonio actually started off to go to the Moors, who, they expected, would kill them. The children had reached the bridge on the stream which runs through the town, when an uncle met them and brought them back. As they could not be martyrs, their next decision was that they would be hermits, so they gave away their pocket money to beggars, and made themselves cells in the garden. She does not seem to have had much regular teaching; when she grew up she had difficulty in reading her Latin breviary." She was her father's darling, and he taught her some extraordinary things for a child of her years, giving her scientific books to read and explaining them to her by the light of his own knowledge. Teresa must have been a delightful little child, pleasant to look at though not beautiful, but with round, bright, laughing eyes, very black and prominent, full of expression and of mocking glances. As she grew older and developed, she is described as having the fine colorless complexion belonging to the lands of the south, the skin very delicate, flushing with color when she blushed, which she did easily. She is also said to have "walked like a goddess."

Her father counted among his ancestors a king of Leon, and her mother belonged to the oldest nobility of Castile. Both the father's and the mother's line possessed, in all its integrity, the *limpieza;* that is to say, they had never been allied to the Moors, or to the Jews, or to other races of impure blood. This fact was of the highest importance in the Spain of that day, for public consideration and social status. The prejudice against impure blood was so strong that for lack of being able to prove the limpieza one was excluded from the larger part of public functions. Sancho himself understood that if he had this stain, his master could never make him duke or island governor. He was careful to say to him, "I am an old Christian and that is enough." Later, Teresa, having become a Carmelite, scorned worldly distinctions as became her state. "Being made of the same clay," she said, "to dispute over nobility of origin is like questioning whether one kind of earth is better than another for making bricks." There remained in her heart all her life, without her knowledge, a little store of admiration for the kind of earth of which gentlemen are made. This escapes from her now and then. She has a way of saying, in speaking of a woman: "She was eminently the daughter of a gentleman." "In fact one perceives," says a French writer, "under her coarse veil the great-granddaughter of a king." A woman who has stamped the memory of her life upon the succeeding generations from her own time — the time of Philip the Second — to our own; who lives an ardent, almost gay personality in the mist and gloom of the days of her king and of the stern Duke of Alva, may well challenge the reader and the thinker of to-day to observe the ways in which she walked and the spirit which inspired her. Happily this great saint was also a great writer. She has left in her simple native Castilian a long shelf full of books of incomparable interest. The Life Written by Herself, or The Soul, as she once wrote upon the title-page, is a wonderful production. Cervantes himself might have written her Book of the Foundations; and of The Way of Perfection, Mrs. Cunninghame Graham says, "It represents the finished and magnificent fabric of the spiritual life." There is also a large book called The Mansions which seems to have been a favorite with this truth-telling saint. She wrote a Commentary on the Song of Solomon, which her confessor commanded her to burn. She threw it into the flames, but one of her devoted nuns saved a few leaves. Her Seven Meditations on the Lord's Prayer was in no such danger. Of this book Dr.

Alexander Whyte says, "For originality and striking suggestiveness it stands alone." Sixteen Exclamations after having Communicated, sixty Advices to her Daughters, and a small collection of hymns end the list. But her letters are her most precious legacy. They are the unrivaled production of her time. These eloquent, eager letters are almost as the sands of the sea in number, for her talent in this direction and her great love for her friends, putting aside the religious inspiration which was continually urging her to share her happiness with those near and dear to her, caused a constant overflow of expression.

Teresa's native city of Avila, where she also grew up, was a cold and windy place, which may be seen to-day almost unchanged, except that it lies dead and dispeopled upon its rock. The fortifications built in the Middle Ages still remain, with the enormous walls, the round granite towers, and its nine lofty gates. The city is overlooked from the south by the bare cliffs of the Gredos Mountains, which are even to this day unexplored, and inhabited by an almost savage race. In the vicinity of Avila the ground is still strewn with enormous blocks of stone, some of them roughly carved into the forms of huge animals, cut and left there in some unknown epoch by rude artists. The people were a warlike race, which had sustained continual assaults for centuries. Their cathedral, vast and high, dominated the whole place like a fortress, and after the Moors were finally driven away, and the policy of Charles the Fifth and his son had accustomed the grandees to living in peace and idleness, the poor hidalgos were driven either into the church, or commerce, or the service of the king. The city was transformed into a vast hothouse of saints, carrying paradise by assault, and disciplining themselves by scourging just as their fathers had felled castles by blows of the sword. The city received a new surname. The people characterized the place and its inhabitants as *Avila cantos y santos* (stones and saints).

Teresa's mother died early. Her elder sister was married soon after, and the result of these changes was that Don Alfonso's gay, spirited daughter had no one to look after her except her fond father, who felt himself unequal to the task. He put her almost immediately into a religious house, without suspecting, she says, how great the necessity really was for this step.

The first eight days of this convent life were, she afterward wrote, "terrible; the convent seemed to her a prison." The second week, however, she yielded to the sway of the sister who took charge of the pupils and consoled herself by work. She had a great horror of convent life, which was not wonderful in a girl of fifteen.

Among the reasons, and they were many, why a Spanish woman of the sixteenth century should take the veil, the rarest and the most fearful to the very young was that of vocation, the calling of faith. To one who understood what she was doing, this imposed by far the severest burdens. Teresa struggled against the idea. To fully understand her sense of alarm one should be able to evoke the whole system of religious emotions of which Spain still keeps some remains, while in France they are scarcely more than historical memories even for the best Catholics.

Her father took her away from the convent when she was sixteen and a half years old, and amused her with gayeties and carried her about to their friends' houses. Meanwhile to the great and important reasons why she did not wish to become a nun lesser reasons were added. She had a physical fear of austerities, and pious books bored her. On the other hand, she was attracted to the cloister, apart from "vocation," by a feeling which many women will understand. She was too independent a character to marry. It was one thing to obey God, but quite another to obey a man.

"Religion in Spain was as severe as their customs. There were high virtues but no humanity. Her painters loved to represent suffering. Philip the Fourth commanded Velasquez to paint the portraits of four hideous fools; the idea of causing the deformities of an unhappy creature to be immortalized by a great artist could only possess a mind in which the expression 'our human brother' found no meaning. The God of the Catholic kings was as sombre as they."

Teresa was too intelligent not to see that the celestial joys to which she was invited could be purchased only at a great price; she understood very well that apart from marriage there was no very desirable position in a society organized like theirs for a girl, motherless and spirited and impatient of control. She ended by asking her father's permission to take the veil. He refused. She struggled again with the question, "but God drew her to it."

The second day of November, 1533, she rose very early in the morning and went away, "wrung by terrible grief," and threw herself into the convent of the Carmelites of the Incarnation outside of Avila. She was then eighteen years old and was torn by many temptations, but she relates that a deep sense of peace overcame her when she found herself at last putting on the robe of the novice. In this convent she abode for twenty-five years, not in strict cloisterhood by any means. When her father was ill or needed her she could always go to him, and when he died she was with him, watching over him.

By degrees the life that she led there became as unsatisfactory as it was insipid. She accuses herself bitterly in her Life for the disgust she had often felt for her devotional exercises, and also for the pleasure she took in the conversation of distinguished men. "There was nothing in this," writes Madame Arvède Barine, "to fill a girl with remorse who had always made a point of leaving to fools, foolish scruples." On the other hand, when she considered what had become of the noble enthusiasm and the aspirations with which she had entered upon her career, and what they had amounted to, she was deeply discontented. It is the custom to cry out against the lack of severity in the ancient convents. Without pretending to justify them, it seems but fair to remember that the convent had become, by the force of things, a social as well as a religious institution. It was unreasonable to expect a zeal for austerities among a company of girls, many of whom had taken the veil without desiring it, and often against their will, because a place must be found where a girl could go when she was a burden at home and there was no hope of dowry. The opinion of the world therefore was toward indulgence.

About one hundred years before the birth of Teresa, the strict laws of the Order of Mount Carmel, which were brought from Palestine in the thirteenth century, had been mitigated by order of the Pope. From the time of the Mitigation the severities of the order had grown less and less for eleven years, until Jean Loreth, a monk of Normandy, tried to restore the old austerities. He was pursued by the hatred of monks and nuns, and was finally given poison in a peach at a convent in Nantes. Teresa was about forty-five years old, a century after the death of Jean Loreth, when the idea of restoring something of these ancient austerities of Carmel fairly took shape in her mind. She could no longer endure the conditions under which she had struggled for so long a time. She found three or four friends who sympathized with her religious aspirations, and many days and nights were spent in talk together over the ways and means by which they could make for themselves a shelter somewhere for the purpose of devoting themselves to the welfare of others and to a true life.

The situation was a most difficult one. Teresa's health, we cannot be sur-

prised to learn, was far from good; indeed, she had suffered from strange nervous affections, and at times her life was in great danger. Her fastings and austerities were far too much for her frail body, and even while she was seeking to increase the severities of her order she doubtless had secretly suffered far more than she ever wished to impose upon others; besides, she was poor, without resources, and without support. Teresa was possessed of wonderful powers of persuasion, and a friend, some woman who felt the contagion of her religious zeal, gave the money to make a beginning. At the first word upon the subject, this friend and Teresa were subjected to the indignation of the entire place. They learned from experience what Saint Vincent de Paul has said, "that a good work talked about is already half defeated." Then arose a tempest indeed in which the nuns of her own convent took part, but Teresa had used her good sense as well as her enthusiasm. Before proceeding even so far as to speak of it among the few who might possibly join her in the undertaking, she sought advice from several of the great dignitaries of the church, who privately gave her their approval; but the Provincial Director retracted his words later, and very few, with the dangers of the Inquisition before them, dared to brave the hostility of the public. She obtained, however, the assistance of one of the most distinguished men of the Dominican Order, which was more powerful then than the younger Order of the Jesuits. "She did not hesitate to describe the conventual life as she had known it as 'a short cut to hell.'" While she was obtaining encouragement from outside, the Provincial Father became alarmed at all the noise made in Avila against the project, and commanded the two friends to relinquish their design. "Avila breathed and slept once more," whereupon Teresa took courage and at once quietly asked authority from Rome to establish her small convent for a more perfect life. The messenger was a nun of noble family who could not read! While she was gone a small house was bought of an anonymous friend where twelve sisters could live, and when the permission from Rome reached Teresa she installed herself there, under some pretext caused grated windows to be put in, and called it the Convent of Saint Joseph. This was in June, 1562. In August she was joined by the four ladies of the Incarnation, who had been her supporters, and a priest clothed them with the habit of the new order. The ceremony was scarcely ended when the news flew from one end of Avila to the other. "A sudden appearance of the Moors could scarcely produce greater excitement," said an eye-witness. The Prioress of the Incarnation caused Sister Teresa to be brought back to the convent through an excited crowd, received her like a criminal, and put her into her cell. The people demanded loudly the destruction of the new convent, and the governor himself went with an escort to Saint Joseph's with the intention of demolishing it, but finding four novices behind the grating retired without action. Meanwhile a monk harangued the crowd, calmed it, and gained time.

Thanks to this friendly monk no violence was done, but a lawsuit was begun against Teresa. No man of law was found willing to defend her. Therefore she herself arranged the papers and a good abbé spoke for her. Another churchman pleaded her cause at the Council of the King in Madrid. She was patient, determined, skillful, struggling for seven months against the city of Avila. At the end of that time she gained her cause, and reëntered the little convent in triumph. Thus was the first of her many foundations brought into being.

These simple facts, however interesting, are clothed with peculiar significance when we consider Teresa's character at that period. Her convent life

had singularly unfitted her for stepping out bravely and independently before the world. Her native humility was almost converted into timidity by the subjugation to the powers that were. Her greatest difficulties were not those of personal suffering and sacrifice, but in being obliged to oppose herself against every prejudice in Avila and every inherited idea of the position of woman. Whatever she undertook from her new standpoint was sure to be misjudged and blamed. But she was what has been called a mystic, and with all her gifts of heart and mind, if she had not possessed an exquisite faith in the nearness of the Divine and in the hearing of God's voice, she could never have become a leader of souls toward a higher spiritual life. One of her biographers writes of her: "A young woman, a confirmed invalid, singularly susceptible to outward impressions, she found herself exposed to all the subtle and nameless influences of the cloister, and for a moment was subjugated by them. With returning health, the vague reveries, the efforts to obtain perfection beyond the limits of human nature, departed. . . . Her mysticism was only the accompaniment, the undersong as it were, to the melody of her life. Happy are they who can steep themselves in some such ideal existence of the spirit or the brain, without having their energies blunted for the colder struggles of reality! But although her mysticism undoubtedly lends her a strange and potent charm, yet herein is not her greatness. Her greatness is in her life; in her own valor, confidence, and courage; in her boundless activity; in her supreme devotion, not to an Ideal, but to Duty!"

Sister Teresa's extraordinary gifts and experiences as a mystic were dominated by her educated intelligence and native common sense. The biographer has found the subject a difficult one, especially as Teresa herself after the first seemed to hold the light which came to her in wonderful subjection to the necessities of life. At first she consulted the fathers, superiors, and confessors, who were within her reach, but their advice being not only contradictory but ineffectual, she soon ceased to make any public reference to the matter. The Archbishop of Westminster said of her, "She is an example of a great moral truth, that spiritually perfects common sense."

From the foundation of the Convent of Saint Joseph's to the end of Teresa's life, a period of fifteen years, her story is one almost to transcend belief. To say that she established during this time thirty-two houses in all, seventeen houses for women, and fifteen for men, is to state in the baldest fashion the labors most apparent to the eyes of her contemporaries. But when we remember the scorn and contumely which accompanied her foundation of Saint Joseph's, and then read the account of one of her last journeys when "the whole population streams out into the road, children on their knees beside her cart," with bishops and nobles in attendance, we are forced to understand that it was true saintliness, true character, which wrought the change. Not the work alone, but the life behind the work. It was not the founding of religious houses, but her holy personal influence over the men and women of her time. The supervision which she kept over all her convents, her anxieties and labors of a more difficult sort for the houses for men, this never ending work was far greater than the labor of the first foundations. The energy and genius for organization shown by this infirm woman, assailed by ills of every description, seem never to fail when she can have time to gather herself together and to pray. "Out of Thee, O Lord," she wrote once, "I can find no consolation in this world. Since we must live let us live for Thee. Let us cease to follow our own desires and our own interests, for what better can we seek or gain but to please Thee? Wait, then,

wait O my soul, for thou knowest neither the day nor the hour; watch diligently, for all shall pass away quickly, though to thy eager desire what is certain seems doubtful, and what is short seems long."

One of the signs of her genius was that she understood how it was necessary to bring to bear a new spirit under new conditions. She took every possible care to select the proper persons for her houses, and used the greatest courage in putting aside the petitioners who wished to impose upon her, — "founders and foundresses, benefactors and benefactrices, protectors and protectrices, and other scourges. God preserve me," she said, "from these great nobles who can do everything, yet who are such strange cranks." God did not preserve her from them, but she remained unmoved in her own convictions, and declared that, "if the world should go to pieces," she could not be made to take a person whom she thought unfit into her new foundation; above all, she dreaded the "melancholics." They were her terror because she observed that melancholy was contagious. She had her own treatment for this, both of the body and of the soul. "What is called Melancholy," she said, "is at bottom only a desire to have one's own way." She said also that the seat of this evil is in the imagination; it is rarely cured, and it rarely causes death; but it may become madness, and it is always insupportable.

She made a great point of learning, but she put judgment above all, and hated pedants and boasters. Once she found nine good girls, of whom only one could read, passing the day in spelling out the offices from different books in such a way that they did not go together; she declared without hesitation that God "accepted their pious efforts," which were certainly very great. She loved youth and its "charming gayety," and nothing ever took away that gift from her. It must have been good to hear her when she was nearly sixty years old tell of the alarm of Sister Maria (old and very unlikely in every way to awaken evil thoughts) at the idea of sleeping in a former dormitory for students. Sister Maria could not get it out of her mind that one of the students had remained in hiding for her sake in the house. "I cannot think of it without wanting to laugh," wrote Sister Teresa.

"Her enemies said she was a gad-about and a restless woman," says one writer; "so she might have been — gad-about and restless — if she had gone to please herself; although I imagine there was little pleasure to be found, except the satisfaction that comes from duty done, to pant all day in a wooden cart without springs, and be jolted over leagues of Spanish mediæval road under the fierce June sun of Andalusia."

It is said of Teresa that she admitted but one luxury into her convents, a great luxury indeed, and one for the sake of which she did what appeared to others some foolish things, — the luxury of a fine view. It seemed to her, as she said, "quite a secondary matter to have to cut her sardine into four parts if she could only look at a lovely prospect while she was eating her half of the tail!"

A strange and unexpected trial overtook her in the height of her career. In spite of all her enemies her fame was gaining on them fast, and her superiors in the church decided that Teresa should be sent back to her old convent of the Incarnation to be its Prioress, and to change the place according to her faith into the new order.

"At this news there was a great outcry among the nuns. 'What!' they exclaimed, 'to be shut up in a nunnery, behind the grating? To have no parties of pleasure outside, no receptions for young men in the parlor, no intimate evening parties in the cells?' That was not to be endured. The nuns decided that nothing would tempt them to receive the new Prioress, and they

invited to come to their assistance the gilded youth of the town, who needed no second call, because their own pleasure and their great resource was being snatched away, that of singing duets and flirting in this land of jealous husbands.

"When Saint Teresa arrived escorted by the Provincial Father in person, they found the Incarnation occupied by the gentlemen of Avila. The nuns, crying, gesticulating, elbowing one another, closed the entrance. The newcomers wished to pass in and reach the choir with twelve of the sisters who took their part; but they found themselves surrounded by two hundred furious women, howling, menacing, pulling, pushing, reviling, making one think of Vert-Vert on his return from his fatal voyage on the Loire. The Provincial Fathers turned perfectly pallid. The gentlemen threatened, and were ready to sustain their allies; the faithful sisters sang the Te Deum, and this mixture completed the comic opera. Mother Teresa stood modest, sweet, and unmoved. The tumult lasted several hours; after which, following the invariable course of feminine rage at that period, the nuns began to weep and to faint away. Mother Teresa restored them without the help of even a glass of water." To still these enraged women an incredible amount of diplomacy, kindness, and patience was expended by the "little woman." This was not an easy task, but Mother Teresa was a clever woman, and it goes without saying that cleverness is always useful, even for a saint. She was so delightful that the bitterest could not resist her. The gentlemen of Avila were more tenacious. They came again in a band to ask for their friends, and to clamor at the grating. One fine day Mother Teresa appeared and menaced them in the name of the king. Then they went away and returned no more.

First and above all Teresa was very human, very loving, and wonderfully outspoken. Some of the Fathers who joined her reform party were given to multiplying rules and austerities when they visited her monasteries. But she with a delightful wit endeavors in her correspondence to redress these wrongs in her gayest and most charming manner. "It is a queer thing," she wrote one day, "that these Fathers can never visit a monastery without increasing the Rules. To act in this way is to destroy all the fruit of the visit. For in speaking of recreation merely, if there is to be no recreation on communion days, yet if the priests are to say Mass every day, it is evident there is to be no recreation. And if some are allowed to dispense with this law, is it just to make others keep it, who being younger have still greater need of recreation? I am so tired with just having to read all these 'Rules,' that I don't know what would become of me if I were obliged to keep them. Believe me, my father, our Constitution does not make room for austere persons. It is austere enough in itself. What visitors have to do is to insist always upon exact observance of the Constitution, and to ask nothing more. However slight might be the added work commanded, it would become a very painful charge for our Sisters, and for me first of all!" She could not forget that her early religious life had been imperiled by the ignorance of some of her confessors. Therefore she sought out instructed men for the direction of her monasteries. "Piety is useful," she said, "even necessary, but it is not sufficient. God is the God of knowledge as well as of miracles." "The further one advances," she said, "in the way of the Lord, the more one has need of the light of science to guide him. I should prefer to have to deal with a man of learning who was not religious than with a pious man who had no learning, because this last could neither instruct me in the truth nor ground his own conduct on it."

The biographers of Saint Teresa all refer to her strong common sense as a highly developed quality of her charac-

ter. "Once a dear brother of hers, who had bought a country estate where he might live with his children and end his days peacefully, complained to her that the labor of taking care of it was so great that perhaps he should have done better to sell everything and devote himself to the church! 'What!' she writes, 'do you think that rents can be gathered in without any labor at all? You say you are always in questions of law! Well, everybody who has possessions has to do with these things. Don't imagine if you had more time to yourself you would pray any more! Disabuse yourself of this idea! Time so well employed as yours in looking after your children's well-being does no harm to your prayers. God often gives in a moment of prayer more grace than is granted in a much longer time of devotion. Don't lose courage; we must serve God in the way he wishes, not according to our fancy. Tell Teresita she must not fear I shall love any one else as well as I do her.'"

This little human touch brings her into sisterly union with ourselves; and we find it recorded that Teresa never once touches on any question of dogma. With instinctive mistrust — for which we must blame the age if she can be blamed for such wisdom — she let the red-hot cinders drop from her fingers without being burned by them.

She took wide views, was possessed of a man's courage, was tranquil and of even spirit. Blushing for the monks and nuns of her time, and knowing what great chivalrousness was in the Spanish character, she understood well that the more cruel treatment she called for, the severer renouncement of follies according to the flesh and the world, the greater would be her chance of success. She bravely required superhuman things, and she had them; she would have got nothing had she asked less. What proves the justice of her idea is that she was carried much further than she wished, and was incessantly obliged to restrain and to tell her nuns that we have a body, and that this body when disregarded revenges itself upon the mind.

The stability of the reform was in great peril while this brave woman was thus absorbed in personal work for her establishments. She saw that the only hope was in getting a new order established by the Pope and the king, which would be quite independent of the superiors of the old order. The crisis came upon her suddenly when after dire struggles, chiefly among the monks, a decree was sent forth by the nuncio demanding the destruction of all the reformed monasteries. Teresa for a moment was in despair, but she soon rallied and saved the whole cause by her efforts. She wrote to King Philip the Second, who had been always favorable to her work, beside writing to his council, dispatching a cloud of messengers to barefoot Carmelites, great lords, and others in authority. The letters themselves are lost; we only know the effect they produced. Philip said curtly to the nuncio: "Oblige me, my lord, by protecting Virtue. You do not love the barefoot Carmelites, and you make it felt too much." The nuncio retired in agitation and made his peace as quickly as possible. The Holy See confirmed the peace by making the "barefoots" into a separate province, independent of the "Mitigated." Mother Teresa was given her liberty, and mounted again at once her traveling chariot. Happily for the convents, whenever matters of business were in question, Teresa set aside all fine phrases and far-fetched sentiment. "A cat was then a cat and had no chance of being taken for a seraphim!" The victorious barefoots were united in a general chapter at Alcala in 1581.

Mother Teresa profited by the opportunity, and revised and corrected the Rules. She had one inscription from the book of Tobias, which she put up with her own hands over the door of every new foundation: "We lead a life of

poverty, but we shall be very rich if we have the fear of the Lord." She had triumphed, writes Father Plesse, over all the obstacles she had met in the establishment of her reform, and she rejoiced at last over the success of her enterprise in her dear "petite retraite de Dieu" in the Convent of Saint Joseph. Nevertheless this great soul had ever present in her mind the progress that heresy was making in Europe, and the many faults of the Christians who were still in the bosom of the church, also the shadows of idolatry brooding over the lands then newly discovered. At the thought of all these evils she felt the same holy indignation that inflamed the hearts of the disciples at the sight of the defilers of the temple, when they remembered the words of the Psalmist, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." Teresa envied the fate of saints who have converted souls rather than the joy of those who have suffered martyrdom; because she believed that of all the services we can render to our Saviour the one He esteems most is that of bringing souls to Him. Thus to save one she was willing to suffer a thousand deaths. "O my sisters," she cried in the ardor of her zeal, "aid me to pray for the many souls who may otherwise be lost! It is for this end that our Lord has brought us together in this house. To this end should all our wishes tend, all our tears, all our supplications; that is the object of our vocation. We have nothing to do here with temporal interests."

In this way she gave a special direction to her reform. She changed nothing of the primitive rules for the hermits of Mount Carmel, she only added to them one particular end, — the conversion of the world, of which these holy living rules did not speak. The endless difficulties into which she was plunged can easily be believed, but the joy and grace with which she bore her burdens can only be understood by those who know the efficacy of prayer. She said once, when she found herself with only four ducats and the plan of a new foundation before her, "Teresa and four ducats can do nothing, but God, Teresa, and four ducats can do everything."

This great saint's fine intellect and common sense in its maturity demanded high qualities from the books she read. "She was one of those sovereign souls that are born from time to time, as if to show what our race was created for at first, and for what it is still destined." It was extraordinary that she never insisted upon her revelations or peculiar guidance in dealing with others. Once she said expressly that she acted by the advice of her young superior, Gratian, in opposition to the divine voice, and she found reason to regret the step that she took. "She never quitted a foundation," says Father Plesse, "until she could leave her daughters at peace in their own house, and go elsewhere to expose herself to other contradictions, other miseries, and conquer a thousand other difficulties." A soul less strong, less confident in God, less one with the Sovereign Master, would have yielded twenty times under the weight of so many labors in so much fatigue. Teresa did not sink under the burden, and what is especially admirable in her is that her faculties were never absorbed by these overwhelming occupations. She always preserves a free mind and the freshness of feeling necessary to write charming letters, like the one sent from Valladolid to her old friend Francesco de Salcedo.

"God be praised," she said to him, "that after having written seven or eight letters upon indispensable business, a moment is left when I may rest myself in a talk with you, and assure you that I receive all your letters with true joy. Do not think, please, that time is lost when you are writing me. I have sometimes need of this consolation, I assure you; but with one condition, that you do not say so often that you are old. You give me pain by this; do even

young people have any assurance of their lives? I hope God will keep you until I die; but once on high without you, I shall make sure that the Lord calls you as soon as possible."

In modern times we have had glimpses of the same kind of trials which beset Teresa, — Florence Nightingale with her foundations, and others of less famous name. Men and women are still engaged in like struggles. How often the sufferings of Teresa have been lived over again before the reforms of to-day have been inaugurated. As with her, the first struggle has not been caused by the prospect of self-sacrifice, but in breaking with old habits, old ideas, a quiet life in exchange for public responsibilities. The cloister which might limit her opportunities to-day was then her most promising field of influence. Again, we learn from her story that it is not the thing done, but the spirit and life with which it is done, the vast overflowing love for those who are lost in darkness of either riches or poverty, which moves the heart of humanity.

In the month of September, 1582, Teresa found herself very ill, but another foundation at Alba being called for, she insistêd upon keeping on her way from Valladolid to that place. It was her last journey; in two weeks she was buried at Alba, in the Convent of the Carmelites.

"Every evening from ten to eleven o'clock," writes Madame Arvède Barine, "throughout the whole Christian world, the barefoot Carmelite prays. Her prayer is not for herself. . . . The Prioress has just repeated to her, as is done every evening, that the Carmelite occupied with her own salvation is an unworthy member of the order; she has come there to succor the souls of others and not her own. She has been told that it was the hour when the evil of the world prepares to come forth. . . . Therefore she prays and can seem to see the vast army of the wicked silently invading the dark earth. The crowd increases, it is about to cover the world, but across the path a group is prostrated. These are poor nuns covered with coarse veils. Before them the dark army draws back, and some are saved who would have been lost. The Carmelite carries back into her cell the vision of her victory and sleeps, happy. She owes this magnificent strain of poetry to Saint Teresa, who believed in making any sacrifice in the hope of expiating the sins of others."

"Hope," said Saint Basil, "is the dream of a man who watches." The hope that "the poor little woman" bequeathed to Carmel is a sublime dream.

One can easily gather, after all these years, proofs of the wide influence of such a great woman, a woman so devoted to the uplifting of her fellow creatures. This foundation of convents carried with it a personal relation with hundreds of souls, who in their turn influenced and taught by example if not by precept. Beside the power given in this way we must remember always that she was an affectionate and faithful friend, and a constant writer of letters to those she loved and cared for. Priests, bishops, and abbesses, men and women of distinction in the world, became more and more eager to seek her counsels as the years went on. Teresa was a faithful believer in prayer, and her reward even in this world was great. She was enabled to elevate and to make rejoice the children of men. Her gayety, her charm, her sweetness, the liveliness of her conversation were irresistible. She could cast all her cares away, and lay them at the feet of the Father and Lover of all men.

Annie Fields.

THE FEASTER.

Oh, Who will hush that cry outside the doors
While we are glad within?
Go forth, go forth, all you my servitors,
And gather round, my kin.
Go out to her: tell her we keep a feast, —
Lost Loveliness who will not sit her down
Though one implore.
It is her silence binds me unreleased;
It is her silence that no flute will drown;
It is her moonlit silence at my door,
Wide as the whiteness, but a fire on high,
That hurts my heart with an immortal cry,
Calling me, evermore.

Louder my flutes; and louder, O my harp!
Let me not hear her voice;
And drown her keener silence, silver-sharp,
With waves of golden noise.
For she is wise as Eden, being mute,
To search my spirit through the depth and height
For its deep pain.
Outpierce her with your singing, dawn-like flute;
And you, gloom over, viols of the night,
With color lost in umber, with all pain
Of richest world's desire; prevail, — sing down
All memory with pleading, so you drown
Her merciless refrain!

Ah, can you not with music, nor with din,
Hide me from stress and stir
Here in my spirit, throned among my kin,
From that same voice of her? —
The everlasting query she hath had
Only to wake my soul and only then,
Wake it to weep,
With "Why?" and "Art thou happy? Art thou glad?
And hast thou fellowship with fellow-men?"
So, through my mirth and deep beneath all sleep,
The voice, — abysmal hunger unfulfilled,
The calling, calling, evermore unstilled,
Calling of deep to deep.

Nay, I have that shall fill this hurt of mine,
Since loveliness must be;
Since loveliness must save us, or we pine
To dust, — die utterly.
All that the years have left us undismayed

Of age, or death, and happier fair than truth,
When truth is fair.
Shapes of immortal sweetness to persuade
Iron and fire and marble with their youth;
Wild graces trapped from every kingdom's lair
Of wildest beauty; shadow and smile and hush;
Fleet colors, — of a daybreak, of a blush,
For my sad soul to wear.

Let April fade. For me unfading bloom;
The little fruitless seed
Deep sown of fire within the midmost gloom,
A sterner fire to feed:
The rainbow frozen in a lasting dew;
Green gazing emerald, fresh as grass beneath
The placid rose.
Fair pearl, and you, fair pearl, and you, — all you
Rained from the moon and kissing in a wreath,
As eager moment unto moment goes!
Look back at me, you sapphires, blue and wise
With farthest twilight, — blue, resplendent eyes
That never weep, nor close.

O, house me, glories! Give me house and home
Here for my homelessness.
Set forth for me the wine — the honeycomb
Whereto desire saith Yes!
O senses, weave me from all lovely dust
Some home array, some right familiar garb
For me, exiled.
Charm me some fair anointment I may trust
Against her query, searching like a barb
The dumbness of my heart unreconciled.
Fold me with silver; clothe me from dismay;
Save me from pity. For I hear her say,
"*Alas, alas, poor child!*

"*Alas, alas, poor child and lost, how long?*
Why wilt thou suffer want?
Why must I hear thy weeping through thy song,
And see thine eyes grow gaunt? —
Making sad feast upon the crumbs of light
Shed long ago from the far highways where
Thy brethren are;
And thy heart smoulders in thee to be bright, —
Thine own sole refuge from thine own despair —
Fraying the thwarted body with a scar!
How long, before thine eyelids, desolate,
Must the blind dark of thy dominions wait
For thee, — belated Star?"

Josephine Preston Peabody.

MY OWN STORY.

III. EARLY YEARS IN BOSTON.

"TAKE me to a good boarding-place," I said to the cabman who picked me up on my arrival in Boston that morning in August, 1848; and he set me down at No. 33 Brattle Street, in an ancient, unattractive quarter of the city. Indeed, all that part of Boston through which our wheels rattled over the rough cobble-stone pavements impressed me as unattractive, if not ancient; and I could n't help comparing the narrow, crooked streets, into the midst of which I was whirled and dropped, with Broadway, which my windows had looked out on for the last five months, and to which I had grown strongly attached.

"Never mind," I said to myself consolingly; "I shall stay here only a couple of weeks."

No. 33 was near the lower end of the street, three or four doors from the Quincy House, which popular hostelry has long since taken in that and other adjoining brick buildings in its successive extensions. Just beyond that was the old Brattle Street Church, which had quartered a British regiment during the siege of Boston, and still showed conspicuously, embedded in the masonry over the door, the twenty-four pound iron ball, from a rebel cannon at Cambridge, that struck the brick front the night before the evacuation.

The boarding-house was kept by Mrs. Kittredge, a widow, who received me with such motherly kindness and made me so comfortable that I felt well satisfied to pass there the days of my exile from the Perrault ménage and French cookery, while seeing the city and transacting my business with editors. The longer I stayed in Boston the better I liked it. I quickly discovered the harbor and the two rivers that united to form it; the Common, like a patch of beautiful country on the skirt of the town, and the Public Garden beyond, then a garden only in name, an unfilled lower level, with made land and raised streets on three sides, and a broad embankment on the fourth, fronting Charles River, and fencing out the tides. That embankment presented an attractive walk.

I found the Boston weeklies ready to accept about everything I had to offer, and set gleefully to work to furnish the sort of contributions most in demand. "Stories, give us stories!" said they all; and stories they had from me from that time forth. The pay was small indeed, but I had no longer any difficulty in getting my articles published. The most flourishing of these papers paid its writers only two dollars a column, or one hundred dollars for a novelette running through ten or twelve numbers. Some paid only half those rates, while others kept to "the good old rule, the simple plan," of paying very little, or nothing at all, relying for contributions upon amateurs who were not only eager to write for nothing, but who aided largely in the support of at least one so-called "magazine," by interesting their friends to subscribe for it, or to buy the issues containing their articles.

So I settled down for the fall and winter in Boston, and with deep regret wrote to the Perraults, giving up the room they had retained for me, and sending for such effects as I had left in their keeping. Thus closed my twenty-first year.

One of the best of the Boston weeklies of those days was the Olive Branch, a semi-religious family paper, to which I became a frequent contributor, and to the readers of which I became so favor-

ably known that in the summer following, 1849, I was invited to join a party in an excursion to Moosehead Lake, with the understanding that I was to write for that paper letters descriptive of the region visited, then in the heart of the wilds of Maine. I was ever ready for any adventure, and few things could have delighted me more than the prospect of this one, in which I was to see strange scenery, with agreeable companions, and find, among the woods and waters of that wilderness, congenial subjects for my pen. I have quite forgotten to what steamboat, or stagecoach, or hotel interest I owed this privilege; it was probably a combination of such interests; for, as I remember, I had no fares or other expenses to pay during the two or three weeks of that memorable journey.

Among my fellow travelers there were two of whom I cherish an affectionate remembrance. These were old Father Taylor, the pulpit orator, and Mrs. Taylor. He was then in the meridian of his powers, one of Boston's celebrities, and a striking personality. I had heard him preach at the Seaman's Bethel, not because I cared much for preachers and sermons, — not having then recovered from the aversion to them with which my early experience had inspired me, — but because nobody in those days could be said to have seen Boston who had not seen and heard Father Taylor. His sermons were never learned or dogmatic, but wonderfully earnest and direct, often illustrated by quaint nautical metaphors (he had followed the sea in his youth), and enforced by a "terrible gift of familiarity" that brought him heart to heart with his hearers. These were largely composed of men from the wharves and ships, with their families and friends, to whom he did incalculable good, in shaping their paths toward sober and righteous living.

He was then near sixty years old, but his seamed and tawny visage made him appear much older; rather short of stature, but active, and as full of enthusiasm as a boy. He was certainly a more ardent fisherman than the youngest member of the party; for, as I recall, when our little Moosehead steamboat swung around under the stupendous overhanging rock of Mt. Kineo, and, having once looked up in awe and astonishment, I turned to witness the effect on Father Taylor, I beheld him, not gazing upward at all, but down at the water, with rod in hand, watching his line, which he had flung over for a bite as soon as the paddles were still. He joined in the camping-out and moose-hunting by night, and was as eager as any of us to get a shot at the noble game, as our deftly paddled canoes glided into the mouth of some stream, and we heard the clash of boughs where the animals crossed or came to drink, but never within range of our guns.

The fame of the great preacher's advent went abroad in the wilderness, and drew a large concourse of people to hear him when he preached from the deck of the steamer at Greenville, the Sunday after our arrival. "It seemed" (to quote his own words) "as if God had shaken the woods and hills to bring his people together." I remained to note the strange audience that had gathered from nobody appeared to know where, — pioneer settlers and wood-choppers, hunters and trappers and guides, half-breeds and Indians, stage-drivers, steamboat-men and tourists, with many women and children; — then, having heard enough of the sermon to write a notice of it, I stole away to my room in the hotel to indite my Olive Branch letter.

It was known to the members of our party that I did not stay through the services, and it occasioned some comment, which I regretted, fearing to wound my venerable friend, not in his ministerial vanity, if he had any, but by inspiring in him a pious concern for my soul. That "concern" was a sub-

ject which, in my boyhood, I had conceived an invincible repugnance to hearing discussed; and I congratulated myself that in all our daily intercourse since we left Boston, Father Taylor had never once inquired whether I had met with a change of heart. He would probably now infer that I had not. That Sunday evening, after I had finished and folded my letters, a rap came upon my door, and I could hardly have told whether I was pleased or disturbed, as, on opening it, I met the genial but serious countenance of the old preacher.

"Young man," he said, "it 's a fine evening, and I want a little walk and talk with you. Will you come?"

"With pleasure!" I responded; and it was with pleasure indeed that I strolled and conversed with him, during the summer twilight hour, on the wild and lonely shore of the lake. He inquired about my boyhood and my life in Boston, and talked pleasantly of our trip, yet never once edged toward the topic I dreaded to have introduced. At last, as we were returning to the hotel, he said: —

"Young man, there 's one thing I want to impress upon you. There 's nothing like being prepared." He paused and confronted me, with the twilight gleam from the clear sky and the reflection from the water lighting his benign countenance, furrowed by long experience of the world's sins and woes. "We are enjoying a blessed opportunity, and must make the most of it. We are to take an early start up the lake in the morning, and what I suggest is that we should have our fishing-tackle, bait, everything needed for the day's sport, on board the steamboat before breakfast."

How I loved the dear old man at that moment!

During the summer my mother came on from western New York to visit me in Boston. I met her in Framingham, my father's birthplace, where we had relatives, and brought her back with me to my Brattle Street boarding-place. I had resolved not to go home until I was assured of success in my chosen vocation; and she had not seen me for over two years. It had been my habit to send her everything I wrote, and to keep her constantly informed as to my varying fortunes, so that she felt but little concern regarding my moral and material circumstances; but she yearned to behold her "absent child" once more, and to see with her own eyes how he was living and the kind of company he kept. She appeared contented with me in every respect, except that she wished I would go to church more regularly and "write more poetry." She stayed with me a few days at No. 33, and we did not meet again for another two years.

It was the summer of the California "gold craze," and a friend of mine, a ship-broker, invited me to accompany him in the Minerva Jones, a brigantine he was fitting out for a voyage around Cape Horn. I gladly accepted, believing I could do well by writing letters to Boston papers, and gain a useful experience even if I failed to make a fortune in the California gold fields. I have often wondered what would have been the effect on me and my literary work if I had carried out my intention and become a "forty-niner." I shaped all my plans for sailing at the appointed time, and looked forward with hope and glee to the sea voyage and strange adventures in a new land. But the day of sailing was again and again postponed, and when at last the Minerva Jones swung off into the stream I had engaged in another enterprise that detained me, for good or ill, in Boston.

That enterprise was a new weekly paper, for which two other parties furnished the capital and I (as they were pleased to term it) the "brains." For reasons of policy they preferred to be "silent partners" as far as the use of their names was concerned. One was interested in another publication of

which the new paper was to be in some sense a rival. The third party was Hotchkiss & Co., newsdealers, who could not give their imprint to the new sheet without danger of prejudicing the proprietors of numerous other publications sold over their counters. So it was determined to issue the paper under the firm name of "J. T. Trowbridge & Co." I remonstrated strongly against this, not only on account of my youth and inexperience (I was then barely twenty-two), but because I aspired to be known solely as a writer. However, as I could still keep my *nom de plume* unspotted from the world of business, I suffered my judgment — and, I can truly add, my modesty — to be overruled. As an equal partner I was to be entitled to one third of the profits when there were any; meanwhile I was to draw a small salary, sufficient for my living expenses, on account of my editorial work, and receive additional pay for such tales and sketches as I chose to contribute. The name of the new weekly was The Yankee Nation, a title not of my choosing.

I found in my new position other advantages than the one my friends were inclined to joke me about, — that of always having my contributions accepted. It afforded me, indeed, an independence of the whims of editors, and made me one of the judges on the bench before which I had hitherto appeared only in the crowd of clients more or less humble. It gave me free access to concert halls and theatres, and I was surprised and flattered when some of the great publishing houses began to send me their books for notice, and to quote The Yankee Nation as authority in advertising them. Better than all this, I had steady employment; while in the use of the office paste-pot and scissors, and in reading manuscripts and proofs and conferring with contributors, I experienced at least partial relief from the hot-house process of forcing the imagination for ideas, to which the writer must often subject himself who depends for a livelihood solely upon his pen. I still wrote a great deal, however; altogether too much for my own good, I am sure, and probably for the paper's; being always ready to supply a story, long or short, or to fill space for which no fit contribution was offered. What I wrote must have been often very poor indeed, but to my mind now, as I look back, the marvel is that it was no worse.

I formed a pleasant acquaintance with contributors and friendly relations with a few. I was careful never to treat anybody with the coldness and curtness with which I had often been treated by editors; while, young as I was in appearance and in years, there seemed small danger of my overawing the humblest, as I had been overawed. Nevertheless, I was sometimes embarrassed by the robes of imputed dignity that invested my boyishness in the editorial chair. I recall an instance which a ghastly subsequent circumstance impressed on my memory.

I had hardly had time to adjust myself to the novelty of my situation, when one morning in the latter part of November, 1849, a spare, thin-shouldered, very plainly dressed old gentleman entered the office to see about getting into the paper an article that had been left with me a short time before. It was not his own composition, but a descriptive letter from some foreign land, written by a young person in whom he was interested. It was a relief to learn that he was not a decayed author in need of earning a few dollars, as his appearance at first led me to suspect. When I handed the manuscript back to him, expressing regret that I could n't use it, he remarked deprecatingly that he did not expect to receive pay for it, even intimating that he would be willing to pay something for its insertion. As I could not accept it even on those terms, he went off with an air of disappointment, having spoken all the while

in a low tone, and treated me with a deference that mightily amused the foreman of the printing-room who witnessed the interview.

"Do you know that man?" he said excitedly. "He could buy out this shop and every other newspaper on the street, without putting his hand very deep into his pocket, either!" He went on to say, "That is Dr. Parkman, one of the richest men and best known figures in Boston!" and laughed at the idea of his coming in that meek manner to ask me to accept a manuscript.

I was surprised, but should probably have never thought again of the incident but for the shocking circumstance already alluded to.

Dr. George Parkman was a retired physician, brother of Dr. Francis Parkman, the eminent Unitarian divine, and uncle of the younger Francis, the future historian, who was to make the name illustrious. The old doctor was reputed eccentric and close in his dealings, yet he was a philanthropist in his way; it was he who gave the land for the Harvard Medical College in Boston, and he had published a treatise on Insanity and the Treatment of the Insane, — an author, after all, though not of the class I at first surmised. This venerable citizen went out from my office and, that day or the next, mysteriously disappeared, — so soon, in fact, after our interview that I fancied I must have been one of the last persons who saw him alive.

The sudden and unaccountable vanishing, in an afternoon, in an hour, of "one of the richest men and best known figures in Boston," was the wonder of the town, until that feeling was changed to amazement and horror when his dissevered and half-destroyed remains were discovered in the laboratory of Professor John White Webster, of the Medical College. Webster had an amiable and highly esteemed family; he was a professor of chemistry, a writer on scientific subjects, and a person of high position in social and scientific circles. He was arrested, tried for the murder, and convicted. When it was too late he made a confession that might have lightened the gravamen of the charge against him if it had been made in time. According to that statement, the old doctor, on that last afternoon of his life, had come to the professor's office to collect a debt about which there had arisen some annoying difficulties, and by his overbearing insistence and angry denunciations had provoked from Webster a fatal blow. Instead of proclaiming at once the crime, committed, as he averred, in the heat of passion, Webster concealed and cut up the body, burned portions in the furnace, and had the rest in hiding, awaiting destruction, when he was exposed by the janitor. Despite all the influences brought to bear, to save the guilty man from the gallows and his innocent family from their involvement in the hideous tragedy, the law took its course, and he was hanged on the last Friday of August, 1850. What horror and misery might have been averted (I used to think) if Dr. George Parkman had faced his debtor with something of the conciliatory meekness with which he approached the youth clothed in the brief authority of an editor's chair!

The authority was even briefer than the wearer of it had reason to expect. The Yankee Nation made so good a start, and kept so prosperously afloat for five or six months, that Mr. Isaac Crooker, of Hotchkiss & Co., who had been its business manager from the outset, determined to devote to it his entire attention, and withdrew from that firm for the purpose. He took the paper as his share of the firm's assets, and bought out the third partner, thus assuming all interests except my own. He was a genial fellow worker, and our mutual relations were always as pleasant as possible; my satisfaction in the new arrangement having but one serious drawback, Mr. Crooker's uncertain

health. He had a consumptive tendency, which after another half year or so became so pronounced that his physician ordered him to leave all business cares behind and seek a more congenial climate. With my consent he turned over his two-thirds interest to another publisher, whose main object in acquiring it was, as it proved, to give employment to a relative, a retired minister, by placing him in the editorial chair. As there had been a tacit understanding that I was to keep the position, this was an unpleasant surprise to me. I had become accustomed to the routine work, and liked it, and was looking forward to an early sharing of profits, which had been hitherto absorbed in the expenses attending the establishment of a new publication. But as I held only a minority of the stock, I submitted to the inevitable (I could always do that with a stout heart and a smiling countenance), and walked out of the office with my few personal belongings under my arm, cheerfully giving place to my grave and reverend successor. As the chief merit of the paper — if it had any merit at all — was the vivacity the abounding good spirits of its youthful editor infused into it, and as that quality quickly evaporated, it failed to please its old patrons, or to attract new ones; like poor Crooker, it fell into a decline, and hardly survived him, lingering a few months longer, and then disappearing from the world's eye.

I had been but a very short time out of the editorial office when my friend Ben: Perley Poore (he always punctuated his prænomen with a colon) accosted me one day on the street in this wise: —

"You are just the man I am looking for! The Fair opens to-day" (it was one of Boston's early industrial expositions), "and I am starting a little sheet, The Mirror of the Fair, that I want you to take charge of."

"'Angels and ministers of grace'!" I exclaimed. "I know nothing about the Fair, or anything in it."

"Go in and see it," he replied, "and in fifteen minutes you will know as much about it as anybody. Write two or three short articles a day on any subject suggested; then brief comments, five or ten line paragraphs, about the most curious or interesting things you find; having our advertisers in mind, first and always."

This was the substance of his instructions, and after taking me into the Fair and introducing me to the management, he left me, as he said, "to work out my own salvation." I seem to have worked it out satisfactorily, for with the exception of the advertising columns, I wrote almost the entire contents of the little daily Mirror of the Fair as long as there was any Fair to mirror.

Poore was at that time publishing his American Sentinel, and at the close of the Fair he offered me a position on that paper, which I was not slow to accept. I wrote for it sketches and editorials, and assisted him in the office, taking entire editorial charge of the paper in his frequent absences. It was during his absence in Washington, early in 1851, that a poor little innocent article of mine, touching satirically upon our Northern zeal in slave-catching and Southern threats of secession (burning questions then), lost it many subscribers, and, I fear, hastened its demise.

This was my last experience as an editor in those years, but not quite my last opportunity. Some time after the Sentinel incident I was called upon by the proprietor of a Boston daily, who made the astonishing proposal that I should become its editor-in-chief. Astonishing, indeed, for I had had no training in journalistic work of the kind that would be required of me. I did not believe myself fitted for it, and wondered that anybody should have conceived such an idea of my capabilities. I regarded even my connection with the weekly press as something merely temporary, all my aspirations being toward some more distinctively literary occu-

pation. The salary offered (twice what I could hope to earn by my pen) was, I confess, a staggering temptation, as I sat for a moment gazing into the face of my visitor, almost doubting his sanity; but I put it promptly and resolutely behind me. I might have pleaded my youth, my natural indolence, my self-distrust; above all, my insufficient knowledge of men and events. I merely said, "I could never do the necessary night work; my eyes would not permit it." This was my ostensible reason for declining the position; but, behind that, an inner Voice, irrespective of all reasons, shaped an irrevocable No.

In fact, I engaged in no other editorial work of any kind until Our Young Folks was started in 1865.

Some interesting events marked the history of Boston in those early years. I had been but a few weeks in the city when, October 25, 1848, the Cochituate water was introduced. There was a grand procession through the streets, then a celebration on the slopes of the Common overlooking the Frog Pond. An ode, written for the occasion by a brilliant young poet of Cambridge, James Russell Lowell, was sung by an immense choir of schoolchildren, and there were appropriate addresses, setting forth the benefits of the new water supply, which was to replace the antiquated wells and cisterns, and meet the needs of the growing city for an indefinite future, — the next millennium, some predicted. After so much impressive preparation, Mayor Quincy smilingly asked if it was the people's will that the water should be brought in. A multitudinous, jubilant shout went up, as if it had been meant to reach the moon. The mayor's hand waved, cannon thundered, all the bells of the city clanged. As if roused by the summons, a lionlike head of tawny-maned water pushed up through the fountain's collar, seemed to hesitate a moment at the amazing spectacle of human faces, then reared and towered, in a mighty column eighty feet in height, and shook out its tumbling yellow locks in the waning light. The flow, turbid at first, gradually cleared, changing from dull gold to glittering silver, and the great concourse of citizens broke up, with countenances illumined as if shone upon by a miracle; even the prophets of evil, the doubters and fault-finders of the day, hardly foreseeing in how few years Boston would be clamoring for a more abundant water supply!

As I look back now, I cannot help wondering how many of those citizens yet live and recall the wild enthusiasm of the hour. Where are the happy schoolchildren who sang? Who of them survive, old men and women now, to tell the tale? Boston has since had another Mayor Quincy, grandson of him whose upraised hand set the guns and bells dinning and the water spouting. The chief water commissioner was Nathan Hale, one of Boston's foremost citizens; since when, a son of his, then an obscure young country minister, has shaped for himself a long and useful and distinguished career. The Cambridge poet, writer of the not over-successful ode (too long and too full of subtle and even learned allusion for the occasion, with some unsingable lines), has more than fulfilled the promise of his prime, and passed on, leaving a name high among the illustrious of the age.

The new fountain, in its varied forms, became the Common's chief attraction, adding the one needed charm of soaring and plashing water to that green pleasure ground. The surrounding slopes and malls were long my daily and nightly haunt. There I found solace for my continued exile from the country, and, especially on summer evenings, indulged my love of lonely reverie.

An event of greater interest to me was the coming to Boston of Jenny Lind in September, 1850. She gave, if I remember rightly, four concerts in Tre-

mont Temple, in which high prices were maintained, and afterwards two concerts, at what were called popular prices, in the immense new hall over the then recently constructed Fitchburg Railroad Station. I heard her at one of the Tremont Temple concerts, and again at the first Fitchburg Hall concert, where a disastrous panic was so narrowly averted.

Anticipating a rush on the last occasion, and having invited a lady friend to accompany me, I took the precaution of going early to the hall that memorable evening, and succeeded in getting good seats on the right hand side (how well I remember the exact position!) about halfway back from the stage. Soon the uproar began. The seats were not numbered, and the auditorium would accommodate only about four thousand people, while by some oversight five thousand tickets had been sold. As the throngs came pouring in, the crowding for places, the eddying and recoiling and vociferating, became frightful; and a double danger threatened, that of the floor giving way under the enormous weight imposed upon it, and of the multitude destroying itself in its own terror and frenzy. Even after the disappointed hundreds who could not get in had been turned away, and the time had passed for the opening of the concert, the tumult continued. My companion was frightened, and entreated me to take her out; and I became excited in trying to quell the excitement of others. The orchestra struck up, but its strains were drowned in the general disturbance. Somebody tried to address the audience, half of whom were on their feet, while everybody seemed to be crying, "Down! down!" those who were up calling as loudly as those who were already down. Some pulled down those who were standing before them, to be in turn pulled down by those behind. Then on the stage a radiant figure appeared, serene, but with bosom visibly heaving; and a voice of uttermost simple purity glided forth like an angel of light on the stormy waters, stilling them into instant calm.

I had not been long in Boston when Theodore Parker's growing fame — or infamy, as some good haters of his heresies preferred to call it — attracted me on Sunday mornings to the Melodeon, where the small independent society over which he had been lately installed held its meetings.

The Melodeon — entered from Washington Street just below the site of the present Boston Theatre — was a popular concert and exhibition hall, where the very beatings of the pulse of New England reforms could be felt and measured. There, notably, the old-time anti-slavery conventions hammered away at that amazing futility, abolitionism, abhorred and derided, but nevertheless destined to prove the coulter of the terrible war-driven emancipation plough. There one could listen to the uncompromising Garrison, whose aim was solely to convince, and not to charm; to the eloquent Phillips, who charmed even when he did not convince; to the brothers Burleigh, one of whom favored a fancied resemblance to the pictures of Christ, by parting his hair in the middle and letting it fall on his shoulders in wavy folds; to Frederick Douglass, a natural orator, whose own rise from slavery was the most powerful of all arguments for the cause he advocated; to Pillsbury, Foster, and others noted or notorious in their day, women as well as men, their names now remembered only in connection with that agitation. Parker was one of the leaders in it; his exceptional ability and position as a preacher gave him more than a local reputation, and carried the odium of his name as far as those of Phillips and Garrison were known and hated. How he was regarded in South Carolina was illustrated by an experience a Boston merchant once had at Charleston. An excited crowd gather-

ing around the hotel register where he had written his name observed him with suspicious whisperings and threatening looks, which became alarming; when the excited landlord stepped up to him and said anxiously: "Your name is Parker?" "That is my name, sir." "Theodore Parker, of Boston? the abolitionist?" "Oh no, no, sir! I am Theodore *D.* Parker, a very different man!" The landlord heaved a sigh of relief. "I am glad to hear it!" he said. "And allow me to give you a bit of wholesome advice. When you are registering your name in Southern hotels, write the D. damned plain!"

Parker occasionally spoke at anti-slavery meetings, but he was at his best when he had the Melodeon platform to himself, with his own peculiar audience before him. There every Sunday morning his sturdy figure could be seen standing behind his secular-looking desk; no orator, rarely using a gesture, entirely free from the conventional pulpit tone and mannerism; reading his hour-long discourse (lecture rather than sermon) with a grinding earnestness well suiting his direct appeals to the reason and conscience of his auditors. The reading might at times have seemed monotonous but for the refreshing modernness of his topics, and the illustrative wit and fact and logic that illuminated them.

I was at first repelled by the occasional mercilessness of his judgments and the force of his invective; for he could out-Garrison Garrison in his denunciations of slaveholding and its political and clerical supporters; and even while he voiced my own early convictions regarding the theological dogmas in the gloom of which I had been reared, I was often made to wince by the harshness of metaphor he applied to them.

I seem to have got well over this sensitiveness by the time his congregation, having outgrown the limits of the Melodeon, removed to the then new Music Hall, in the autumn of 1852; for upon that event I addressed to him a sonnet that opened with these lines: —

> Parker! who wields a mighty moral sledge
> With his strong arm of intellect; who shakes
> The dungeon-walls of error; grinds and breaks
> Its chains on reason's adamantine ledge;

and ended with —

> That champion of the right, whose fearless deeds
> Proclaim him faithful to the sacred trust,
> Truth, crushed, entombed, but newly risen, needs
> To cleanse her temples of sepulchral dust,
> Yea, to hurl down that thing of rot and rust,
> That skeleton in mail, Religion cased in creeds!

I saw no harshness of metaphor in this, nor indeed any fault except that the last line was an alexandrine. But the editor of Boston's favorite evening paper (of whom I shall have more to say later), to whom I offered it, handed it back to me with the remark: "I suppose you are aware that these sentiments are contrary to those entertained by nine out of ten of our readers?" — instancing Parker's offensive radicalism in politics and religion. I said I was pleased to know that that was his reason for not printing the lines. "It is a very good editorial reason," he replied; and we parted amicably.

In response to my mother's frequently expressed wish that I should "write more poetry" and go oftener to meeting, I informed her in a letter about this time that I occasionally wrote verses, and that I went frequently to hear Rev. Theodore Parker, — writing the Rev. (as the Charleston landlord would have said) quite plain. I did not send her the sonnet; and I left her to learn from a good uncle of mine that "if Theodore Parker was n't doing as much harm in the world as the devil, it was because he was n't so smart as the devil; but that he was doing as much harm as he knew how." She believed in her boy, however, and I had little trouble in convincing her that with all his faults Par-

ker was a great and brave and conscientious man.

I did not get my sonnet printed, but I meant that it should have at least one interested reader, and accordingly sent a copy of it to Parker himself. It called out from him a kindly appreciative letter, and brought me the honor of his acquaintance. This ought to have proved a very great advantage to me; for he invited me to come and see him, showed me his collection of rare books in the different languages of which he was master, and proffered me the free use of them, either to examine there in his library, or to carry away and read at my leisure. "Come in at any time," he said, "and help yourself; don't be afraid of intruding upon me. I shall be glad to see you, if I am here; and to talk with you, unless I happen to have a pressing task in hand." He encouraged me to talk about my early life and my reasons for leaving home; and used me as an illustration of a point in his next Sunday's discourse, quoting my very words, when he alluded to the country-bred youth who comes to the city "because he aspires to something better than working on a farm at twelve dollars a month;" to me a curious exemplification of his habit of making every rill of experience tributary to that omnivorous stream, his weekly sermon.

His generous offer of his library appears to me now as surprising as my failure to make use of it was unaccountable. In thanking him for the enviable privilege, I felt sure that I should return in a day or two and enjoy it. Then the thought of finding him at his desk, writing his next Sunday's homily, decided me to wait until Monday; then for some reason I postponed the visit another week; then — then — in short, I did not go at all! He never repeated the invitation, and I let so long a time elapse that I was at length ashamed to remind him of it. Thus the perverse imp of diffidence and irresolution held me back from many advantages in life, which I had but to face with simple faith and courage, lay hold of, and possess. I recall with shame another instance of my unfortunate faint-heartedness, in those days. When I most needed such a friend and adviser, I had the good fortune to meet Mrs. Stowe, then in the dazzling dawn of her success and fame. She treated me with exceeding kindness, complimented something I had written, and invited me to visit her in Andover, adding, "I want you to make our house one of your homes." I remember well the words and the winning smile with which they were spoken. Of course I promised to go, and of course I never went. Long afterwards I reminded her of that gracious invitation, and of my seemingly ungracious treatment of it. "Foolish boy!" she said; "why did n't you come?" Foolish boy indeed!

The discourses of Parker were a moral and intellectual stimulus, and well I recall the tremendous temporary effect of some of them, — like his sermon on Daniel Webster; — but they never entered very deeply into my life. Extreme radical as he was in his religious and reformatory opinions, the great body of modern thought has come so nearly abreast with him, even passing in some directions beyond him, that he appears a moderate conservative to those who read his writings to-day. Perhaps his influence over me would have been stronger if it had not been early eclipsed by that of his great contemporary, Emerson.

It had long been my ambition to publish a book; and in the autumn of 1851 and the following winter (while in quiet lodgings in Seaver Place) I gave all the time I could spare from my sketch-writing to working out the scenes of a novel.

The story chiefly concerned two Boston families, one recently risen to wealth and social pretension, the other aristocratic and decayed, whose relations with

each other gave scope for some good dialogue and delineation of character. The early chapters were, as I remember, lively enough; but I had started out impulsively, without any well-defined plan, and, what was worse, without any interior knowledge of the kind of life I was attempting to describe. I found it impossible to work my situations up to a climax; I lost my interest in the task, and held myself to it by mere force of will, bringing it to a premature conclusion, while it was never, in fact, properly finished. I still had hope that entertainment enough would be found in the story to redeem it from utter failure; but, after it had been successively declined by two or three publishers, I began to take their view of it, which confirmed my own private judgment, and smiled in a sickly sort of way when one of my friends, who had borrowed it to read, declared, on returning it, that the opening chapters were as good as those of Vanity Fair. When I asked about the concluding chapters, he said he "did n't get so far as those." I fear nobody ever did. He was sure he could find a publisher for it, if I would let him; but I had by that time made up my mind that it should never again be offered for publication, unless I could first find courage to rewrite the latter half. That courage never came.

One of the Boston weeklies I wrote for in the early fifties was The Carpet Bag, to which I was attracted less by any pecuniary advantage it offered than by my very great liking for the man who gave it whatever character and reputation it enjoyed. This was Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber, who had begun life as a compositor, and while setting type in the office of The Boston Post had commenced printing in that paper his quaint sayings of "Mrs. Partington," so widely popular in their day, and now so nearly forgotten. He had a large, genial nature, something like Walt Whitman's, but without Whitman's courage and immense personal force, and with nothing of his genius; although Shillaber, too, was a poet in his way, writing with great facility a racy, semi-humorous verse, specimens of which he collected in a volume, Rhymes with Reason and Without, in 1853. He also published The Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington, with the proceeds of which he purchased a home in Chelsea, unfortunately in a quarter where real estate was destined to decline in value. Our acquaintance began in 1850, and ripened quickly into a friendship that continued as long as he lived, notwithstanding a divergence in our political opinions, — a divergence that became very wide indeed when men of the North had to choose between a Union dominated by slavery and resistance to that domination. Even at the time of Lincoln's second election there was a modicum of truth in what I said to him jocularly, that I believed he would vote for Jeff Davis if Jeff Davis had the regular Democratic nomination, indorsed by The Boston Post. His physical proportions, his wit and humor and amiable social qualities, made him for many years a notable figure in Boston.

Working at the printer's case in The Carpet Bag office, where I first saw him, was a sandy-haired, thin-featured youth, with a long nose and pale complexion, known as Charley Brown. He had been brought to Boston, from Maine, in 1851, by his uncle, Dr. Calvin Farrar, who was getting a pamphlet printed, to advertise a water-cure establishment he had at Waterford, and who offered the job to the printers of The Carpet Bag, provided they would take the boy with it. They took the job and the boy (then aged seventeen), who before he was much older began to write mildly funny things for the paper over the signature, "Lieutenant Chubb." He probably chose the pseudonym Chubb for the reason that he himself was lank; just as he may have claimed

to have learned his trade in the office of The Skowhegan Clarion, because of the oddity of the name, whereas he had really come from another town in Maine, and from the office of a paper less grotesquely labeled. His serious countenance veiled a spirit of original and audacious waggery; and he was even then known to be capable of the same conscientious painstaking in the accomplishment of a solemn act of drollery as when, a few years after, while on a lecturing tour in midwinter, occupying with a friend a room of arctic temperature, he got out of bed in the middle of the night to hang before a wind-shaken sash a "skeleton" hoop skirt he had found in a closet, remarking shiveringly, "It will keep out the c-o-oarsest of the c-o-old!" From Boston he went to Cleveland, where Charley Brown of The Carpet Bag became Charles F. Browne of the Plaindealer, and Lieutenant Chubb developed into Artemus Ward.

Another Boston weekly to which I was a frequent contributor was The Yankee Blade, conducted by a man of culture and experience, William Mathews, — afterwards Professor Mathews, author of Oratory and Orators, and other popular works. He one day said to me, after reading a sketch I had handed him, "You ought to write a book." I replied that I should "like to find a publisher of the same opinion;" which led to his taking me, a few days later, to the publishing house of Phillips, Sampson & Co., one of the largest and most enterprising in Boston.

I did not then enter the publishers' office for the first time. The stately and urbane head of the firm received us with the same distinguished courtesy with which he had bowed me from his presence, on handing back the manuscript of my unfortunate novel, that I had submitted to him some months before. He did not seem to recall the circumstance, and I was grateful to him for greeting me as if he then saw my blushing face for the first time.

Between him and my friend there had evidently been talk concerning me, and the question of what I might do for the house soon came up.

"Not a novel, — not just now; that may come later," Mr. Phillips said, in answer to a suggestion from me; "but a domestic story, something that will make wholesome reading for young people and families. To be a book about this size," — handing me a small volume. The result of the interview was the writing of the little book, Father Brighthopes, which was thrown off rapidly in about three weeks, and which appeared in the month of May of that year, 1853.

Its success was immediate; the critics were kind to its many faults; people of the most opposed sectarian views united in accepting Father Brighthopes as an embodiment of practical Christianity; and I was soon gratified and humbled (as I sincerely wrote in the preface to the revised edition of the story published after the first plates were worn out) by hearing how he had affected many lives, — more, I feared, than he had affected mine.

Up to that year my health, although never robust, had been uniformly good, often exuberant. In all weathers I enjoyed my daily walks, gave myself ample recreation, mental and social, and at one time, for about a year and a half, took sparring lessons of Professor Cram, and other vigorous exercise, at his Gymnasium on Washington Street. But I was never a good sleeper, and often when my mind was too actively employed, and I most needed sleep, I got least. That spring I fell into a state which the doctors called "nervous debility," and having a horror of drugs, I spent the month of June at a water-cure establishment in Worcester, where I made a pretty thorough trial of the shower bath, sitz bath, wet-sheet pack, and other interesting processes pertaining to that treatment.

Mr. Phillips, my publisher, lived in

Worcester, and I had other agreeable acquaintances there. Edward Everett Hale was then in Worcester, settled over his first parish; before his marriage he had boarded with Mr. Phillips, who knew him intimately, and who took me one Sunday to hear him preach. Dining with Mr. Phillips, after the services, I drew from him this opinion of Mr. Hale: —

"Mr. Hale," he said, "is a very able man. But I doubt if he ever makes a mark in the world, for the reason that he lacks industry." [1]

A singular judgment, it may seem, in the light of what this "very able man" has since accomplished. But the truth is, Mr. Hale was not in the habit of bestowing much study upon his sermons (the one I heard was short, and shall I be quite frank about it and say flimsy?); and Mr. Phillips could not well foresee how far the wonderfully versatile activity, the large understanding, and still larger heart of this preacher, philanthropist, man of letters, were to carry him in the next half hundred years. His "industry," if we may call it such, must have been prodigious, though not of the plodding sort, or centred overmuch in his sermons.

In Worcester, too, that summer, I first saw and heard another young minister, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, presiding over a "free church" there, and preaching (in a hall, as I remember) sermons marked by the careful preparation, earnestness of thought, and grace of style which have characterized all his subsequent work now for almost fifty years. The friend who took me to hear him told me that Higginson even then contemplated withdrawing from the pulpit in order to devote himself to literature. "Entreat him not to do that!" I said, speaking out of my own experience of an author's early struggles, without considering his maturer years, or how well his academic training and thorough culture fitted him for boldly entering on a career of letters which in my undisciplined youth, and with my poor equipment, I had found so arduous.

I did not derive any appreciable benefit from the douching, soaking, and skin friction to which I was subjected at the Worcester Water Cure. What I really needed was rest, or some treatment (if any treatment at all but Nature's own) that would soothe the nerves and restore nutrition, — safeguard the citadel, so to speak, instead of drawing the vital energies away from it by the constant surprises and assaults they had to resist at the harassed outposts. Moreover, the society of people whose invalidism was their chief interest in life and topic of conversation was not cheeringly tonic.

On my way back to Boston I stopped to see my Trowbridge relatives in Framingham. When, at dinner, I had occasion to remark that I could n't, with impunity, eat all things set before me, a wise old grandam of the family poured for me a glass of hard cider, saying, "Drink it, and you 'll have no more of that trouble." I drank, and verified her prophecy. Whether I owed my restored digestion to the cider, or to some other cause, I cannot affirm. I had had a needed mental rest, and now the physical forces that had been so incessantly diverted to the surface by the water treatment turned inward, to the tired system's grateful relief.

That summer I visited my Western relatives, and continued the journey as far as St. Anthony's Falls. Returning to Boston about the last of October, I set to work at once to take advantage

[1] In the summer of the World's Fair, at Chicago, riding away from a club dinner, in a coach with Dr. Hale and Eugene Field, I ventured to repeat this dictum, uttered by Mr. Phillips forty years before. Dr. Hale looked grave for a moment, as his mind glanced back to those old Worcester days, then dryly remarked, "Mr. Phillips was a good friend of mine, and — *in most matters* — a very sagacious man."

of the wind of success that had filled the sails of my first little book; and by the middle of January (1854) had followed that by two more of a similar character, written one after the other, with the stereotypers at the heel of my pen.

Then my publishers proposed to me what I had in vain proposed to them not so very long before, — a novel. A full-fledged work of fiction, as they called it, to be issued in monthly parts, after the manner with which Dickens and Thackeray had familiarized the public. I was at first dismayed by the suggestion, foreseeing how much to my disadvantage would be the comparison with those great writers which my following their fashion would seem to challenge. I was willing enough to undertake the work of fiction, but I desired to write it more at my leisure than would be possible with the inexorable printer waiting for my monthly copy. The publishers argued that I could get a good start by beginning at once; their plan being to bring out the first number in the spring. On the last day of January Mr. Sampson (whose pet scheme it was) took me to spend a night with him at his home in West Roxbury; and when we parted at midnight, and I went to bed (but not to sleep), I had assented to the venture. To this day I marvel at my own temerity and at the firm's amazing confidence in me.

February 6 I commenced writing Martin Merrivale, his X Mark; by the middle of March I had three numbers (to make thirty-six large octavo pages each) in the hands of the illustrators and stereotypers; and on May 1 the initial number was issued. Each number was to have as a frontispiece a carefully drawn illustration by Hammatt Billings, one of the most skillful designers of those days, but so exasperatingly remiss in keeping his engagements that after a deal of trouble in getting the first two or three blocks from him, I put my manuscript parts into the hands of S. W. Rowse (later the famous crayon artist), who furnished all the subsequent drawings, and with whom I had always the pleasantest personal and business relations.

Early in July I took my work to Wallingford, Vt., in a lovely valley of the Green Mountains, where I finished it late in August. The month of September I passed chiefly among the White Mountains, and returned to Boston about the last of the month, to see the concluding numbers of Martin through the press. There were to have been fifteen of these, but after seven or eight had been published separately, the remainder were issued together, in December, simultaneously with a bound volume containing the completed work.

The subject of the story was a young writer from a rural village going to Boston to find a publisher for his great romance, The Beggar of Bagdad. His adventures among publishers, editors, and "brother authors," beginning at the foot of the hill of difficulty, the top of which he had expected to reach at easy strides, were among the best things in it, if there were any "best;" while the romantic and sentimental parts were the poorest, and very poor indeed, in comparison with the high ideal I had had in mind when I set out to write. The issue in numbers was not a financial success; and it was not until the volume had had time to make its way with the public, as it did but slowly, that I received any substantial returns for my steady half-year's labor.

The next spring, April, 1855, I went abroad, and spent ten months in Europe, seeing London, Paris, Florence, Rome, Naples, and other points of all-absorbing interest to an enthusiastic youth (of all which I dare not pause to speak), but passing the summer and autumn mainly in Paris, where I completed another novel, Neighbor Jackwood, of which I have given some account in a previous number of this magazine.[1]

[1] Some Confessions of a Novel-Writer, Atlantic Monthly, March, 1895.

The novel, Neighbor Jackwood, I turned into Neighbor Jackwood, a play, that was successfully produced on the Boston Museum stage. This I followed with a spectacular piece, Sindbad the Sailor, which also had a prosperous run of several weeks; and did other work for the Museum manager, in the way of adaptation and dramatization. Meanwhile I contributed to two of the popular Philadelphia magazines, to Putnam's and Harper's; and in the summer of 1857 I made still another Western journey, writing letters for the New York Tribune over the signature of "Jackwood."

In the fall of 1857 the Atlantic Monthly was started, to me an event of vital interest and importance, marking an epoch in my literary activity. It was a distinction for a young writer to appear in its pages. The pay for contributions was for those days unprecedentedly liberal, and the hospitality of its covers afforded a stimulus to high endeavor. I contributed to the early volumes poems, stories, sketches of travel, and one political paper, We are a Nation, into which I poured the fervor of my patriotic feeling, on the second election of Lincoln.

I had followed as faithfully as I could Major Noah's advice as to writing prose instead of poetry. Having burned my metrical romances, I wrote verse only at intervals for the next ten years. Then with the ampler leisure gained by the publication of my books, I returned to my early love. I find, on looking back, that I contributed to the first volumes of the Atlantic articles in verse oftener than anything else, among them some of my most prosperous poems, At Sea, Midsummer, The Pewee, and The Vagabonds.

The Atlantic had been hardly two years in existence when an event occurred that was to me little less than a calamity. Its publishers were likewise the publishers of my books. The death of Mr. Sampson, and that of Mr. Phillips which occurred soon after, resulted in the breaking up of the firm, in the fall of 1859, and the sale at auction of its enormous stock of books and sheets and stereotype plates. My own books went to a New York house, that of a stepmother, so to speak, very different from the home where they had been born, their exile from which I felt as a personal grief. Fortunately the Atlantic went into good hands, those of Ticknor & Fields; my contributions to it continued, and resulted for me later in intimate business relations with that firm and its successors.

Political convulsion succeeded the dissolution of the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co., and brought new discouragement, in addition to that caused by the loss of their friendly interest in my books. The Southern sky was black with clouds that burst in the Civil War. I had married in the spring of 1860, and was living quietly in the suburbs of Boston, writing for the magazines, and also applying myself, rather languidly, to another work of fiction, when the great national conflict, which had set back the waters of my literary course, forced them with accumulated impetus into a new channel, — the war novels, The Drummer Boy, Cudjo's Cave, and The Three Scouts.

J. T. Trowbridge.

(*To be continued.*)

THE TRAPPER'S DAUGHTER AT SAINT IRÈNE.

WHERE the Chenowaitaisi and Saint Irène rivers empty themselves together, in that wild country of Saints' and Indians' names, Pierre first saw Alcée.

He was at Lysterton's Dam for the river-drives. Lysterton, the boss of the camp, was an Englishman, pale of lip and of eye, but stout of heart. He was bleached and tanned to one indiscriminate hue, thrust his neck forward and licked the corners of his mouth when he spoke, and smiled when bad luck befell him. His smile cut a swath in his cheeks so sharp and so long that one feared the cheeks suffered, and that one day he would smile too far. He was as different from his blustering jolly fellow countrymen as Pierre from his nimble-witted, voluble Canadian confrères. For that reason, perchance, the attraction between them. Lysterton had been trying for nobody knew how many years to build up a sufficient fortune to take him back to his Dorsetshire home, and justify him for his long absence. Ill luck followed him, hence the pale lips and lustreless eyes, signs of abated buoyancy. He courted hardship, shunned cities, hated chatter, had a taste for botany, loved Gillyflower, his roan pony, and was afraid of women. He smiled in calamity, never for jollity. The smile was one of self-ridicule, cruel, a lash to his laggard ambition, a gag to swelling emotion.

When the mill at Three Pines burned, and hundreds of thousands of feet of timber went up in smoke, Lysterton smiled and remarked to Pierre through shut lips: "Gad, what a ripping blaze! To your bunk, Pierre. We 'll be off at daybreak for Mount Shawgois and fell another bonfire."

"Mon Dieu, quel brave garçon! " said poor, staring Pierre, and determined to follow him to the ends of the earth.

Meagre, yellow, with the turtle posture of the head and the yellow-lashed eyes, Lysterton had not the graces that appeal to women, nor those that arouse men to enthusiasm. Pierre, with glass-blue staring look, lanky hair, and small pursed mouth as scarlet as a wild hip, lacked that fine swagger which charms the fair habitants of the valleys. Perhaps it was just as well they were not in the world of women, for such men are foreordained to useless passions. Yet a strangely assorted pair they were, in their differing uncouthness, to sit for hours, the two of them, alone by the roaring fire in the Shawgois Mountains, the French and Montagnais Indians snoring on their shakedowns, they two, silent, moody, seldom exchanging a look, words far outside the pale of probability, — yet comrades. Perhaps their thoughts walked side by side communing. When Lysterton went out to say good-night to his pony Gillyflower, Pierre covered the fire with ashes. This happened every night. When Lysterton came back, Pierre lay beneath his blanket, the distraught eyes watching red lights dance about the shanty. When Lysterton had bunked, Pierre sang, crooned rather: —

> "Ah, bon-jour, donc, mon cher enfant,
> Nous apport'-tu ben de l'argent ?
> Que l'diable emport' les chantiers !
> Jamais d'ma vie j'y r'tournerai,
> Dans les chantiers, ah ! n'hivernons plus ! "

This also happened every night. The French Canadians feared Pierre. They said his life was charmed, and called him the "Little Christ." To the Montagnais he was known as the "Manitou-Singer-under-his-Breath," and they trod delicately and offered him tobacco.

The first time that Lysterton broke the silence of these nights was on a night in May, moonless, when the logs were locked by the islets, some miles above the driving-camp at Lysterton's Dam.

"There 's an old trapper down the Saint Irène," said the Englishman.

"Laviolette, by the Chute à l'Ours. No good he," returned Pierre dryly.

Lysterton was frustrated at having his news not only forestalled but added to.

"Got a daughter," he announced with stony glance at the fire. So long a pause ensued that he turned to see if Pierre had fallen asleep.

"Bah, I know," returned Pierre, at his good pleasure.

"Seen her?" Lysterton pursued sharply.

"I lizzen to old man Laviolette heem beat her."

An interminable pause, then Lysterton came out with: —

"Gad, it 's a hundred centuries since I 've talked with a woman."

"Day affer nex' day," returned Pierre succinctly, which evidently implied in a nutshell that at that time the drive would float past the trapper's hut by the Chute à l'Ours.

"Gad!" exclaimed the self-contained Englishman, after another longer silence.

"You no can parlay wit' Laviolette. Heem ver' croz ol' Indian man an' she plentee sauvage, don' know not'ings," rumbled Pierre with ominous officiousness.

Or was it a streak of unaccountable jealousy? Lysterton went out to Gillyflower's shed. The night was a sea of mist, through which distant patches of forest thrust like islands. Frogs boomed from the Saint Irène marshes. Pierre, within, went under his blanket:

"Ah, bon-jour, donc, mon cher enfant."

Next morning the logs were propelled again on their way to the mill on the Saint Maurice. Lysterton had started the drive too late, or had miscalculated on the time required, and now the water was getting low and floated the larger and heavier logs with difficulty. There were constant rocks, narrows, sand-bars, and snags to obstruct and lodge them on the shores. The van crew kept the logs running ahead, and the rear men brought up the laggards on a tributary of the Saint Irène. Thousands of logs were piled up in a jam at Passe Pichau, with the water sinking daily. He had blown to pieces hundreds of dollars' worth of timber already, and now his last fuse was gone.

"L'diable!" said Pierre. "W'at fo' you don' oppenne t'ose dam on de Ogasunk an' one beeg planks ov Saint Irène? Beeg wataire coming t'en, her tek you logs, l'diable! queek laike dat! Daz de bose driver, beeg wataire."

Lysterton licked the corners of his mouth and dispatched two Indians, fleet runners, one to open a six-foot sluice on the Ogasunk, and the other, four feet on the Chenowaitaisi. He did not much enjoy juggling with frail mountain dams. The uncalculated strength of an inlet of water had taken him by surprise five years before when he had opened a dam in Ontario, and in consequence a large tract of timber had been "flowed."

"Six! Four!" he spread out his square meagre hand in dumb show as the French Indians loped off down the carry.

Jean-Long-Legs conferred darkly with Elzéar Eel-Man on Lysterton's policy. They agreed that a few feet was not sufficient to force the logs downstream. They exchanged brief similes, hinting that Yellow-He-Cat walked on eggs, also that the cat who never springs misses his bird. Yellow-He-Cat was the epithet, not derisively meant, which had fixed itself on Lysterton. The Indian is highly susceptible to physical impressions. The two messengers decided to exceed orders and vent the sluices. A few extra planks in the Chenowaitaisi made the difference that brought about the meeting of Pierre and Alcée.

Hours might elapse before the men could reach their destination, but after, Lysterton would count the minutes on

his watch as he saw the water-line on the opposite shore rising, rising. Pierre swung a kettle on his crotched tripod, and pitched in the potatoes for the dinner. The good rooty smell of the cooking skins and the fragrance of spitting twigs reached the van crew working in mid-stream, and set some of them to singing.

"Que l'diable emport' les chantiers!
Jamais d'ma vie j'y r'tournerai,"

Pierre crooned as he chopped some dried moose-meat for a stew. He was prone to gloomy musical resolutions of this sort when his humor was most uplifted. The sun was deliciously warm in the clearing. Lysterton, on a log, poked a white feather of a flower under the lens of his pocket microscope, and Pierre rejoiced that, through his advice, good fortune was to hurry to the Saint Maurice mills. Small wonder he was *bien content* and tuned forth again and again: —

"Never again to the woods I go,
To the devil with the shanty, O!"

Lysterton made notes in a little red leather book he had carried ever since Dorset days: —

"Tiarella cordifolia. False mitre-wort. Saint Irène, May 14. A fine, sunny day."

The potato skins began to rip off as Pierre prodded them with the birch stick that was his trying-fork. A tiny black and yellow bird, with a crest, perched on a pine sapling and whistled three times. Somewhere in the forest his mate responded. A Montagnais leaned on his setting-pole in the river-bateau, and gave voice to a singular gurgling laugh. A smile traveled from the river-crew to Pierre over his fire. He wound a ribbon of dough about a screeching-hot sassafras stick. Lysterton gave himself over to luxurious meditation. He heard already the thud of the jack-ladder, the whiz of flying belts and whir of water-wheels, the scream of the circular and band saws, the zip-zip of the pulp machines, and then felt the swoop of the great wings of success uplifting him — where? Bubbles of dreams that go out at a breath, glistening cobwebs diminished to tatters by a child's footstep! Even while Lysterton dreamed was seed sown, out of which should blossom that pinched, cruel smile. Jean-Long-Legs up at Ogasunk tripped the sluice-plank to let through a dangerous body of water from that roaring mountain stream.

"The lord Harry!" exclaimed the boss, raising his head to listen. "What 's that?"

Down the gorge of the Saint Irène came a faint mutter. Pierre recognized it on the instant. Logs driven against their will, smashing together, hurled on top of one another, ground along over rocks and rapids. He had seen a three-foot butt log snapped in two like a reed in the seethe of a loosened jam. Lysterton whipped out his watch and observed the water rise on the pole he thrust into the river. It was already above driving-pitch.

"What have those hounds of Indians done?"

He never knew what silent grudge the race might be wreaking, in spurts of unlooked-for treachery. The painful smile leaped to his mouth and set it in a permanent ellipse. You have seen people nervously moved to mirthless smiles in relating terrible calamity. This was the quality of Lysterton's grimace. He purred through his lips:

"The lower dams will be swept away, and the mill, the mill!"

He hallooed to his men on the river to pass the word to the foremost of the van. They were strung along for a mile or so downstream, almost to the Chute à l'Ours where the Little Chenowaitaisi fell into the Saint Irène; they must return to shore and higher ground before the avalanche of logs and water overtook them. Lysterton glanced at the weather. A wrack of mackerel clouds raced across the sky, and the purple south lowered where, a half hour ago,

the blue had shone undimmed. The growl of the loosened torrent came louder, — even a swish and seethe of tides hurtling against banks and snarling over rapids. There was probably high backwater in the swamps and marshes on the upper slopes of the Shawgois. How the torrents scuttled down those steep grades, for all the world as if they hurled themselves down a flight of stairs, head over heels and white curls streaming! You have seen the water rise in a lock. Imagine the same relentless rapidity possessing a moving torrent, and that torrent tearing downstairs at appalling speed, with never-ceasing reinforcements behind, and you will see the Saint Irène at its junction with the Chenowaitaisi, when its tributary sluices above were opened at once.

"L'diable ofe dat rivaire!" cried Pierre; "but m'sieu, she bring you logs ver' queek indeed, das sure."

"Damnation!" said the Englishman softly.

It was not his habit to swear. Whatever the glistening bubble contained that had hovered before his eyes a few minutes ago, all was dissipated. The men had returned from their tasks, heelers and bateau-men, alarmed by the warning and the thunder of the threatening gorge. Lysterton had already sent four of them by a short cut to inspect the upper dams and shut off the outlets, if it were not already too late. He thought of it now. The mill-people should be warned. It was a hard ride down the Saint Maurice valley, but a man might reach them by nightfall. Unless he and his crew were Titans at dam-building, they could do little more than temporarily check the loosened flood, for with all of Lake Chenowaitaisi and the Ogasunk creeks pouring down the Saint Irène ravine, what could one expect? Pierre, the intrepid, the reckless, and Gillyflower, the sure-footed, should be his messengers. He instructed Pierre in a few terse words. Pierre overflowed: —

"Bah, I understand, moi! I run. I am dere already, moi!" he sang, throwing back his long black locks and mounting the pony.

He was soon out of sight, flying down the portage that led to the settlements below. He smelled the rank odor of potatoes burned to a crisp, and knew that his kettle had gone dry.

"Que l'diable emport' les chantiers!
Jamais d'ma vie j'y r'tournerai."

When he had ridden a mile he pulled Gillyflower to a sudden halt. He remembered the trapper and the trapper's daughter in their cabin by the river edge. The trail he rode debouched a mile from the Saint Irène, a long mile from the good for nothing old Indian. Only a mile to save the girl, Alcée! That mile alternately shrank and expanded as he went in his thought from Laviolette to Alcée. What was a mile's delay compared to human lives! the reader may well ask. What was the mill with all its machinery, what was all the thousands of dollars' worth of lumber compared to a single human life?

But, as every lumberman knows, the value of life is largely a racial matter, decreasing in rapid ratio from the lordly Englishman to the inferior Canuck, the pitiful half-breed, and the wholly insignificant Indian. The North Woods lumberman will tell you that a Frenchman when he dies becomes a white horse. It is likely that a dead Indian is not accorded even such equine respectability of transformation.

Why, then, should Pierre halt at the crossways? It was only the lives of a drunken Indian trapper and his half-witted daughter that hung in the balance. Laviolette, as gossip had it, was morose, suspicious, solitary, to an extraordinary degree, and the daughter, half-child, half-woman, was wild, singular, and therefore, the *raconteurs* concluded, an *innocent*. Rather a pretty epithet this, the French euphemism for idiot.

Nevertheless, Pierre, curbing the impatient Gillyflower, could not shake himself free of the thought. He turned the pony into the trapper's path. The scud of clouds darkened ominously, and a large blob splashed on his face. The birds stopped singing, and omens of harm shook from the whitened leaves. The forest bristled in that lull before the storm. But Pierre hummed, stooping to the horse's neck as she footed it gingerly along the obscure trail. Sometimes she picked up her heels for flying jumps over fallen trunks. Gillyflower was as expert as Lysterton or Pierre in following blind trails and half-obliterated waymarks. Nose to the ground and sharp eyes ahead, she sensed the road unfalteringly. All this while Pierre pictured the Saint Irène and the Chenowaitaisi, loose mane and foaming jaws, and their murderous burden. Far above his head the rain beat on the evergreens, becoming a furious pelt before it penetrated this canopy. He emerged before Laviolette's cabin in a sheet of rain, but above the voice of the rain he heard the voice of the floods and the logs smashing on the Saint Irène Rapids, above Lysterton's Dam. Below the cabin tossed the tormented river, spurting upward, drop by drop, till the rain and the river seemed one. Through a smother of mist Pierre could see the gleam of the Little Chenowaitaisi churning in its narrow chasm.

"Run, run, you people!" called Pierre ineffectually, because of the din. "Save yourselves!"

Then he saw that Alcée stood at the door, — hair to her waist in length, blown about her, slight like a young boy, in her doe-skin jacket and tasseled leggings. Her slightness and her youth, and the curve of her hand to her eyes as she peered through the mists and swirl, lost Pierre his seat on Gillyflower. He jumped to the ground and had to touch her shoulder before she heard him, such was the clamor. Her great startled eyes took in the wonderful apparition, the Storm-Manitou, with blue in his look and the voice of a bird. His words came to her blown and misty.

"I cannot save myself," said Alcée's piercing tone. "My father is dead within. It is not good to leave him."

Pierre was aghast. The girl would die for a father's sake, a dead father's, a dead Indian's. She turned upon him her great wild look. He would not have left her, then, if ten thousand perditions had battled down the gorge.

"Come within," she said.

The old trapper sat in his birchen chair, gnarled in the posture of life, copper-colored, leathery, shriveled. His face was like a withered baked apple.

"Dead," said Alcée, answering the unbelief of Pierre's face, "jusque comme ça."

The half-bent withes of a beaver-trap had fallen from his hand in the moment of death. He had beaten her yesterday. He was dead to-day, and Alcée remained faithful. A crash of timber, pines bitten in two like grass, split their ears. A cataract from the sky fell as if in response.

"Ah, but I fear!" cried the girl, putting her hands to her ears. It was then that Pierre became inspired. To her, he was a wild young male thing, without doubt a messenger from the sun or a ghost from the Hunting-Grounds of some alien race. She would obey him. To him, she was the new-born sense of sex, a wing-darling, an inrooted possession.

His glance, traveling about the hut, saw the bateau and the bark cheemaun on their supports. He did not speak, but Alcée, following him, seemed to divine and forestall his purposes. Laviolette's body was bound strongly into the bateau, and then they carried him to the landing place. Alcée hurriedly thrust a pipe into his cold fingers and stuck the pouch between his knees. He still sat, grim, supported by the curved stern. Quicker than it can be told, Alcée and Pierre prepared for the launching.

They two in the cheemaun, the dead man alone for his final voyage.

"Baste! Better to die, so, in the open, than shut like a rat in a trap," said Pierre.

Alcée answered nothing, drawing breath as they were caught up by the current and carried down. Pierre had the bateau in tow, and she watched the face of the dead with fascination.

"He like it good," she said, reading the dead face. "He very well content."

"Do you like it, you?" hissed Pierre. "Tell me, tell!"

"I do not know," replied she. "I have never known this manner of dying."

"It is not dying. It is living," Pierre made solemn reply. "We should have ridden away — together — on Jilifleur, if it had not been for — *him*. But this, this will do."

Below Lysterton's the Saint Irène, with the exception of a single portage at the Falls-Where-You-Hear-the-Water-Talking, is fairly navigable for the native-born voyageur. This is not saying that there are no rapids which the Indian shoots, holding his breath, no Remous à Jim, where the dead reach up hands to draw under the living, no Pointe aux Outardes, where the bustards crouch on the rocks in their funeral blacks, and wait for the wrecks of bodies. The voyage which Pierre and Alcée started upon, from the Chute à l'Ours to the Décharge, is one which would whiten the hair of the ordinary canoeist, if indeed he survived the first rapids.

Now, with the storm and the flood, the stray logs rushing past them and that vast threat behind, Pierre, cool voyageur that he was, felt the blood mount to his head. It was a race for life between them and the running jam behind. They had the start, but the logs, drawing more water, had the greater impetus, and the same tide that hurried their course precipitated the enemy.

"You fear not, no?" asked Alcée, letting her eyes rest for a moment on Pierre's anguished face, a web of drawn lines.

"But why?" he lilted. "To fear, that is to die.

'Ah, bon-jour, donc, mon cher enfant.'"

Hot and cold streams went up and down behind his ears, but Alcée, under the spell of his voice, feared no more. Then they both heard the roar of Lysterton's Dam, rent asunder, disembowveled. With a swift motion he stretched Alcée along the bottom of the boat.

"You will lie there, still."

He could not see for the gusts of rain, but his breath came in gasps of exultation. Alcée lay with shut eyes, and under her sweep of hair her bosom rose and fell tenderly. He had known a wild furred thing lie thus in a trap, as if to coax off calamity by perfect patience. He leaned to her as they went spinning out on a wider reach, and there was a moment's lull of storm.

"You are mine, mine entirely."

She looked at him through chinked lids. She knew that she was his, his entirely. What did he want with her? His eyes were the color of pale storm, and his wet hair made a sealskin hood for his cheeks. They would speed on and on, — always speed on, out of the forest, where? What was the world when it was not forest?

She knew the waterways as well as Pierre, and lying there in the bottom of the cheemaun, only a thin strip of bark between her and the river, she could feel the currents whirl and eddy an inch below her. The whirlpool where her grandfather, Jim of the Remous, lost his life was a spot that only an inspired *canotier* might pass alive. Where the river seems to shine and thicken, and is fleeced with creamy brou, there is the approach; but over the mouth of the Remous is sinister calm.

"The Remous! Wait!" breathed Alcée, in a whisper that tightened Pierre's heart.

His hand, seized with a spasm, let go the rope of the bateau, and Laviolette shot forward in dreadful circles.

"Au revoir, mon père!" shrieked the girl, raising herself, while Pierre steadied the light skiff with agonized paddle.

The dead man seemed to respond, nodding, as he fell face forward into his boat. Then the Remous sucked him in with a gurgling noise. The Kettle is unfathomably deep, and there is just one moment, when it is filled to the brim, that a canoe may go by. To attempt a passage while the vortex fills is certain death.

"He has gone to his father," said Alcée peacefully. "Now is Jim not hungry any more."

Pierre released the boat, obeying her gesture. It swerved to the right, speeding past the fatal spot like a bird unleashed.

Out into the centre, they swung above the Pointe aux Outardes, grim rocks under the water and sand-bars by the shore, death for the unwary. They whittled their way in safety. The storm abated, a patch of brilliant blue shone in the west. Distant hilltops chased the fleeting sun. But that threat still followed behind, gaining on them, and below were the Falls-Where-You-Hear-the-Water-Talking. The Saint Irène ran swifter to its wild descent.

"There is no landing," said Pierre. "We come to the Falls. One may fear a little now."

"No," replied Alcée savagely, "not to fear. Jim, he that was my father's father, though he was caught by the Devil of the Remous, very wise man of the water. One time him went over the Chute in his *canot*. He young as me that time, seventy suns, much long time ago. Once in seventy suns, medicine-man of the Montagnais say."

Alcée's words came quick and passionate, interrupted by the quavers of the leaping cheemaun as they neared the Falls.

"Eh bien?" said Pierre sharply, keeping the bow straight down the first rapids.

"Seventy suns ago. Once in seventy suns," chanted Alcée. "It is the time again." Her voice pierced like prophecy.

The shatter and whiteness of splintered water made a rim across their horizon. The air was full of commotion.

"On arrive," sobbed Pierre, in a glory of doom. Alcée raised herself to meet his look as the paddle slid from his hand. He choked for joy at braving death with such eyes to drink to.

. . . . . .

Gillyflower returned to Lysterton riderless. There was a new camp now on a hardwood bench a half mile from the flowed lands. The mill was saved, so Lysterton's smile no longer did duty, though it had left deep circular lines round his mouth.

Besides Pierre, the two Indians Elzéar and Jean-Long-Legs were missing from the crew. Their remorse over their blunder would not suffer them to return to Lysterton, though they left a goodly arrearage of "time" behind them.

At night, around the camp-fire, the men rehearsed the dare-devil deeds of Pierre, a tale destined to pass down to posterity in those forests. His miraculous escapes from death were dwelt upon in tones of awe, now that he had taken his last chance and would return to them no more, smiling, wet-eyed, and singing. Only Eustache-le-Croyant remained sanguine.

"Heem no killed dead um," he averred. (There are degrees of deadness, as even the raccoon knows.) "Heem walk back some days, plemtee live, song in mouth, das sure."

On the sixth day Pierre returned, with a companion, stealthily at nightfall. He smelled the odor of frying *brochet*, and opined that Eustache had been fishing in the lakes of Shawgois. Beneath the hemlock roof of a lean-to he stood before the boss, wringing his

sheepish fingers, and told his story. Lysterton listened with the attention of a wooden image, not the flicker of an eyelash nor the twitch of a muscle showing which way his emotions were stirred.

"I remember me ove ol' man Laviolette, his girl," Pierre had reached this point, "zo Jilifleur, she stoppin nice wiles Pierre he t'ink."

In his lowest, lippiest tone, Lysterton interrupted: —

"The lord Harry! Did you go after her?"

Eustache, at the turning-point with his brochet, listened and looked skillfully, without looking.

"You disobeyed me, like those other fools?" jerked out Lysterton, still with the wooden eyes.

"Dame-oui," sang Pierre.

"I thought of — the woman," said Lysterton, musing. "I knew you would. I am proud of you, Pierre."

Eustache dropped his brochet into the fire.

"Dame-oui," repeated Pierre lyrically. "She out dere, là-bas," he pointed to the neighboring shadows. "She ver' hongree."

Florence Wilkinson.

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

As I am writing, the open squares of Berlin have been transformed into groves of fir trees. The great city is preparing to celebrate Christmas with its accustomed zest. Outwardly, at least. Many things, however, will put a damper upon the Christmas joy; for the year has hardly been one to increase the sum of happiness in the Fatherland. It has been a long time since the earnings of the people, whether laborers or employers, were so small. The dividends of joint stock companies touched a lower point than for a decade before. The people have been enjoying less of the comforts of life than they had grown accustomed to. On a higher plane, too, the year has left a feeling of disappointment; race asperities have grown more intense, political strife has waxed hotter, and social peace has apparently withdrawn further into the future.

The year is closing in the presence of a new and notable fact in history. Germany, Great Britain, and Italy have declared a joint blockade of the coast of Venezuela to compel the payment of certain debts to the citizens of those countries; and public opinion in the United States is nervous lest something should happen that might draw us in the difficulty. The Monroe Doctrine is in everybody's mind. Government and people alike are determined that it shall be strictly observed; the Administration has pursued a dignified and calm attitude throughout the entire incident. Certain American newspaper editors of the hysterical school, however, have singled out Germany as the wicked partner in the combination, as being the moving spirit that has merely taken England and Italy into her service in order to cloak her real intentions of acquiring a permanent foothold upon the South American Continent. In order to give such assertions the semblance of probability, the papers in question have printed special dispatches from Berlin, which represented the German government as being in a particularly bellicose mood and about to order an advance upon Carácas with a hurrah.

Statements like these prove nothing beyond the fact that hysterical editors have hysterical readers, who demand that their "news" be striking, sensational; and that readers of this class

have an infinite capacity for being gulled. So far from the German mind being excited over the Venezuela affair, the fact that has struck us Americans here most has been the marked indifference about the matter. Naturally there is some interest, — somewhat more than in the latest comet; but certainly no German editor has sold an additional copy of his paper by reason of his Venezuela news. The only thing that has aroused any concern here has been the manifestations of uneasiness in a section of the American press, whose hectoring attitude toward Germany has naturally been reported and commented upon. The German press has many sins to answer for, but certainly on this occasion it has preserved a tone that, upon the whole, has been unexceptional. In answer to the suspicions raised in the United States regarding Germany's aim in Venezuela, some of the papers here have pointed to the fact that the latest volume of the diplomatic correspondence of our government contains a note in which the German government more than a year ago defined precisely the character of its proposed action, stating, in particular, that no occupation of territory was designed. This pledge on the part of Germany evidently satisfied our Administration from the very beginning as to the correctness of Germany's course; but the hectoring editors, feeling the ground cut from under them at this point, as well as by Count von Bülow's recent statement to the American public through the Associated Press, have replied somewhat in the following vein: Oh, of course Germany is not aiming at territorial acquisitions in Venezuela, — her action with England is sufficient guarantee of that; but why does not Germany come out with a round recognition of the Monroe Doctrine? Why does she not say that she will never, under any circumstances, annex one foot of South American territory?

I am no attorney for Germany in this case, and it is not incumbent upon me to answer such a question; but I think reasonable minded Americans will not expect more of Germany than a declaration of her purposes in regard to Venezuela, it being the only part of South America subject at this moment to diplomatic scrutiny. The above demand is but a parallel to the attempt of Napoleon III. to extort from King William a pledge that no Hohenzollern should ever become a candidate for the throne of Spain. Germany has shown her hand fully, and our government has been amply satisfied that no action prejudicial to American interests will be taken; if some truculent editors still insist upon our President assuming the rôle of Napoleon III., their demand can only bring the Monroe Doctrine into disrepute among practical statesmen content to deal with problems of international politics as they arise.

In view of the evident nervousness of American public opinion regarding Germany's part in the recent blockade, one important fact should arrest attention at this point. It is that the course of the allied Powers has remained well within the limits of the Monroe Doctrine as it has been most authoritatively defined. The Doctrine has never excluded the right of European Powers to compel the payment of just debts by temporarily seizing territory. England and Germany have confined their action to a blockade of seaports. Was this limitation self-imposed, under the conviction that the American public would not stand more energetic measures? Or was it suggested by our government under the same conviction? In any case, the limitation expresses an apprehension lest the American people have drawn even a narrower definition of the Monroe Doctrine than our statesmen have set up. Whether this will make for peace in the world, it is apart from the purpose of this article to inquire.

But Germany, we are told, is laying her plans to occupy a part of South

America; and her "vast colony" in southern Brazil has just assumed a new importance, has become a new danger to American liberty, since the German Colonial Congress in October passed a resolution recommending that German emigration be directed thither, instead of to countries already thickly populated, and in which their nationality would be speedily swamped. The vast colony in question has, in fact, only a population of between 150,000 and 200,000 souls, most of whom have been in Brazil a great many years. The growth of the colony has been very slow. This is now to be changed, alarmists would have us believe; and at no distant day Germany will have enough of her citizens there to form the nucleus of a new German empire on American soil.

To which several things should be said in reply. In the first place, Germany will never attempt anything of the kind so long as the Monroe Doctrine is maintained. She would not take the risks involved; she could not afford the expense of such an adventure; and there is no possible advantage that she could gain in South America that would outweigh the friendship of the United States. Even if we should throw the Monroe Doctrine to the winds, I think it extremely doubtful whether Germany would attempt to effect a foothold upon South American soil. Why? The answer is the Boer war. This proved that conquering the antipodes is an extremely costly business. But beside the mere question of expense, Germany cannot afford to embark upon large foreign adventures, menaced as she is at home by enemies only waiting their opportunity to strike her in a moment of weakness. The German Chancellor that should propose to send but 50,000 soldiers to seize land in South America — even with no Monroe Doctrine in the way — would be decried here as an extremely rash statesman.

But Germany could get her colony, the American objector will answer, without sending out an expedition to conquer territory; all she needs to do is to promote emigration to Brazil for a half-century, and then the colonists would rise and appeal to the Fatherland for help. I am far from sure of that. Has anybody ever heard of a German in the United States that sighed to have the German government extend its paternal wing over him? Would German colonists in Brazil prove more eager for a governor from the Wilhelm Strasse? Hardly. The feeling of nationality is a plant of exceeding slow growth; it requires centuries to ripen it; and notwithstanding the noisy and sometimes repellent expressions of it that one sees here, the fact remains that, even in Germany herself, the sentiment of nationality is weak. For example, it has often been lamented that German peasants settled under government auspices in the Polish provinces tend rapidly to lose their race character, adopting Polish names, speaking the Polish language, and falling in with Polish customs. If such a thing can happen within the borders of the Fatherland itself, happen at a time when many old veterans of the great wars of 1867 and 1870 survive to tell of those moving, epoch-making events, what is to become of the weak plant of German national feeling when transplanted to South American soil? The perturbed editors should give their fearsome spirits a long rest. They evidently do not know their Germany.

The sharp attacks upon Germany in the United States and England in connection with the alliance against Venezuela were not justified by anything pertaining to that alliance itself. Everybody knows that these attacks were but the answering echo of the bitter, unmeasured abuse of the United States during the Spanish war, and of England during the Boer war, in which the greater part of the German press saw fit to engage. Those venomous epithets, those brutal, insulting cartoons are

things not easily forgotten between nations. I mentioned in my article in the Atlantic Monthly last March the excessive development of chauvinistic feeling in Germany, and stated that it was rendering the task of German diplomacy difficult. The latter statement has been amply confirmed during the year just closing. The Venezuela alliance — the work of the two rulers rather than of the cabinets — was greeted by a storm of opposition in England; and the distrust of Germany in the United States extended considerably beyond the columns of the "yellow press." The relations between the cabinets of Berlin and London were directly affected by the remarkable outbreak of Anglophobia described in the article just mentioned. Count Bülow about the beginning of the year yielded to that agitation by referring, in a speech before the Reichstag, to the British Colonial Minister in terms that are quite unusual in the public utterances of prime ministers. Later it became evident to the Berlin Cabinet that English diplomatic influence was being thrown against Germany at every point; and that propositions needing British support were met with cold indifference everywhere. It is a significant fact that a dispatch from Berlin to the American press several months ago, describing the efforts of the diplomatists to remove this unfortunate state of things, created no little commotion in Berlin; and the question was at once raised in the ministries, "Who has been divulging state secrets?"

The fact has not escaped attention here that many German papers have done their country immense harm by the insulting tone that they choose to adopt in discussing foreign matters. German writers are beginning to call attention to it. Count von Berchem, an old co-worker of Bismarck's, wrote a letter to one of the papers on the subject several months ago, which was widely noticed. "Our press," he said, "is regarded abroad as hypercritical and chauvinistic. Whoever lives abroad and reads foreign newspapers cannot but notice this. Germany's good name abroad has not gained anything by the phenomenon in question; but there has been rather a loss in German sympathies all along the line." The writer finds the chief cause to be "the assumption of superiority in the sharp criticism of foreign affairs that has grown prevalent in Germany."

He might have stated the cause much more strongly and kept well within the limits of truth. In the case of England, for example, the treatment of the Boer war in the German press has left a depth of resentment such as the English — usually so indifferent to foreign opinion — have not felt toward any other people for some centuries. How could it be otherwise when some of the most gifted artists of Germany combine to make an art volume on the Boer war for the German home, filled with the grossest slanders and indecent inventions about the behavior of the English in South Africa? An independent observer, wishing only to see good-will promoted between the nations, could but look on with sorrow at such excesses of race hatred; and now at the effects of it all in England. English correspondents in Berlin were in part swept away by the state of feeling around them, and filled the columns of the London papers with angry and often venomous dispatches. That poem of Kipling's, printed the other day, embodying such a torrent of passionate hate, will live as long as the English language, if only to characterize to future generations the unhappy state of feeling between Englishmen and Germans at the beginning of the twentieth century.

In view of such a situation, the conclusion of the Boer war is to be accounted as the greatest blessing that the year 1902 brought to Germany. As indicated above, the Germans were in an abnormal state of feeling; and the press

was given over to unwholesome sentimentalism about the Boers, and to an exaggerated idealizing of their character; while English statesmen were caricatured in the guise of demons. "The German people have a right to express their feelings," is treated as an axiom here; and there were few wise counselors to plead for self-restraint and moderation of statement. Since the conclusion of peace a better tone has been manifested; but it will require many years to obliterate the antipathies now existing. I know cool-headed Englishmen that have radically and permanently revised their attitude toward Germany by reason of what they read in German papers and heard from German acquaintances during the Boer war.

It is pleasant to record the fact that the Germans have this year shown a more friendly mood toward the United States than at any time since 1898. The press has seconded the Kaiser's courtesies, and has discussed American affairs in a better spirit than usual. Serious articles on American topics, based upon correct information and written in an unobjectionable spirit, have grown more frequent. Prince Henry's trip and his enthusiastic reception with us undoubtedly made an excellent impression on Germany; and this impression endures. Secretary Hay's note on the Roumanian Jews, however, was received in Germany with mixed feelings. The Liberal press generally praised the humane purpose of the note; but influential papers of a different political alignment discussed it from their narrow anti-Semitic standpoint, and relapsed into their old vein of contemptuous comment about things American.

The controversy last spring regarding the diplomatic incidents connected with the Spanish war showed us the pleasant picture of Germany and England rivaling each other in suing for our friendship. The removal of the disagreeable suspicion that the German government took diplomatic steps unfavorable to us at that time is to be set down as one of the gains of the year for us. This fact in no way prejudices our good friendship with England; and it is to be deplored that some of our newspapers are disposed to play England and Germany against each other, as if we could not be friends with both. The friendship of England is good, but the friendship of England and Germany is still better. Persons that try to improve our relations with England by fomenting hatred toward Germany should turn to Washington's Farewell Address to see the foolishness of their course aptly characterized.

It is evident that the interest of the Germans in the United States is deepening every year. Never before have so many practical men of affairs gone to America in one year to study our methods of production. American ideas have already profoundly affected Germany's industrial life, but this movement promises to assume still larger proportions in the near future. The alliance of the two great German steamship lines with the Morgan combination, the announcement of plans for laying a second cable from Emden to New York, the initiatory steps toward organizing an American Chamber of Commerce in Berlin, are further indications of the common interest drawing the two countries more and more closely together. The amount of American merchandise sold in Germany has been further reduced this year, owing to the business depression still prevailing here; but the exports of German goods to the United States have reached the largest figure ever known.

The subject of most interest just now in connection with the trade relations of the two countries is the tariff law recently passed by the Reichstag. That law is a far more important matter for us than the Venezuela blockade. It presents problems for our diplomacy that will be difficult to settle, problems

that will call for broader statesmanship than the United States Senate has evinced toward the French Reciprocity Treaty. I fear that our merchants, and especially our farmers, have not yet realized the serious character of the new law as affecting their interests; when they do realize it, they will speak a stronger word in favor of reciprocity than our senators have yet heard.

The chief point of interest for the United States in this law is to be found, not so much in the high rates adopted, as in the statement made in the Reichstag foreshadowing a changed policy on the part of Germany in making new commercial treaties. On the final day of the tariff debate Dr. Paasche, one of the leaders of the majority, asserted that the government had promised that it would no longer extend treaty advantages to other countries than those that reciprocate with corresponding concessions. "We expect," said Dr. Paasche, "that the government will undertake a thorough revision of all the treaties containing the most-favored-nation clause. Promises of this kind were made to us in committee. We have absolutely no occasion to concede anything to such nations as are glad to take what we give by treaty to other countries without making us any concessions in return. The United States has introduced a limitation of the most-favored-nation clause; we have every reason to act in precisely the same manner."

The thing chiefly complained of here is our recent treaty with Cuba (not yet ratified). The Germans also remember our reciprocity treaties with various countries under the McKinley Law. While we have interpreted the most-favored-nation clause as not forbidding special trade arrangements between two countries, the general interpretation has been different; and Germany's own practice has conformed to this latter view. When the existing commercial treaties with Austria, Russia, Italy, and Switzerland were made, Germany accordingly conceded to all other nations entitled to the most-favored-nation treatment the same reductions as were made to these countries. The United States thus secured valuable concessions from Germany's general tariff without giving anything in return. The duty on wheat, for example, was reduced from thirty-two to twenty-three cents per bushel, that on corn from twelve to less than ten; and corresponding reductions were made on meats.

The German Agrarians have always bitterly complained about this feature of the Caprivi treaties; and the substantial justice of their objection has been recognized by many politicians who have only a measured sympathy with the general Agrarian movement. I believe it will also be recognized by most Americans; for manifestly we cannot expect Germany to apply to us a more liberal construction of the most-favored-nation clause than we have granted her. Under the new German tariff law we shall therefore be confronted by two alternatives: either we must make a special reciprocity treaty with Germany, or we must let our merchandise take its chances under the general scale of duties. Both alternatives call for some remarks here.

What are the probabilities that we shall get a good reciprocity treaty with Germany? Without doubt we shall find the German government willing to treat with us upon a fair basis of give and take; and Count Bülow is abundantly furnished with objects of barter under the tariff law just enacted. There is no limit to the reductions that he may make in the duties as there fixed, except as to wheat, oats, rye, and barley; though the Reichstag would, of course, have to ratify any treaty made. The difficulties in the way of reciprocity will lie with us rather than with Germany; for what can our government offer in the way of tariff reductions in order to bring Germany to satisfactory terms? The reciprocity section of the Dingley

Act reads as if it had been constructed by a practical joker, — so meagre is the list of articles that may be reduced; there is almost nothing in it that could be offered to Germany as an inducement for granting us trade advantages; and of these few we have already traded off, under the existing diminutive treaty, about everything that the law allows. No new treaty can therefore be expected before our tariff law shall have been revised and the discretion of the government to reduce duties greatly enlarged. In view of the inertia of the United States Senate toward tariff and treaty questions, the outlook for a satisfactory reciprocity arrangement with Germany can only be regarded as extremely gloomy. It is to be hoped, however, that after the German law has been in force for several years, and has heavily reduced our exports to Germany, — as it is certain to do, — the pressure of public opinion may bring the Senate to reason.

But assuming the worst, — what would be the prospects for American trade with Germany in the absence of a treaty? Our goods would then come in under the general tariff; whereas those of our competitors, if they get treaties with Germany, will enter at greatly reduced rates. Now this general tariff contains extremely high duties in its agricultural schedules, — so that the government itself strongly opposed them as unreasonable; nevertheless, they were voted by the Reichstag and must be enforced in the absence of treaty. American wheat would then be subject to a duty of forty-nine cents per bushel; whereas that of Russia, Roumania, and other competing countries may be reduced under treaty to thirty-five cents. Our corn has been coming into Germany at less than ten cents a bushel; and two years ago Germany's imports of it reached 104 million marks, out of a total of 129 million. During the current year imports from the United States have shrunk enormously, owing to our reduced crop in 1901 and consequent high prices; but Germany has meanwhile covered its deficit from Russia and Roumania. Will it not continue to do so when our corn pays a duty of thirty cents, and the Russian and Roumanian product only about half that figure?

It is frequently asserted in the American press that Germany must in any case have American raw materials and some more or less manufactured commodities. The Germans know that very well themselves, and they have wisely left indispensable articles like cotton, petroleum, and crude copper on the free list; but there are other countries ready and waiting for the opportunity to supply Germany with wheat, corn, and other grains. Neither is Germany dependent upon us for meat; while large quantities of our bacon and lard are still shipped here, other countries, with good commercial treaties, would easily displace us in these articles too.

Such, in briefest outline, is the situation that confronts us under the new German tariff law. If it does not please some of our statesmen, let them reflect that Germany is merely imitating the bad example that they themselves have set; and that if a policy of commercial exclusiveness is good for us, other nations may regard it as equally good for them. From careful observation of the course of thought in Germany throughout the long movement that has now culminated in this tariff law, I can state that no other external factor exerted upon it such a powerful influence as the example of the United States. The spectacle of the greatest producing nation on earth — the richest in resources, the cheapest in the processes of production — frightening the world with its "American danger," and at the same time shutting up its markets against outside competition, — this spectacle it was that gave the chief impetus to the maddest excesses of the German protectionists.

The very fact, however, that this German law is the direct effect of our own unwise policy gives occasion for one alleviating thought. Its reflex influence in the United States, namely, will make it impossible for the men at Washington, responsible for our do-nothing policy, longer to maintain their attitude of unconditional resistance to tariff reform. Our new breed of Teutophobes may attempt to aid and abet senatorial conservatism by scolding the German Agrarians in vigorous and varied phraseology; but our own Agrarians will regard energetic epithets a poor substitute for lost trade; and it will refresh the spirits of the weary to see the wry faces made on Capitol Hill when the next reciprocity treaty with Germany comes up for ratification. It can well be imagined that the obstinate old gentlemen will then take their medicine more speedily and in stronger doses than has been the case with the French Reciprocity Treaty.

Turning at length to the home politics of Germany, we find that the year was dominated by this same tariff question. It brought on the most violent parliamentary struggle that the Empire has ever known, and the Reichstag assumed for a time the disorderly and stormy aspect of the Austrian Reichsrath. Stated very briefly, the course of events in the Reichstag was as follows: When it resumed its sittings about the middle of October it found that the Tariff Bill had been reconstructed in committee in the direction of extremely high protection for the Agrarian interests. The government had combated every increase of the agricultural duties, and had declared with emphasis that it could never accept them since they would render impossible the negotiations of new commercial treaties. At this time the outlook of the bill was well-nigh hopeless. Not only were the majority and the government far apart in their views, but the majority were themselves much divided on essential questions. The National Liberals demanded a return to the original agricultural schedules of the government's bill; but a large section of the two conservative parties rejected even the reconstructed bill because it was not yet Agrarian enough.

While the government and the majority parties were thus working at cross purposes, the determined minority had an easy task in delaying the progress of the measure. The Socialists and Moderate Radicals, convinced that the country was opposed to the heavy increase of the duties on the bread and meat of the people, aimed to defeat all action by the present Reichstag, in order to be able to appeal to the country next June with the effective campaign cry, "Bread-Usury!" The Socialists, the strongest and most determined of the opposition parties, made, however, the egregious blunder of advertising months beforehand their tactics for defeating the bill, — it was proclaimed, namely, that 700 aye and nay votes would be called for on the second reading.

Toward the end of November the majority parties became convinced that they would not be able to pass their measure at all without a compromise, first among themselves and then with the government. Finally, after weeks of debate upon the rules and other unimportant points, such a compromise was patched up behind the scenes. The government got the minimum scale of duties upon grain that it had insisted upon, except that it yielded an increase on malting barley to please the Clericals. It accepted, nevertheless, all the high maximum duties of the majority. The Conservatives, disappointed at not getting higher protection for the farmers, were conciliated with reductions on agricultural machinery.

This compromise, however, was of so precarious a character that it could never have stood through the ordeal of a regular second reading. The minority would have offered amendments at every point;

some would have been adopted, and, the compromise having been broken, the coalition would have fallen asunder. Besides this, the majority had at length assembled their contingent of village priests and hunting country squires, and so could do business with a quorum of their own. But such a quorum could only be held together with the utmost difficulty; hence the greatest dispatch was necessary. Confronted by this trying situation, the Reichstag majority yielded to temptation, and did one of the most brutal things in the history of modern parliaments. Although its rules explicitly provided that a bill, upon second reading, must be discussed and voted upon paragraph by paragraph, the majority brought in a motion to dispense with this process and pass the bill *en bloc*. Before this was done, however, the House paused to amend its rules so as to place arbitrary powers in the hands of the president, to limit to a minimum discussions of questions of order, and to make it possible to close debate at any time and reach a vote.

It was these propositions that caused the disorderly scenes already mentioned. Excitement reached a high pitch, members hurled insulting epithets at one another, and the Reichstag degenerated for a time into a mob. New parliamentary "records" were made. For the first time in history the president's bell was broken through too vigorous ringing, for the first time a sitting had to be suspended because of disorder, and for the first time the House sat through a day and a night and heard a record-breaking speech eight hours in length. Amidst scenes like these the Tariff Bill was hurried through and practically without debate. Even after the majority had changed the rules so as to put an effective check upon obstruction, they refused to permit a discussion in detail.

This helter-skelter proceeding they excused by raising the cry of "filibustering," and by alleging that business needs a rest after the long tariff agitation. This rest, however, is not yet in sight; for the government has all along stated that the duties fixed in the new measure are mere counters to be traded off in making new commercial treaties. The whole controversy is thus left open till these treaties have been laid before the Reichstag and ratified. As the term of the present Reichstag expires in June, the treaties will have to be disposed of by the new House to be elected then. Hence the election will turn upon the tariff issue, and a lively campaign activity has already been inaugurated. The Socialists particularly will throw a prodigious amount of energy into the agitation; and the parties that call themselves "state-preserving" are filled with apprehensions as to the result. The Kaiser, indeed, has recently made two speeches designed to break the lines of the Socialists by diverting a part of the labor vote to other parties; but nobody believes that his voice will outweigh the recent action of the Reichstag. The Social Democracy has always been able to rely upon its enemies to supply its best campaign ammunition; and the party will now make immense political capital out of their latest folly. It will be dinned into the ears of the laboring population and the humbler urban classes in every corner of the Empire that the price of their food is to be raised in the interest of aristocratic land-owners.. The Socialists themselves estimate that they will gain fifteen to thirty seats next June.

Besides the tariff law, there was little else in the legislation of the year that calls for mention here. The abolition of the sugar bounties puts an end to an intolerable situation that the government has long wanted to be freed from. Questions of private self-interest, however, play an enormous rôle in German legislation; and the sugar people had to be conciliated for the abolition of the bounties. Saccharine has come into extensive use in the manufacture of chocolate and similar articles,

and the sugar producers have long demanded protection from it. Hence it was necessary to recompense them for the abolition of the bounties with a law closing up all the saccharine factories of the country, except a few under strict government supervision. Saccharine can be bought hereafter only upon a physician's prescription, as if it were a poison! Such is the despotism of German legislation where Agrarian interests are involved.

The Polish question, while somewhat less marked by sensational incidents than in 1901, remained the subject of much concern throughout the year. The embitterment of the Poles against their Prussian rulers certainly underwent no relaxation, but rather seems to have grown more intense. Polish government officials ostentatiously refused to be present at the fêtes given in honor of the Kaiser upon his visit to Posen in September; and in various other ways the Polish nobility, in particular, showed their deep discontent with existing conditions. The Prussian Chamber voted an appropriation of 250,000,000 marks to continue the system of buying Polish estates, dividing them, and settling Germans upon them, — the sum of 200,000,000 voted some years ago having been about exhausted without any apparent result. The Prussian officials are evidently handicapped for their work of Germanizing these provinces by faults of their own, mostly in the way of excessive zeal and truculent meddlesomeness. An unlovely caste spirit prevails among them that renders them the worst possible evangelists of German civilization. One of the sensations of the year was the enforced resignation of the chief fiscal official of the Province of Posen for the reason that he had married, — a perfectly reputable lady, indeed, but only the daughter of a secretary to one of the courts, who had once been a non-commissioned officer.

The public mind is occupied in Germany with the subject of industrial combinations hardly less than in the United States. An immense amount of discussion has been given during the past year to the syndicates and kartells, as they are called here. The matter has been brought under the public eye more than ever through the policy of most German combinations of maintaining the highest possible prices for home consumers, while supplying the foreigner with goods at greatly reduced rates. Indeed, German writers on the subject point to what they regard as the chief difference between American and German combinations, — namely, the American trusts make it their chief concern to earn profits by economies in production and distribution; while their counterparts in Germany look mainly to keeping up prices. Under these circumstances the syndicates and kartells have undoubtedly lost in public favor during the year now closing.

Recognizing this fact, the leading managers of such combinations met in Berlin last spring to effect a central organization, which should protect their common interests as over against public opinion and, in particular, against hostile legislation. It is a significant fact that the syndicates decided to attach themselves to the Central Association of German Manufacturers, which is a composite organization of many manufacturers' associations throughout the Empire, instead of creating a representative body of their own, and that thus the ordinary trade organization of German industries becomes the representative and mouthpiece of the syndicates.

The most patent fact that stands out in all the discussions of these organizations in Germany is that public opinion is greatly divided as to the benefits or evils of them; and no agreement exists as to the advisability of legal measures for controlling them. The Congress of German Jurists discussed the matter in September; but the most striking feature of its deliberations was

the great differences on all essential points. A large section favored publicity in the affairs of combinations, but the full Congress refused to commit itself even to so mild a recommendation at this stage of developments; and the question was referred to a future session. Meanwhile the government has inaugurated an inquiry on the subject by men of theory and practice, and in due time we shall have a voluminous report to conclude the matter.

William C. Dreher.

A WORLD-LEGISLATURE.

At the session of the Massachusetts Legislature of 1902 a petition was presented in favor of a world-legislature. That petition was referred to the Legislature of 1903 in order that the subject might receive further public consideration, and the chairmen of the committee which heard the petitioners said, in each branch respectively, that the proposal was meritorious. According to the report, the petition is pending before the Legislature of 1903, with hundreds of signers, including some of the best citizens. The American Peace Society, by vote of its directors, signed the petition, while it also presented another petition of its own, asking for a movement for a world-conference or congress, with recommendatory powers, to meet at stated intervals, say once in seven years. Thus the proposal of world-organization is formally before the public.

Since the first petition was presented repeated instances have occurred to support the main argument for it, — that business exigencies of the world were becoming so urgent that world-organization, as a necessity, would precede the efforts of pure philanthropy or statesmanship for the same end. Early in the year came the Pan-American Congress. Among its proposals, suited for a world-scale, were these: a Pan-American bank; a custom-house congress, and an international customs commission; a statistical bureau of international scope; an international copyright law; an international commission to codify international law; international regulations to cover inventions and trademarks; a common treaty of extradition and protection against anarchy; international regulations for the world-wide practice of the liberal professions; an international archæological commission; an international office as depositary of the archives of international conferences; an international regulation granting equal rights to all foreigners from any of the signatory countries, and some minor plans.

Other world-propositions which developed during the year included (in January) the organization of the International Banking Corporation, with power, under a Connecticut charter, of doing business all over the world; (early in the year) circulation by the Manchester (England) Statistical Society of a pamphlet advocating an international gold coinage; (in July) suggestion by Russia of an international conference to protect the nations against trusts and other private operations of capital; (in July) another plan for an international bank; (in August) meeting of the International Congress on Commerce and Industry; and (in December) the meeting of the International Sanitary Conference in Washington; to which may be added (in January, 1903) the meeting in New York of the International Customs Congress. For one year that is a notable record of progress toward world-organization in matters of busi-

ness, not as matters of theory or of pure philanthropy. These instances illustrate the truth, which many persons still fail to realize, that the world is getting together at a rapid rate, and that, as a matter of self-interest, the nations must soon have a permanent legislative body as a means of establishing regulations for the benefit of all.

Pertinent to the case is the fact that world-legislation has occurred repeatedly, though no world-legislature has been organized. This action has been possible only by special meetings for special purposes. The essence of world-legislation is the consent of the nations to a particular course of action. That is, the will of the world decrees that a certain thing shall be done. When all nations agree, we have absolute world-action. When fewer than all agree, we have action of the same kind, but less in degree. In the case of the International Postal Union, we have absolute world-legislation. All civilized nations of the world are in formal agreement upon the propositions involved in the international transmission of mails. The world-will has taken specific expression, and that will is carried into execution in that field of action.

That is the most conspicuous and most successful illustration of world-legislation, because it embraces organized mankind, and because it is so eminently successful. Provision for stated meetings of the International Postal Congress at Berne every seven years for such action as may be necessary to improve or maintain the system makes the illustration for our purposes complete.

But many other instances have occurred in which more than two nations have been parties to an agreement regarding some particular matter. Largest in world-importance has been the agreement of the principal nations of the world, and some of the smaller ones, in the establishment of the Hague Court of Arbitration. Though legislation is not the object of that court, yet the act of establishing the court was, in itself, an act of world-legislation (as far as the signatory nations were concerned) of the largest benefit to mankind.

Mention may be made of the International Conference in Washington in 1885, for the establishment of a common prime meridian, at which twenty-six nations were represented. At the International Sanitary Conference in Vienna in 1892, fifteen nations were represented. At the Dresden International Sanitary Conference in 1893, nineteen nations were represented. Our Pan-American conferences, at which groups of nations have been represented, illustrate further what has already been done by way of reaching an expression of international will upon particular matters, though in no case has a proposition for a general international legislative body, for promiscuous business, been presented. But the point is sufficiently established, for the assurance of the conservative, that international or world-legislation has occurred repeatedly. What is proposed now is not a new departure, but the establishment, in permanent form, of a means of expressing the will of the nations, instead of the present imperfect means of calling special meetings with power to consider only special subjects.

Now, as to the urgency of the case. Foremost of the political questions of the times is the great and complex one, What is to be done to regulate or control the vast aggregations of capital which are exercising unscrupulously their enormous powers as monopolies and taking extortionate sums from consumers in return for their products? All the world is now laid under tribute. At present the world lies helpless because it is disorganized. In the United States we have barely made a beginning in the solution of the problem. Most advanced of all the states, and more advanced than the general government, is Massachusetts. President

Roosevelt, in his message to Congress treating of the problem, mentioned the corporation laws of Massachusetts as the most advanced means yet proposed in the form of law. But Massachusetts is only a spot on the surface of the earth. National legislation is in embryo. Publicity as a remedy is the most potent force yet suggested, and the efficacy of that is disputed by the chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission in open difference from President Roosevelt.

While legislation halts within state and national limits, the problem is world-wide. Our interstate law is a sorry success, at best. But if it were absolutely successful within our boundaries, yet it would fail in the case of goods shipped direct from Chicago to London, as is done already for the express purpose of evading the interstate commerce law. That reveals the problem. World-transportation can be controlled only by world-legislation. Monopolies which defy national laws because they are world-monopolies can be grappled with successfully only by world-laws. Already the necessity is upon us for world-legislation, because business transactions now extend all over the world, and no national legislation will be adequate to protect the people from world-monopolies.

Now, though the necessity is here, the means of relief is not here. World-legislation can be secured only as the nations are educated both to the necessity of it and to the means of securing it. But governments of most of the nations are to-day controlled by those who have a direct personal interest in the continuance of the present order, rather than by those whose relief from the present order is urgent. Years of effort are necessary, in the first place, to educate the nations to the point of recognizing the need of world-legislation. Following that will come years of struggle by the educated reformers, to win their reform against the entrenched opposition of the powerful classes whose interest it is to maintain and perpetuate the monopolies. It is high time, therefore, for the public agitation and education to begin. Sore enough will be the need of reform by the time the peoples of the earth shall be able to secure it.

It is especially for the people of the United States to take the lead in this upward struggle for world-unity. The greatest government by the people is most fit for the leadership. We have the form of government which foreshadows the form of world-government that will exist when all mankind are brought into organic political connection. Theoretically our states are sovereign. All rights are reserved to them which are not formally surrendered, by the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, to the central government. In matters of world-legislation the nations individually would surrender to the nations collectively only such jurisdiction as they voluntarily yielded in passing upon propositions from the world-legislature, for it is not to be supposed that a major part of the physical force of the nations would force upon a minor part such regulations as might be approved by a majority of the representatives sitting in the world-legislature. Settlement of the right of secession would lie far in the future until the rightfulness and scope of the organic law of mankind were determined more exactly than would be possible for a long time after the first session of the world's representatives. The organic unity of the world would develop slowly, under unwritten principles, as the British Constitution has developed. The probable course in the establishment of the world-legislature may be outlined, approximately, as follows: —

First step. The President of the United States, acting under the authority of Congress, would send to the principal nations of the world an invitation

to meet in Washington for the purpose of establishing and setting in motion, as far as practicable, a world-legislature. That invitation might properly contain a statement that the people of the United States believed in the unity of mankind as an organic whole, regardless of any man-made laws or constitutions, and that the people were desirous of a practical, formal recognition of that unity in order that the organic growth, prosperity, and peace of mankind might be promoted. The invitation might further say that the people of the United States recognized that there was a true limit to the nominal sovereignty of so-called sovereign nations, and that they were ready to surrender formally their conceded right to control their own course upon certain matters which might better be placed under the jurisdiction of a world-legislature. The invitation might specify, for the sake of a frank and friendly beginning, to stimulate the coöperation of other nations, such matters as postal regulations, arbitration, customs regulations, world-patents, trademarks and copyrights, world-coinage, weights and measures, sanitary regulations for great ports and lines of travel, the collection of world-statistics, explorations of geography and antiquities, industrial investigations, and regulation of world-monopolies. The invitation might request the invited nations to specify the particulars in which they would consider propositions to waive claims of sovereignty, in case they accepted the fundamental principle upon which the invitation was based.

Second step. The nations receiving the invitations would severally accept or decline. If any declined, then an end of progress for the present would be reached with every such nation. If any accepted, they could, in sending their representatives, either instruct them or omit to instruct them in regard to the claims of sovereignty which they would waive in behalf of the sovereignty of mankind. They would probably reserve the right to accept or reject the specific legislation proposed.

Third step. Delegates from such nations as accepted — and two or three nations would suffice for a beginning — would organize for action. As each nation, whether small or great, would be on an equal footing of nominal sovereignty with every other, it would doubtless be found expedient or necessary to allow it only one vote, no matter how many delegates it might send. Following organization would come suitably a declaration, agreed to by all the participants in the meeting, in recognition of the sovereignty of mankind, saying that the purpose of the participating nations was to realize their higher unity by means of world-legislation. Then would follow practical world-legislation, such as would be covered by the terms whereby certain claims to absolute sovereignty had been surrendered conditionally by the participating nations, joined with a declaration that it should become operative in the nations severally when accepted by them.

Fourth step. The proposed legislation of the first meeting would be referred to the respective home governments for ratification.

Then regular sessions would follow according to the precedent established, resulting in the development of mankind, as far as included by the nations represented, into an organic whole.

In advancing along this line of progress, the nations would be passing over ground previously untrodden. Precedents would be established only after hesitation, doubt, and experiment. Conservatism and old accepted theories would be perpetual obstacles, and only the genuine unity of mankind, working out for the benefit of the large majority against holders of special privilege, would be strong enough to surmount the objections and the persistent opposition. Gradually the world would realize that the real world-constitution is

not a form of government set up by men, but is the aggregate of the conditions in which mankind is placed by a power superior to itself. All that men can do for their progress and prosperity is to recognize those conditions, and world-law, national-law, state-law, city-ordinance, and town-meeting-vote, from highest to lowest, each within its sphere is but a recognition by men of the conditions placed upon them, and an effort to conform to them.

Hence, in the light of this truth, world-progress is only an adaptation of mankind to conditions. Really there is no such thing as absolute national sovereignty. In the present stage of world-progress nations are recognized as absolute because they declare themselves to be such, and no power is strong enough to disprove their assertion. But they are parts of organic humanity, subject to its laws. From that relation they cannot escape; from those laws they cannot break away.

In rising to the height of world-legislation the nations would be simply recognizing a higher and broader truth in their relations than they had hitherto admitted. They would not create any new relation, except in a limited sense. They would recognize the truth of their close relations one to another and attempt to shape their conduct in harmony with those relations, instead of shutting their eyes to the truth and reaping the evil consequences which inevitably befall all who deny the higher truths in the midst of which they live.

World-organization must inevitably result in unspeakable benefit in the way of world-peace. Since mankind is one, when it is formally organized as a unity its several parts will promote the peace and prosperity of the whole, and the increased health and vigor of the whole will react for the strength of every part. Thus far the parts have been, and still are, using their strength to injure one another, to cripple one another, to prevent the progress of one another, and, in short, to violate fundamentally the conditions which are essential for the growth and strength of the whole. War by means of the most destructive inventions men can contrive to kill one another (preparations for which almost break the backs of the great European Powers) is supplemented by commercial strife, in which corporate and national energies are taxed to the utmost to destroy rivals, to ruin their industries, to prevent sale of their products, and to prejudice class against class, nation against nation, for the benefit of the few. That absurd condition is eulogistically called modern progress. The one step which evidently will do most to promote the peace, strength, health, and prosperity of the organism known as mankind is to put the parts in their organic relations of harmony and mutual helpfulness, and to prevent their constant warfare upon one another as contending fragments. Hence the thorough reasonableness of the proposition for a world-legislature and the urgency that the movement be promoted by all who love their kindred around the world, or even who love themselves, for the health of the whole means most health and strength to each and every part.

This movement is in the form of a petition for the establishment of a world-legislature. But a world-judiciary would necessarily follow as an immediate step of world-development. The Hague Court of Arbitration is not a general world-court. It is merely a court for the settlement of differences between nations. Its purpose is to prevent war. It is in no sense a court to pass upon world-law. But, after a world-legislature is in operation, then the necessity of a court to interpret and apply its laws would arise as truly as it exists in the case of other courts whose function is to interpret and apply national or state law. Such a line of development inheres in the case by the very conditions amid which mankind exists.

But decrees of world-courts must

have an executive arm for their enforcement. Laws by the world-legislature must be carried into execution. Expenses of world-organizations must be paid. Hence, though for a time the enforcement of world-laws might be left to the several nations within their boundaries, yet it is to be expected that in time a world-president would naturally take his place as the logical official to complete the system, while, before that stage was reached, there might be minor officials of world-rank, such as secretaries, treasurers, and commissioners.

Judging from experience in the practice under the Hague Court of Arbitration, one powerful influence might surely be counted upon to promote the success of the first attempts at world-organization. That would be the high character of the men who would be selected for the service and the extreme sensitiveness of all parties to conduct proceedings with the most scrupulous honor. Each nation would select for its servants in world-organization the very best men it could possibly produce. Petty reasons and local politics would be very insignificant factors in the selection of these men. All the nation, not a faction or a party, would be represented on the world-stage, in sight of all the world and under the criticism of the keenest intellects of the human race. No nation would risk its interests or its reputation by sending any but its worthiest and ablest sons.

While legislation was in progress, the world-legislature, conscious that the world's eyes were fixed upon it, scrutinizing every act and weighing every motive, would be watchful, every member of it, to see that every act was above suspicion. Existing high moral character would be reinforced by a constant earnestness to keep every step of procedure above criticism on moral grounds. A high standard would be set and maintained, which would react upon the nations severally and upon the world collectively, and would promote the efficiency of the organic action and progress of the whole.

Association of the nations, represented by such men, would surely tend to remove misunderstandings and so advance friendliness among the different quarters of the globe. Reasonableness in the positions of different nations would be seen better than is now possible. World-peace, from this added reason, would be promoted, and the material prosperity of each part would advance with the increasing assurance that the rights of each would be preserved, and that each would be safe from interference in its effort to make the most and the best of itself.

Some say that the idea of world-organization is Utopian. Others say that it is a magnificent ideal, but that it is far in the future, and that it is idle to dream, even, of such a measure in the present stage of civilization. Perhaps the best answer to such critics and objectors is that they are behind the times; that they have not opened their eyes to what is in progress all over the world. During the last year positive and manifest progress has been made toward world-organization. Progress has occurred both in gatherings which foreshadow a world-legislature and in the increase of forces which impel mankind to organize on a world-scale. The movement is not undertaken with the expectation of immediate realization. But it is maintained that world-business already demands the attention of the world, and that plenty of work would be brought to a world-legislature if it could be organized this year. And it is further recognized that time must elapse before the common sense of the world is educated to the point of demanding world-organization. Urgency exists, therefore, that this process of education should begin at once.

To say that world-organization is impossible is to affirm that mankind is not of one origin, or is so unreasonable and degraded as to make such organiza-

tion hopeless. But either of these alternatives seems less reasonable than to affirm that mankind is of one blood, and that the nations have sufficient reason and energy to establish their organic relation through a world-legislature, to embody their united intelligence, and to express their united will.

Raymond L. Bridgman.

THE COUNTESS AT PONDSVILLE CENTRE.

"REAL pleasant, considerin'," was the consensus of Pondsville Centre on the Countess Alma von Engelberg, and a somewhat similar verdict had, at the time of her presentation at court, been voiced by the highest circles of Berlin. In Pondsville the "considerin'" bore reference to the misfortune of her foreign birth; in Berlin a shrug of the shoulder, — but who dare affirm what a shrug of the shoulder may or may not imply? Enough, it was the New England village and not the capital of the German Empire that now harbored the lady, and as plain Mrs. Engelberg she had applied for the position of music teacher in the Pondsville Academy.

"You speak real well, considerin'," said Mrs. Sinnet, the milliner, with whom the newcomer was to board.

"A thousand thanks," replied the countess. Her flashing smile bespoke a due gratitude; perhaps also the amused consciousness of using the purest English in the community.

"I guess you 'll pick up our ways pretty quick. You Congregational or Methodist? No? Freewill Baptist perhaps?"

"I shall like best to go to whichever church you attend."

Mrs. Sinnet's motherly heart began to warm toward her new boarder, and it was vaguely borne in upon her that, in spite of their ready smile, the dark eyes fastened on hers were the saddest and weariest she had ever seen.

"I presume you 'll feel a mite homesick at first, but you 'll soon be feelin' to home. If there ain't doctor now, comin' up the steps to ask after my rheumatiz. Dr. Smith 's his name. Widower. Salt o' the earth. Doctor, I want to make you acquainted with my new boarder, Mis' Engelbug."

"Pleased to meet you," said the doctor. He was a squarely built man, middle-aged, with kindly, keen eyes. He held out his hand, and before he had withdrawn it Mrs. Sinnet's quick glance perceived that her boarder had already made a friend in Pondsville.

In the lap of the valley lies the village, the embodiment of white peace. Even the clear brown river, vexed a mile below by dam and mill and its own precipitous bed, steals noiselessly by the quiet town; school, smithy, vane-tipped spire all quiveringly afloat upon its tide. Acre on acre, even halfway up to the knees of the great hills, toss, in midsummer, seas of oats and timothy. Here a line of willows marks the plumy covert of a stream; there a shadowy grove of broad-girthed maples whisper of noonday cud to ruminating kine.

Who would see the village at its best must take the grassy road that winds across the upland pastures. Looking down from here, late one afternoon, as she sat beside the doctor in his buggy, the countess pointed off to roof and gleaming spire among the elms.

"Does she of a truth dwell yonder?" she asked in her clear speech, so good, "considerin'."

"Who?"

"Peace."

"The Centre 's got its share of happy homes, if that 's what you mean."

"And for the homeless?"

"You don't need to be that a moment longer than you want to."

She had expected this, but not so soon. Involuntarily her eyes sought out, in the village street, the white, rambling elm-shaded cottage she might if she chose call home. Bathed in the luminous haze of a late afternoon the lowly roof had taken on an unfamiliar witchery. All about, hilltop and meadow seemed of the "stuff that dreams are made on," and at the valley's head the cone of Chillion soared cloudlike and amethystine; a veritable mount of transfiguration.

"I want you should be my wife," said the doctor.

"And live there?" She spoke quietly, her eyes on the sleeping village.

"That 's my home."

"And never leave it — never?"

"My practice ties me here."

"Ties; yes, that is good, to have ties. If I were tied, then I too, perhaps — day after day, year after year, walled in by these green hills — no voices from the outer world" —

Flinging out her arms with one of those free gestures, so disconcerting to the New England community, she paused abruptly, and turning looked full into the doctor's face, probing, measuring. From the meagreness of his words she had not dreamed his eyes could say so much.

"No, no, my friend," she answered gently.

Sitting massive and outwardly unshaken by her side, the doctor drove on.

"I want you should be my wife," he repeated.

Despite its Doric façade, relic of a bygone prosperity, the Pondsville Academy now counted but a handful of pupils. Desertions to more progressive schools had thinned its ranks. Sons and daughters of sturdy yeoman stock, the boys and girls from outlying farms and hamlets helped pay their board by labor in barn and kitchen. Yet small as was the number of pupils the most important event in the Centre was the day of graduation. And this year an additional ceremony was to take place; the presentation of a picture, "tribute of love and esteem," to a favorite teacher about to leave the school, in order, as the valedictorian expressed it, "to enter upon another sphere, even the bonds of matrimony with one who has for years fought undaunted the dread scourges of disease and death in this our peaceful vale."

Beaming in the reflected glory of one who had for a whole year harbored the heroine of the hour, Mrs. Sinnet joined a knot of matrons on the green.

"It beats all," one of the group was saying, "how much store the young folks set by her. But then, she *is* real pleasant."

"Too pleasant, I say," insinuated the baker's wife. "Says I to my husband only last night, 'Mark my word, there 's something wrong there.' Pleasant! H'm. 'T ain't natural to be so everlasting pleasant."

"No, 't aint, for some," retorted Mrs. Sinnet, up in arms for the honor of her house.

"And that time she swore so right out in class," continued the baker's wife, ignoring the maker of hats. "They tried to hush it up, but my Ila was there, and she said she heard Mis' Engelbug, when Zilpha Field sung false, sputtering under her breath and saying — Well, I 'm a church member, and I 'm not going to peril my immortal soul repeating what she said."

"She said 'My God!'" interrupted Mrs. Sinnet, flushed but stoutly loyal.

"Good land, Mis' Sinnet, ain't you 'shamed standing here so near the meeting-house and saying sech a dreadful word?"

"I don't deny I was terrible shocked when I heard about it, and I went straight to the minister, and he said folks did n't know no better over to Germany and France, and that very day

I took sick with the grippe, and if she did n't wait on me hand and foot for two weeks solid and keepin' me laughin' all the time," —

"If there ain't doctor's buggy. Who 's sick? Ain't he comin' to the exercises? "

"I never see a man so taken up with any one as doctor is with Mis' Engelbug. Seems kind of disrespectful to his first. I dunno what would happen to him if it would turn out she 'd a husband round somewheres. These pleasant spoken furriners mostly do — or worse."

The last person to ascend the academy steps was a well-groomed stranger. Before entering he turned and glanced between the fluted wooden columns down the dusty street, which, with its white clapboarded shop fronts, showed pitilessly aglare in the blinding midday.

"A year, a whole year! " he exclaimed under his breath in German. "Mein Gott! how ever has she lived through it! "

When flushed and weary, her arms laden with flowers, her mood mingled tears and laughter, the countess reached her own steps, she was told she had a visitor in the parlor.

Though in subsequent conversations Mrs. Sinnet frankly admitted having lingered near enough the closed door to catch the murmur of voices, the fact of the words falling dead on her ear redeemed the eavesdropping from any taint of vulgar curiosity. Rather was it an instinctive watchdog loyalty toward the absent doctor, who, abroad on errands of mercy for his ninety and nine, had left unguarded his own ewe lamb. And that an attack of some kind was being made on the fold was patent even to one as unversed as Mrs. Sinnet in the mysteries of foreign tongues.

What was it all about? And that a human being — let alone a man — could pour out such a torrent of words! Now, it was evident, he entreated, now upbraided, now broke into unmirthful laughter, now into bitter reproach; now — and this Mrs. Sinnet found herself dreading most — his voice melted into notes of flutelike tenderness.

"Play actin' ! sounds for all the world like play actin' ! " commented the anxious listener. "Real folks don't never talk like that." Still some instinct told her it was not play acting.

With an uneasy sense of impending disaster she listened and watched the hand of the tall clock toil twice around its face. At last a sturdy tread sounded on the piazza.

Doctor. It must be doctor!

No, only Elmer Tarbox, laden with the presentation picture, Faith clinging to the Cross. Then it was Mrs. Sinnet made a desperate resolve.

"Lean it up by the parlor door, Elmer, I 'll take it in myself."

However alarming had been the whirlwind of words, the pacings up and down, and the occasional heartrending sound as of a stifled sobbing, the deathlike silence that now reigned behind the closed door was even worse. What had he done to her in there alone? Those foreigners! You never could tell what they would do next. Cressit's hired man, the one that murdered the old couple with an axe, he was a foreigner, a "Portugee," or something. Oh, if doctor would but come! Hoisting as a shield the gold-framed Faith clinging to the Cross, and with horrid visions of the bride-elect lying bathed in gore on the best rag mat, Mrs. Sinnet pushed in.

At this point in her tale the narrator was apt to make an impressive pause, and when she was fortunate enough to have among her auditors one unacquainted with the sequel, it was a moment of delicious horror.

"There 's no denyin' he was a fine-appearin' man, and there was somethin' about the way he held his head, — well, 's soon as I see Mis' Engelbug was still alive, I own I was glad I 'd just put on fresh tidies, and that mother and hus-

band and Aunt Hannah, all photographed life size and in elegant gilt frames, fitted out the parlor so handsome. You could see he 'd been used to things pretty nice to home. But when I come really to look at Mis' Engelbug, the cold chills run down my back.

"Mis' Engelbug, she was standin' in the middle of the room, white 's a sheet, and buttonin' up her jacket. Sorter simple thing to give you a chill, you say? That 's how you look at it. Thinks I, 'They was right, sayin' she 'd got a husband somewheres,' and I turned sick picturin' doctor's face when he 'd come and find her gone.

"'My good woman,' says the stranger in his queer soundin' English, but cool 's you please, 'we 're goin' to drive to Wetherby and take the evenin' express. Before we sail we shall let you know where to forward the trunks.'

"I looked at Mis' Engelbug, but she stood starin' down at the carpet. You could have knocked me down with a feather, but I never lost my presence of mind. 'Here 's the pictur',' says I. 'I presume you 'll want it boxed up real careful if you 're goin' to cross the ocean.'

"Well, that man, he looked hard at the pictur' for a moment, and then says he, strokin' his mustache, 'By all means, madam, have it packed with the greatest care. We 'll hang it in the reception room to the castle,' says he, 'or perhaps among the family portraits in the oak gallery.' It was only when Mis' Engelbug lifted her eyes suddin and looked at him, it come over me, hot and prickly, he was makin' fun of me and the pictur'.

"Well, no one knows the pains the young folks had taken to get somethin' they thought would please Mis' Engelbug. At first they was all for one of them new-fashioned Madonnas, but says I, 'No, she 's marryin' into a deacon's family. I guess Faith clingin' to the Cross is new fashion enough for doctor.'

Well, there I stood, kinder limpsy and foolish, and wishin' I could sink through the floor, when Mis' Engelbug giv a little cry and threw her arm round my shoulder.

"'Never mind,' says she. 'It 's just that he 's a furriner and don't understand.'

"'But you 're a furriner,' says I.

"'Yes, but I 've learnt your ways,' says she; 'I 've learnt 'em, and I like 'em, and that 's why I 'm goin' to stay.'

"'Stay?' says I, and you 'd orter seen the look that man give her.

"'Yes,' says she, strokin' my hand sorter nervous. 'There was a moment I 'd thought I 'd got to go; seemed 's if wild horses was draggin' me. No one can't tell what your own folks and your own language means to you, after all; and we was friends, this gentleman and I, since we was children.' She looked at him kinder hungry, — she 's dretful speakin' eyes, — and held out her hand, but he sorter pushed it away, and just then who should we see fillin' up the doorway but doctor.

"Them furrin languages, if they ain't the scrimpiest! Have to eke 'em out so with dumb show. That Dutchman, he did n't say a word, but all the same with his shoulders and his eyebrows and the palms of his hands he up and asked her if doctor was the man she was goin' to marry, and she did n't do nothin' but narrer her eyelids and flutter her nostrils like a high-steppin' horse, and you could read 's plain 's print she was answerin' back, 'Yes I be, and he 's wuth two of you.'

"Well, the Dutchman, he made a low bow — this way, 'Wish you joy,' says he, and he laughed out in doctor's face. When he done that I thought Mis' Engelbug 'd fly into fifty pieces.

"'I 'll tell you everything,' says she. The Dutchman had slipped out quicker 'n a flash, and I presume I 'd orter left, but somehow I did n't, and I never see doctor so exasperating. He

jest looked at her stiddy and grave and says he, —

"'You 're all wore out. Wait till after the weddin',' says he.

"Mis' Engelbug, she made a queer little sound, half-laughin', half-cryin', and caught doctor's hand and kissed it. I presume he wished she would n't do them queer furrin tricks, but he never let on.

"'No, now,' says she.

"Well, seems she 'd ben an opery singer and had lost her voice. Seems she was a countess. Seems her husband before he 'd died had run through with her money and so she 'd gone on the stage. Seems her own folks were n't no good neither for all they was a very high family, — and when she was a young girl in Berlin, folks would warn their sons against marryin' into sech a family. Trouble, trouble, all her life, nothin' but trouble; but most of all she seemed to mind losin' her voice, and when that happened she just wanted to run away and die. It had come of a suddin, when she was singin' in the opery. 'They hissed,' says she; she clapped her hands over her ears. 'Oh, that hiss! I was beginnin' to forget, but when the baron come to-day and we got to talkin' it all come back; all my miseries come back. I 'm so tired of sufferin',' says she; 'all I ask now is quiet and peace. He wanted to marry me,' says she, 'and take me back to my own country.'

"'You want to go?' says doctor. It did n't sound like doctor's voice at all.

"Well, Mis' Engelbug, she jest kinder give a deep sigh like she was all tuckered out, and dropped her head down on doctor's shoulder. Doctor he give me one look.

"Where did they hang the pictur'? Why in their own room. Mis' Engelbug — Mis' Smith I should say — says she sets more by it than any pictur' in the house. The baby favors her."

Esther B. Tiffany.

THE QUESTION OF FRANCHISES.

[The author of this paper is a secretary of the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago, which has accomplished notable reforms. — The Editors.]

American cities are rapidly beginning to realize that the question of franchises is the most important phase of the city government problem; that the public service corporations under present conditions are the most active and potent cause of continuing municipal corruption and misgovernment. While the people were asleep, so to speak, and unmindful of the dangers threatening them, the franchise-seeking and franchise-holding corporations have been allowed in many instances to take virtual control of the machinery of local government, and to exercise that control for their own enrichment. In St. Louis the agents of these corporations have recently been shown to be guilty of bribery. In other cities the use of improper means to influence legislation is believed to be common, although the direct proof may be lacking. In Philadelphia the control of these corporate interests over the agencies of government is so absolute that public protest is utterly unavailing against any proposition put forth by those interests, no matter how unreasonable it may be, from the public point of view. In practically every community of such size as to render the control of franchise privileges of large value, the public service corporation is a source of unhealthy political activity, — a force constantly,

though in some cases no doubt unconsciously, tending to weaken the government and to lessen its capacity to protect the people from imposition and to serve them efficiently and honestly. It is bad enough that these public service corporations, through their piracy of municipal franchises, should make excessive profits through the maintenance of unreasonably high charges for service that oftentimes is very unsatisfactory. But when, in addition, these corporations presume to subvert the whole mechanism of local government (and sometimes of state government, too) to their own ends, the situation becomes intolerable.

That the residents of American cities are coming more and more to recognize the situation as intolerable is shown in many ways. The most striking manifestation, perhaps, of the prevalent discontent was furnished by the remarkable result of the referendum vote on the question of municipal ownership in Chicago at the April, 1902, election. The vote was: —

Ownership of street railways — for, 142,826; against, 27,998.

Ownership of lighting plants — for, 139,999; against, 21,364.

The vote on these propositions had no legal or binding effect. It was merely an expression of public opinion. But it did indicate intense popular dissatisfaction with the present order of things. The vote shows, too, that the people at large are willing if not anxious to try the experiment of municipalization as a means of getting away from the evils attendant on private management of municipal public service industries.

And why should they not be? Many of the cities of Europe, and especially of Great Britain, manage some or all of their public utilities, with conspicuous benefit to the people. In the United States more than half of the waterworks plants are already under public management. There are in this country 460 municipal electric light plants and fourteen municipal gas plants. The Federal Commissioner of Labor, in his fourteenth annual report, gives the results of a comprehensive investigation of water, gas, and electric light plants, both municipal and private. According to the summary of the tables in that report, the cost of production under municipal management compares very favorably with the cost of production under private management; while wages are usually higher and the price to consumers is almost invariably lower under public than under private management. There has been only one instance of public street railway management in this country. The railway across the Brooklyn Bridge was for many years operated by the Bridge Commissioners, and under such management the road was notable for enormous traffic, efficiency of service, remarkable freedom from accidents, and good treatment of employees. Two of the most conspicuous of recent municipal improvements in this country, the New York and Boston subways, are owned though not operated by the public. The one notable instance of failure of municipal ownership of a public utility in the United States is furnished by the Philadelphia Gas Works. And in explanation of the failure in that instance it may be said that the municipal government of Philadelphia taken as a whole appears to have been a failure, very largely, it is charged, because of the power exercised by the public service corporations, especially those interested in transportation.

It does not seem likely that a further and gradual extension of municipal activity along the lines of municipalization would be followed in the main by other than wholesome results. The danger is that American cities, in their revulsion against the present evils of private management, may attempt to municipalize at too rapid a rate. Especially is there danger that the popular sentiment in favor of municipal ownership may be taken advantage of and

manipulated by entrenched interests to enable them to unload their properties on the public at prices greatly in excess of their real value.

The municipal ownership spirit is in the air. Nothing can be more certain than that a continuation of the present unsatisfactory conditions under private management will bring on the early and rapid municipalization of the so-called public utilities. It is especially incumbent upon those who would check the swelling movement for municipalization, therefore, to give attention to the question of franchises with a view to remedying the conditions productive of such widespread dissatisfaction.

In the first place, cities should be given by the legislature full power to deal with the whole matter of municipal franchises as the interests of the municipality may require. This should include the grant by the legislature of the power to municipalize, in case such a course for any reason should seem wise. The question of municipalization is a question of business expediency, properly to be determined in each case according to the particular exigencies and local conditions that may exist. There is no general rule decisive of the matter in all cases. In some situations, the duty of the governing authorities might manifestly be to undertake public ownership and management, while under a different set of circumstances such a course might be as manifestly impolitic and improper. The decision, in either case, should rest with the community directly affected. Every community ought to have the grant of power from the legislature to do the one thing or the other, as might seem best. Nothing is better calculated to breed insolence in the public service corporations in their negotiations with the public authorities than the knowledge that those authorities cannot do otherwise than grant a franchise to a private agency; that they are powerless to undertake to render the service themselves.

The value to the governing authorities of the power to bring about public management of a plant was well illustrated by the experience of the Federal government with the armor plate makers. In the absence of effective competition the price of armor plate to the government was raised until Congress, some two years ago, was about to authorize the payment of $545 a ton. The Senate, however, attached to the appropriation bill an amendment authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to erect a government armor plate plant in case he should be unable to secure plate at prices that seemed to him reasonable. In consequence of the action of Congress placing this club in the hands of the Secretary of the Navy, contracts were soon made for armor plate at prices more than $100 a ton lower than the government otherwise would have had to pay. Now there are many reasons why it should seem to be undesirable for the Federal government to go into the armor plate business. Nevertheless, the action of Congress in sanctioning a government plant, if that should be necessary to protect the government from extortion, was obviously the only wise and business-like course to pursue, considering the circumstances. So it is with the municipal public utilities. The attempt to protect the public by fostering competition in these industries, that are by their nature monopoly industries, is worse than useless. If the cities of America generally possessed the legal power to municipalize, there would not be nearly so much agitation for municipalization as there is, because the mere existence of that power in reserve would do much to put the public service corporations on their good behavior. Progressive city charter-makers all recognize this fact, and favor giving to cities the power to municipalize whether or not they expect the power to be used.

With public service industries in private hands, the important question is, How shall the public exercise effective

control? Practically every one concedes the necessity for public control of industries of this kind; yet scarcely any American community is exercising control that may properly be called effective. One of two things appears to be inevitable: either a system of really effective continuing control over public service corporations must be developed, or those industries are virtually certain to be municipalized sooner or later. The object of control should be to insure facilities and service in keeping with the changing needs of the public, and furthermore to insure that such service shall always be rendered at prices reasonable to the user. It is not enough that the service be adequate to-day and that the charges therefor be reasonable under present conditions. There must likewise be assurance that the service in the future will be adequate to the needs of the future, and that charges at all times shall be the lowest at which the service can properly be furnished, all things considered.

Now the needs of the future cannot be foreseen, at least not with any degree of accuracy. What is good street railway service to-day is likely to be inadequate service in ten years. A charge that is reasonable now may become extortionate in a comparatively short time. It is absolutely impossible, therefore, to formulate for insertion in a franchise to be granted to-day specifications that will satisfy all the requirements of to-morrow. Yet that is precisely what most communities have attempted to do. The fundamental mistake has consisted in treating franchise grants as contracts, unalterable without the consent of both parties, like ordinary contracts concerning property. Governments, like individuals, may properly enough enter into contracts relating to property, and such contracts when made should be respected; but governments ought not by contract to divest themselves of governmental functions, as they do to an extent when they surrender partial control of the public streets, by giving to private interests definite-term contractual rights therein. It is very difficult indeed to compel a corporation enjoying definite-term rights in the streets to do what it may desire for reasons of self-interest not to do, even in cases where theoretically large powers of control are reserved to the governing authorities. The only way for a city to be certain of its ability to exercise complete control over its public streets is for it not to surrender beyond recall any rights of use or of occupancy in such streets. The city can control completely only when it is in a position to terminate at any time the right of use claimed by any person or corporation that may choose to defy the will of the city in any respect. In other words, the grant terminable at the will of the governing authorities is the only kind under which the city can be sure of its ability to dominate the situation at all times. And it is precisely in the communities where that form of grant obtains that the best results generally are secured, and it is in such communities that the relations between the corporations and the public are the most satisfactory.

This style of grant is in use in Massachusetts and in the city of Washington.

In Massachusetts it has been the policy since the first introduction of street railways not to make grants running for any definite term, but all grants are subject to revocation at any time at the will of the proper governing authorities. In Washington, where Congress is the franchise-conferring authority, all grants to public service corporations are by their terms subject to alteration, amendment, or repeal at any time. Under this system, which has been aptly termed tenure during good behavior, Washington and Boston have developed street railway systems that may fairly be said to be the best in the world. Except for a short experimental line in New York, Washington was the first city in

the United States to secure the underground trolley or conduit system of propulsion, and that despite the fact that it is a comparatively small city, in which the street railway business is not nearly so profitable as in larger centres of population. And Washington secured the underground electric conduit system, not because the managers were any more willing there than in other cities to install it, but because Congress had the reserved power to require among other things the adoption of the conduit system. Whatever improvements in service the governing authorities in Washington see fit to require, are provided without the parleying and friction common in cities whose powers of control are not so clearly defined. In Massachusetts it is much the same. Boston furnishes the unparalleled spectacle of three systems — surface, elevated, and underground — so correlated that a passenger may make use of all three for a single fare.

Congress, in legislating for the new possessions acquired as a result of the Spanish war, evidently had in mind the franchise policy that has produced such good results in Washington and in Massachusetts. The Porto Rican Civil Government Act, approved April 12, 1900, was almost immediately modified by a joint resolution, approved May 1, 1900, one section of which reads as follows: —

"That all franchises, privileges, or concessions granted under section thirty-two of said act shall provide that the same shall be subject to amendment, alteration, or repeal; shall forbid the issue of stock or bonds, except in exchange for actual cash, or property at a fair valuation, equal in amount to the par value of the stock or bonds issued; shall forbid the declaring of stock or bond dividends; and, in the case of public service corporations, shall provide for the effective regulation of the charges thereof, and for the purchase or taking by the public authorities of their property at a fair and reasonable valuation."

That section, though so very brief, really embodies the essential features of sound franchise policy. It provides (1) that all grants shall be subject to amendment, alteration, or repeal; (2) that there shall be no over-capitalization; (3) that there shall be a reservation of the right to regulate charges; and (4) that the public authorities shall reserve the right to take over the property of the grantee at a fair and reasonable valuation. If American cities would incorporate similar provisions in all franchises hereafter granted, they would find that the public service corporations would be the source of far less trouble in the future than they have been in the past.

The Philippine Civil Government Act, approved March 2, 1901, although very brief, contains this proviso: —

"That all franchises granted under authority hereof shall contain a reservation of the right to alter, amend, or repeal the same."

The recent grant of permission to the Commercial Cable Company to lay a cable from the mainland of the United States to the Hawaiian Islands, Guam, and the Philippines, contains these provisions, among others: —

"That the United States shall at all times have the right to purchase the cable lines, property, and effects of the said company at an appraised value, to be ascertained by disinterested persons, two to be selected by the Postmaster-General, two by the company or concern interested, and the fifth by the four previously selected."

"That the consent hereby granted shall be subject to any future action by Congress, or by the President, affirming, revoking, or modifying, wholly or in part, the said conditions and terms on which this consent is given."

So far as the writer is aware, there have been in this country but three thorough-going inquiries into the question of the proper duration of franchise grants, and in all three instances the

decision was in favor of the grant without fixed duration, but terminable by the public authorities at any time. One such inquiry was made by a committee, of which Mr. Charles Francis Adams was chairman, created by act of the Massachusetts Legislature; another was made by the Chicago Street Railway Commission, and the third by the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce. Following are excerpts from the report of the Massachusetts committee, dealing with the point at issue: —

"One feature in the franchise granted to the Massachusetts companies immediately attracts notice; from the beginning they were, and still almost invariably are, in terms perpetual, while in reality legally revocable at the discretion of local boards. In this respect they are peculiar, almost anomalous; for, as a rule, both in this country and in Europe concessions have been granted private companies for fixed periods of time only, during which the franchise, or concession, is in the nature of a binding contract. These contracts, especially in European cities, are almost infinite in their variety. They run from periods of fourteen to a hundred years, and, like leases between private parties, are framed so as to provide in advance for every contingency likely to arise. In Massachusetts, on the other hand, the grants of location have, as a rule, been of the simplest possible character, drawn in the most general terms, and with a noticeable absence of technicalities, reservations, and safeguards against contingencies; and yet, while by these locations the local boards apparently granted the corporations rights in perpetuity in the public ways, the law, at the same time, reserved to the boards the power to revoke those rights at discretion.

"In theory, such a franchise is to the last degree illogical. It can be compared only to a lease, terminable at will by the lessor, and without provision for the compensation of the lessee. Such a system, if suggested, would naturally be pronounced impracticable, if not absurd, and it would be assumed that private capital would never embark in ventures so lacking in the element of permanence and security. Yet in Massachusetts this has not proved to be the case; nor can it be said that the system has, for the half-century it has been in use, worked otherwise than on the whole satisfactorily.

"A more fixed tenure of franchises is, however, by the terms of the act creating the committee, one of the two points it is especially instructed to consider. The substitution for the present indefinite concessions of a specific and binding contract, covering a fixed term of years, setting forth the rights and obligations of the parties thereto and containing a rule of compensation for the purchase of the property in case of failure to renew, at once suggests itself as a measure of reform; and yet, in the course of the protracted hearings before the committee, it was very noticeable that no such change was advocated by the representatives of the municipalities or of the companies, nor, apparently, did the suggestion of such a change commend itself to either. Some amendments in detail of the existing law and partial measures of protection against possible orders of sudden, ill-considered or aggressive revocation were suggested; but it was evident that, while the municipalities wanted to retain as a weapon — a sort of discussion bludgeon — the right of revocation at will, the companies preferred, on the whole, a franchise practically permanent, though never absolutely certain, to a fixed contract tenure for a shorter term, subject to the danger of alteration at every periodic renewal. . . . The term franchise, or concessions for a fixed contract period, is, moreover, open to serious objections. As the members of the committee found wherever they studied it in operation, in this country or in Europe, it is apt to operate practically

as a check on enterprise, and a bar in the way of any development involving the investment of fresh capital or of earnings which might be divided. The inducement is strong to get the largest profit possible out of the time conceded, without increasing the value of a system a renewed lease of which will at some specified time be under negotiation. . . .

"The same thing was noticeable in the American cities visited by the committee. The term franchise here, too, has been productive of dissension, poor service, scandals, and unhealthy political action. There is probably no possible system productive of only good results and in no respects open to criticism; but, in fairness, the committee found itself forced to conclude that the Massachusetts franchise, which might perhaps not improperly be termed a tenure during good behavior, would in its practical results compare favorably with any. . . . The investigations of the committee have not led its members to believe that the public would derive benefit from the substitution of any form of term franchise now in use in place of the prescriptive Massachusetts tenure."

The report of the Massachusetts committee bears date of 1898. The Chicago Street Railway Commission, in its report to the city council in December, 1900, under the heading "Public Control and Duration of Grants" has this to say: —

"In view of the fact that the indefinite term franchise has worked so well in practice, it may be in order to question the statement of the Massachusetts committee that found in favor of this form of grant that 'such a franchise is to the last degree illogical.' Things that are illogical usually do not work well, in the long run at least. The fact that the indefinite term franchise has actually produced such satisfactory results in practice must lead one to inquire if it is not really correct in principle, despite its seeming illogical character.

"As the Massachusetts committee very clearly and very correctly points out, the street car, in evolutionary development, is 'nothing more nor less than an improved omnibus, and the tramway a special feature in the pavement of the public way; a feature adapted, it is true, to the car's special use, but not necessarily excluding from general use the portion of the street in which it is laid. This is all the street railway was fifty years ago, when first laid; it is all it is now, — an improved line of omnibuses, running over a special pavement. If this fact be firmly grasped and borne constantly in mind, the discussion, and the principles underlying it, are greatly simplified. The analogy throughout is with the omnibus line, and not with the railroad train; with the public thoroughfare, and not with the private right of way. Upon this distinction, indeed, all the questions now to be discussed, whether of taxation or of franchise privilege and obligation, will be found to turn.'

"Now the omnibus is operated under a license that gives no right as against the authority granting the license that cannot be altered or taken away at any time. All would concede the unwisdom and impolicy of making the license for the omnibus a binding contract for a definite period of time that could not be altered or revoked by the granting authority, no matter how conditions might change, and no matter how arbitrary and overbearing the manager of the omnibus line might be in his dealings with the public. And yet the indefinite term grant or revocable license for the street car, which is only an improved omnibus, is conceived to be illogical. We cannot think that it is so. On the contrary, the indefinite term grant is nearer in accord with the correct principle than is the term grant.

"Because of the great outlay involved in establishing a street railway system,

it is said, the owners of such property ought to have some assurance that their property value will not be destroyed by some hasty act of revocation. And so they ought. But the assurance should be that, if their rights to use the streets be revoked, their property suitable to and used for street railway purposes should be taken off their hands at a fair valuation; not that they should be privileged to remain in undisputed possession of the public streets for a definite period of time, whether they serve the public well or ill.

"The Street Railway Commission believes that the definite term grant, whatever its duration, is open to serious objections. It is of opinion that a grant of indefinite duration, but subject to termination at any time upon certain conditions, one of which should be the taking of the property of the grantee at a fair valuation, would be productive of much better results."

The most important feature of sound municipal policy, in other words, is the retention by the public authorities of the right to terminate the grant at any time, in case the public interests render such action desirable. The grantee is afforded sufficient protection, if given assurance that his property will be taken off his hands at a fair and reasonable valuation, in case of termination of the grant. This one feature alone, if adhered to, would afford to American communities in future immunity from the worst abuses which some of them are suffering. But there are other features of franchise policy that ought to prove beneficial in practice, though none so important as the one already discussed. For one thing, excessive capitalization should not be allowed, and to accomplish this something more than a legal pronunciamento against stock watering is necessary. There must be somebody constituted to pass on all bond and stock issues as they are put forth — for example, like the state railroad and lighting commissions in Massachusetts — to insure that the spirit of the law is not contravened. For another thing, the system of accounts and public reports of corporations operating under franchise grants should be such as to enable the public to detect abuses and to understand whether the rates charged for service are reasonable. In many quarters the referendum has been advocated as a cure for franchise ills. The remedy may be somewhat clumsy, but it seems to be the only effective safeguard where grants running for definite term periods are allowed. Where the grant is — as it ought to be — subject to termination at any time, the referendum would not seem to be necessary.

George C. Sikes.

FALSE GYPSIES.

One of the best restaurants in New York, and one of the most exacting for young purses, had once its vogue among discontented youths of irrepressible individuality. There they found, on happier days, some popular tenor, an approachable merchant from Martinique, a talkative *boulevardier*, or some other incarnation of their Mistress France. At least they found one another. When plain William had failed once more to vend his erotic verse, and the undoubted distinction of Edward's black mane had not yet sufficed to palm off his impressionism, and Herbert had a thing for Town Topics, not quite finished, it was a distinct solace to leave work for condolence in the pose of the Latin Quarter. You sauntered into the café, saluted the very business-like woman at

the counter, found a loose French weekly, and sat beside a marble-topped table at the window. The others would arrive; and together you would drink toward a serener view of life. To have hope rather than faith, to be idle under the guise of research into humanity, to indulge a smattering of French and a taste for spirits, to talk dispassionately of vaudeville, — these made you eligible; this was Bohemian. *Deux mazagrans*, said with quiet assurance, was almost equivalent to conversation. If you expatiated upon symbolism without boggling at the absinthe, you were a Bohemian professed. What have cigarettes and uncooked criticism in a French restaurant to do with Bohemia?

Something, no doubt. Bohemia may be entered by the Pass of Discontent. Revolt from the conventional, as it may happily lead into generous enthusiasm for whatever asserts individuality, may arise from the assertion of one's own individuality. Only, the assertion is not tolerable for long without proof; and merely to put on the manner of Bohemia is a convention, like any other. Alas! for the perpetual youths at the marble-topped table it was the cloak of indolence, sham Bohemia dissipating the alms of Philistia. A murky basement not far away showed franker stuff. The company that met with friendly nods by the long tables had already weighed the price of freedom. Each held his half-success in what he loved and believed, and the fellowship of those that measured life so, worth a hall bedroom, and plain, irregular meals. The cutting away of pretense, instead of bringing a crop of cynicism, left the ground clear for the best of talk, for a criticism of life which, though sometimes thin, was never unreal. They were not artists and poets, nor even journalists, but second-rate illustrators, story-writers, and essayists in the dear leisure of a newspaper day, serious students of ideas, — ideas barren enough, it might chance, but still ideas. So dinner was an unaffected gayety, — the higher if there had been no luncheon, — asking no stimulus beyond the cheap ordinary wine and the man across the table. The low room clashed with conversation and laughter, reeked with pipe-smoke; but there was no other intemperance. Until the foothold was gained, the mastery won, this for them was life. Brave travelers, they chose Bohemia for their crossing.

And Bohemia repaid the choice. At the long tables one was free to wear his own guise without apology, and sure of the welcome he gave. It was the code that you might not address a novice, however promising he, however talkative you, until he opened the way; but that you might smoke your rat-tail cigar on the back of a friend's chair, or on the table after the apples and cheese. When music came in from the street, harp or guitar and violin tucking themselves between tables against the wall, the whole roomful would sometimes chink the measure on glasses, or sing a chorus from Trovatore. On one supreme evening the taciturn Colonel left his spaghetti, flung a coat-tail over each arm, and with a fine decorous abandon danced up and down the midst, precisely nimble. There was a roar of applause at this hyperbole of the spirit of the place; but the Colonel, having had his fling, resumed his fork without word or smile. He had expressed himself.

Withal it would have been hard to find a tavern stricter. The few women that came were reporters, eager sometimes in talk, smoking when they chose, but rarely expansive, and commonly in the sober dignity of middle age; or minor singers with their husbands, a hard-working few, less adept in conversation. Of drinking there was very little. Money was too hard won, and this was distinctly a place to eat in. When an Italian impresario and his presumable patron stumbled in by chance one evening and talked tipsily loud — no more — Teresa was in from the kitchen, order-

ing them from her house in brave Italian and broken English. The company silently approved, and they never came again.

For its little while, the time of passage, this was a solace in discipline. To be free, to be worthy of your neighbor's keen question, to give and take the ease of simple gayety that you might the better work for yourself, it is a colored life. But not for long. Rather, "Woe is me that I have my habitation among the tents of Kedar." They that dwell in Bohemia because they have unlearned the way forth suffer dreary and repulsive decline. An old gypsy is tolerable only if he be a real gypsy, not in choice or lapse of will, but in the blood. This is the race whose journey has no end, for whom life and all the world is Bohemia, only a space for travel. Moving always on the highway, stopping always short of the city, these are no shiftless tramps in wagons, but a race doomed to make no progress except in physical distance, and to make that always, to kill time. For any but the blood to spend a lifetime on the road is as unnatural as for this blood to keep house. The real gypsies are happy, doubtless, as the nomads of the world's childhood. Perpetual youth is perpetual limitation; once the limitation is seen, intolerable to any zeal for manhood.

To us others, not of the blood, even to the least conventional of an elaborate civilization, Bohemia must be a country of inns, — inns for the poor adventurous young, responsive to the freedom in others which they must have in themselves. Like the actual Switzerland, it is only for our summer. A careless while to have no home is to some men, fewer women, an exhilaration. To let slip the hope of home is a cowardice or a curse. Clap pack on back, then, or ship as stowaways for the seacoast of Bohemia. But be ready for random fare and a truss of hay; be ready also to go on, or else to return, even to Philistia, not ungrateful for memories.

Charles Sears Baldwin.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

A REVIEWER who has fallen into the habit of classifying his material according to some more or less fanciful method must have now and then a bad moment in realizing his delinquencies. It is too likely that in his eagerness to expound a gospel according to himself he may have got to neglecting the other part of his business, which is to tell people something about particular books. He may have failed to give his actual impression of the whole value of a book because he has been thinking about its pertinence to his theme; or he may have said nothing at all about certain new books which he has read with great pleasure, but which have not happened to fit in with any of his little plans. He can, if he is not too slow about it, do something toward making up for the latter fault, at least. Some day in the middle of his uneasiness, before "the good minute goes," he may turn to resolutely and cull these inconveniently remembered volumes from the odd corners in which he will have shiftily tucked them; and permit himself to remember for what uncategorical reasons he enjoyed reading them.

His enjoyment must of course have varied in degree as well as in kind. There, for example, was Marion Crawford's Cecilia,[1] which yields whatever satisfaction may be had from a book

[1] *Cecilia.* By F. MARION CRAWFORD. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

which is good enough to make one wish it better. It is the sort of book to be expected from a process of improvisation that can produce a semi-annual novel for a series of years; though Scott did that for fourteen years with results which are still considered satisfactory. The underlying theme of this novel is of interest, taking us into the realm of dreams without exposing us either to the modern "spiritual" prurience or to the modern "psychical" terminology. The narrative possesses the familiar Crawfordian fluency, and there is some powerful writing in the early scenes. The theme is developed by a situation rather than by a plot, and the situation as the story proceeds is handled so tamely, even perfunctorily, that one is forced to think that the writer's own interest in it must have flagged long before the inevitable solution is permitted to emerge. It is a pity that Mr. Crawford should not be able to reckon among his endowments the "infinite capacity for taking pains," which, whatever its relation to genius, is essential to success, especially in the sustained forms of art. The book, if it had been written by some beginner, might have been called a work of promise. This would hardly be said of The Two Vanrevels,[1] unless one stopped reading after the first three of its twenty chapters. Mr. Tarkington produced in Monsieur Beaucaire a singularly delicate example of an ordinary type of fiction. It was a sort of historical romance, reduced from the heroic size then in vogue to the gauge and tint of the miniature. Its success was a good success of its artificial kind. The Gentleman from Indiana was a romance reduced to modern terms, and not without glory braved the realist upon one of his favorite stamping-grounds, the middle West. The plot of The Two Vanrevels, on the other hand, is of so frankly, one had almost said so insolently, impossible a character, that in spite of the charming opening chapters it is difficult for the reader to withhold some feeling of irritation. That a young girl should live in a small town and be wooed for some time by two men without getting their names straight is improbable enough; and that five young men should stand upon the roof of a burning building and pleasantly wait for death until the heroine takes it into her head to rescue them is even preposterous. This kind of thing, however, is easily managed by readers who have a stomach for romance. It is the flimsiness, rather than the impossibility, of this story with which one has a right to be impatient. What are the conditions which can draw forth from a writer of such promise so careless an exhibition of his powers? To answer the question would probably entail a resort to that ancient moaning of all critics about the perils of a sudden popularity.

The author has (since the Flood) been able to retort that critics are not, as a rule, subjected to that particular peril; and it must be admitted that popularity is not, in itself, an unmixed evil. It is even compatible with careful workmanship, and now and then the seal of its approbation takes some form of beauty which adds a new dignity to this despised quality of marketableness. One of the comeliest sets of books which have been recently published in America is the collected edition of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's works.[2] These ten volumes, many of them illustrated by the author himself, are of so elegant and substantial a make-up that they ought to satisfy even a writer who is also a painter and a builder of lighthouses. Mr. Smith's versatility is shown by the pretty even division of this edition into novels, short stories, and sketches of travel. It is in his travel sketches that he has made his most important contribution to con-

[1] *The Two Vanrevels.* By Booth Tarkington. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

[2] *The Works of F. Hopkinson Smith.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

temporary literature. It is a pity that this once popular sort of writing should be now almost out of vogue. The "special article" retailing information about strange places appears to have supplanted it in public esteem much as the article founded upon reason and intended to instruct has supplanted the creative essay. That old-fashioned sketch of travel was a delicate mode of art, a record of impression and temperament rather than of stolid fact. There is hardly a literary form in which Americans have more strikingly succeeded, from the appearance of Irving's Alhambra papers to the Castilian Days of Mr. John Hay, and the delightful books of Mr. Howells and Mr. Aldrich. Among somewhat younger writers Mr. Henry van Dyke and Mr. Hopkinson Smith are perhaps worthiest of rank in this good company.

It would be hardly too much to say that most great writers of English prose have done something notable in this vein. An interesting item, and one which will be unfamiliar to many readers, in the new pocket edition of Fielding,[1] is the Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon, a travel sketch of a remarkable sort. The circumstances of this journey are as unpromising as need be, the flight for life of a man well on in years and stricken with a painful and incurable disease. Signs of his condition do appear in the particularity with which he enumerates his symptoms; but he displays an equal accuracy and enthusiasm in recording his bill of fare. He complains only of the avoidable delays and vexations which the voyage seemed fated to encounter; and on every page is written the humor, the candor, the unfeigned enjoyment and unlabored understanding of human nature which throughout his work mark Henry Fielding as one of the keenest eyes and one of the warmest hearts the world has known. Other valuable material is included in The Miscellanies which contain the Voyage to Lisbon: notably Fielding's best plays, and some examples of his journalistic work. Mr. Saintsbury also takes satisfaction in including among the novels The History of the Life of the Late Jonathan Wild the Great. Mr. Saintsbury has a great enthusiasm for the book. "Fielding has written no greater book," he says. "It is his Tale of a Tub . . . compact of almost pure irony. And nothing can be more certain than that pure irony is relished with a genuine and unaffected relish only by a very small number of persons. To those who do relish it, there is nothing quite so delicious. Not only does the special taste of it never pall, but, unlike other special tastes, it communicates to the whole of life a flavor, now of consolation, now of heightening. To the most poignant individual enjoyments of sense or intellect, to the most genuine admiration of beauty or sublimity, in the persons, the actions, the works of others, it contributes that reflex sense of the other side, of the drawback, of the end, which is required to save passion from fatuity and rapture from cloying. Disappointment, ill-success, sorrow in personal experience, disgust, contempt, indignation in regarding the works and the ways, public and private, of others, it consoles and sweetens with the other sense of compensation, of comprehension, of the *revanche*. But it is an unusual, and it may be an unhappy, temperament that can always adjust itself to the ironic view. For that view necessitates on one side a certain mystical faith; on another, a readiness to laugh at oneself, the acutest if not the wholesomest of pleasures; on yet another, an extreme tolerance; on another still, an immense pessimism. No one who has not said to himself, when he has just indulged in an expansion of heart or pen, 'You idiot!' no one who, when he has met with a disappointment or an injustice, has not said to himself, 'The fools were right after all;' no one who does

[1] *The Temple Fielding.* Edited by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1902.

not feel that if he ever swayed an audience as speaker or actor, obtained a striking success with a book, or in other ways obtained greatness, his first reflection would be '*O sancta simplicitas!*' can thoroughly enjoy Jonathan Wild."

All this did not intend to be quoted here, but it is so excellent an example of the pregnant discursus with which it is Mr. Saintsbury's somewhat prodigal habit to enliven his discussion of all manner of themes, and so valuable an observation in itself, that one wishes to pass it on. One may not be sure that this character of irony is especially applicable to the Jonathan of Fielding, who indeed seems the creation of an irony somewhat obvious, certainly less restrained and subtle than that of Thackeray's experiment in the same sort, Barry Lyndon. Whatever exception the reader may take to such idiosyncrasies of interpretation, he cannot fail to enjoy the urbanity and profit by the suggestiveness of Mr. Saintsbury's introductory matter in the present edition, one of the most companionable and cheapest editions of Fielding ever published.

Another interesting reprint is the new collected edition of Lover.[1] I do not know whether the younger generation still reads Handy Andy and Rory O'More with an added fillip of joy due to the conviction that it would be more virtuous to be reading Ivanhoe or The House of the Seven Gables. Possibly the cheap historical novel and the works of one Henty are now perused in that spirit — not so profitably, it is fair to assume. One of these guilty readers, at least, has been not a little surprised on re-reading these and other stories by Samuel Lover to learn how little reason there was for those youthful qualms. Not that the merry Irishman comes anywhere near Scott or Hawthorne or the other great masters of fiction, but beside the farcical activity for which the boy values, or once valued him, there is a deal of sound literary stuff in his work. His limitations are well stated in the excellent Introduction to the present edition by James Jeffrey Roche: "He developed no deep plots, made no subtle analyses of character, solved no social 'problems,' and, indeed, pictured life mostly as it was to be seen on the surface. His characters and their accessories hint of the stage, elemental, largely drawn, devoid, for the most part, of mingled or conflicting passions. Yet they are fixed in the reader's mind, and each has an individuality not to be ignored or forgotten." These novels contain, moreover, a deal of keen satire and hearty philosophy, as well as some of the best dialogue in English: —

"'Don't say popery,' cried the cook; 'it 's a dirty word! Say Roman Catholic when you spake of the faith.'

"'Do you think *I* would undhervalue the faith?' said Larry, casting up his eyes. 'Oh, Missis Milligan, you know little of me; d' you think I would undhervalue what is my hope, past, present, and to come? — *what* makes our hearts light when our lot is heavy? — *what* makes us love our neighbors as ourselves?'

"'Indeed, Misther Hogan,' broke in the cook, 'I never knew any one fonder of calling in on a neighbor than yourself, particularly about dinner time' —

"'What makes us,' said Larry, who would *not* let the cook interrupt his outpouring of pious eloquence — 'what makes us fierce in prosperity to our friends, and meek in adversity to our inimies?'

"'O Misther Hogan!' said the cook, blessing herself.

"'What puts the leg undher you when you are in throuble? why, your faith: what makes you below deceit, and above reproach, and on neither side of nothin'?' Larry slapped the table like a prime minister, and there was no opposition."

[1] *The Works of Samuel Lover.* New Library Edition. With Introduction by James Jeffrey Roche. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1902.

Apart from the novels, Lover, like Fielding, wrote plays, and, unlike him, produced some good songs. He was, indeed, in his own day considered no mean rival of Moore, whom he knew very well. In the volume of miscellaneous verse contained in the present edition there is much which is simply the commonplace of that feminine "keepsake" era, dripping sentiment breathed forth in bland butter-womanly metres, a product which pretty ladies have ceased to take seriously as poetry, but still find serviceable as song. There is something in music which makes one willing to be merely "Wafted back to that fairy isle Where the skies are ever blue, Where faithful ever is friendship's smile, And hearts are ne'er untrue," as Lover puts it on one occasion. Fortunately he does not always write for parlor music; here is a poem to Mary, full of wooing zephyrs, murmuring streamlets, and tiny feet; and on the opposite page this jolly stave, among others: —

"But other O'Mayleys soon gather'd,
And, rattling down swiftly, the cudgels came clusthering,
With blusthering,
And oaths that McCarthy forever be *smather'd !*
And in mutual defacing 'God's image,'
Both clans had a darlin' fine scrimmage!"

The final couplet is a touch beyond Thomas Moore. On the whole, it is fair to suggest that, without possessing anything like Fielding's richness and body of flavor, Lover's work deserves to be read still for its lusty and kindly humor by a generation which is inclined to be sharp and over-particular in its taste, so far as it exercises taste at all.

The other books upon which this department has been especially wishing to comment are of a very different sort. They are not "mere literature;" they are the product of study or observation and written for a practical end. They belong in fact to the class of book which commonly makes its little contribution to contemporary knowledge or speculation, and is forgotten. The force of such work may be transmitted, and continue to exist, but such a book can live, as a book, only when it has been written by a man who is, among other things, a creator. Such a book might, I think, be written by Robert A. Woods, who published some years ago a valuable study of the South End of Boston, which is now followed by a companion-volume upon the North and West Ends.[1] As the work of six or eight different persons now at settlement work in those districts, the quality of the narrative is remarkably even, except for the four chapters written by the editor himself, which are noteworthy pieces of prose: a striking example, one would say, of the development of a vigorous and polished style by the application of a cultivated mind to a serious and absorbing practical theme. The volume is, in substance, a careful account of the make-up of the North and West Ends of Boston, the history of their topography, of their continually shifting social and racial components, and an analysis of their present conditions. The work will be particularly valuable to Bostonians, but contains much material of general interest.

Mr. Hapgood's recent book[2] is undertaken in a somewhat different spirit. "I was led," he says in his preface, "to spend much time in certain poor resorts of Yiddish New York, not through motives either philanthropic or sociological, but simply by virtue of the charm I felt in men and things there. East Canal Street and the Bowery have interested me more than Broadway and Fifth Avenue." Occasional visitors to

[1] *The City Wilderness.* Edited by ROBERT A. WOODS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898.
Americans in Process. Edited by ROBERT A. WOODS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

[2] *The Spirit of the Ghetto.* By HUTCHINS HAPGOOD. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1902.

New York who are impressed, or depressed, by the prevalence of the Hebrew type on Fifth Avenue and Broadway will be interested to learn from Mr. Hapgood that the German Jews, the prosperous class, many of whom were born in this country, and the Russian or Polish Jews of the Ghetto "hate each other like poison." The writer's description of the general customs of the Ghetto is sketchy, as it may well afford to be in the presence of the voluminous commentary of contemporary sociological writing. A large part of the volume, however, occupies itself with a comparatively little known element in that life, "the intellectuals," the extreme modern Russian Jews of literary and social tendency, whose life is of the café rather than of the sweat-shop. It can hardly be said that Mr. Hapgood succeeds in investing his theme with charm. His method is a little dry; and it would have to be extraordinarily sympathetic to offset the effect of the repulsive cover and of the illustrations with which, for some inscrutable reason, the text is embarrassed.

These two books are the fruit of observation. The New Empire [1] and Anticipations [2] are the product of speculation based upon study of the past and the present. Mr. Adams attempts by a brilliant if somewhat vague method (whose vagueness is half concealed by an external definiteness and concreteness of statement) to adjust to a single economic postulate all manner of historical, geographical, and philosophical data. Mr. Adams does not fear to rush in upon ground which, it may be, is accustomed to a somewhat less confident tread. A sort of inspired assurance has always served as one of the most useful means of approaching truth, if not as the most certain means of attaining it. At the very least it is powerful in arousing interest and piquing conjecture in other minds. Whatever may be the absolute value of Mr. Adams's conclusions (and the present writer ventures in all ignorance and humility to suggest the grain of salt), his speculations will probably succeed in prodding many lay minds into at least a momentary concern with various themes which it is ordinarily inclined to think merely dull.

Mr. Wells's surmises take a somewhat more particular direction; they deal less with the vast interests of commerce and politics than with social and civic conditions. There are, however, few aspects of human life during the coming century concerning which he does not hazard some conjectures. His imagination is extraordinarily active in following out clues which he discovers in present conditions. Unfortunately it is hard for the reader of less daring mind to follow quite seriously Mr. Wells's rapid progress from recognized facts to results so extreme and subversive of a civilization that has hitherto developed pretty slowly, and may be trusted, if it is going to the dogs, to take its own time for the journey. These books would, it seems, gain much in power from greater temperance of mood and method. They strike one, in the case of the second especially, as being neither quite sane nor quite fantastic; and the reader is likely to lay them down with the somewhat bewildered feeling of one who has strayed into a hall where some sort of entertainment is in progress and cannot quite make out at the end whether he has been listening to a profound lecturer on hygiene, or to a brilliant hawker of patent medicines. *H. W. Boynton.*

[1] *The New Empire.* By Brooks Adams. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

[2] *Anticipations.* By H. G. Wells. New York and London: Harper & Bros. 1902.

Democracy and Parties.

To read the first volume of this noteworthy work [3] is to be led through a long gallery whose walls are covered with paintings of

[3] *Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties.* By M. Ostrogorski. Translated by Frederick Clark. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

historical subject and interest and of philosophical import, interspersed with striking portraits and sketches of British statesmen of the last century; is to be delightfully and informingly led through here, out into the great hall of a tumultuous party convention or the closely packed, dimly lighted, smoky room of a ward caucus. The approach gives to these scenes the only dignity they possess, and alone allows the hope that somehow these selfish, sordid, unpicturesque struggles of Democracy in the present may find themselves expressed on the morrow in something better than a "painted sign on a coarse board." But the author of this work does not give us much hope.

The first chapters, the gallery in which these pictures of the past hang, show how the individual through the ideology of the poet, philosopher, and philanthropist, through the preaching of a new faith, and by the practical works of the inventor, came to his own in England; how Demos, free from the old social, religious, economic, and political bonds, started for the goal of the philosopher's dreaming, of Wesley's preaching, of the spinning jenny's and steam engine's whirring and thundering, and of his own vague longing; and how he got the electoral franchise which he expected would somehow make straight all crooked ways and open all gates to the delectable world. The succeeding chapters show this same Demos, in the body, feeding upon the husks of his own hopes and the philosopher's delusions. He has received the portion which has fallen to him and has spent it foolishly if not riotously.

This prodigality of sovereignty Mr. Ostrogorski attributes not to Democracy's own innate depravity, nor chiefly to its indifference to its fate, but to the seductions and selfish machinations of extra-legal and extra-parliamentary party organizations. These are gathered for purposes of convenience of examination and condemnation under the term "caucus," a word borrowed from America and used by Disraeli in stigmatizing the activities of the Birmingham School (whose leader is now coördinating two civilizations in South Africa). The caucus, according to conclusions of this diligent and unsparing Gallicized Russian critic who has for fifteen years been studying Anglo-Saxon political ways, is the servant of English politics. Organized to persuade Democracy to make fullest and most intelligent use of its new prerogative, its franchise, — to eat of all the trees of the garden, — it has become responsible for the fall of Democracy, or at any rate for many of its sins of shortcoming. The sovereignty of Demos has become a shadow; his individuality has been erased; government is a monopoly which has passed from his hands; the mechanical has succeeded to the functions of the personal. He no longer holds his head erect; he "skulks along;" he has let his conscience, his intellect, and so his sovereignty, under indefinite lease, to Caucus, who is a motley, cowardly soul made up of innumerable pettinesses. "The more he [Demos] advances, the nearer he appears to draw to the starting point," to the time when he was completely bound by the old and more kindly tyrannies.

If Mr. Ostrogorski were allowed to speak in his own accurate words, instead of through these similes of mine, he would say that the caucus which aimed at hastening the democratic process in English political society "had succeeded in only a superficial, purely apparent fashion;" that the popular form of party organization merely enables it "to penetrate deeper into the masses for the purpose of capturing them more easily and not for giving them independence." And as to its influence on Parliament itself, with which the voter is no longer personally in touch (the caucus having put up intrenchments without, which the people must now storm and capture first, if they are to get Parliament to do their will), its springs have been

weakened, it has been lowered in the public estimate, and its efficacy has deteriorated. So, not only has the voter lost his prided sovereignty, but Parliament has also been put under the suzerainty of party. Democracy is not excused of all blame for such a state of affairs, but the caucus is accused of having systematized and crystallized the elements which have resulted in the "long degradation of democratic government," of incorporating into pernicious efficiency all the evil tendencies of politics, and of preying upon the known weaknesses of the individuals who compose the state. All the problems which Democracy had to face in its innocence, "party formalism" (which is to the author the political devil in the abstract) has "solved in the wrong way," or has "increased the gradient of the incline down which these difficulties were pushing Democracy." So much for the caucus in England.

When the scene changes and we find ourselves presented as pouring the poison into the ear of Democracy, to whom we have perhaps too much protested our devotion, as the Queen in Hamlet's play, we cannot sit in such complacency. But to "give o'er the play" were to confess to more than we are guilty of. Mr. Bryce, through whose hands his words (the most intelligent and informing in this field since his own American Commonwealth) have come to American readers, prepares those who read the preface first — and strengthens those who read it last — against an impression more unfavorable than the realities in English politics warrant. And while we must, on this side, admit (so far at any rate as my information goes) the accuracy of the concrete sordidness and political wantonness and official sinfulness which are here detailed and preserved against the days of our judgment; while we have been guilty of "voting for a yellow dog" for the sake of "regularity," and have let our civic courage shrivel into inward protestations while we outwardly "conform," — while all this may be and doubtless is true, in the particular items of its statement, yet it is not entirely clear that our human weaknesses and selfish desires are not deserving of a rather greater share of the blame than they get, and the machinery of their expression less, than Mr. Ostrogorski gives. But even if all these unselfish items be charged against party formalism, this at least is to be said, that adequate credit is not given for the corrective influences, which, if not sufficient in amount to show our parties solvent, may at least reveal that there is not a hopeless balance against them. One is half conscious, all through the reading of his conclusions, of a questioning as to what Democracy would have achieved without parties, without permanently organized and disciplined armies, which both subdue indifference and ignorance in the field and garrison a principle or policy once it has been achieved. Mr. Ostrogorski concedes the need of organization, but holds and urges by illustration that it is the permanence of the organization that is harmful. "By discarding the use of permanent parties with power as their end, and in restoring to party its essential character of a combination of citizens formed especially for a particular political issue," we shall be on the way to the solution of the problem which very seriously perplexes and menaces Democracy, namely, that of getting its will expressed and enacted. It is through ephemeral leagues and associations which will compete each with the others at the preliminary polls for the submission of its favorite principle or fad to the final public vote, that he sees the individual come back to his real sovereignty again, — these, and a responsible ministry (but responsible individually and not collectively).

We must all see that the moral remedy is not to be efficacious if it does not also reach the machinery through which the citizen acts; but the machinery is after all only the language and not the

thought. The thought will in some way eventually get its accurate expression, and will break or alter the machinery to reach it. Thought, so far as it touches government, may have to use temporary leagues and associations, new words, but it is not likely to discard its old accumulated etymology. "Ephemeral parties," John Fiske says, "rise and fall over special questions of temporary importance, but this grand division (Tory and Liberal in their generic characteristics) endureth forever."

Mr. Ostrogorski's contribution, especially in its analysis and exposition of political phenomena, is a great one. His work is a thesaurus of fact and philosophy that should come into the hands of every serious student of politics in these two democracies where have been set up the stupendous mechanisms which convert raw opinion into votes that often so inaccurately and wastefully represent it, which transmutes votes into legislation that so seldom satisfies the voter, and which finally enacts the legislation into life that seems to mock the very purpose that gave it being.

J. H. F.

Kruger and De Wet.

Nobody is likely to turn to The Memoirs of Paul Kruger[1] in search of an impartial review of the causes and events of the South African war. The aged President of the South African Republic took no part in the actual fighting, and his account of the steps that led to it, while evidently sincere enough, is colored by a natural prejudice and suspicion. In his eyes Cecil Rhodes was "capital incarnate," "the curse of South Africa;" and he is firmly convinced that the British government wished the peace negotiations of 1899 to fail. Of such questions "Oom Paul," while an uncommonly interesting witness, is disqualified to serve as the historian. His book will not change the opinion of many people with regard to the exact distribution of blame to both Boer and Briton for the lamentable struggle in the Transvaal.

But the story of his life does afford a perspective by means of which the final act in the drama of the republics can be more perfectly comprehended. In his adventurous earlier years, filled as they were with lion shooting, rhinocerous hunting, and Kaffir fighting, the "great Trek" taught him hatred of England. This farmer, who could outrun any Kaffir, and bear starvation and multilation with stolid fortitude, soon developed that sheer contempt for his antagonists which has accounted for so much of the reckless hardihood of the campaigning Boers. Sometimes it breaks out in these Memoirs into passages of Plutarchan brevity and pith. Here, for instance, is Kruger's dialogue with General Sir Evelyn Wood, after the close of the war of independence in 1881: —

"He [Wood] asked among other things: —

"'What were the two hundred men for, whom you were sending to the Biggarsberg?'

"'We heard that you were marching there with twelve thousand.'

"'And you sent your two hundred?'

"'Yes, we had no more to send; but I have seen that they would have been enough.'"

Nothing could be better in its way than this, unless it be the apologetic remark in De Wet's book about the Boers' lack of ammunition in the last stages of the late war: "Although the ammunition had for a long time been scarce, nevertheless, after every fight, there had been enough to begin the next with."

The essential shrewdness of the frontiersman, and his seasoned distrust of the methods of civilized diplomacy, is well illustrated in Kruger's reply to an urgent invitation extended to Joubert and himself to pay a visit to Sir Bartle Frere at Cape Town. "We refused;

[1] *The Memoirs of Paul Kruger.* Told by Himself. New York: The Century Co. 1902.

but when the invitation was repeated, and it was added that Sir Bartle wished to speak to us privately, I said: 'I will come, if you can tell me which Sir Bartle Frere it is that wishes to see us; for I know four of them. The first came to us at Kleinfontein, and assured us that he had not come with the sword, but as a messenger of peace. But, later on, I read in an English Blue Book that, on the same day, a Sir Bartle Frere, the second, therefore, had written to the British government, "If only I had had enough guns and men, I would soon have dispersed the rebels." I made the acquaintance of the third Sir Bartle Frere through his answer to our petition for the repeal of the annexation: he then said that he had informed the British government that he had met some five thousand of the best Boers at Kleinfontein, and that he recommended their petition to the government's earnest consideration. Afterwards, I saw in the English Blue Book that, on the same day, a Sir Bartle Frere, obviously a fourth, had informed the British government that he had met only a handful of rebels. Now these four cannot possibly be one and the same man; if, therefore, you can tell me which of the four Sir Bartles wishes to see us, we will think about it.' "

Not the least interesting portion of the Memoirs is the appendix, containing speeches and proclamations, particularly the exhaustive speech on the issues leading to the war, which was delivered by President Kruger at his fourth inauguration in May, 1898. The book contains two portraits: a rare one taken about 1865, when Kruger was forty, and showing a face where a certain sweetness, as of the religious mystic, is mingled with the obstinate peasant strength; the other, the familiar photograph of recent date, with features heavy, drooping, leonine.

[1] *Three Years' War.* By Christiaan Rudolf de Wet. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

It is a portrait, likewise, which first arrests the attention of the reader of De Wet's Three Years' War.[1] Sargent's drawing of the brilliant Free State leader is a masterpiece of interpretative portraiture. Self-control, coolness, humor, modesty are in those eyes and lips, unless Sargent's brush is for once evasive. For opening a council of war with prayer, or dashing through the line of forts at Springhaansnek at the head of eight thousand burghers without losing one of them, here is the man! "I am no book-writer," he declares in his preface, but Grant, whose Memoirs possess some of the highest literary excellencies, thought himself no book-writer either. De Wet's story does not display the American general's ability to reject or subordinate masses of intrusive detail. Yet it is a straightforward, soldier-like narrative, beginning with the equipment of the volunteer private in September, 1899, and closing with the acceptance of the British terms of peace on May 31, 1902.

The book gives a clear impression of the imperfect discipline against which De Wet had to struggle from first to last. The burghers were often an unmalleable aggregation of stubborn units. They mastered their larger military problems slowly, if at all; held obstinately by their ox-wagons long after it was manifest that their only chance of success lay in swiftness of movement; and could never be depended upon to carry out with precision a preconcerted plan. Occasionally they bolted under fire like the veriest raw recruits. De Wet was terribly tried by all this, but rarely ventures upon criticism of his comrades. He does speak plainly of Cronje's fatal obduracy in refusing to abandon his laager at Paardeburg. Yet the tone of his comment is chivalric: "If I presume to criticise his conduct on this occasion, it is only because I believe that he ought to have sacrificed his own ideas for the good of the nation, and that he should not have been cour-

ageous at the expense of his country's independence, to which he was as fiercely attached as I."

Throughout De Wet's memoirs, as well as Kruger's, there is the constant evidence of unassumed piety and iron faith. "If the reader is eager to know how it was that I kept out of the enemy's hands until the end of the war, I can only answer, although I may not be understood, that I ascribed it to nothing else than this: it was not God's will that I should fall into their hands." Moralizing upon the outcome of the struggle, he exclaims: "We have done our best, and to ask any one to do more is unreasonable. May it be the cry of every one, 'God willed it so — his name be praised!'" Paul Kruger's closing paragraph is keyed to this same note of simple resignation. One wonders how far that note will indeed be understood in our modern Western world. Perhaps more widely than De Wet would think.

But at least there can be no doubt of the world-wide sympathy for the gallant "reconstructed" spirit of De Wet's dedication: "To my fellow-subjects of the British Empire." Those words give good omen for the future of South Africa. There is no better proof of the temper in which patriotic men of both races can together face and master a difficult situation than may be found in the appendix to Three Years' War. In the verbatim reports of the long conferences between the Boer generals and Lords Milner and Kitchener concerning the terms of peace, all the better qualities of the victorious combatants are manifest. Tact, patience, firm holding to essentials, a willingness to yield the smaller matters in controversy, make a pleasant picture as one closes the book. In the tragic conflict of which General De Wet has written, most of the glory went to the burghers and all of the territory to the British, but it is encouraging to note that, in the reconstruction of South Africa, Boer and Briton are working side by side for the common good. *B. P.*

The Della Robbia School of Sculpture.

At last we have a volume[1] on this most interesting field of study which should prove not only adequate for the wants of the intelligent general reader, but which is full of interest for the special student. The general reader will welcome the admirably selected illustrations and the clearly indicated characteristics by means of which he may distinguish the works of the three principal exponents of the school, Luca, Andrea, and Giovanni della Robbia. The products of this school, at the close of the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth centuries, were so numerous that not merely the traveler in Italy but the visitor to such museums as the Bargello at Florence, the Berlin Museum, the Louvre, and the South Kensington is easily lost without a competent guide. Even the labels in our museums do not yet exhibit the benefits of rigorous modern criticism.

There are only two general treatises on the works of the Robbia school with which this volume may well be compared. One was written in 1884 by Cavallucci and Molinier, the other, in 1897 by Marcel Reymond. In addition to these, the writings of Dr. Bode of the Berlin Museum are of most value. Cavallucci's volume was of importance for its publication of documents and its long list of the Robbia works. But Professor Cavallucci once confessed to the writer of this review that he felt at sea in the attribution of Robbia monuments, unless confronted with documentary evidence. Miss Crutwell not only enlarges his series of documents, but uses them with greater discrimination. Documents are not always a valuable guide to the actual handiwork of

[1] *Luca and Andrea della Robbia and their Successors.* By Maud Crutwell. Illustrated. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

a monument, especially in the later history of the Robbia work when many hands were employed, although only the head of the *bottega* may have received the order or the remuneration.

Dr. Bode's wide acquaintance with Italian art and his predilection for Robbia monuments have been the means not only of enriching the Berlin Museum, but in stimulating and guiding critical study. He has done much to supply the deficiency of Cavallucci's work, and to render the observation of the monuments of essential importance. Dr. Bode's interests, however, have centred chiefly on Luca della Robbia. The works of Andrea and of Giovanni did not appeal to him so strongly. Marcel Reymond's charming little volume did much to bring Andrea della Robbia into clearer light, but Giovanni seems to be in his eyes a category under which may be classed all Robbia works not produced by Luca or Andrea. Miss Crutwell has done much to extricate Giovanni, and properly relegates to the atelier a host of works for which it is not yet possible to make more definite attributions. We see therefore the whole school more clearly analyzed than ever before.

Even in a brief review like this, we may be permitted to refer to some particular results reached in this volume. One of the most interesting of Luca della Robbia's works in terra-cotta is the Tabernacle of the Holy Cross in the Collegiate church at Impruneta. Miss Crutwell has perfected our knowledge of this monument by the discovery that a crucifixion relief, in a side chapel of the same church, once formed part of this Tabernacle. The discovery has important bearings in judging of Luca's style, since the relief has hitherto been assigned to a date several decades earlier. Her treatment of Luca's Madonnas, viewed as an attempt to extricate Luca's own personal handiwork, is certainly a praiseworthy effort, and ought to check the ascription of inferior work to this master. Nevertheless, when, as in the frieze of one of the Impruneta Tabernacles, we find two Madonnas of essentially the same type, though differing in quality, is she justified in ascribing the inferior Madonna to Andrea? The question has a wide bearing, since there are a number of Madonnas which stand in similar relation to Luca's own handiwork.

For Andrea della Robbia she has discovered a new document which shows that he made for the cathedral a wooden crucifix now unfortunately lost. In general, her appreciations of Andrea seem to us well founded, although occasionally we cannot follow her attributions. For example, the medallion of the Silk Weavers on the south side of Or San Michele we still believe to be by Luca, and the baptismal font at Santa Fiora we cannot relegate to Giovanni.

In regard to Giovanni della Robbia, she has certainly drawn attention to some stylistic peculiarities of value. But even after reading her admirable sketch, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that Giovanni was as variable a character as is here depicted. Striking as is the contrast between the Lavabo of Santa Maria Novella, in which he was certainly dominated by the influence of Andrea, and the Tabernacle of the Via Nazionale, where his own individuality is best exhibited, we may still recognize the same psychological and the same technical characteristics. But in the frieze representing the Seven Acts of Mercy, which decorates the loggia of the Ceppo Hospital at Pistoia, we fail to see the touch of the same hand. It is hardly to be expected that agreement will be reached on Robbia attributions, except in a limited number of important cases. Miss Crutwell's attributions, however, deserve careful consideration, and she may be congratulated on having produced the best general treatise on the Robbia school of sculpture.

Allan Marquand.

Dr. Hale's Memories of a Hundred Years.[1]

In that entertaining blend of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, which most readers of the Atlantic have already examined with a kind of amused wonder, Dr. Hale informs us that he was "cradled in the sheets of a newspaper." Doubtless it was there that he learned a little of everything except dullness. His narrative of his long life and its extraordinarily many-sided activity will be prized by all but the pedants, and not even they will venture to call it unreadable. That early cradling in the sheets of a newspaper has given Dr. Hale his diurnal freshness of observation, his off-hand, "latest edition" fashion of inserting material and spiritual values in the same column, and his fine disregard of sequence. "History through a key-hole" is his own description of his method. If his peeps at fact sometimes lack the narrow accuracy of the key-hole method, he more than atones for it by the variety of rooms into which he bids us gaze. Cavilers may question the literal truth of such statements as, for instance, that Andrew Jackson visited Boston in 1830, that Webster was Secretary of State in 1844, that Lowell edited the Atlantic and the North American Review at the same time, and that only three living men, beside Dr. Hale, now read Defoe's Colonel Jack. But in weightier matters of the law Dr. Hale is impeccable. He declares that the United States "is" and not "are," and that it governs itself in spite of the politicians. This is wholesome doctrine, and his book is salted with it. His key-hole history has now the breezy intimacy of Pepys, and now the genial truistic unction of Polonius; but it breathes throughout a wholesome Americanism, and reflects the radiant optimism of one of the most youthful, vital spirits of our time. *B. P.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A New Badge of Distinction.

Undoubtedly the object of every citizen of a republic is to be distinguished and exclusive, the member of some limited body, the bearer of some showy title, which shall mark him off from the common herd. In monarchies and aristocracies ranks and classes are the basis of social order, and go by tradition. Every son of the Austrian Kaiser is born an archduke, and every son of the Czar a grand duke. The nobility in either land is a *noblesse*, a titled caste; a count's or baron's descendants are counts and barons to all time. Every *Von* is the progenitor of numberless *Vons*, who are all "born." The bulk of the nation recognizes this, and does not expect to be ennobled. It is content with furnishing to the national host undistinguished privates, who never look to wear epaulettes, or even chevrons.

But in republics it is different. Equality is one watchword of the French Republic; titles have been repeatedly abolished in France, hence every Frenchman's object is to be "decorated," to sport a little bit of scarlet in his coat. The thirst for titles in England has advanced at an appalling rate since the country has become more democratic. It is asserted that King Edward in his two years' reign has distributed more titles than his mother did in the twelve years preceding her death; a contrast from the days when Elizabeth was practically absolute, and the order of dukes was for fifty years extinct in England.

In the United States, we hold this

[1] *Memories of a Hundred Years.* By Edward Everett Hale. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

truth to be self-evident, that all men are created equal. Hence every American devotes himself with a single eye to being as good as every other American and a little better — to be distinguished — unequal. Real military and naval rank is quite lost in the sea of titles acquired in the militia, bestowed by secret and fraternal orders, by colleges and universities, or derived from some political station. So many men have so many handles that if we meet an untitled friend we feel as Talleyrand did when he saw the English Ambassador at the Congress of Vienna, the only diplomat not wearing an order in the crowd of bestarred and beribboned continentals, and remarked, "Ma foi, c'est très distingué!"

We are bad enough in the Northern States: our New England towns dub many an apothecary "Doctor," many an attorney "Judge," and — absurdity of absurdities — many a schoolmaster "Professor;" but in others, such honorary titles are a mere civility, meaning no more than "Mr." on an envelope. Every decent citizen is there addressed as "Cap'n;" every keen, alert, well-to-do civilian is "Jedge;" a black suit, a grave look, and a white cravat at once procure the degree of "Dr." If the memorable plan of 1861 had been carried out, whereby a certain commonwealth was to be independent, or at least neutral, between the Union and the Confederacy, her new bill of rights might have claimed it as a self-evident truth that all native Kentuckians were Colonels.

There is however one place, or rather one large group of places, where equality reigns among Americans to the annihilation not merely of ranks or titles, but of all evidences of personality. A European born under whatever government can hardly understand the stern repressiveness of an American barber's shop. There the meek visitor enters and sits down, contemplates in silence his tortured predecessors, and submits to be nothing. Europeans know that they run the risk of having their throats cut by a malignant barber, or the brush thrust into their mouths by a playful one, if he would assert his autocracy; but they expect to stay themselves. Not so the American; he is nothing, he is nobody; he has no name, not even a number, like Edmond Dantès in the Château d'If, or his own hat in a cloak-room. He waits and sees one victim after another pass from under the scythe and harrow, and hears a harsh and mysterious cry summon one after another to go to be choked; till at length all who entered before him have suffered in turn, and as the tuneless call rises through the air, he rises too, and owns himself for "Next!"

"Next!" That is all! No name, no number, no title; no recognition of honor or rank, of citizenship or humanity, or even of independent and self-poised existence — merely "Next," the one who follows another, as he followed an even earlier subject. Surely the iron rule of democracy prevails in the tonsorial parlor, if not elsewhere.

And here comes *l'envoy*, as Don Adriano says. I have a friend who is no longer "Next." He is a man, as Americans go, of some little distinction; like Dr. Holmes's Bill, he bears tacked to his name "H. O. N. and LL. D. in big brave letters, fair to see." He even is given a seat on many a dais or platform. But all these glories, if glories they be, were for years as nothing in the capillary saloons; when one day, as he sat pondering in how many minutes he should be "Next" to be shorn in the flock of patient sheep, a courteous gaze met his own, and he heard the words, "Ready for you, Doctor," and an impression, which he hardly dares retain in his mind, arose that a previous comer still sat unsummoned. From that hour, when he visits the wonted shambles, and yields him to the well-known steel, he is himself; he is recognized; he is identified; he has burst the shell of "Next," and soared to the ether of being.

We have the highest authority for believing that the rank of "Next" especially belonged to the lost spirits. When Satan awakes from his nine days' fall and stupor, and throws round his baleful eyes

"There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
He soon discerns, and, weltering by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime."

But my friend is now raised

"Above his fellows, in monarchal pride . . .
High on a throne of royal state, whose arms
Shower on its kings *barberic* pearl and gold."

His crown will be kept in place by firmer hands than any archbishop's; he will be anointed with unstinted copiousness. A peaceful glow of distinction has taken possession of his soul. He may be defeated for a city council; he may be left out from reunions in marble palaces; Elks and Red Men may bar their conclaves against him; he may be incompetent to count as a Cincinnatus or a Colonial Dame; stars shall not blaze on his breast, nor garters compress his leg; but a lofty and narrow portal has opened for him, — a close and massive door has shut behind him; he breathes the free existence of personality; he is no longer "Next!"

The Dominant Joke.

I HAVE always doubted the proposition that "misery likes company," and have believed that such a statement was first put forth by some arch-hypocrite whose misery was but a pretense, and who was beckoning some other sham sufferer into a quiet corner where they could both be jovial on the sly.

However slight my knowledge of universal misery may be, I can attest from personal experience that my own misery claims solitude, and slips away all by itself, and turns the key upon the curious world, asking nothing so much as to be "let alone." I do not care to weep in company, nor would it cheer me to have a chorus of other weepers to sob in unison with me. Rather would I remain in unmolested wretchedness until my tears had vanished and my eyes and nose assumed normal appearance.

'T is mirth, then, and not misery which pines for company. Fun cannot thrive alone, and flourishes only among congenial spirits. Our laughter must be shared, our smiles responded to, and every glance of merriment needs recognition to make it worth the while.

Sorrow may bring us nearer to a devoted few, but mirth is after all the test and touchstone of genuine companionship. The great majority of any audience will weep at a pathetic point, but only sympathetic souls will laugh together at the keen stroke of satire. It is our pet enjoyment, our special definition of fun and entertainment, that best reveals our point of view. One bright responsive glance at the right moment outweighs much thundering applause at a conventional conclusion. Smiles are the flowers of human growth, and laughter "makes the world go round" more rapidly than love.

It is philosophy, not egotism, which causes us to choose for friends those who can see our jokes. We dread unnecessary translation of our thoughts; that process must go on to some extent even with those nearest to us. Direct transference of thought must be reserved for an angelic state. Indeed our pleasure in all human intercourse depends largely upon the greater or less amount of translation which must be done. It is not merely foreigners whom we find it difficult to understand; our next-door neighbors may be as much in need of an interpreter as one of alien nationality.

Yet, as a rule, our next-door neighbors will not require the aid of the interpreter to any great extent. There is a national point of view which they possess in common with ourselves. This we can take for granted. There is a certain response which we are sure of calling forth, an understanding upon which we may safely count. We feel the lack of this in our relations with every other nation. Our English cousins, though

only "once removed," must ever be outside the family circle; the music of their laughter is never quite upon our key, though they may think it better, and so perhaps it is, if he laughs best who laughs last!

We have a distinct national sense of humor which is the product of all the various influences that have made up our national life. It is perhaps the most distinctive of all our national traits, and one for which we should be duly grateful. It lightens the burdens of the shy New England farmer, lessens the hardships of the Gloucester fisherman, and equalizes the temper of the Western ranchman. The California fruits and flowers grow larger by its aid, and Southern indolence smiles at its touch, despite the memory of fallen grandeur.

This sense is so predominant that one may question the possibility of over-development, and may suggest a hidden danger in a perpetual smile and in a never-ceasing search for the amusing in everything. This carried to excess must mean the sacrifice of serious consideration of life and duty, would do away with reverential thought, and replace fervency with flippancy.

There is a national tendency to overdo the funny side, to make a joke at any cost. Every joke has its price, and some are too expensive. Their payment means a lessening of respect for sacred institutions, a lowering of the standard of morality, a dulling of the sensibility to coarseness and vulgarity. A laugh, like charity, is made to cover a multitude of sins.

A proper sense of humor should be "an exact medium between too little and too much," and nice discrimination is needed to set the boundary line. The fact that it is "but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous" does not oblige one always to take the step.

If France was designated "a monarchy modified by songs," we may perhaps be dubbed "a free republic fettered by jokes."

Men who fear nothing else, shrink from a joke upon themselves. Soldiers who do not flinch before opposing guns dread to be made ridiculous. This keen dislike of being laughed at, which is as old as the history of the world, has reached a very high point of development with us, quite in proportion to the almost exaggerated sense of humor which we have fostered. Woe to the national hero who makes one trifling mistake which may subject him to clever caricature! His meritorious career is henceforth shadowed by one colored illustration. A comic paper will tip the scales of Justice, snatch the victor's prize from his extended palm, and rob the orator of choicest laurels. A brilliant satire will mar the fortunes of the greatest statesman; a laugh will turn the tide of a political convention.

Indeed the joke is fast becoming mightier than the pen. The orator has learned its value, and even the clergyman resorts to it when he desires to stir the flagging interest of his flock. It furnishes sufficient excuse for the impertinence of children, and in its name the daily papers deride the highest national dignitaries.

What is the meaning of its steady growth in power? And what results may we predict from its humorous tyranny?

Is there a chance that our keen relish for fun may finally produce a kind of humorous dyspepsia resulting from over-indulgence, unless with epicurean discrimination we demand quality not quantity, and stubbornly refuse to swallow other than that which should appease a wholesome, nay cultivated, appetite in jokes?

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THE FUNCTION OF THE STOCK AND PRODUCE EXCHANGES.

One of the most persistent of the hallucinations which prevail among people otherwise apparently lucid and well informed is the conception that operations on stock and produce exchanges are pure gambling. A moment's reflection, it would seem, might convince such persons that a function which occupies so important a place in the mechanism of modern exchange must be a useful and necessary part of that mechanism; but reflection seems to have little part in the intellectual equipment of the assailants of organized markets. Only recently I picked up a book purporting to treat of the subject of ethics, and found this remarkable passage: —

"If, instead of betting on something so small as falling dice, one bets on the rise and fall of stocks or on the price which wheat will reach some months hence, and if by such betting one corners the community in an article essential to its welfare, throwing a continent into confusion, the law will pay not the slightest attention. A gambling house for these larger purposes may be built conspicuously in any city, the sign 'Stock Exchange' be set over its door, influential men appointed its officers, and the law will protect it and them as it does the churches. How infamous to forbid gambling on a small scale and almost to encourage it on a large."

The writer who undertook to discuss the stock exchange in that manner in a book on ethics might very well have devoted himself less earnestly to the smaller refinements of ethical definition and reverted to the ancient maxim, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." What he says is a hodgepodge of misconceptions. If it be true that betting on the rise and fall of stocks be gambling, as it undoubtedly is, then what follows has no relation to this first suggestion. To one having any knowledge of the subject matter, the two parts of the first sentence are inconsistent with each other and mutually destructive. Pure betting is done in bucket shops, is of no use to the community, is destructive to the morals and pockets of young men, and cannot be too severely censured. But such betting is not carried on in buildings bearing the sign "Stock Exchange." It has nothing to do with the legitimate processes of the exchanges. Moreover, one cannot corner the community on any "article essential to its welfare" by betting in bucket shops. He may perhaps do it within certain limits by actual transactions on the produce exchanges, because they involve the right to demand delivery. If it were true, however, that no such deliveries were contemplated or could be made, as is usually the case in bucket-shop gambling, it would no more be possible to corner the supply of wheat by betting on its future price than it is possible for a politician to carry the election his way by laying heavy odds on his candidate. His bets would not make votes, and merely betting on the prices of a

commodity would not influence the supply.

The fact that such confusion of ideas prevails, and that the stock and produce exchanges continue to be looked upon by many good people as a sort of adjunct of Monte Carlo, justifies an occasional restatement of the essential part which these exchanges play in the mechanism of business. To take the subject up from an elementary standpoint, it is well to say a word regarding the function of stock companies. The discovery was made long before our time that a piece of property or a new enterprise could be given mobility and divisibility by putting the title to its ownership into transferable shares. The creation of share companies enables the small capital of individuals to be gathered into the large funds necessary to build factories and railways. It divides the risk of an undertaking among many persons, and places the enterprise beyond the accidents of a single human existence by giving it a fictitious body dowered by law with perpetual life.

To give mobility to the shares thus created, it is necessary that they should have a market. It would be comparatively useless to divide an enterprise into shares if there were no means of transferring these shares readily from hand to hand. Therefore, a market for the shares and bonds issued by such enterprises is one of the vital necessities of their creation. Such a market is afforded by the stock exchange. The fact that the stock market is sometimes abused by people who go into it in a gambling spirit, who know nothing of its purposes, and who are incapable of understanding the mighty influences which dominate it, is no reason for treating it as a harmful excrescence on the body politic. Railways have not been abolished because a locomotive runs over men occasionally and kills them; banks have not been abolished because one occasionally suspends; and if enlightened judgment had been used, legislation would never have been enacted in Germany and seriously considered in other countries for stamping out or hampering the operations of the stock and produce markets.

It is not proposed in this article to deal with the abuses which have sometimes arisen through the manipulation of organized markets for improper purposes. It is proposed only to set forth the fundamental principles which prove the value of these markets to modern society and, therefore, afford their reason for being. The wrongs which have been perpetrated on the exchanges have come largely from perversion of their essential functions as the public mirror of values. It has been the dream of great manipulators to warp this mirror so that it would mislead the public to their own profit. The success which such manipulations have attained has, however, been greatly exaggerated in the public mind. It is truthfully declared by Courtois, in his Traité des Opérations de Bourse et de Change, that a fictitious movement, even on the part of the most powerful operators, cannot overcome the natural tendencies of values, and that the most that can be accomplished is to sometimes hasten or retard slightly the certain effect of a foreseen event.

The fundamental function of the exchanges, as already suggested, is to give mobility to capital. Without them the stock and bonds of the share company could not be placed to advantage. Nobody would know what their value was on any given day, because the transactions in them, if they occurred, would be private and unrecorded. The opportunities for fraud would be multiplied a hundredfold as compared with the publicity which is given under present conditions to the least movements on the stock exchange. The mobility for capital afforded by the limited liability company would be meagre and inadequate if the holder of its bonds and shares did not know that at any moment

he could take them to the exchanges and sell them for a price. He cannot be misled as to this price, because every newspaper in the land, if the security is one of importance, gives him each morning the value which it possessed the day before in the markets of the world. The holder of it thus knows what the average judgment of hundreds of men is upon the value of that security. If it were not thus quoted, he would have to rely upon the judgment of a few people, expressing their opinion privately and perhaps interested in misleading him.

The publicity which prevails in stock exchange quotations gives the holder of a security not only the direct benefit afforded by such publicity for the moment, but gives him, free of charge, the opinion of the most competent financiers in the capitals of Europe and America. If they were dealing with him privately, instead of through organized markets, they might withhold the information which years of study and observation of railway properties and industrial enterprises have put in their possession; but when they go into the market and bid a price for securities, by that very act they give their advice free of charge. That quoted price stands as a guide to the most ignorant holder of these securities as to their value in the present and their probable value in the future.

The second benefit of organized markets is in affording a test of the utility to the community of the enterprises which solicit the support of investors. The judgment of experts is there expressed, through the medium of price, on the utility of the object dealt in. If a railway is built in the wilderness of Manitoba and proves unprofitable, the investor does not need to hunt up people in Manitoba to ask how much freight and how many passengers it is carrying; he has only to look at the quotations for its bonds or stock on the New York Stock Exchange to know at once what is the judgment of experts on its value as a commercial enterprise. The prudent investor does not buy stocks which are declining, unless he has confidence in their future value. He withholds his capital from that type of investment. If he finds that the bonds or shares of cotton mills are generally declining on the market, he makes up his mind that there is no further demand for cotton mills, and does not snap at the prospectuses which ask him to invest in them. If he finds that certain railway securities are persistently declining, he concludes that they have acquired too high a value in relation to the return which they pay, and that there is no need to increase railway equipment in their localities by offering capital for new railway shares. All this information is put before the investor in a simple table of figures, which any man may read, as a result of the modern organization of the stock market and the publicity of what is done there. It would be practically unattainable by any other system. Thus through the publicity of knowledge and prices, the bringing of a multitude of fallible judgments upon this common ground to an average, there is afforded to capital throughout the world an almost unfailing index of the course in which new production should be directed.

Suppose for a moment that the stock markets of the world were closed, that it was no longer possible to learn what railways were paying dividends, what their stocks were worth, how industrial enterprises were faring, — whether they were loaded up with surplus goods or had orders ahead. Suppose that the information afforded by public quotations on the stock and produce exchanges were wiped from the slate of human knowledge. How would the average man, how even would a man with the intelligence and foresight of a Pierpont Morgan, determine how new capital should be invested? He would have no guide except the most isolated facts

gathered here and there at great trouble and expense. A greater misdirection of capital and energy would result than has been possible since the organization of modern economic machinery. Mr. Morgan or any other capitalist might be expending millions of dollars in building new railways or cotton mills when there was no necessity for them, while a hundred other industries beneficial to the public were stagnant for lack of capital. There would be no safe guide as to whether the world needed more railroads and fewer cotton mills, or more cotton mills and fewer railroads. Great sums would be wasted in bootless enterprises, which would prove unprofitable and carry down their owners to ruin. All the capital represented, all the labor, thought, foresight, and inventive genius involved in them, would be sacrificed to the lack of an effective public organ for pointing out the direction in which capital was needed.

But to-day the organization of the stock market affords a register of values so sensitive that its very sensitiveness and accuracy are causes of thoughtless complaint. Men who plunge into the stock market without knowing its laws, and imagine that because stocks are rising they will always rise, complain because this sensitive reflector of values responds suddenly to some distant and unexpected event by a decline in prices. Perhaps in the Orient there are threatenings of war between two great powers, which would unsettle the relation between production and consumption; or in India there is a crop failure, which will influence the price of silver, and react upon the finances of America. It is true, no doubt, that the stock market sometimes seems unduly sensitive to these widely separated and isolated events, but if one looks to the fundamental conditions which govern economic society, it must be clear that it is better that it should be too sensitive than not sufficiently so. It is better that any rumor of war, with a threatened cessation of production and consumption, should be reflected on organized markets than that people should go on recklessly investing capital in enterprises which may afterwards prove unproductive. The stock market is the great governor of values, and the determinant of the relationship between production and consumption, — the guide which points the finger as to where capital is needed and where it has ceased to be needed.

The very sensitiveness of the stock market is one of its safeguards. Again and again it is declared in the market reports that certain events have been "discounted;" that the effect of the death of President McKinley, or promised peace between Great Britain and the Boers, has already produced in advance its natural influence in the stock exchange; and when the event actually happens, it results in no such great disturbance to values as was expected. Is it not better that this discounting of future possibilities should occur, — that the effect of a given cause acting upon the market should be felt by graded steps instead of coming like a cataclysm? Is it desirable that capital and production should march blindly to the edge of a precipice and then leap off, instead of descending a gradual decline, — that a certain security, instead of falling by degrees, should fall thirty or forty per cent on the occurrence of some foretold event?

This foreseeing and discriminating calculation of the effects of coming events, known as "discounting" of the market, is one of the most useful functions of the exchanges. It enables the man who holds a given security, and sees that it is falling in value, to convert it into money without losing enough to be ruined. It enables the prudent man, who believes that an event will not cause the disaster which some anticipate, to hold on to his securities, and even to buy those of the frightened and more excited. Consider for a moment

the effect of abolishing the produce exchanges and leaving events in the wheat and cotton market to have their full influence when they occur. What would be the effect upon the farmer? Instead of being able day by day to trace the course of wheat and cotton, to learn what supplies were coming upon the market and what the effect upon prices would probably be of the crops of the world, he would be at the mercy of every traveling factor, of every unscrupulous representative of some big commission house who could get his ear. He would be told by them that crops in Europe were enormous, that wheat and cotton were going down, and he had better take the price which they offered to-day. Thus he might be misled into selling at much less than the fair price of his crop. With no public knowledge of present or probable future events, he would be helplessly at the mercy of every idle rumor. But to-day, if a cotton factor or unscrupulous agent of a commission house tries to mislead the farmer, the farmer has only to turn to his daily paper and say, "There is the judgment of all the world upon the present value of my crop and upon its future value." If he has reason for not accepting that judgment, he is free to disregard it, but in any event he is not the plaything of misconception and false representation regarding the average opinion of other experts interested in the same commodity.

There is nothing, perhaps, more valuable to society than this power of the produce exchanges to discount changes in production and consumption of the great staples of food and clothing. The fact that future wheat is selling high, that there is a general belief that it is scarce, that the world's crop is deficient, acts not only upon the farmer and dealer in this commodity, but also in a certain degree upon the whole community. Prices are likely to rise, the community becomes more economical in the use of the product affected, and the scanty supply in existence is husbanded during the period intervening before another crop. If it were not so, people would buy at low prices while the crop was diminishing, and the community might suddenly face a famine for which it had made no preparation. The operation of the produce exchanges in thus discounting the future, by gradually raising prices to meet a scarce supply, or gradually letting them fall to meet an excessive supply, is beneficial not merely to producers and consumers, but to the community as a whole.

It matters little whether physical delivery of the products dealt in is made in all these cases or not. The action taken by speculators, so called, in buying and selling wheat and cotton for future delivery is simply the expression of their judgment as to certain future contingencies. They are willing to pay for errors in that judgment out of their own pockets. If, when the time comes at which they have agreed to deliver a certain quantity of wheat or cotton, the price has gone higher than the price at which they sold, they are bound to make the delivery or pay the difference. But what does it matter which course they pursue? The broker is only the intermediary in any event. If he has agreed to deliver 1000 bushels of wheat for $1000 on a given date, and the price rises to $1.20 a bushel, he and every producer know that he can obtain the wheat only at $1.20 a bushel, or 1000 bushels for $1200. If it is mutually convenient for the broker to pay the buyer the difference in cash which will enable the latter to buy the wheat at the net cost which he contracted for, it comes to exactly the same thing in the end as if the man who had given the order insisted upon a physical delivery of the wheat by the person who promised him future delivery. The buyer has simply been insured. Having contracted to receive a certain quantity of wheat for $1000, he gets it at that net cost to himself. The broker acts as in-

surer by paying the difference between the actual present price and the contract price made with the buyer. The latter is protected by his purchase for future delivery against the risk of a rise which he foresaw. If, on the other hand, the price has fallen to ninety cents per bushel, it is all the same to him if the seller accepts ten cents per bushel as the price of the insurance he granted and sends the buyer into the open market for his wheat. In either case the buyer obtains the wheat at the price he was willing to pay when he originally bought, and he has been insured against fluctuations of price in either direction.

The produce exchanges thus afford a form of insurance. They enable a man with contracts to execute in the future to ascertain to-day what will be the cost of his raw material in the future, and to know that he will get the raw material at that cost, even though it may rise in the open market above the price which he could afford to pay for it in view of the price at which he has contracted to deliver his finished products. Prudent dealers in great staples go into the market and buy and sell futures in such a way as to protect themselves, just as the prudent man of family goes to the insurance company and pays a premium in order to get a guarantee that his family will be protected against what may occur through the failure of his capacities, his disability, or his death. There is speculation in this and in all the various forms of insurance. In the language of the critics of the exchanges, it might be said that the man taking insurance bets with the insurance company that he will die sooner than their mortality tables indicate and thereby make a profit for his family. The operation is more like betting than transactions on the exchanges, because insurance cannot alter the length of human life. It is simply a speculation on what life will be. But society sanctions insurance, because it distributes risks among those who are willing to assume them and who have made calculations which lead them to believe that they will not on the average be losers by their transactions. That is to some extent the character of legitimate dealings on the produce exchange. The fact that physical delivery by the particular individual making the sale is not insisted upon has no bearing upon the case.

Physical delivery is not insisted upon in a hundred transactions which do not fall under the criticism of persons like the writer on ethics quoted above. If a retail coal dealer in July agrees to deliver to a patron in December ten tons of coal at a certain price, he probably does it on a purely speculative basis. He has not on hand the coal with which to fulfill his contract when the time comes. Does he commit any crime against the social order if he transfers the order to the shipping company and directs them to make the delivery direct from the cars to the purchaser? Can fault be found with the fact that the retailer does not insist upon the coal passing through his hands, involving extra handling and expense, in order to avoid the charge of indulging in a speculative transaction? That is what is happening constantly on the stock and produce exchanges. Physical delivery is made to the people who want the products. Between intermediaries the transactions are cleared against one another. The manufacturer of flour who has gone into the exchange and bought and sold futures in wheat, in order to protect himself against an undue rise in that product after he has made his contracts to deliver flour, knows that all the wheat he desires will be delivered to him. He simply clears his contracts at one price against those at another, in order to get the exact amount he wants without being obliged to receive the excess physically on the one hand, and deliver it over to somebody else on the other. It is the same principle of clearing which runs through banking transactions and through every

account at a store where transactions on two sides are concerned, and it cannot properly be contended that there is necessarily anything speculative or of the spirit of gambling inherent in the nature of such transactions.

Another important influence of the stock exchanges in particular, and to some extent perhaps of the produce exchanges, is that which they exert upon the money market. The possession by any country of a large mass of salable securities affords a powerful guarantee against the effects of a severe money panic. If in New York there arises a sudden pressure for money, so that confidence becomes impaired, and people having contracts entitling them to future or immediate delivery of money insist that these contracts shall be executed in money instead of other forms of promises, what happens? The banks call in loans and begin to husband their cash. If they hold large quantities of securities salable on the London or Paris or Berlin market, a cable order will effect the sale of these in an hour, and the gold proceeds will be on their way across the Atlantic within a day.

Wonderful has been the effect within the last twenty-five years of this steadying influence of the stock market upon the demand for money and upon the smoothness of the operations of the mechanism of the exchanges. What has just been put in a crude form by referring to a crisis occurs daily and hourly on the stock exchanges, and prevents sudden contraction and expansion in the rate for loans. The manufacturer goes placidly on paying his four or five per cent for commercial loans, when if there were no stock exchanges where securities could be sold in one market at a slight profit over another he would find that his bank was first charging seven or eight per cent, then dropping to three or four, and then going back to eight. By means of the facility which the stock market affords for placing credit instantly at the command of one market or another the pressure for money is mitigated, and has but little effect upon the commercial borrower. Such pressure as now occurs is transferred to the borrower on call, — the broker in stocks, who thus acts as insurer for the commercial borrower. This influence of the stock market has much the effect of a buffer upon the impact of two solid bodies. Crises are prevented when they can be prevented, and when they cannot they are anticipated, and their force is broken into a mild succession of ripples instead of a tidal wave.

Securities form one of the greatest and most important parts of the modern mechanism of exchange. They are, in many cases, as good as money, and in some cases are better than money. If a large shipment of money has to be made from New York to London, it is much more economical to ship securities of the same amount than to ship kegs of gold. Credit is forwarded by cable and the securities follow by mail. All markets are thus brought into touch with one another, and respond to a fluctuation of a fraction of one per cent, but without the confusion and crash which would ensue if every sudden pressure for money was felt upon a market naked of such securities.

Japan passed through a severe crisis in 1901, and part of the year before, because of the barrenness of her stock market. She had been engaged in great enterprises, but the stimulus given her industrial interests did not prove immediately profitable. Her people had begun importing great quantities of foreign goods, including too many luxuries, and the result was that she had large debts to pay abroad. If she had had a good security market these debts would have been settled by the transfer of securities; but having only a few securities, and those of doubtful value, to throw upon the London market, she was compelled to settle at a sacrifice the demands upon her for money. She was

compelled to sell goods for any price that could be obtained. A check was put upon foreign importations, industry was brought suddenly to a halt, and famine stared her in the face. This influence of the market for securities upon prices is one of its most important benefits. If Japan in this case, instead of unloading her goods so suddenly and at such sacrifices, could have made the descent gradually, she would have been able to sell by degrees and at higher prices than those actually realized, and so would have been saved the economic loss which follows from the sacrifice of commodities under the pressure of necessity.

France was saved from one of the greatest crises of history by the large holdings of securities among her people during the Franco-Prussian war. When Germany demanded an indemnity of five thousand millions of francs ($1,000,000,000), it was in the belief that its payment would throw a paralysis upon French industry and enterprise which would prostrate them for a generation. But what happened? When the French government appealed to the people, saying, "We need five thousand millions of francs to pay off this indebtedness," the whole matter was adjusted through the securities market, and in a few years the Bank of France resumed the payment of gold for its notes. Frenchmen subscribed liberally for the securities of the new loans to pay off Germany, and in order to obtain the necessary funds they directed their brokers to sell in London, Berlin, Vienna, Brussels, and New York the old securities which they held. Five thousand million francs were taken from the capital of France, but she was so rich that she was able to submit to it without disaster. She was rich because she had piled up these securities, with which she was able to part without suffering. The crushing debt imposed by the conqueror was practically canceled by transferring to other markets the titles of the debts which Frenchmen held against foreign peoples. No such operation would have been possible before the organization of the modern securities market, responsive as it is to the slightest change in supply or demand, the slightest rumor of war or peace.

France, by the possession of a flexible stock exchange and a great mass of the securities negotiable upon such exchanges, was saved from the convulsion which must have prostrated her entire industrial system if it had been necessary for her to find money to discharge the demands of the conqueror. Similar great transactions are constantly carried on by our kings of finance without any such disturbance to the money market as would occur if this resource were not available. If a hundred millions of dollars are needed to consummate a great transfer, or for a public loan, the money comes promptly to hand by the sale of those securities, or else by simply borrowing on them in foreign markets where the securities are put up as guarantee for ultimate payment. Through all the processes of modern industrial life the existence of the securities market acts as a buffer, as a guarantee to the business community that in times of emergency and crisis the shock shall not be too sudden, that nothing determining the value of great industries shall be done in a corner, and that the market shall be kept as nearly level as actual conditions will permit it to be kept.

Some of those who admit the value of the stock market have subjected to severe criticism those who speculate for the fall of stocks. One reads constantly of the "bears" trying to accomplish such and such results by depressing securities. Napoleon had a long talk with Mollien, his Minister of Finance, in seeking to demonstrate that those who sold "short," in the belief that national securities would fall, were traitors to their country. He argued that if these men were selling national securities for future delivery at less than their pre-

sent value, they were guilty of treason to the state. But Mollien replied in substance, "These men are not the ones who determine the price; they are only expressing their judgment upon what it will be. If they are wrong, if the credit of our state is to be maintained in the future at its former high standard, in spite of your military preparations, these men will suffer the penalty by having to make delivery at the price for which they sold, for they must go into the market and buy at the then prevailing price. It is their judgment, not their wish, that they express." The short seller — the "bear" of the money market — is often one of its greatest benefactors. He calls a halt on reckless speculation, and his acts, tending to depress prices, produce their natural result of repressing extravagant inflation of values, if his judgment is sustained by facts and by the judgment of other men. If it is simply a mistaken individual judgment, he pays for his error in cash to some one with a more hopeful and saner judgment.

The organized stock and produce markets constitute, therefore, not only a vital factor in modern exchange, but so far from being a necessary evil, as some ethical writers claim, they constitute one of the most beneficial instruments of modern civilization. Without them modern business could not be conducted, or could be conducted only with a series of shocks, upheavals, and convulsions which would result in robbing the manufacturer and consumer for the benefit of the shrewdest speculators in actual commodities.

There is another important consideration in this influence of the stock market upon modern society, which will perhaps gather up and bring into a clearer light some of the other points which have been made. The stock market, by bringing all values to a level in a common and public market, determines the direction of production in the only way in which it can be safely determined under the modern industrial system of the division of labor and production in anticipation of demand. It does so by offering the highest price for money and for the earnings of money at the point where they are most needed. A market denuded of capital will pay a high price for capital. It is only through the mechanism of the money market and the stock exchange together that any real clue is afforded of the need for capital, either territorially or in different industries. Through the influences which the rates for money and capital exert upon investment in new industries, through the fact that capital is attracted to securities which are selling high because the industries they represent are earning well, there results a closer adjustment of production to consumption, of the world's work to the world's need, than would be possible under any other system.

From this point of view, the mechanism of modern industry affords an almost insuperable objection to state socialism. If it were attempted to establish any system of state socialism, it would have to be determined in just what proportion every article should be produced, — just how many shoes and hats, how much clothing and sugar and vinegar the world needed, and it would be necessary to adjust the supply to that need. To-day through the mechanism of the stock market it is determined, as precisely as human ingenuity has yet found it possible, just how much is needed of every commodity, because the products of those industries which are needed are rising in value, tempting to increased production, and those which are not needed are falling, giving warning that production should be curtailed. If the stock market were abolished and state socialism set up, who would be the judges of the direction of production? Who would determine whether there should be a million more pairs of shoes produced or only ten thousand? Who would determine whether human energy

should be wasted in producing shoes nobody could use, or utilized in building railways where they were badly needed?

The guiding factor of rising and falling prices having been eliminated, there would be no means of determining promptly when the supply of any article had reached the limit of the world's need. An executive board of one hundred of the ablest men in the world could not possibly determine the direction which production should take without the index afforded by prices in the merchandise and stock markets. But through the stock market it is determined almost automatically, with as much nicety as anything can be determined which depends upon human judgment, where further production is needed and where capital is needed. Upon that market is concentrated, in a sense, the judgment of every human being in the world having any interest in production either as consumer or producer, — not only of those who deal in stocks and securities, but those also who are directly concerned in the industries and interests which those securities represent. That delicate register of values, that sensitive governor of production, that accurate barometer of the people's needs, could not be replaced by any process that any state socialist has devised or suggested.

Charles A. Conant.

THE ROSE-RED GLOW.

Gray weather!

Henderson, getting back toward Penangton from a visit to a sick man down Weaver Road in the late afternoon of a cloudy day, talked to his mare for company, and glanced out from his buggy hood across the still fields with a peculiar, aching apprehension. He could feel the distance from house to house along the desolate country road, as though distance were a snakelike thing to twist out and sting a man, and he could feel the haunted loneliness of his thought, like the chilly, vaporish touch of spectral wings. All the land beyond the rail fences lay solemnly quiet. The chickens, ruffed up under the bushes, the mules at the five-barred gates, looked solemn; the cows, huddled neck to haunch under the sugar maples, the dogs on the porch mats, the droopy children at the doors, looked solemn. If a woman came to a door and peered out over the children, she did it solemnly. If a man came up across lots from the ploughing, he came in a sad saunter.

Gray! Gray!

Henderson put his head against the side of the buggy hood to observe the length and the breadth of it, but it was quickly too much for him. Slanting his lids far enough down to shut out a great deal of it, he tried to evade the rest of it and his loneliness by seeing how it would have been with him at this hour, on this kind of a homeward journey, if it had ever happened that his dream had come true. It could be gray like this, evening coming on, and he would be a little tired, — as he undoubtedly was now, — and he would be urging the mare forward, — as he did not do now, — until he could stop at a house that he had built once in the dream, and jump from the buggy, and look up, — he would not let the dream come fast now, he held it back a little, fastidiously careful with it, — and there, in the door, a rose-red glow over her from a shaded lamp or something, She would be standing. "Waiting for me," Henderson suggested to himself, his lips trembling over the beauty of the words. "Waiting —

for me," he repeated. And she would hold out her hand to him, hold out both her hands, and he would get to her in a hurry, — in the dream he could always get to her, — and he would take her hand, take both her hands, and they would go inside, and she would be his, while they talked and laughed a little and read a little and sang a little, the gray weather hanging futilely without, and, more likely than not, he would keep her hand in his all the time, — yes, surely, keep her hand, — ah-h-h! the dream-touch of that hand, lingering, confidential, woman-sweet!

He was back within Penangton's gates, so he sat up and shook himself out of the dream: "Oh, you fool!" he told himself sharply, "always dreaming up some smoke woman, some bachelor's comfort, always teasing yourself away from the possible toward the" — He stopped with that, and driving on down the street to Toplitz's drug store, he turned his entire attention to the comfort of his mare, stabling her himself in the barn behind the store, petting her, half clinging to her, loath to go away from the little comfort of her soft kind eyes and her occasional affectionate snozzling at his neck.

When he left her and emerged from the stable, a slow fine rain was sifting down. He made his way through it, around to the front of the store, above which he had his office and living-rooms.

"Hi, Henderson! Ain't seen you since you got back from your trip East; stop a minute." There were three or four men around the counter, each in approved corner-store attitude, one foot hitched back a little, the whole weight of the body slouched upon the other foot and upon the elbows that were flexed back upon the counter. They greeted Henderson cordially as he came through, asking questions, trying to get at his affairs, earnestly interested, after the fashion of corner-store men.

"Did n't get married while you were away?"

"No, oh no, I was doing post-graduate surgical work," Henderson told them.

"Well, glad you did n't bring a Yankee girl home with you, Henderson; you are one of us now, — take a wife from our home girls."

"Sure, Henderson, lots of nice girls in Penangton who can cook and housekeep."

Followed by a fire of suggestions of this kind, Henderson went on upstairs to his room. Arrived there, it first occurred to him that nothing under heaven can dishearten a sentimental man like the shifty talk of commonplace men who advise a sentimental thing, — marrying — for an unsentimental reason, — getting somebody to cook for you. And it next occurred to him that nothing under heaven can make a lonely man feel his loneliness as does the room that he insists upon arranging for himself, with a blank disregard of the consolation in color, in the softness of a hanging, in the readiness of a cushion. All Henderson's stuff was stiff. His chairs were the kind of chairs whose arms seem to double away from you instead of toward you. Over in one corner stood his instrument cabinet, a glass-sided thing that twirled on a pivot and revealed knives, forceps, tenacula, scissors, probes on every side. The cold metallic gleam of the instruments was no colder than anything else in the room. His neat desk, — Henderson was orderly, — an operating chair and a hard, worn leather couch completed the furnishing of the outer room; and in the other room there was a carpet, a bed, a chair, a wardrobe, and a washstand. It could not have been worse. Henderson put his medicine case on the desk and walked to the window. The room had got on his nerves.

Outside the window the rain was coming down with increased volume and directness. Almost all the people who passed on the court-house side held their umbrellas gripped down closely; but one

girl who passed let hers fall back on her shoulder, when she was opposite Henderson's office, and looked up. There was a smile on her face and a light in her eyes as she bowed to him. She was Miss Penang, the daughter of the lady with whom he took his meals, and, despite some disastrous turns of circumstances, entitled to especial consideration, according to her mother's way of looking at it, because her father's father's father had founded and named Penangton. Henderson watched her as far as he could see her, her smile teasing him and cheering him for an interval. Then he went back and sat down on the leather couch.

So much alone! So much alone! The rain beat the consciousness of his aloneness at him in dull cold spats, the walls dripped it, the couch was slippery with it. Why did he insist upon it? Why did not he marry some girl, with a nice smile and a light in her eyes, who could at least cheer him a little? If he were married he would have somebody to work for; there would be some use in digging out his career, in developing his remarkable surgical abilities, if he had anybody to care about his success, to be benefited by it, to be glad about it. Why not marry? Why hold himself to the measure of a dream? That was what he was doing. Because he had an ideal of a woman's face, a woman's form, a woman's touch, her voice, her sympathetic intelligence, her vital effect upon him, he would look at and think of nothing else, nothing less. It was immensely stupid. He really needed a wife. It was high time that he looked at the question practically, as did other men who, having missed real romance through deficiency in sentiment or hostility of circumstances, hobble on to the recognition of the winter-bitten fact that they "ought to marry." He, Henderson, "ought" to have a home, wife, children. Say that he could not get the ideal in touch, voice, intelligence, vital effect upon him, he could probably get eyes with some light in them, a nice smile, fair intelligence; other men rested with no more, and there was no gainsaying that it looked as though a man should be able to secure some large satisfactions out of the mere fact that he was settled and had somebody to care a little. Why, if he, to-night, here, now, had anybody, anybody on earth, to talk to, to let him lean his head against a minute, he would be happy, or if not happy, certainly cheered and soothed.

He lay back by the couch's one fat silk pillow. Miss Penang had made that pillow for him, and there had been times in his life when, all stuck over with pin-feathers, he had hated it and hated Miss Penang for having made it. This evening, however, flattened beyond himself by his unlovely surroundings, he took the pillow into his arms and clung to it. It was better than nothing. It was a little podgy symbol that somebody had thought about him and his comfort for a minute. Its bright color was pleasing, and a fragrance stole out of it, the mystic fragrance on whose languorous wings women's smiles, softness, whiteness, prettiness go floating by. He put it down rather affectionately after a while, rose from the couch, and made himself ready to go to Mrs. Penang's for supper.

As he put by his umbrella in the hall in Mrs. Penang's house he saw through the open door into the parlor. Lula Penang was in there, sitting under the rose-red light of a shaded piano lamp, idly turning some new music in her lap, and whistling and humming occasional snatches that appealed to her.

"Oh, you?" she said as Henderson stopped in the doorway. She put her music on the piano and got up. "If you are going to supper, I 'll come along, too; most everybody 's through, but I have n't had mine yet." Henderson had sometimes been made restless by the other boarders' insistence that Miss Penang rather systematically "came

along, too," but to-night he felt glad that she had waited for him. It seemed kind. He stood looking at her for a moment in a questioning surprise, barring the door with his long slender body.

"Do you know, I like you in that rose light," he said, his eyes about half shut as he said it. The thought that perhaps rose lights in general had more to do with it than the women who stood under them in particular had come into his mind with a little æsthetic shock.

"No, I didn't know it," the girl before him answered with a restrained fervor in her voice; "maybe I 'd better stay here in it then, and let you go on to supper alone?"

"Oh no, you don't," said Henderson quickly, that word "alone" smiting him; "no, you come along, and we 'll have supper together and come back to the rose light."

That was not much to say, yet Henderson had always kept the thought of the rose light so especially for Her that that much sounded like something to which he would have to accustom his ears forcefully and determinedly if they were ever to be accustomed to it. He was glad that there was no rose-red glow in the dining-room, and that Miss Penang sat opposite him in the direct light of the small gas chandelier overhead. It had occurred to him on the way to the dining-room that this was a practical question with him now, and that it would be better to consider it in direct lights only. In the direct light he could see that, though the girl was young and pretty, her lips were thin and purposeful, and as her mother, a hard-faced woman, came and went about the table, there was a constant disconcerting illustration of what that kind of lips made of a woman when she was no longer young. In the direct light, Henderson told himself, with a fine prevision of the amount of nuisance the wrong woman might be in a man's life, Miss Penang had not one characteristic that, coming out subtly on her face or in her voice, appealed to him especially for her, as opposed to any other young and pretty girl, — unless, indeed, it were that light in her eyes. Shining from far back, liquidly, as though it came through the softness and sweetness of occasional tears, it was the best thing about her. Henderson had sometimes wondered if it were really in her eyes when he had first met her upon his installation in Penangton two or three years before; he had not noticed it until just before he went East; but then he had not noticed her at all, except for that unpleasant sensation that she was a little insistent in her attentions to him. Out in town she and her mother labored under an unfortunate reputation of being too anxious for her to marry well, and the other boarders, having made much of it for Henderson's especial benefit, had influenced him into a man's silent resentment about it. That was as far as he had ever got in any conscious consideration of Miss Penang, until there in the rose light and here in the direct light. His conclusion now was that it was a pity that she did not look the same under both illuminations; but just then Miss Penang got up and went into the kitchen for a moment, and when she returned with a plate of hot cakes that she had browned for him herself, the conclusion seemed less final. The cakes were exactly as he liked them.

"It 's such an awfully bad night, Doctor," suggested Mrs. Penang, looking through the kitchen door; "why don't you stay down here till bedtime? I should think you 'd be lonely over those shut-up stores, a rainy, blue evening like this. Stay down here with Lu and me." They had invited him like that many times before, but beyond idling at the parlor fire for a minute on a few winter nights and sitting, unrelaxed and impatient, on the bench in the front yard for a minute on a few summer evenings, he had never profited

by the invitation until to-night. To-night, quitting the supper-table, he went into the parlor in the wake of Miss Penang, still a little uncertain; but when Mrs. Penang came to the door and said that, as the curtains would have to come down to be laundered next day any way, he could smoke if he wanted to, his misgiving began to leave him, and he felt more cheerful than he had felt in a long time.

"Yes, indeed, smoke away," said Miss Penang. She selected a pillow from the array on the sofa where he had seated himself with his head against the wall, and insisted upon his putting it behind his shoulders. Then she stepped over to the piano stool and sat down in the rose-red glow of the piano lamp. She looked wonderfully better at once. "Do you want me to sing to you?" she asked, her hands trailing on the keys, her young body half turned from him, her face twisted over her shoulder at him. Already great feathery wreaths of smoke lay between Henderson and her. Half shutting his eyes, he saw her through the fluff of smoke as through a veil, the rose-red glow toning her, the high light in her eyes, the smile on her lips. Seen in that way, he got from her a soothing, complementary sense of femininity without any worry about what she was and what she might become. She was just Woman. "Do you want me to sing to you?" she repeated.

"Mh-hm, please. But low, sing low," he ordered. "I don't know but what I 'd rather you 'd hum and whistle in that funny way of yours."

She laughed docilely, not musician enough to resent the restrictions imposed and well enough satisfied with Henderson to meet the humor of his painstaking self-indulgence. Starting in obediently, she whistled a bar or two, then trilled off softly in a hushed lah-de-dah-de-doo, but presently the words of the song stole out as well, a whole stanza about love generically, about the fact that birds and flowers and earth and sky thrilled with love harmonies, a long if simple diapason that sounded the making of worlds, until the song-writer, oppressed possibly by the eternity in the theme, ran away from it on the fleet-footed refrain, —

"I love! Love you, dear, none but you!"

Henderson noticed that the red glow on the girl began to radiate her toward him with wide, superficial recommendations. He noticed that her back was straight. He noticed that her own and her mother's valuation of her showed rather adroitly in the tilt of her head. He noticed that her hair had a soft, babyish kink where it lifted, thick and brown, from the back of her neck. As he sat, he could not see her lips with their little hovering expression of purposefulness. He could not see any of the indications that, as soon as her youth was gone, she must necessarily become the sharp woman of small schemes that her mother was. He could see only her prettiness and the dimpling swell of her nature under the melody of her song. As she floated toward him, draped, as it were, by the dreamy rose-light vibrations, Henderson floated to meet her, not because she was Miss Penang, but because she was Woman. Perhaps he would propose to her when she finished the song.

"Love you, dear, none but you — lah, lah-de-doo-lah-de-doo."

"That 's it," murmured Henderson; "leave out the words; give me just the lah-de-doo."

"Don't you care for the words?" asked the girl. "I think they 're sweet. I sing them as Lynn Penryn used to sing them, twisted right much. Lynn has a way of twisting things to suit herself, don't you think so, — or do you know her well enough to know that?"

Henderson had about finished his cigar, and he now took the smouldering stub of it from between his teeth and sat up straight. The feathery fluff be-

tween him and the girl cleared away. As he made no reply, Miss Penang continued casually, "Lynn was to come down from Kansas City on the evening train, so Mr. Penryn told me up at the bank a little bit ago. I wonder if she came? Did you hear any one say at the drug store? She and her husband were both coming; did you hear whether they came?" And when Henderson said no, he had not heard, Miss Penang added, "Well, I reckon she came," nodding her head over it, and beginning to sing the refrain again, —

"Love you, dear, none but you!"

Henderson got to his feet. "I must be going," he said in a slow, absent way. And when the girl, with a disappointed, troubled look on her face, glanced up at him and asked, "Oh, going *now?*" he answered, yes, he must. She went to the outer door with him, and recovering himself on the step sufficiently to be conscious of some obligation to her, he tried feebly to express to her his appreciation of her goodness in helping him get through a bad evening.

"Oh, pshaw! stay any time that you think the hum and whistle will amuse you," she told him, with a pleasant intonation, which, conquering her purpose and her disappointment, had an unconscious heroism in it. But Henderson, absorbed now in his own heart's concern, missed this illustration of the tragedy of waste in Love's economy.

He said that he was very much obliged, and put up his umbrella and went down the steps. At the gate he saw that she was still standing in the doorway. Through the parlor window the red light shone on under the half-drawn blind rosily, but the girl, out beyond it in the shadow, looked unrelievedly drab. He started off up the street in the direction of his office, but as soon as he heard the Penangs' front door shut he turned in his tracks and came past the house again, on his way to another house, which he did not reach until he had rounded two corners and traversed a long distance on a densely shaded street. He had been growing happier and happier all the way to the house, until, as he rang the bell on its front door, the very hand that he put forth seemed sentient in eagerness.

A servant opened the door, and in the hall beyond the servant a woman stopped as she was passing to the library. The globes of the hall chandelier were red, and as Henderson entered through the door their glow bathed her from head to foot, and made her fully and perfectly the picture, the whole right thing. No need to half shut one's eyes so that the glow might tone *her*. Falling on her face, her throat, her firm, close-draped figure, the glow became at once a part of her, and at once seemed to burn delicately from within outward. She came toward him, with both her hands held out gladly, and he took her hands, and for one lying second everything was perfect, because of her touch, her voice, her sympathetic intelligence, her vital effect upon him.

"Oh, good! Hardin and I were wishing that you would find out to-night that we had come," she was saying, not letting his hands go at once, and looking up at him, that unnamable effect of hers getting into the air around her in broad, wavelike vibrations that were like low music. "Father says we come down to Penangton to see you quite as much as to see him. Hardin admits it. And I can't deny it. What made you stay East so long? We have missed you." Her voice rocked a little, and Henderson got from it an instant impression that she had needed him, too.

"Was it long? It was to me; but still, I thought very seriously of making it longer. I thought of not coming back to Missouri at all."

"I knew it, I knew it!" she cried, with that little grieving shake in her voice, which Henderson could not stand.

"But I came back all right. How 's Hard?"

"Well, so he says. Come in here to him and father."

That was all there was of it. Only one minute in the glow, with her hands in his. Then Henderson followed her into the library where two very different men greeted him. One, Lowry Penryn, was Penangton's richest citizen, a thin, hatchet-faced man, whose small black eyes were noted as being the sharpest eyes in the state of Missouri, but who had a fashion of looking at his daughter when she was not looking at him, and of not looking at her when she was looking at him. The other man was Hardin Shore, a rich, self-made man, of a vigorous and expansive nature, whose ambitions, after leading him into the politics of his native place, Kansas City, were now, so it developed in his conversation, blazing a trail for him straight into the larger politics of the state. He had come down to Penangton on this occasion to consult with his father-in-law about his campaign fund for the governorship of Missouri, and also, ostensibly, to consult with Henderson, as his physician-friend, concerning the possible menace to his health should he enter into the excitement of politics. He was big and powerful to look at, but no stronger than most heavy-bodied, tightly strung men, and a malignant growth that Henderson had removed from his arm a year before had already told a story of constitutional dyscrasia. Shore, who was a precipitate man, set about talking over his purposes there in the library at once with Lowry and Henderson, and Henderson quickly noticed that as Shore talked his eyes avoided his wife's eyes, — as though he recognized that he could hold more adequately to his own notions if he did not look at her, — and that he seemed possessed by a rough-shod determination to have his own way which was unnatural in him and disturbing to him.

"And I 'm against it. That 's what he is really trying to tell you," Mrs. Shore said to Henderson, as soon as Shore had finished his story of what the state leaders up at Jefferson and down at St. Louis expected of him and for him. Shore had talked in a dry-tongued voice that tinkled, half with elation over the flattering outlook, and half with sheer physical tension, and his wife, leaning back in her chair, looking from Shore to Henderson, from Henderson to her father, and back again to Shore, a little crinkling play about the corners of her eyes, seemed to have got supplementary evidence from Shore's recital to strengthen her opposition without ever once manifesting any nervous alertness. "I 'm against it," she repeated.

Shore regarded her with his lips jerking humorously: "She thinks politics will corrupt me, Henderson."

"Tsst!" Henderson made one of his little demurring clicks behind his teeth, "if politics is corrupt, that 's a reason for going into it, not staying out of it. Mrs. Shore would have a more logical reason than that," he said waitingly, a little heliographic flash of understanding, swift and illuminative, playing from her to him.

"Yes. More logical than that." She nodded, her eyes on Hardin Shore's face.

"Well, now, what?" asked Shore, with that affectionate, badgering tone that men are apt to use when trying to draw their wives into admissions particularly pleasing to a husband.

"Well, it 's logical, but selfishly logical," she said evasively, yet Shore was insistent.

"Well, say what," he urged.

She let her long lashes trail on her cheeks a moment with a hesitancy that looked essentially virginal, yet essentially wifely, and Henderson noticed how perfectly she stayed his dream-woman even here in the strong white light of the library, how entirely the woman

he would have liked to have raise those lashes upon him in that virginal, wifely shyness. Only, when she raised the lashes, her eyes swept past him, — with some sort of hidden appeal, he thought, — and sought out the other man. She seemed to see nothing but the other man, with an insistent loyalty and in a foreboding comprehension that took in all his deceptive bigness, his unsafe tension, the bluish whiteness of his temples, the little flabbiness under his eyes, the strain that for months had held his mouth back from the expression of something — pain, or nervousness, or ambition — that distressed him.

"Well," she began again, haltingly still, "it 's that I don't want to divide with the public. I don't want a public man for a husband; I want my husband for myself, — Oh, Hard, you know it, you 've known it all along." Henderson knew that in saying this she had somehow doubled and turned on an original purpose to speak her entire mind, but her tone, the look on her face seemed to satisfy Shore utterly. The strain left his mouth for a moment, and he laughed a big, glad, complacent laugh. Though he said nothing, it was exactly as though he said, "Just see how she loves me," to Henderson and to her father. His satisfaction in what she had said seemed to treble by the presence of the other two men; he seemed to hear for himself, ardently, as her husband; for Penryn, indulgently, as her father; and for Henderson, — well, pleasantly, as her friend. The fine, lasting romance of their relationship was heightened almost unendurably for Shore by this threefold apprehension of it. He got up yearningly, went over to her, touched her shoulders once with his hands lightly, then put the hands in his pockets and began to pace up and down in front of her, after a habit of his. His lips shook a little, and his brow tightened and relaxed, tightened, relaxed. Once, a keen pain twitched across his face, and Henderson, flat back in a chair, with his hands gripped to the chair arms to keep them from shaking, was not too self-concerned to notice it.

"Hard," began Henderson finally in a well-ordered voice, "I think that as a friend I ought to say to you that you would better keep out of politics, and as a doctor I say that you have got to." Henderson had long since come to the point where he could say things and do things because they were the things to say and do, but it sometimes seemed to him as though his lax voice and limp body must one day surely betray him; surely he must one day show the cheap automatism with which he went through the saying and the doing of the "right thing."

"Well, but now, Henderson," commenced Shore, his unpersuaded thought finding expression in blunt, downward inflections as he phrased, "you 're giving just an off-hand, snap-shot opinion, are n't you? You don't know any specific reason why my health won't permit of my going into politics if I want to go into politics, do you now? Of course you don't. You 've hardly looked at me. You 've no real reason for warning me off, don't you see? And, on the other hand, there are big reasons for my not being warned off this time," — Shore paused a moment, gathered up his forces and went on stubbornly, — "It 's a chance for a — oh, for a sort of good wind-up, — I mean a sort of crowning to a man's career, — and my heart 's so set upon it that I can't let you and Lynn twist me about the way you usually do, — especially when you have no reason, — you know you have no reason." He was so vehemently reiterative that he seemed to be trying to push Henderson into a position by the sheer force of his insistence that Henderson was in the position; and he seemed, too, to be keeping a peculiar, watch-dog sort of guard on Henderson, on his wife, on himself, particularly on himself, as he walked and walked and walked.

"Shucks! Just jumped into an assertion without any reason, didn't you, Henderson, didn't you?"

That talkative stubbornness of the man brought to Henderson at last the complete significance of his stiff-necked turning from his wife's counsel, his desperate clinging to his plan for a political career. With Shore politics was standing out as something that could be used to crowd and push him busily to the end, the end to which disease was remorselessly bearing him. That was Shore's whole meaning, pitifully plain to the physician who faced him in the peculiar, conscious stillness that had settled upon the room.

"Hard," said the physician slowly, "if you 'll raise your left arm, straight up, like this, I 'll tell you my specific reason." It was a brutally kind fashion of heading Shore off, of letting him see that his deception about his condition did not deceive, but Henderson, bent only upon saving Shore for the woman beside him, risked it. He let his hand fall back, after stretching his arm up by way of illustration, and then sat quite still, waiting on Shore, his hands just touched together at the finger tips, his eyes narrowed upon Shore, his whole being conscious that the woman was meeting the blow exactly as he had relied upon her to meet it, as strongly and as quietly. Shore, attempting confusedly to turn the probe of Henderson's insinuation, shot his arm up overhead foolhardily, only to sicken and blanch with pain. Half reeling, he turned upon Henderson, "You — you — you" — he began, speechlessly beyond control in his leaping, unreasoning resentment at the exposure and miscarriage of his plan to keep the recurrence of his disease to himself; but the woman sat on unflinchingly, until Shore dared look at her and move over to her.

"Did you think I didn't know, Hard?" she whispered, her hand finding his. "Do you suppose I haven't known all these weeks?"

For answer he went down on his knees beside her and clung to her and cried like a child. Lowry Penryn stole hastily from the room. Henderson got up and went over to the window. Outside the rain was still falling. Its cold spats alternated with the sobs of the kneeling man and the caressing, answering murmur of the woman: "To keep your sweet life so close to the shadow because mine 's got to keep there, — oh, I wanted to save you, — I wanted to keep it from you, — I thought if I got busy enough I could keep it back, — I wanted to fool you!" — his broken, tortured words were just audible to Henderson.

"But, Hard, that may have been strong, but was it fair, — not to count on me, shadow or no shadow?" Henderson could hear her words, too, their fierce loyalty, their strong, young maternalism, the choking hush of her own wild rebellion. He turned upon them purposefully, as they sat together under the bare white light that shone on remorselessly into their very hearts.

"Hard," he said, in a plain voice that eased by its steady pulling back to the every-day level on which people drank coffee, kept house, bought and sold and chaffed, "Hard, I don't understand what this is all for? I can see that there are some dangers ahead, and that to avoid them you 've got to follow the right course, but I can't see what you mean with this morbid conviction that you are done for. Where did you get it? I 'm willing to bet that it 's auto-infection with you, — I 'll bet that you have caught it from yourself, that you haven't talked to a soul since I went away! But even if you have, and have been discouraged, I want to tell you that there is n't the practitioner alive who can name the right time to quit hoping. What have you quit hoping for? What are you taking yourself as a dead man for, when life reaches out fair and straight on half a dozen sides?" Henderson's first perception that in his

absence things had not gone well with Shore, that Shore had managed to get into the full swing of taking himself in the wrong way, was by now engulfed in the force of his intention to oppose this new current of discouragement, to stop the annihilating sweep of it, to get both Shore and his wife safely out of it.

"Oh, Henderson," faltered Shore in his dull, beaten tone, "I got so tired of fighting. You were n't here. I saw I was done for. I just decided to order my life to a busy finish and be done with it."

"Be done with it!" retorted Henderson angrily. "You are n't done with it. You don't know the first toot of Gabriel's horn, and you could n't tell your summons from a dinner gong. Just because I left you to yourself a little while, just because I could n't reassure you every time you got a pin scratch, you scare yourself into a lot of fool ideas ; you 're nothing but a kid, any way ; get up here now and let me look at that arm again, — likely as not it 's nothing, some little sympathetic reflex. Even if it 's recurrence, it 's not final. Did n't I warn you that we might run against snags of that kind for some time? Get up here." He could hardly tell himself how much of what he said was true and how much was made to seem true by the vast force of that intention of his to create for them a mental atmosphere that would have a beneficent physiological effect. He always recognized himself in an effort of this kind with any patient, but especially with this patient, as an hypnotic force, a power of healing, not as a man. "Now, Hard," he went on, when he was through with the examination of Shore's arm, "I can fix that in just one little half hour. I admit I 'd rather it had not lumped up there, but there 's no death knell in the fact that it has lumped. Why in the dickens have you acted like this? Why did n't you wait for me? "

"Henderson," — Shore turned from his wife to Henderson, — "I was afraid you were n't coming back in the first place, — that got me uneasy, — you know I don't believe that any other doctor has a teaspoonful of sense, — and in the next place, it began just like this before — and — and she 's been through the anxiety of one operation with me. I can't, I won't, let her life be spent in the strain of a long fight. When I found this thing coming back I — well, it just came to me that I 'd get so busy with politics or something else that I would n't notice the pain, or talk about it, so she would not have the trouble of it." His heroic thought of her now mingled queerly with an increasing relief. The morbidity that had hung over him for weeks had been broken up, and his response to the renewal of hope was ingenuous and childlike. "It was mostly because you went away, Henderson," he said, with a tremulous, shamefaced tearfulness. "Should n't have got into this fool mess of conviction if you had been about. I 'll be all right if you 'll stay where I can feel you. What made you go away and leave us? Can't you stand us? "

"Yes, I 'll have to make up my mind to it," smiled Henderson, the smile and the words being a sort of bond with himself as well as with Shore. "I 'll not go away again. And I 'll get you, and keep you, in shape. Only you 've got to do what I tell you to do. You have got, for one thing, to keep out of excitement. You can't go into politics, for instance."

O Lord! I don't care a hang about politics except as a thought-killer," declared Shore, almost blithe in the reaction from his despair.

"Well, then, if that 's understood, if you 're going to become good, I 'll be off now, and come up and arrange about that arm in the morning."

They followed him out into the hall, both showing their utter dependence upon him as physician and friend. "By George, Henderson! " cried Shore at

the hall door, "I don't see how we could live without you," — one of Shore's hands rested on his wife's shoulder and the other pressed Henderson's hand, — "honest to the Lord, I don't see how we could live without you."

"No, I don't see," she said, in a mystical voice, as she took Henderson's hand, in her turn. The rose-red glow from the hall globes fell full upon her.

"Oh, there are plenty of doctors," laughed Henderson.

"But only one Henderson," said Shore earnestly.

"Only one Henderson," she repeated, her lips trembling a little, but with that gaze of hers which expected so much of him fixed steadfastly upon him.

"Well, if there were a dozen of me, I 'd be yours, all yours, always rely on that." He had both their hands and he was looking from one to the other as he spoke, and, as he spoke, he got a certain happiness. "I 'd rather have my sense of her, her completeness, than another man's ability to stand another woman's incompleteness," he told himself. On the veranda he looked back to smile at them before he stepped out into the rain, and saw her there, still in the glow, the other man's arm still around her. "It is not the glow," said Henderson softly, as though he had saved something, "it 's the one woman. And I 'm glad of it."

Then he went on in the rain.

R. E. Young.

THE CHILD IN THE GARDEN.

When to the garden of untroubled thought
I came of late, and saw the open door,
And wished again to enter, and explore
The sweet, wild ways with stainless bloom inwrought,
And bowers of innocence with beauty fraught,
It seemed some purer voice must speak before
I dared to tread that garden loved of yore,
That Eden lost unknown and found unsought.

Then just within the gate I saw a child, —
A stranger-child, yet to my heart most dear, —
He held his hands to me, and softly smiled
With eyes that knew no shade of sin or fear:
"Come in," he said, "and play awhile with me;
I am the little child you used to be."

Henry van Dyke.

MY OWN STORY.

IV. LATER YEARS AND BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG: WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF EMERSON AND ALCOTT.

THE war was nearing its close, and an era of assured prosperity for the North was setting in, when Mr. James T. Fields (of Ticknor & Fields, then publishers of the Atlantic Monthly) invited my coöperation in establishing a new "illustrated magazine for boys and girls." I at once became interested in it, and, with other friends of Mr. Fields, began to consider the important question of an appropriate and attractive title. Dr. Holmes, who had christened the Atlantic, wittily suggested the Atlantic Lighter; a number of other names were proposed and rejected, Our Young Folks being the one finally chosen. Well-known contributors were enlisted for the early numbers, — Mrs. Stowe, Miss Alcott, Whittier, Higginson, Aldrich, Rose Terry, Miss Phelps, and a long list besides. Among the later writers were Edward Everett Hale and his sister, Lucretia Hale (author of the quaint Peterkin Papers), Bayard Taylor, James Parton, Mrs. Akers Allen, Celia Thaxter, and Charles Dickens, who contributed a four part serial story, A Holiday Romance. Lowell and Longfellow also were represented by poems. The magazine was a financial success from the start.

The first number was that for January, 1865, with the names of J. T. Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton, and Lucy Larcom on the cover, as editors. These were retained until Gail Hamilton's violent rupture with the publishers (who were also publishers of her books) over a question of copyright, which led to her attack upon them — especially upon the head of the firm, lately her personal friend — in her wonderfully witty but woefully unwise Battle of the Books. When it was no longer possible to keep her name, all the names were quietly dropped from the cover, and the two others appeared only on the title-pages of the yearly volumes. Mr. Howard M. Ticknor was office editor from the first, while I was contributing and (nominally) consulting editor until, after Mr. Ticknor's withdrawal from the firm and Miss Larcom's retirement from the chair in which she temporarily succeeded him, I became manager in 1870.

The firm at that time, under its new name of Fields, Osgood & Co., occupied a spacious store and chambers at 124 Tremont Street, where I had a well-furnished and attractive room up two flights, with windows overlooking the Common. Below mine was the private room of Mr. Fields, then head of the firm, and editor of the Atlantic. Mr. Howells was his assistant, and soon to be chief, if not practically so already. Adjoining Mr. Fields's room was a large reading-room, in a corner of which Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, conductor of Every Saturday, had his desk. In the position of cashier and bookkeeper was a capable young man, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, who left it in the early seventies to complete in Germany his studies for some sectarian ministry, his chosen profession, which he seems to have outgrown before he entered it, for when he returned from abroad it was to begin a larger lifework in literature and reform. The house had a lunchroom, with a generously served table, at which publishers and editors met, and such contributors and book-authors as happened to be about were often welcomed. My habit was to give only my morning hours to office work, and to go home to Arlington at noon; but when I was detained in

town, this lunch table and its goodly company made ample amends for the inconvenience.

I contributed to Our Young Folks a great variety of articles in prose and verse; among others, Darius Green and his Flying Machine, which immediately, like The Vagabonds, that had previously appeared in the Atlantic, became a favorite with platform readers and reciters all over the country. I wrote for it a series of papers on practical subjects, that were afterwards collected in a volume entitled Lawrence's Adventures among the Ice-Cutters, Glass-Makers, Coal-Miners, Iron-Men, and Ship-Builders, giving in the guise of a story carefully studied and accurate accounts of the industries described; in gathering material for which I had gone as far as the iron-mills and coal-mines of Pennsylvania. To avoid making my own name too conspicuous I put the pseudonym Harvey Wilder to a series of articles on natural history, and that of Augustus Holmes to papers on Volcanoes and Geysers, Mountains and Glaciers, What is the Sun? Glimpses of the Moon, and kindred topics. I had the satisfaction of knowing that I made these subjects interesting, and was amused when some astute critic, in commending this "new writer" (Augustus Holmes), concluded his notice with the remark: "It would be well if more men of science would write in this entertaining style."

I printed also over my own name articles on Richmond Prisons, A Visit to Mount Vernon, and A Tennessee Farmhouse, — advance chapters from The South and its Battlefields, a book descriptive of an extensive tour I made through the Southern states just after the war.

For serials we had Mayne Reid's Afloat in the Forest, Kellogg's Good Old Times, Carleton's Winning his Way, Dr. Isaac I. Hayes's Cast Away in the Cold, Mrs. Whitney's We Girls, Mrs. Diaz's William Henry Letters (which, although not in the form of a story, were in their naturalness and humor more diverting than most stories), and, to crown all, T. B. Aldrich's Story of a Bad Boy.

I had written short stories for the magazine, but none continued through more than three numbers, when, in the fall of 1870, after I had become managing editor, I consulted the publishers as to whom I should invite to furnish the serial for the ensuing year. It was getting late in the season, and none had as yet been volunteered. One of the firm gave me a droll look and remarked, in the words of Priscilla, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

I said, "I have n't thought of that, but if you mean it" —

"I mean it!" he answered decisively.

So I wrote Jack Hazard and his Fortunes, turning aside each month from my other work to furnish the installments, which ran through the twelve numbers of 1871. For a subject I went back to the Erie Canal, the old Ogden homestead, and Spencer's Basin; and took for my chief character a vicious little driver, with intent to bring out what good was latent in him, by redeeming him from evil influences and placing him in favorable surroundings. Connected with him in interest was his noble Newfoundland dog, Lion. The old homestead I peopled with the Chatford family, and gave to the neighborhood other fictitious characters, all true to the life I had known there, but none of them portraits. I had great fun in writing the story, a chapter of which I would dash off at a sitting, in an afternoon, and perhaps send it the next day to the printers, with hardly an erasure. In each mail came letters showing the lively interest of readers everywhere in Jack and his dog.

The story had been the leading feature eight or nine months, when the same member of the firm who had suggested my undertaking the serial (this was Mr. John S. Clark, now of the Prang Edu-

cational Company) said to me, "It won't do to finish Jack's Fortunes in the December number! In completing it for the volume, leave it open for a sequel, which we will announce for next year. That boy and dog are running so well they can't stop for another twelvemonth, sure!"

Accordingly I followed the initial story with A Chance for Himself, and that in turn, for similar reasons, with Doing his Best, the third of the Jack Hazard series. I had already begun a fourth, Fast Friends, the first chapters of which were in type, with a large part of the magazine number for January, 1874, when the proverbial "thunderbolt out of a clear sky" struck the publishing house.

The sky was not so clear as it had seemed to many of us who were enjoying the fancied security of that hospitable roof. Mr. Fields retired from the firm in 1871, and Mr. J. R. Osgood (who, like Mr. Fields, had risen from the ranks in the business) became head of the house. He was able, honorable, large-hearted, but aggressive and self-confident, and under his leadership the concern assumed enterprises involving hazards which the other's more conservative judgment could hardly have sanctioned. Of these, I remember most about Every Saturday, which began, and ran some time, as a modest reprint of selections from foreign periodicals; but which J. R. Osgood & Co. (the new firm) changed to a large illustrated sheet, designed to rival Harper's Weekly in popular favor. It did not, however, prove a success; and before long financial difficulties necessitated the disposal of the Atlantic Monthly to its present publishers, and the sale of Our Young Folks to Scribner & Co., who merged it in St. Nicholas.

Thus again I experienced the severance of agreeable and advantageous business relations that I had come to consider permanent. With the house established by the elder Ticknor, as with that of Phillips, Sampson & Co., I had esteemed it an honor to be connected; and once more I felt deprived of a home. The "Old Corner Bookstore" (on the corner of Washington and School streets) was old and famous as early as when I first came to Boston. Phillips, Sampson & Co. had Emerson and Prescott leading their list of authors; while Ticknor & Fields were the publishers of Longfellow and Tennyson, Lowell and Hawthorne, and all that goodly company to whose names Emerson's was also to be added after the downfall of the Winter Street house. The acquisition at the same time (1859) of the Atlantic Monthly had been all that was needed to give the Old Corner unrivaled preëminence as representative of the best literature of New England, and of Old England in America. I followed the Atlantic with my contributions, which led to the publication by the firm, not only of my books for the young growing out of Our Young Folks, but also of three other books, of some importance at least to their author, — Coupon Bonds and Other Stories, consisting chiefly of contributions I had made to the Atlantic and Harper's, and two volumes of verse, The Vagabonds and Other Poems, and The Emigrant's Story and Other Poems, also collected from periodicals. The scattering of these volumes was not the least of the casualties I had to deplore, upon the passing of the firm of J. R. Osgood & Co. All, however, went into good hands; and the misfortune that cost me the editorship — to which I had become attached by so many interests that I felt the loss as a personal bereavement — brought with it, as misfortunes so often do, its compensation, in the freedom it gave to form other desirable engagements.

Along with Our Young Folks the new serial I had commenced writing for it went over to St. Nicholas, the chapters I had put into type for our January number going into the January number

of that magazine. In the same number I published a card, in which, as editor, I took leave of Our Young Folks readers, and bespoke their favor for the new monthly.

I confidently expected to finish Jack's career in Fast Friends, but that story had been running hardly half a year when I was invited to New York for a conference with Mr. Roswell Smith and Mrs. Dodge, regarding a serial for the ensuing year (1875). Mr. Smith was Dr. J. G. Holland's partner in the publication of St. Nicholas and Scribner's Monthly (now The Century). Mrs. Dodge was then, as always after, chief editor of St. Nicholas; and Frank R. Stockton, at that time unknown to fame, was, as I well remember, her office assistant. For a couple of days Mr. Smith, whose guest I was, gave a large part of his leisure to making my visit pleasant; and I came home with a commission to write a fifth Jack Hazard story, The Young Surveyor.

This was the last of the series, Jack having reached manhood, and won the hand of the heroine; but it was not the last of my continued stories for St. Nicholas. Others of a similar character succeeded, the chief of which were His Own Master, The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill, Toby Trafford (written at Geneva, during my second sojourn abroad), and, passing over several others, Two Biddicut Boys (1897), the latest up to this time; all republished duly in book form.

While I was still connected with Our Young Folks, Mr. Ford (for whom I had previously written a good deal when he was editor of the Watchman and Reflector) asked me for contributions to the Youth's Companion, which he had recently acquired. The Companion had been started early in the century by Nathaniel Willis, father of N. P. Willis, and had held the even tenor of its way as a rather namby-pamby child's paper, until by a curious combination of circumstances Mr. Ford woke up one morning, in some surprise, to find himself its sole proprietor. It had then about five thousand subscribers. Being a man of broad business views, he had at first hardly dreamed of doing much with it; but while looking about for an enterprise nearer the level of his ambition, he put some money and a good deal of thought and energy into the little paper. He was "ashamed," he once frankly confessed to me, to connect his reputation with "so small an affair;" and so issued it over the fictitious firm name of "Perry Mason & Co.," by whom it purports to be published to this day. It was for a long time a mystery, even to those who had transactions with the concern, who "Perry Mason & Co." could be. There was then no other "Perry Mason" or "Co." than the quiet little man with the pale forehead and round smooth face, whose plain signature was to become so familiar to me, signed to letters and checks, Daniel S. Ford.

My engagement with Our Young Folks prohibited me from writing for any other periodical, except the Atlantic, to which I remained a pretty constant contributor; but as soon as I was released from that, Mr. Ford again called on me, and I went over to the Companion, writing for it stories long and short, and after a while one serial a year, for many years. From a mere child's paper he was converting it rapidly into a miscellany of the very first class for young people and families. Its circulation increased at a rate that astonished Mr. Ford himself, rising by waves and tides from thousands to hundreds of thousands. Quorum pars *parva* fui; of all this I felt myself a part, if only a small part; it was a part, however, which he was always magnanimous in recognizing.

He was as liberal with his pay as he was with his praise. Both may have been designed to encourage my contributions; but I think he was as sincere in the one as he was generous in the

other. The pay he increased voluntarily, without any solicitation on my part, often drawing his checks for larger sums than our agreement called for, and making them from time to time larger and larger, until the rate of compensation became, considering the circumstances, munificent. Our personal relations were of the pleasantest. When I handed him a manuscript, he frequently drew his check for it immediately, without reading it; always urging me to write more.

Unfortunately, while the paper was building up, his health was breaking down; he became simultaneously an invalid and a millionaire. I was one of the last contributors whom he continued to see and transact business with personally. At last it became so difficult for him to meet any attachés of the paper except his "heads of departments," as he called them, that I discontinued my visits to him, some time in 1887. The business of the concern had then grown to prodigious proportions. He had as many heads of departments as the President of the United States, and the paper circulated over half a million copies. I once heard Dr. Holmes wittily describe the increase in the number of instructors in the Medical College since his time. "Then," said he, "there were five or six of us. Now there are over seventy. The roast beef of yesterday is the hashed meat of to-day." The change in Mr. Ford's working force, from the time when I began with him to the last year of our intercourse, was even more surprising. He was at first alone in the editorship and business management. Afterwards Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth became editorial assistant. Then one by one others were taken on, until there were anywhere from twelve to twenty on the editorial staff alone. The paper in the meanwhile adopted the policy of securing for its advertised lists of contributors banner names, which were paid for and paraded at a cost that would have ruined in a single season a periodical of less affluent resources. Even members of the English royal family were induced to become contributors to the paper which Mr. Ford, a few years before, had been ashamed to put his name to as publisher. As he gradually withdrew from its management my own contributions to it became fewer, and ceased almost altogether during my second sojourn in Europe from 1888 to 1891. Friendly as its new managers were, I could never feel at home in the paper's palatial new quarters, and it could never again be to me what it had been in the era of its earlier marvelous growth, and in the happiest days of the remarkable man who may be said to have created it.

My contributions to the Companion comprised, besides a large number of short stories and other sketches and poems, some of my most successful serials, among these The Silver Medal, The Pocket Rifle, and The Little Master. All the long stories and many of the short ones, like my contributions to Our Young Folks and St. Nicholas, have been reissued in book form.

I also wrote a serial for one sensational paper, a New York weekly. Although I was offered an exceptionally good price for this I hesitated about accepting it until I had consulted two or three judicious friends, one of them Mr. Longfellow.

"Accept it, by all means!" he said. "Of course you will not write down to the level of such a paper, but try to bring it up to your level. You will have an audience that you would probably reach in no other way." And he added something more as to the good work I would do by showing that literature could be entertaining without being melodramatic.

I remembered well his words because they coincided so entirely with my own views in writing for such a publication. I furnished the story, which, while not at all sensational, won the approval of the publishers, and which was afterwards included in my sets of books for

the young, under the title Bound in Honor.

All this time I continued subject to the "blissful thralldom of the Muse." In 1877 I published The Book of Gold, comprising, with the title poem, four others of lesser length, all of which had first appeared in Harper's Magazine, illustrated with a view to the volume; A Home Idyl in 1881, and The Lost Earl in 1888, both likewise made up principally of my metrical contributions to periodicals.

In addition to the five books of verse already designated, I will mention Guy Vernon, in a Masque of Poets (1878), of the authorship of which anonymous novelette in verse I now for the first time make public acknowledgment.

My stories, written ostensibly for the young, were intended for older readers as well; and this was doubtless one secret of their success. I was sometimes amused by hearing of a parent carrying home the periodical containing an installment of one of my serials, and hiding it from the younger members of the household until he had enjoyed the first reading of the chapters. This was one of the satisfactions that reconciled me to a kind of work not at all in the direction of my earlier ambition, but which a sort of fatality — perhaps the divinity that shapes our ends — led me to do.

Once when I was trouting in a mountain stream, I came to one of those pot-holes that pebbles, in whirling eddies, occasionally scoop in the solid ledge. It was cask-shaped, with polished, bulging sides, and it was filled with crystal-clear water, in the depths of which were discernible fishes of extraordinary size. They would not rise to a fly, but I let down a bait, saw one of the lusty fellows make for it, and drew out a dace about four or five inches long. Wondering how the large fish had missed the hook and allowed a little brother to take it, I dropped my bait again, once more saw a big one seize it, and once more pulled out a small wriggler. I had to repeat this process several times before my senses were convinced that the large fishes were an illusion, occasioned by a combined refraction and reflection of light in the oval-shaped rocky receptacle. The giants peopling the pothole were mere pygmies, one and all.

This has been largely my experience in life. The fish in the pool of anticipation has (with few exceptions) appeared vastly larger than when I caught and took it from the hook. The fame and good fortune I cast my line for, which hope and imagination magnified to such alluring proportions, proved but modest prizes, when landed in the light of common day. Likewise the great men I have approached have (with the exceptions aforesaid) proved to be common mortals, with the usual limitations, when I have come to regard them at short range. Instead of great epics and works of fiction that all the world would be waiting to acclaim, I have written some minor poems cared for by a few, half a dozen novels, and a large number of small books, that have been successful enough in their way.

These last, as I have endeavored to show, were written, not so much from choice, as in answer to an actual immediate demand for what, as it proved, I was well fitted to do, namely, a style of story that should not be bad as literature, and which should interest at the same time young and old. This I have been the more willing to do because the love story, deemed indispensable in most novels, has been so overdone as to become flat and unprofitable except when retouched with exceptional freshness; and because I was glad of an opportunity to produce a sort of minor novel true to life, with other elements of interest replacing that traditional material. Unquestionably, too, I obeyed a law of my nature in moving on lines of least resistance. In novel-writing I had countless competitors, many vastly abler than myself. In my own peculiar field I was alone.

When I was returning from the World's Fair in 1893, a young woman journalist came down from Buffalo to Lockport to "interview" me, in my brother's house, for the Illustrated Express. In her three column article in that paper I was made to say many things differently from the manner in which I did say them, and others that I did not say at all, as is common with "interviewers;" but I find in her report one paragraph which so exactly expressed my mind upon the subject of my boys' stories that I reproduce it here. "Undoubtedly," I said, "they have in a great measure obscured my popularity as a writer of verse. I have naturally felt somewhat aggrieved at this. My best, fullest, and most thoughtful work has been woven into my poems; yet I find myself far more widely known as a story-writer than as a poet. But the fact has its compensations. Wherever I go I am greeted as an old friend by boys, or by men who have read my books as boys, or, better still, I receive the thanks of some mother whose boy she fancies the reading of my books has consoled in times of sickness, or perhaps helped to find, and inspired to keep, the right road. I don't know but that, after all, the most satisfactory monument I could choose would be to live in the hearts and memories of mothers and boys."

I had in my early years several literary passions, more or less ardent and enduring. The first were Scott and Byron, the idols of my boyhood. Then it was Poe, the melody and glamour of whose verse had for me an indescribable fascination. Afterwards came Tennyson, who, with an equal sensitiveness to beauty and the magic of words, opened fountains of thought and of human interest that seemed never to have been unsealed in Poe. Dickens was an early favorite; a little later Thackeray; and I had unbounded admiration for Carlyle. Shelley I never cared for, except in a few lyrics (I could never get through The Witch of Atlas or The Revolt of Islam); — he had fine Æolian chords, but a thin sounding-board; — and Keats was too luxurious a draught to be more than rarely indulged in. At one time I addicted myself to Browning; and Shakespeare I had always with me. Macaulay, Montaigne, Plato, Whitman, — to each of these I gave in turn seasons of almost exclusive devotion. But of all writers ancient or modern, poets, philosophers, prophets, the one to whom my spiritual indebtedness was first and last the greatest, was Emerson.

I heard much of Emerson during my first years in Boston, but through such false echoes that mere prejudice rendered me indifferent to the man and his message. More than to any other source, I owed this misconception to Boston's favorite evening paper, whose versatile and gifted editor — himself a poet, the author of at least one popular song, and of two or three dramas more or less successful — now and again printed extracts from Emerson's writings, with such comments upon them as perverted their meaning and exposed them to ridicule. It was not till long after this that my own experience taught me to distrust such extracts; as when some critic accused me of making the new moon rise in the east, citing from one of my stories a sentence that really seemed to convict me of the blunder he at the same time charged against Coleridge, in the famous lines: —

> "From the sails the dew did drip —
> Till *clomb above the eastern bar*
> *The hornèd moon*, with one bright star
> Within the nether tip."

Just what the Ancient Mariner had in his vivid but somewhat ill-regulated imagination I will not stop to discuss; but what I described — as the context would have shown — was the "hornèd moon" indeed, rising over the city roofs; not the new moon, however, but the old moon, — not crescent but decrescent, — which the youthful hero of the

story, in studying the stars from his scuttle window too long past midnight, saw (as I myself had seen it in just such circumstances) soaring pale and ghost-like in the morning sky. This early moon (which Coleridge undoubtedly had in mind, with the morning star not too literally "within the nether tip") my critic had very likely never observed; just as the talented editor of evening news had never witnessed those splendors of the spiritual dawn which the poet-seer discerned, and which his detractors saw fit to discredit and deride.

With this editor (the same who had previously declined to print my sonnet to Theodore Parker) I became acquainted later, and found him to be not only a person of taste and culture, as his own writings showed, but a fair-minded man, who would not, I am sure, have done any one an intentional wrong. But how great a wrong he had done, not only to Emerson, but still more to me, I became aware, when a happy chance revealed to me the constellations of thought against which he had so long helped to keep my scuttle closed.

It was a passage from Emerson in Griswold's Prose-Writers of America which by its incisiveness of style and singular suggestiveness startled me as by a new discovery, and sent me hasting to the nearest bookstore for the first volume of the Essays. This must have been in the latter part of 1852; for in my copy of the Second Series I find my name and the date written, "January, 1853;" and I had read, and proclaimed from the housetop of my enthusiasm, and given away, the First Essays, before I procured another copy, along with the Second Series. The First Series I have now in a later edition, 1859. Between this and the earlier one I must have possessed and parted with several successive copies, which in those days I had a mania for presenting to friends who had not read Emerson; to whom I imagined he would bring as welcome a revelation as he had brought to me. I always chose the First Series, comprising Self-Reliance, Spiritual Laws, and Heroism, for that propaganda. It was a fond illusion. I found that those gift copies were seldom read; or, if read at all, that their beauties were but hazily perceived, and their skyey heraldings unheeded.

To the Essays I quickly added the Poems, Representative Men, Nature and the Addresses, contributions to the Dial; whatever of Emerson I could lay my eager hands on. No words of mine are adequate to describe the effect upon me of those extraordinary writings. It was more like the old-time religious conversion or change of heart than anything I had ever before experienced; some such effect as the best Biblical writings might have had, if I could have brought to them as fresh and receptive a mind, undulled by the dreary associations of my Sunday-school going and pew-imprisoned boyhood. They inspired me with self-trust; they reinforced my perceptions, and opened new vistas of ideas, as if some optic glass of highly magnifying and separating power had been added to my hitherto unaided vision. They caused me to make vows to truth, to purity, to poverty, — if poverty should be the penalty of absolute obedience to truth; vows, alas, which had often to be renewed, but never to be disowned or renounced.

When I considered by what misrepresentations I had been kept out of that which I felt to be an inestimable birthright, I could not quite forgive their author; and I had afterwards an opportunity of knowing that the injury had touched one more deeply concerned than I. That opportunity came after I had begun to publish my first small books through Phillips, Sampson & Co., who were also the publishers of Emerson's volumes. They were at the same time issuing a series of English classics, under the supervision of the Boston editor in question.

Entering the bookstore one forenoon,

I met the said editor going out; and presently saw Emerson at a shelf examining some books. In the private office I found Mr. Phillips, who received me with a curious smile, and, when I had entered, closed the door. Then he related with quiet glee a circumstance that had just occurred. The editor, seeing Emerson at the bookshelves, had asked Mr. Phillips for an introduction to him. Mr. Phillips said, "I will consult Mr. Emerson;" and going out into the bookroom he proposed the presentation. Emerson bent his brows and responded in his slow, emphatic way, —

"Sargent? Mr. Epes Sargent, of the Evening Transcript?" Then, after a pause: "I have nothing for Mr. Sargent, and Mr. Sargent has nothing for me." Perfectly dispassionate and dignified; but there was nothing more to be said, and Mr. Phillips had to go back to his visitor, and tell him that the desired introduction was declined. I was pleased through and through to learn how my own grievance in the matter had been atoned for, and still more interested to find that even the serene Concord sage was, after all, human, and capable of a righteous resentment, — if that can indeed be called by so misleading a name, which was more likely the feeling he avowed in his letter to Henry Ware, regarding their differences of opinion: "I shall read what you and other good men write, as I have always done, — glad when you speak my thought, and skipping the page that has nothing for me." He simply "skipped" Mr. Sargent.

It may be in place here to state that the conservative editor grew in time to be as radical as Parker, if not as transcendental as Emerson; during the war of emancipation he published an anti-slavery novel, and afterwards wrote books on spiritualism, of which he became an earnest exponent.

That the average editor and man of culture should have found in Emerson many enigmas seems natural enough, and hardly to need an apology, since even the young Cambridge poet, Henry W. Longfellow, could write in a letter to his father, upon the appearance of the first book of Essays, in 1841, that it was "full of sublime prose poetry, magnificent absurdities, and simple truths. It is a striking book, but as it is impossible to see any connection between the ideas, I do not think it would please you." The lack of connection was indisputable; and, if a fault, characteristic. There was nothing of the willow or the elm, no graceful sweep of foliage or drooping spray, in the mind of the man or in his style of writing. His ideas were like the needles of the pine, each separate, pointed, bristling, in number infinite, crowning the stately stem that was a symbol of himself, as it was his favorite among all the forest trees.

Once on an ocean voyage an accomplished Belgian who was coming to this country asked me about our best writers. I gave him a volume of Emerson, and he undertook the Essay on Manners. In a little while he came to me in amazement and disgust, declaring that there was no logical sequence in the thoughts. I said, "That does not trouble me. I see the mountain peaks, and take for granted the invisible range out of which they rise." But for him, without clear logical sequence there was no such thing as style.

At the time of the Sargent episode I had myself never spoken with Emerson, and should have deemed it high presumption on my part to ask to be presented to him. All the more gratifying therefore was the way in which our first interview came about. Entering the publisher's private room one day, I found Mr. Emerson there; and, having said "Good-morning" to Mr. Phillips, I retired to the bookroom. Presently Mr. Phillips came to me and said Mr. Emerson would like to meet me. Thrilled with happy surprise, yet doubtful, I said,

"I am afraid you suggested it!" "Not at all," he replied. "When you spoke to me in the office, he kept his eyes on you; and after you had gone out, he asked, 'Is that somebody I ought to know?' I told him who you were, and he said, 'I wish to see him!'"

Just when this occurred I cannot now recall, except that it was in the spring of the year; for when, after one of his questions, I told him that I lived in Boston, he inquired, "How can you spare the country, this gay spring weather?" I said, "That is something we cannot spare altogether; we must have our Woodnotes, and be free to follow our Forerunners." The moment I had spoken I feared he might regard the allusion to his poems as idle compliment; but it evidently did not displease him. With his "wise, sweet smile," he remarked, "I confess a tender interest in any mention of my poems; I am so seldom reminded that they are ever read by anybody. It is only my prose that gives them a sort of vicarious vitality;" a just statement of the comparative esteem in which his prose and verse were held in those early years of the second half of the century. After some deprecatory words from me, he went on, in his peculiar, hesitating manner, pausing often as if seeking the right word, then uttering it with an emphasis that relieved it of any suspicion of uncertainty: —

"I feel it a hardship that — with something of a lover's passion for what is to me the most precious thing in life, poetry — I have no gift of fluency in it, only a rude and stammering utterance."

After this I felt there was no longer any danger of appearing a base flatterer; I forgot his fine injunction of forbearance, — in the presence of high behavior to refrain from speech,

> "Nobility more nobly to repay;"

and averred the penetrating thought, often the incomparable note of beauty and sweetness, I found in his verse, citing some lines that at least attested an appreciative familiarity with it. "Here and there a touch; here and there a grain among the husks," he smilingly admitted. To all which I listened with intense interest, having hitherto been barely able to conceive of any limitations, conscious or other, in the master I so much revered; fancying the rudenesses he deplored to be an essential part of his scheme, a relieving background to his beauties; fondly imagining some magic of genius even in his rare grammatical lapses, like the strange error of construction in these lines, perpetuated I think in later editions, — an error which a simple transposition of the words to their natural order will instantly reveal, —

> "There need no vows to bind
> *Whom* not each other seek, but find."

The talk turning upon other topics, I remember particularly what was said of Alcott, one of whose "Conversations" I had lately attended, and found, as I confessed, disappointing. I said, "It was no doubt partly my fault that he was n't inspired; for, as he told us complacently afterwards, 'a wise man among blockheads is the greatest blockhead of all.'"

With an amused smile Emerson replied, "That is Alcott! He is wise, but he cannot always command his wisdom. More than most men, he needs provocation — and the happy moment." When I asked why so great a man had never written anything remarkable, he said, "He makes sad work indeed when he attempts to put his thoughts on paper; as if the jealous Muse forsook him the moment he betakes himself to his pen." I recall also this observation: "He has precious goods on his shelves; but he has no show-window." This was the first time I ever heard the "show-window" metaphor used in this way, and I am inclined to think it originated with Emerson, perhaps on this

occasion. I myself may have aided to popularize it by quoting him.

I had after that opportunities of seeing the more familiar side of the sage, and remember how scandalized I once was, at a Saturday Club dinner (when I was present as a guest, not as a member), to hear him rallied by the convivial and too irreverent Horatio Woodman for his "neglect of duty" and "want of conscience" in some business of the club. Emerson took the badinage in good part, answering, in a sort of dazed surprise, that he had not understood just what part of the neglected business had been entrusted to his care. "You should have known," said Woodman. "Every member of this club is expected to do his duty." I could n't help recalling the incident, a few years later, when Woodman suddenly dropped out, not only from the Saturday Club, but from all business and social circles that knew him so well as a man of affairs and a consorter with literary celebrities; vanishing in a night, never more to be heard from by anxious clients whose funds he had mysteriously conveyed away.

At that same table I, for the first and only time, saw Emerson, sitting opposite me, light a cigar, and pull away at it as unconcernedly as the least saintly man at the board. That he should partake sparingly of wine, I regarded as fitting enough. But to me there appeared something incongruous about the cigar, I hardly know why; for it always seemed right and proper that Holmes, Lowell, and even Longfellow should smoke. I believe, however, that Emerson did not have the tobacco habit. His indulgence (if it was an indulgence) was limited to rare occasions.

Emerson's appearance was striking, and his manner not without a certain austere awkwardness, especially noticeable on the lecture platform, where for years I seldom missed an opportunity of hearing him. He was tall and spare, with a slight stoop of the shoulders, a head carried slightly forward, and fine eyes of a peculiar peering, penetrating expression. The strong aquiline nose was the most characteristic feature, but he had ears to match; they were the side wheels to that prow; viewed behind, they stood out from his head like wings borrowed from the feet of Mercury. The head itself was one to baffle phrenology. There seemed to be nothing remarkable about it except its unusual height in the spiritual and moral regions, veneration, firmness, self-esteem. It was otherwise almost commonplace, full in the observing faculties, but falling away to flatness in what is known as causality; likewise full, however, in ideality and sublimity. His power did not lie in the so-called reasoning faculties; he neither possessed nor overmuch esteemed the gifts of the controversialist and the dialectician. He never argued, he announced; what was reasoning in others was in him a questioning of the perceptions. To all this add temperament, genius, the torrential source of being we name the soul, elusive to the anatomist, and to the fumbling fingers of the phrenologist forever past finding out.

In lecturing he had but one gesture, a downward thrust of his clenched right hand, which was nearly always held contorted and tense at his side, and which he used with unconscious earnestness in driving his imaginary stakes. He was at times amusingly careless with his manuscript, losing his place and searching for it with stoical indifference to his patiently waiting audience, — "up to my old tricks," as I once heard him say, when he was an unusually long time shuffling the misplaced leaves. He had the same habit that marked his conversation, of seeming often to pause and hesitate before coming down with force upon the important word. His voice was a pure baritone, and a perfect vehicle for his thought, which in great and happy moments imparted to it a quality I never heard in any other human speech. Schools of oratory, teach-

ers of elocution, might have learned a new lesson from those resonant intonations; and I knew at least one professor of the art who studied them with the closest admiring attentiveness.

Professor Lewis Monroe, who had himself a voice of extraordinary breadth and mellowness and of highest culture, once said to me, as we walked away together from one of the lectures, "Those tones cannot be taught; they are possible only to him who can fill them with the same energy of spirit; it is the soul that creates that voice." Wendell Phillips had an organ of greater range, on the whole the most effective oratorical instrument I ever heard; it had all the notes of persuasion, sarcasm, invective, impassioned appeal; in its combination of qualities surpassing that of the graceful and finished Everett, the witty and familiar Beecher, the too ponderous Sumner, the almost inspired Kossuth, — even the voice of the great Webster, as I heard it, probably in its decadence, when the worn and weary statesman was lifted to his feet, to make his last speech in Faneuil Hall. Emerson was no orator, like either of these; he had no gift of extemporary utterance, no outburst of improvisation. But in the expression of ethical thought, or in downright moral vehemence, I believed and still believe him unequaled. Well I remember how he once thrilled an immense audience in Tremont Temple, in the Kansas Free State war days, in speaking of the principles of the Declaration of Independence, which Rufus Choate had recently brushed rather contemptuously aside as "glittering generalities." Emerson quoted the phrase; then, after a moment's pause, hurled at the remotest benches these words, like ringing javelins: "They *do* glitter! they have a *right* to glitter!" with a concentrated power no orator could have surpassed.

The Alcott Conversation to which I have alluded was held at the house of Mr. Alonzo E. Newton, in Cambridge; and there were present, besides myself, Mr. and Mrs. Newton and Mr. Lewis Monroe, all eager for new thought and full of the joyous anticipation of listening to so sublime a teacher. I recollect his main stock of ideas, — upon diet (he was a vegetarian, as I had myself once been for a good twelvemonth); upon temperament, insisting upon the superiority of the light, or angelic, to the dark, or demonic, and instancing himself and Emerson as types of the "highest;" and, among other things, the proper attitude of a wise man uttering his wisdom, — not standing, but seated (he himself always sat). As Monroe had aspirations toward oratory, and usually felt an impulse to rise to his feet when he had anything impressive to say even to a small audience, he ventured a question on that point; to which Alcott answered serenely that such an attitude might be natural to a person of the inferior temperament (Monroe was dark), but not to one of the purer type. I said I should hardly suppose that temperament had so much to do with it, in Monroe's case, as his habit in teaching; he was accustomed to talking on his feet; I was not, and would never talk on my feet, if I could help it. Alcott said oracularly, "I teach; I sit."

He thereupon took from his pocket a limp-covered book in which were copied or pasted selections that he at times relied upon to help out his Conversations. He first read Emerson's Bacchus (which I knew by heart), and read it badly, in a sort of schoolboy manner, amazing in one who called himself a teacher, and who had in fact been a school-teacher many years of his life. This he followed with The Goblet, the first lines of which were indelibly impressed upon my memory by the twang and unction of his intonations: —

> "I drank the dregs of every cup,
> All institutions I drank up;

But still one cup remains for me,
The sacred cup of Family."

"That is not Emerson's?" I commented, although the poem had lines in Emerson's manner, — I should say now in Emerson's worst manner.

"It is — not — Emerson's," Alcott slowly replied; and as no further comment was forthcoming, he closed the book, in a dead silence. I knew then that the poem was his own, as well as I did when I saw it long afterwards in his Tablets, with emendations, and — what was still more to its advantage — without the singsong. As Monroe was then beginning his great work as a teacher of elocution, which finally developed into the School of Oratory (of Boston University), and as the first principle of his system was absolute naturalness of tone and emphasis, I felt — and indeed a glance at his countenance during the reading assured me — that he had pleasantly recovered from the shock of having his impulse as to attitude condemned by our philosopher as belonging to the lower temperament.

After that, more abstruse subjects were introduced, and Alcott threw out some of his transcendental ideas, not with any coherence or coördination, but rather in hints and tangents. These regarded preëxistence, which he entertained not poetically, like Wordsworth in his Intimations, but more literally even than Plato, from whom his particular views on the subject appeared to have been derived; with especial reference to the "lapse." By this he meant the lapse from the original state of perfection in which the souls of men were created, and from which they fell before they were born into the world, or there was a world for them to be born into. The creation of the world itself seemed to have been disastrously affected by this lapse. As, according to Edmund Spenser, whose familiar line he quoted,

"Soule is forme, and doth the bodie make,"

so, according to Alcott, by a supposed law of correspondences suspiciously like Swedenborg's, the soul of man made the world, and, because of the said lapse, flawed it with imperfections. Reptiles and other malignant and grotesque creatures were merely man's low thoughts and evil dispositions projected into those concrete forms. It was a new juggling of the old riddle, — if man was created perfect, how could he fall? and, since a sinless deity could not have created sin, how came sin into the world? It was hard to tell whether this curious read-aptation of the Calvinistic dogmas of the fall of man and the origin of evil, with its strong flavor of Neo-Platonism, was to be received as fact or fable; but what I learned subsequently of Alcott's philosophy convinced me that it was seriously meant. Even in those early days, before the publication of The Origin of Species had revolutionized nineteenth-century thought, the best minds were coming gradually to a perception of the truth, — more or less dimly foreshadowed by here and there a writer ancient or modern, — that the methods of nature are evolutionary; that, as Emerson expressed it, in the fine pre-Darwinian lines: —

"Striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form."

But Alcott's theory was quite the reverse of this, — that man, instead of ascending through nature, had descended into it from some previous state of existence, and had muddled it. Much of this appeared to me hazy fantasticality. We found him, nevertheless, an interesting man, and well worth our money (his fee for a Conversation was anywhere from five dollars upwards, or whatever his friends chose to give him); although this particular Conversation proved, as I confessed to Emerson, disappointing.

Some time after this I had the pleasure of attending another of these Conversations, which was held at the house of Dr. William F. Channing, — a son of the great Channing, and a man of

scientific attainments, well known at that time as the inventor of Boston's system of electric fire alarm. Alcott should on that occasion have talked well, if ever; for there were present, besides Channing and other celebrities, Whipple the essayist, and Emerson himself. Even in that atmosphere his genius spread but feeble and ineffectual wings. The Conversation was much more constrained than it had been in the smaller company at Mr. Newton's; and I remember how depressingly it flagged, until Emerson, as if to prompt his friend, perhaps also to give him a hint as to his inert condition and a chance to explain himself out of it, spoke of the intermittence of the divine influx, saying with his customary alternating pause and compensating emphasis, — "What do you think of the — solstice? of the — eclipse? We are not always — in the sun."

Yet with that opening Alcott had only cloudy and commonplace suggestions to make, regarding reaction after effort, periods of rest, and the like; never once soaring into the blue. I could not help recalling, and wishing to quote, the fine sentences Emerson himself had struck out on this theme, in one of his essays, writing of the difference between one hour and another in life; of our faith coming in moments, our power descending into us we know not whence; and of our being pensioners of this ethereal river whose flowing we neither control nor comprehend. I was able subsequently to recall many things said by others that evening, although nobody talked particularly well; but hardly anything of Alcott's. His part in the Conversation seemed strangely lacking in spontaneity and point. If to me so much less memorable than I had previously found it, at my friend's house in Cambridge, it could not, I am sure, have been altogether owing to my greater susceptibility to the first impression.

Alcott was tall and well proportioned, with thin white hair worn in long, flowing locks, a pure, pale complexion, placid features, and a rather loose mouth. Placidity appeared to be his normal condition, from which you would have said no conceivable circumstances could rouse him to any display of energy. If an acquaintance met him in the woods, he could be counted upon to do two things, — begin to discourse, and to look about for a log to sit down on. He began life as a Yankee peddler; but that occupation, commonly thought inseparable from shrewdness and an eye for the dollar, did not seem to have developed in him a sense of the practical value of money, or of pecuniary obligation. He had perfect faith in a Providence that justified the ways and looked out for the welfare of the saints. A friend of mine once saw him on a Nantasket boat, without a ticket, or money to pay for one. When called sharply to account by the fare-taker, he remarked innocently that the trip had attracted him, and that he believed "there would be some provision" — a belief that was immediately vindicated by a passenger recognizing him, and stepping up to make the said "provision." There were times, before his daughter Louisa began to earn money by her facile and popular pen, when the family would have starved but for the generous gifts of Emerson and others, and the energies of Mrs. Alcott, a woman of great worth and good sense, who kept the wolf from the door while her husband dreamed dreams.

I met him occasionally in those years, and tried hard to accept his own estimate of himself, and to see in him what Emerson saw. His own estimate and what Emerson saw are curiously shown in a passage from Emerson's diary, quoted in Sanborn's Life of Alcott: "I said to him, 'A great man formulates his thought. Who can tell what you exist to say? You at least ought to say what is your thought, what you stand for.' He looked about a little and an-

swered that 'he had not a lecture or a book, — but if Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Socrates, Behmen, Swedenborg were to meet in this town, he should not be ashamed, but should be free of that company.' It was well said, and I know not whom in this country they would ask for so readily."

I wrote once, in an epigram intended for the eye of a friend: —

Do you care to meet Alcott? His mind is a mirror,
Reflecting the unspoken thought of his hearer:
To the great he is great; to the fool he 's a fool:
In the world's dreary desert a crystalline pool,
Where a lion looks in and a lion appears;
But an ass will see only his own ass's ears.

When I found that he was not always great even to the greatest, that his most illustrious friend failed at times to evoke a luminous image from the pool that to my apprehension appeared oftener stagnant than crystalline, still I was bound to believe those whose opportunities of sounding him were so much better than mine, and who discovered in him a profundity I could never perceive. Yet I wondered not a little at Emerson's taking so seriously pretensions that must to him at times have seemed grotesque, as when Alcott once said to him (as cited again from the diary, in Sanborn's Life of Alcott), "You write of Plato, Pythagoras, Jesus; why do not you write of me?"

J. T. Trowbridge.

(*To be continued.*)

EMERSON'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH HERMAN GRIMM.

Among German prose writers and critics, during the nineteenth century, the name of Herman Grimm must always be found in the foremost rank. Known outside of Germany best by very faulty translations of his lives of Michelangelo and Raphael, both of which are, however, masterpieces of biography as well as of art criticism, his fame in his own Fatherland rests even more securely upon the six volumes of his essays, his exquisite paraphrase of the Iliad, and his lectures on the life of Goethe, delivered at the University of Berlin. As a most competent judge, Professor Kuno Francke, has well said,[1] "He is philosopher, art critic, and literary historian in one, — an interpreter of the spiritual ideals of mankind, whatever form they may have assumed or to whatever age they may belong." Again,[2] "He has the magic gift of making all things seem animate. By a word, by a mere interjection, he transports his reader to the remotest times and lands; the strangest sights he makes familiar; he gives us a sense of being at home with the mighty shades of history."

The elegance, vigor, and sprightliness of his style, as well as the thoroughness of his knowledge, and his almost unerring insight and critical judgment, have combined, even now, within two years of his death, to give him an unquestioned place among the classics of the German language.

The facts about his life are few and simple. He was born January 6, 1828, as the son of Wilhelm Grimm, the younger of the distinguished brothers Grimm, whose fairy tales are household words the world over. After studying law, he devoted himself to literature, married Gisela von Arnim, daughter of Goethe's Bettina, and for years led the

[1] Glimpses of Modern German Culture, page 99.

[2] Page 111.

life of an independent scholar, until he was appointed, in 1872, Professor of the History of Art at the University of Berlin. He resigned this position in 1893, and thereafter lived quietly in the fourth story apartment on the Matthäikirchstrasse in Berlin, which for many years was a famous meeting place of the choicest spirits who resided in or visited the German capital.

It was in this modest but extremely tasteful home that the writer was privileged to make the acquaintance of Herman Grimm, and to listen frequently to his charming conversation, full of reminiscence and *Lebensweisheit*, during the last years of his life, and it was on Thursday, June 13, 1901,— just three days before his entirely unexpected death, — that the conversation turned once again upon that feature of Grimm's career which makes him so peculiarly interesting to Americans, namely, his part in the introduction and interpretation of Ralph Waldo Emerson to the German people.

In his essay on Emerson written in 1861, and included in his first series of fifteen essays,[1] Grimm relates how he first became acquainted with Emerson's works as follows: —

"At the house of an American friend, some years ago I found Part One of the Essays of Emerson, accidentally lying on the table. I looked into the book and read a page, and was really astonished not to have understood anything, although I felt considerable confidence in my knowledge of English. I asked about the author. I was told that he was the first writer of America, — very clever (*geistreich*), but sometimes somewhat crazy, and that quite frequently he could not even explain his own sentences. Moreover, that no one was so highly regarded as a character and as a prose writer. In brief, the opinion was so strong that I looked into the volume again. Some sentences impressed me as being so suggestive and enlightening that I felt an impulse to take the book along, and to examine it more carefully at home. I find that it is a great thing if a book tempts us to such a degree that we resolve, without compulsion, to look into it, — especially today, when it is necessary, by reason of a certain instinct of self-preservation, to remain upon the defensive to the uttermost against both men and books, if we are to preserve our time, our mood (*Stimmung*), and our own thoughts. I took Webster's Dictionary and began to read. The build of the sentences seemed to me very unusual; soon I discovered the secret. There were real thoughts; there was a real language, — a true man whom I had before me, not a — I need not enlarge upon the opposite I — bought the book. Since then I have never ceased to read in Emerson's Works, and every time that I take them down anew, it seems to me that I am reading them for the first time. . . . I read the essay entitled Nature, and as I continued, sentence after sentence, I seemed to feel that I had met the simplest and truest man, and that I was listening to him as he was speaking to me.

"I did not ask whether he was clever (geistreich), whether he had an object; whether he wanted to prove this or that thought by his sentences. I read one page after another. It is possible that it was all confusion, but it did not seem so to me. I followed his thoughts, word for word, — everything seemed to me to be old and well known, as if I had thought or foreboded it a thousand times, and everything was new as if I was learning it for the first time. Whenever I had had the book in my hands for a time, my sense of personal independence revolted spontaneously. It did not seem possible to me that I had given myself captive in such a manner. It seemed to me that I was deceived and betrayed. I said to myself this man must be a man like all others, must have their faults and doubtful vir-

[1] Fünfzehn Essays, Erste Folge, page 428.

tues, is probably vain, open to flattery, and moody, — but when I read his sentences again, the magic breeze seemed to touch my heart anew; the old worked-out machinery (*Getriebe*) of the world seemed to be freshened up, as though I had never felt such pure air. I recently heard from an American who had attended Emerson's lectures, that there was nothing more impressive than to hear this man talk. I believe it. Nothing surpasses the voice of a man who expresses from the depths of his soul that which he considers to be true. . . . It is necessary to live in the great world in order to appreciate and understand great characters. Emerson is connected with the greatest men of his country, — a country which has grand politics, whereas we had none up to this day. Thus, Goethe was connected in his time with the choicest spirits of the nation, — the men who had harmoniously lifted themselves to such a height that the entire people recognized their supremacy. We need not only a light to illuminate a great circle as a lighthouse, but also a tower from the top of which the light itself becomes properly visible."

Of the only occasion when he met Emerson, Grimm writes as follows:[1] —

"In the spring of 1873, I saw him in Florence. A tall spare figure, with that innocent smile on his lips which belongs to children and to men of the highest rank. His daughter Ellen, who looked out for him, accompanied him. Highest culture elevates man above the mere national, and renders him perfectly simple. Emerson had unassuming dignity of manner, — I seemed to have known him from my youth."

These facts and views were re-told and elaborated by Grimm in the most interesting manner. In order to illustrate his story he showed the writer nearly all of Emerson's works in their first editions, as sent to him by the author, every one with a cordial inscription.

[1] Fünfzehn Essays, iii. p. xxii. See also Cabot's Life of Emerson, ii. p. 662.

He then went on to say, almost carelessly: "I had a few extremely interesting letters of Emerson's, and some years ago, when I was looking through my old papers, I collected them and presented them to the Goethe-Schiller Archives in Weimar where they now are. I think however that they ought to be published, and I wish you would do me the favor of taking copies of them, and of publishing them in America." It is needless to say that this unexpected invitation was gladly accepted on the spot, but it was suggested that Grimm's own letters ought to be included in such a publication, not only for the purpose of throwing light on what Emerson might have written, but also for their own intrinsic worth. To this Mr. Grimm assented, and immediately sat down to write out the necessary credentials for both Weimar and Concord, and we parted with the promise on the part of the guest to see him the next week after returning from Weimar. The following Monday morning the writer called upon Dr. Geheimrath Suphan in the beautiful Goethe-Schiller Building at Weimar, and handed him the letter of Herman Grimm, of whom he was an intimate friend. As he saw the handwriting his face changed color, and he silently pointed to a newspaper with a dispatch announcing briefly that Herman Grimm had been found dead in his bed on the morning of the day before, — Sunday, June 16, 1901.

The letters of Emerson were soon found, and permission to have them copied was readily given. Among them were found two letters to Gisela von Arnim, afterwards the wife of Herman Grimm, which are also included in this collection. Likewise Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson has very courteously searched the papers of his father, with the result of finding the four letters from Herman Grimm which are here translated.

Grimm's interest in America was great, even apart from his admiration

for Emerson. He was a particular friend of the most distinguished ministers and ambassadors of the United States at Berlin, notably George Bancroft and Andrew D. White. He took great interest in the educational and intellectual development of this country, and he was especially impressed, as well as pleased, by the American appreciation of Goethe, — a feeling which he felt to be greater by far in this country than among any other English-speaking people. He was a vice president of the Germanic Museum Association of Harvard University, and took great pride and interest in its work.

On the occasion referred to above he presented to the writer a copy of his lectures on Goethe, with an inscription which is doubtless the last word he ever wrote about America as follows: —

Die Dichtungen und Gedanken Goethes haben von Deutschland nach America eine feste Brücke über den Ocean geschlagen.

The poetry and thoughts of Goethe have constructed a firm bridge across the ocean from Germany to America.

HERMAN GRIMM.

Surely all friends and admirers of Ralph Waldo Emerson may congratulate themselves that he found such a fitting interpreter to a friendly and intellectually kindred people.

Frederick W. Holls.

I. GRIMM TO EMERSON.

BERLIN, *April* 5, 1856.

HONORED SIR, — The departure of Mr. Alexander Thayer gives me the opportunity of addressing a few words to you. A year ago I first became acquainted with your writings, which since that time have been read by me repeatedly, with ever recurring admiration. Everywhere I seem to find my own secret thoughts, — even the words in which I would prefer to have expressed them. Of all the writers of our day you seem to me to understand the genius of the time most profoundly, to anticipate our future most clearly. It makes me happy to be permitted to say this to you.

I have permitted myself to enclose with this letter some of my essays and poems. I do it, not in order to receive thanks from you, — indeed, I do not even think of your reading them, but it is, nevertheless, a great satisfaction to me to send them to you. The thought makes me proud that they will come into your house and into your hands.

With true veneration and esteem,

Yours, HERMAN GRIMM.

II. EMERSON TO GRIMM.

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, 29 *June*, 1858.

DEAR SIR, — When Mr. Thayer long since brought me your letter, with Armin and Demetrius and the pieces contributed by you to the Morgenblatt, I should have at once expressed to you the surprise and pleasure I felt, — but that Mr. Thayer assured me that he should soon return to Germany, and would carry my letters of acknowledgment. And ever since, from time to time, I have heard again that he was on the point of going. This fact is the only palliating circumstance I can offer on this tardiest reply to your goodness. The delay has also made the few critical words I once thought of writing down impertinent, and I can only now recall how happy I was in the proffered sympathy of a scholar bearing your honered name, and well proved by what I read worthy to bear it.

It was an easy work of love to read the dramas, the poems, and the essays in the Morgenblatt. I found special interest, perhaps somewhat accidental, in the Demetrius. For the translated Essay on Shakespeare, — I am proud to be introduced to Berlin under conditions of so good omen, and not a little proud to read myself in German at all. It is cheering to know that our fellow

students, lovers of the same muses, work in one will, though so widely sundered, — and the more, because facilitated intercourse suggests to each the hope of seeing the other. I am grown to the stationary age; but who knows but the westward tendency, which seems to be impressed on the whole Teutonic family, will one day bring you to us! As Mr. Thayer generously offers me room in his trunk, I gladly use the opportunity to send you a copy of all my books in the corrected edition. By and by, I hope to send you a chapter or two of more permanent interest.

With all kind and grateful regards,

R. W. Emerson.

Herman Grimm, Esq.
Kindness of A. W. Thayer, Esq.

III. EMERSON TO THE FRAÜLEIN GISELA VON ARNIM, AFTERWARDS THE WIFE OF HERMAN GRIMM.

Concord, Massachusetts, 29 *June*, 1858.

I have received — it is already some months since — the welcome gift of your Dramatic Works in two volumes. I cannot tell you how pleasant was to me this token from one of your name, and, since I have become acquainted with your thoughts, this token from yourself. I had been now for fifteen years an admirer of your mother's genius. All her books, I believe, are on my shelves, and I had eagerly learned what now and then a rare traveller could tell me of her happy personal and family relations. But no traveller could tell me so much good as this little pair of books you send me has told, — of noblest culture still found in her house, and that best kind of genius which springs from inspirations of the heart. I am charmed with the Trost in Thränen above all; for the choice of subject indicates high sympathies, and it is almost a test by which the finest people I have ever known might be selected, — their interest in Michelangelo and his friends, Vittoria Colonna in chief, so that I dare to believe myself already acquainted with you, and very heartily your friend. You shall not let your muse sleep, but continue to draw pictures provoking a legitimate interest, by showing a heart of more resources than any other.

Lest I should make quite no return for your goodness, I have confided to Mr. Thayer for you a few numbers of our Boston Magazine, in which I sometimes write a chapter.

May I ask of you the favor to offer my respects to your mother, the Frau von Arnim, and to thank her in my name for many happy hours she has formerly given to friends of mine and to me, through her writings. With renewed thanks for your goodness, I am, with the best hope, and with great respect, Your friend,

R. W. Emerson.

To the Fraülein Gisela von Arnim,
Berlin.
Kindness of A. W. Thayer, Esq.

IV. EMERSON TO GRIMM.

Concord, Massachusetts, 9 *July*, 1859.

My dear Sir, — I have been too much and too long your debtor. But I will not tire you with excuses which fate made, and which words could not help or adorn. It is much that I have felt that I was dealing with one who could well afford me as much time as I wanted. Now I have been reading over your letter, and your Morgenblatt, and your Essays, and am warmed into such thankful kindness, that the time more or less seems not important. I have read the first Canto of the Cimbri and Teutons which gives high assurances of power. The only question I ask, and, in this case, with impatience, is, "How many years does my poet count?" For, if you are still young, you will carry it very far, — with such aplomb, such reserves, and such mastery of your means. But, in our distracting times, the writers falling abroad with too much information amassed upon them, it needs the irresistible drive-wheel of early man-

hood to overcome the forces of dispersion. But I will allow you more years than you have, as I choose to ascribe to you the rare felicity of carrying into maturity the heat of youth, and so I augur "a new morn risen on mid-noon" to your people. I have just been reading, with great content, the paper on Michelangelo in the Essays. The views taken are all wise and generous; and to me also the contribution from Raczynsky is new and most welcome.

But I give you fair warning that, as I alone in America, at this day possess this book of yours, I intend to use my advantage. I advise you to watch me narrowly. I think I shall reproduce you in lectures, poems, essays, — whatever I may in these months be called to write. I have already been quoting you a good many times, within a few days, and it was plain, nobody knew where I became so suddenly learned and discerning.

I like well what you say, that, when you are at liberty, you will come and see us. After the fine compliments you pay me, I might well think twice of allowing you to undeceive yourself. I shall pay you the higher compliment of entire trust. I shall not run away. You and I shall not fear to meet, or to be silent, or to prize each other's love of letters less, because we can be modest nobodies at home. Come and see our quiet river, and its skiffs, our woods and meadows, in this little town, whose chief contribution to the public good is, that every farmer sends milk and wood to Boston.

A few friends I have here, who are well worth knowing, if you will stay long enough to let the affinities play. I have found that this personality is the daintiest ware with which we deal, and almost no ability is any guarantee of sympathy, unless fortune also aid in the lack of counterparts. I have a hope as of earliest youth, since your friend Gisela von Arnim has written me such welcome sketches of her friends, and taught me to thank and prize them as mine also. Another person sent me the Morgenblatt containing your friendliest critique on Emerson. I must say, in all frankness, that your words about me seem strangely overcharged. That such freedom of thought as I use should impress or shock an Englishman, or a churchman in America, is to be expected. But this same freedom I ascribe habitually to you Germans. It belongs to Goethe, Schiller, and Novalis, throughout, and I impute it to your writers whom I do not know: and I know not what whim of rhetoric I may have to thank, that leads you to overprize my pages. Well, I suppose I must wish your illusions will last, until I can justify them by some real performing.

I was sad to read, in the Journal you sent me, the death of one of those who should never die, — and untimely for me, who was just coming into relations with her nearest friends, which, could they have been earlier, would have strangely mixed dreams and realities.

I pray you to persevere, in spite of my silences and shortcomings, in sending me, now and then, a leaf written or printed. I hope I shall not be always ungrateful. My little book, long delayed, which I call Conduct of Life, I mean to send you in the autumn, and an enlarged, and, I hope, enriched edition of Poems. Yet it is not books, but sense and sympathy, which I wish to offer you.

Yours affectionately,
R. W. Emerson.

Herman Grimm.

V. EMERSON TO GISELA VON ARNIM.

Concord, Massachusetts, 10 *July*, 1859.

My dear Friend, — You must have long ago believed that your letter had failed to reach me — no; there is more Providence in the world than that so much and so precious good will can miss of its mark. Thanks for the frankness and bravery, as well as the wisdom, of

these pages. They call me out, and are such a surprise, that I shrink a little before so much sincerity. In reading your letter, I felt, as when I read rarely a good novel, rebuked that I do not use in my life these delicious relations; or that I accept anything inferior and ugly. I owe you, therefore, a high debt, as exiles ever do to those who speak their native language, and think, for a time, we will never speak the speech of the streets again. But you must repeat and continue your good deed, to keep me in my good resolutions.

There is much to think of, much to speak of, in your letter, and, though you have been frank, you wake more curiosity than you satisfy.

I am piqued by your account of your habits of thought, and, when I try to translate yours into mine, I am not sure they correspond. To what you say of your habits of creation, I listen warily; but perhaps I do not know the like. You would rather know something of your friend's life than what thought occupies him. I hope it is no language of despair, grown out of the failures of our fellows. One hears so much called "thought" which is not thought, but only the memories of a torpid mind, that we say, Tell us rather of your corn-barn or your shoestring. But I confide, that, if my friend could give me his thought, it is the only gift, and carries all others with it. No age, no experience makes the hunger less. I have the same craving, and the same worship for a new thought as when my first intellectual friendships gave wings to my head and feet, and new heavens and earth. Yet I could well believe, as I read Queen Ingeborg, that you do not like ghosts, but real men and women. And that you think with such forms, and not with counters. That you make so much of your friends is also the habit of a noble soul; and, since life admits of friendship, why should we ever suffer it to be cheap and apathized? Thanks again that you have confided to me tidings of your companions. Berlin shall be to me henceforth a noble and cordial city. And the invitation you send me to visit it gives me new rights in Europe.

I am a bad traveller, and, every year, am a little faster tied to my own nook and cell, by tasks unperformed, and by solitary habits, and, especially as regards Germany, by a despair of talking in a language which I can only read, and not pronounce, and much less speak.

But your challenge makes a kind of daily possibility to my dream. I too could heartily wish to send you friends of mine who deserve to see you and to be seen of you. I gave a letter long since to Elizabeth Hoar, a dear friend of mine, and who should have been, had he lived, the wife of my brother Charles, but he died many years ago. She is now in Italy, or in Switzerland, and the war may prevent her reaching Berlin. Should she come, you will find her a woman in whom much culture from books has not weakened the strength or the delicacy of her native sentiment. She shares my love for your mother's genius. There was lately also in Germany a friend of mine, whom I could dearly have wished you to see, Mrs. Caroline Tappan. These two would give you two styles of New England women, that might suggest to you, better than almost any others, the range of our scale. But I fear she is in Paris, and already perhaps meditating a return home, though I had written to her not to leave Germany without seeking to see you. She did not go to Berlin.

I read your plays, and find them interesting, — which is to say much, for I lack, I believe, a true taste for that form, and wish always that it were a tale instead, which seems to me the form that is always in season; whilst the drama, though it was once the right form, and then was again right, yet seems to die out from time to time;

and, in these days, to labor with much that is old convention, and is so much deduction of power. Certainly it requires great health and wealth of power to ventriloquize (shall I say?) through so many bodies; whilst, in the novel, only that need be said which we are inspired to say, and the reliefs and oppositions take care of themselves. But, in Germany, I can well see, the drama seems to cling about the intellectual heart, as if it were one of the "prime liete creature" that Dante speaks of, and could not be ignored.

You must thank my young translator, of whom you speak, for her labor of love, though the "glued book" you seem to have sent me never arrived. Neither did the Hungarian poems, Petöfi's, which you praise. Herman Grimm's Obituary Notice of your mother reached me from him, and was every way important. I mourned that I could not earlier have established my alliance with your circle, that I might have told her how much I and my friends owed her. Who had such motherwit? such sallies? such portraits? such suppression of commonplace? Continue to befriend me, nor let my slowness to write, which I will not make worse by explanation, chill your flowing generosity, which I love like sunshine. If you will write me such another letter as you have written, perhaps all my ice will go, and I shall suddenly grow genial and affable. Ah! how many secrets sleep in each, which only need invitation from the other to come forth to mutual benefit.

With the highest respect and regard,
Yours, R. Waldo Emerson.

VI. GRIMM TO EMERSON.

Berlin, *October* 25, 1860.

Honored Sir, — Had I written you as often as I intended to do so, you would have many letters from me. Primarily, when more than a year ago I received yours, I wanted to thank you for it, for I was proud that you had thought of me and had written to me; but I omitted to do so because too many things seemed to crowd in, of which I would have had to speak, and of which, nevertheless, had I wanted to do so, it would have been impossible for me to speak. The illness of my departed mother-in-law showed even then its dangerous character, which brought about the end; then her death followed; then came my own physical collapse. After that, the illness and death of my father, coming soon after I had married Gisela von Arnim, of whom you did not know that she was to become my wife, and since then one prevention followed the other.

All this made me so incapable of sending you the letter which I wanted to write, that I even sent you my book about Michelangelo, without an accompanying greeting. Even now there is really no change for the better. It seems that I am not to attain the rest for which I am longing so greatly, for my Uncle Jacob is in indifferent health since the death of his brother, and into all that I think and do there enters care for the future which is facing me inexorably. At the moment he is better; he has convalesced somewhat from the chills and fever from which he suffered during the summer, but there is no reliance to be placed upon this convalescence, for he is old. He is in his seventy-seventh year, and even if he were healthy and vigorous it would be necessary to be resigned to his loss.

Thus the last years have been an exceptional period for me. I only wish to tell you how often during this time I have opened your books and how much comforting ease of mind I have drawn from them. You write so that every one reading your words must think that you had thought of him alone. The love which you have for all mankind is felt so strongly that one thinks it impossible that you should not have thought of single preferred persons, among whom the reader counts himself.

What a happiness for a country to possess such a man! When I think of America I think of you, and America appears to me as the first country of the world. You well know I would not say this if it were not really my innermost conviction. When I read your words, the course of years and events appears to me like the rhythm of a beautiful poem, and even the most commonplace is dissolved into necessary beauty through your observation.

I have endeavored to write my book about Michelangelo in this sense — every page, so that it would stand the test if I could read it aloud to you. I know how imperfect it is, but please take the good will for the deed, and if you ever have time let me know what you find to censure. I should like to utilize your remarks for a second volume upon which I am now engaged. Cornelius, to whom I dedicated it, lost his daughter in Rome recently. He is now entirely alone at great age. It is a sad thought, embittered also by the neglect which he experiences here, and by his sorrow over the condition of affairs in Rome, which concern him as a Catholic very deeply. I personally can only rejoice however that the great Roman lie, from which Germany has had to suffer so long, is more and more collapsing in itself.

Farewell. My wife greets you a thousand times. If you wish to make us happy, please send us a very good portrait of you. I have succeeded in getting some which no longer, however, seem to me to be good likenesses.

With esteem and gratitude,

Your HERMAN GRIMM.

(Yesterday we had been married just one year.)

VII. EMERSON TO GRIMM.

CONCORD, *June* 27, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — You will think there never was such prodigal sloth as mine. To have such friends within easy reach by the steamer's mails, and to postpone letters (to write which is its own reward), and, by postponing, to brave the chances of time and harm on either side, — looks foolhardy, in a world where decay is so industrious. You have behaved so nobly too, on your part, as to leave my sloth and irresolution without excuse: for you have sent me such gentle reminders, in the shape of new benefits, that my debt grows from month to month. The Life of Michelangelo did not reach me until long after it was announced by your letter. I feared it was lost, and ordered a copy from Berlin. Your own book arrived at last, and, soon afterwards, the ordered copy, and there is now a third copy, in our Boston Athenæum; so that America can begin to read. The book is a treasure, — in the hero, the treatment, the frank criticism, the judicial opinions, and, — what I value most, — the interior convictions of the writer bravely imparted, though more seldom than I could wish, as in the first pages, or in the interpretation of M. A.'s sentence or Raffaelle's diligence. The book has research, method, and daylight. I hate circular sentences, or echoing sentences, where the last half cunningly repeats the first half, — but you step from stone to stone, and advance ever. I first knew from your Essay the passages from Francesco D' Ollanda, and now you tell me the Florentine Government will print the Buonarroti Papers. Mr. Cobden, the English Member of Parliament, was in Boston two years ago, and told me he had been shown by the Buonarroti family, in Florence, a considerable collection of MSS. of Michelangelo. I hope, now that liberty has come, or is coming to Italy, there will be all the more zeal to print them. Michael is an old friend of mine. A noble, suffering soul; poor, that others may be rich; indemnified only in his perception of beauty. And his solitude and his opulent genius strongly attract. I miss cheerfulness.

He is tragic, like Dante; though the Erythræan Sibyl is beautiful. I remember long ago what a charm I found in the figure of Justice, on Paul III's monument, in the Vatican, and wished the legend true that ascribed the design to Michael A. Yet he has put majesty, like sunshine, into St. Peter's. We must let him be as sad as he pleases. He is one of the indispensable men on whose credit the race goes. I believe I sympathize with all your admirations. Goethe and Michael A. deserve your fine speeches, and are not perilous, for a long time. One may absorb great amounts of these, with impunity; but we must watch the face of our proper Guardian, and if his eye dims a little, drop our trusted companions as profane. I have a fancy that talent, which is so imperative in the passing hour, is deleterious to duration; what a pity we cannot have genius without talent. Even in Goethe, the culture and varied, busy talent mar the simple grandeur of the impression, and he called himself a layman beside Beethoven.

Yet I do not the less esteem your present taste, which I respect as generous and wholesome. Nay, I am very proud of my friend, and of his performance. Pleases me well that you see so truly the penetrative virtue of well-born souls. Above themselves is the right by which they enter *ad eundem* into all spirits and societies of their own order. Like princes, they have sleeping titles, which perhaps they never assert, finding in the heyday of action relations enough close at hand, yet are these claims available at any hour, — claims, against which, conventions, disparities, nationality, fight in vain, for they transcend all bounds, as gravity grasps instantaneously all ponderable masses.

Thanks evermore for these costly fruits you send me over the sea! I have the brochure on Goethe in Italy and that on the portraits and statues of Goethe. I persuade myself that you speak English. I read German with some ease, and always better, yet I never shall speak it. But I please myself, that, thanks to your better scholarship, you and I shall, one of these days, have a long conversation in English. We are cleaning up America in these days to give you a better reception. You will have interested yourself to some extent, I am sure, in our perverse politics. What shall I say to you of them? 'T is a mortification that because a nation had no enemy, it should become its own; and, because it has an immense future, it should commit suicide! Sometimes I think it a war of manners. The Southern climate and slavery generate a marked style of manners. The people are haughty, self-possessed, suave, and affect to despise Northern manners as of the shop and compting-room; whilst we find the planters picturesque, but frivolous and brutal. Northern labor encroaches on the planters daily, diminishing their political power, whilst their haughty temper makes it impossible for them to play a second part. The day came when they saw that the Government, which their party had hitherto controlled, must now, through the irresistible census, pass out of their hands. They decided to secede. The outgoing administration let them have their own way, and when the new Government came in, the rebellion was too strong for any repression short of vast war; and our Federal Government has now 300,000 men in the field. To us, before yet a battle has been fought, it looks as if the disparity was immense, and that we possess all advantages, — whatever may be the issue of the first collisions. If we may be trusted, the war will be short, — and yet the parties must long remain in false position, or can only come right by means of the universal repudiation of its leaders by the South.

But I am running wide, and leaving that which belongs to you. Let me say that I rejoice in the union which allows

me to address this letter to you, whilst I have my friend Gisela in my thoughts. To her, also, be this sheet inscribed; and let me entreat, meantime, that she, on the other hand, will not quite believe that she writes to me by the hand of her husband, but will, out of her singular goodness, use to me that frankness with which she already indulged me with autograph letters. My only confidante in this relation is my daughter Ellen, who reads Gisela's letters and yours to me, with entire devotion, and whose letter to your wife (sent through Rev. Mr. Longfellow) I hope you have long since received. Ellen has facility — and inclination to front and surmount the barriers of language and script. My little book, Conduct of Life, I tried in vain to send you by post. So I sent it by Mr. Burlingame, our Minister to Austria, who kindly promised me to forward it to you. But the Austrian Government has declined to receive him, and I know not how far he went, or what became of the poor little book. You asked for my photograph head, and I tried yesterday in Boston to procure you something; but they were all too repulsive. Ellen had enclosed in her letter some scrap of an effigy. But I am told that I shall yet have a better to send. And so, with thanks and earnest good wishes to you and yours, I wait new tidings of you.

R. W. Emerson.

Herman Grimm.

VIII. EMERSON TO GRIMM.

Concord, Massachusetts, 14 *April*, 1867.

My dear Mr. Grimm, — Will you allow me the pleasure of introducing to you a young friend of mine, Mr. William James, a student of medicine at Cambridge. He has lately returned from South America, whither he accompanied Professor Agassiz in his scientific tour in Brazil. He goes now to Berlin, with a view to the further prosecution of his studies. His father Henry James, Esq., an old friend of mine, is a man of rare insight and of brilliant conversation, and I doubt not you will find the son the valued companion that we hold him. He asks me rather suddenly for this letter, or I should make it the companion of one or two more that have long been due to yourself, and to my friend Gisela Arnim, to whom I pray you to present my affectionate salutations, with the promise to make to her soon a special acknowledgment of her letter, which, though addressed to my daughter, directly concerned me, and of her book, on which I have much to say.

I remain your affectionate debtor,

R. Waldo Emerson.

Herman Grimm, Esq.

IX. GRIMM TO EMERSON.

Berlin, *October* 19, 1867.

Honored Sir and Friend, — Instead of all the letters which I have for years written to you in my thoughts, without ever putting them to paper, I now send you brief news through Mr. Foote. Why I wanted to write so often I hardly need tell you. In all the heavy hours through which I have passed in the last years — when my wife's mother died, when my Uncle Jacob followed her, and my father, and last summer, hardly two months ago, my mother — it was almost my only comfort to formulate the thoughts which filled me into letters to you, in which I expressed that which was cutting my heart in twain. Then again however I omitted to write out what I had thought, but I had the feeling that you knew it nevertheless.

What else is there that I could write, — that I read your books again and again, that your letters made me happy, and that I like nothing better than to hear talk about you? I can mention no one whom I wish to know except yourself. If I did not dread the sea voyage on account of my wife, I should have come over long ago; but she would not be able to bear the voyage over to you.

I send you through Mr. Foote an art periodical which I write almost alone, for the last two years, and which I am giving up on account of want of time. Furthermore, I send you, in the hope of giving you a little pleasure, one of the first impressions of an engraving on copper which has just been finished, after the anonymous head which I had discussed in this periodical, which is in the possession of one of my friends in Switzerland, and which was engraved by a copper-plate engraver, Friedrich Weber, at my suggestion. The second sheet is a portrait of Clemens Brentano drawn and etched in his last years by a brother of my father, who was an artist in Cassel; and in the third place my wife, with many cordial regards, sends a sheet of her daughter — a shepherd, after the first and last painting of a young artist by the name of Kachel, who died of consumption soon after its completion, and with whose father, a most excellent old man, we became acquainted a few years ago in Switzerland.

If your daughter wishes to give me great pleasure she will send us her portrait, and if you will add your own, you will complete our collection of your portraits, of which we have quite a number, and which we often look at as though we had known you for a long time.

Mr. James has arrived here, and we are greatly pleased with him. To-morrow evening he will become acquainted at our house with Joachim, the celebrated violinist, — at the same time my best friend, and also the man who was among the first in Germany to become acquainted with your thoughts in the fullness of their importance. Joachim and I read your works at the time in Germany when besides us perhaps no one knew them. Now indeed many know them, and more and more are becoming acquainted with you.

A few months ago I sent you the three volumes of a romance in which America is mentioned. What will you have said about it? I think of it occasionally, for the effect of such a work must always remain very problematical.

I conclude my letter as though I had written yesterday and expected to write again to-morrow. With most cordial regards, Yours,

HERMAN GRIMM.

X. EMERSON TO GRIMM.

CONCORD, *April* 17, 1868.

MY DEAR MR. GRIMM, — Professor W. W. Goodwin, who fills the chair of Greek Language and Literature, in Harvard University, sails in a few days for Europe, with the intention to visit Berlin on his tour. He is an esteemed and accurate scholar, and though a native of this town, had his best teaching in Germany. I believe he has once met you, — many years ago. His present journey, I think, was first suggested by the delicate health of his wife, but I doubt not they are both in condition to use and enjoy the rest and the attractions of the tour. He knows enough of German, as well as of Greek, to have some right to visit Berlin: and I hope that both of my friends may be so fortunate as to see you, and to bring me new tidings of the health of my friend Gisela.

With affectionate regard,

R. W. EMERSON.

XI. EMERSON TO GRIMM.

CONCORD, 5 *January*, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Your enduring kindness encourages me to ask your interest in a young countryman of mine, Mr. William E. Silsbee, an alumnus of our Cambridge, and now going to Berlin, to hear Law lectures. His parents are excellent persons here, — my friends, and they and I desire that he shall not be in Berlin without seeing Herman Grimm and — if happy stars conspire — my friend, Gisela von Arnim G. also. Meantime I send to you and to her perpetual thanks and benedictions. I duly received from you the

brochure on Schleiermacher, and read with interest, though his was never one of my high names. For Goethe I think I have an always ascending regard. That book of Müller which you sent me, the Unterhaltungen, is a treasure which I have kept close by me, and only now have sent to a friend with advice to translate it.

I give you joy, the new year, on these great days of Prussia. You will have seen that our people have taken your part from the first, and have a right to admire the immense exhibition of Prussian power. Of course, we are impatient for peace, were it only to secure Prussia at this height of well-being.

Yours faithfully,

R. W. Emerson.

XII. EMERSON TO GRIMM.

Concord, Massachusetts,
December 18, 1871.

My dear Sir, — You have been my constant benefactor for many years, and relying on this native bounty of yours, I have charged my son Edward, who goes to Berlin to pursue his studies in Medicine, to pay his early respects to you, and to my friend, Gisela von Arnim Grimm, if, as I trust, she still remembers me, — and entreat your friendship and good advice in his new home. The boy has gone earlier to Berlin than I had expected, by a month, or this note should have reached you sooner.

But let me use the opportunity to say, that, though I have such a wicked habit of not writing letters, the best books and pamphlets have come to me from your hands, and have been carefully read by me with great advantage. The brochure on Schleiermacher was specially interesting, as I had read some volumes of Varnhagen v. Ense's Tagebücher, and wondered at the contrast of the freedom within doors and the sad politics without. Now that my son is near you, I shall hope to communicate with you some more knowledge and with security of transmission on my part.

With affectionate regards,

R. W. Emerson.

APRIL RAIN IN THE WOOD.

When it comes, a passing guest,
Young leaves, like young birds in the nest,
Open wide their mouths to gain
As much as they can of April rain;
And weanling squirrels that learn to creep
In branches where they soon will leap,
Pause to taste the drop that cleaves
To the delicate faces of opening leaves;
Pale buds that shrink in hot sunshine
Unfold to drink this April wine.

As softly as it came, it goes, —
So softly that a leaf scarce knows
Who has blessed it, whom to thank
For the cool, fresh cup it drank.

Francis Sterne Palmer.

THE FOE OF COMPROMISE.

THE case for compromise was never put better, perhaps, than it was by moderate American statesmen after the great political compromise of 1850. That adjustment, they said, had saved the Union; and they pointed out to the defeated radicals that the noblest politics are but a compromise. The Union itself, they declared, is a compromise; so is the Constitution, and all social life, and the harmony of the entire universe. With sincere conviction and a genuine fervor they dilated on the blessings we had won by being reasonable. Had we not won peace itself? "With what instantaneous and mighty charm," cried Rufus Choate, their orator, the measures of compromise "calmed the madness and anxiety of the hour!" And not peace alone, but love. "How, in a moment, the interrupted and parted currents of fraternal feeling reunited!"

Surely, they were right. The analogy of nature, common sense, the experience of mankind, crystallized in proverbs, and all the dignified and honored usage of our human societies ranged themselves on their side. And yet, we did not rest in the peace which they had made. Their contemporary, Garrison, the abolitionist, must have known that all these things were against him; he must have felt how harshly the strife he brought into our Republic of welfare and of opportunity broke in upon the soft music which ears like Choate's were harking for. Nevertheless, he went on: and soon there was war and death and mourning in the land. Some said that the outcome proved compromise a failure; more said, it was the fault of Garrison and of the other extremists on both sides. There was peace again, at last: a sure peace for the Republic; surer and deeper for some hundreds of thousands of young men in blue and gray uniforms, mourned a while by young wives and sweethearts, — mourned without ceasing by dim-eyed mothers. The end of compromise and the end of warfare were the same.

And yet, not quite the same; for there is peace, and peace. Which, one wonders, is that peace for which mankind, in all lands, all languages, to all their gods, forever pray? Which is that peace which we of Christian breeding have been taught to pray for? "The Lord bless us and keep us, the Lord make his face to shine upon us and be gracious unto us, the Lord lift up his countenance upon us and give us peace, now and for evermore." Is it the peace men win by bargaining with circumstance, by huckstering with life? Or is it that peace for which they also strive who will not stop to parley, but shout, like the young Octavius, "To the field!" Is it the peace of compromise? Or is it some other peace which shall come at last out of war and conflict, out of "confused noises and garments rolled in blood?"

There is no other question so universal or so perpetual as this — for communities or for men. Civilizations, as well as individual lives, diverge with this divergence of the paths of peace. Continents are less divided by the seas than by this disparity of aspiration in the peoples that inhabit them. Asia were Europe, Europe, America, if in Occident and Orient men were like-hearted in their prayers for peace. Like they are — all men are like — in those few simple, primal hungerings and thirstings which deny them peace. We shall not go far wrong if we say that bread, and work, and play, and love symbolize all our wants, for the here and the hereafter. To have these, and have them rightly and of right, is peace; else, there is no peace. Few of us, men or communities, but can have them, and

have them all, — in a measure, and by compromise.

Much has been said concerning the bounds of compromise; but they who have spoken and written to the best purpose on this theme have been students of communities, of society. They have reasoned by less or more concerning the greater and the lesser utilities, and they have used the method of science. That, no doubt, was a right point of view, and a right method, for that aspect of the subject. Communities of men are studied most profitably as one studies nature. Their characteristics may be observed and recorded like natural phenomena. The law of their growth and their decay is a natural law, — these laws they make, and the higher law, are only for individuals. The student of society may therefore reason about the bounds of compromise in a way not open to the venturesome searcher of the hearts of men.

But much of our most individual experience comes of our membership in communities; and by that bridge I wish to pass from the great matter which Garrison and Choate debated to a still greater matter: from the theme of Mr. John Morley's well-known essay to a theme which is oftener approached in poetry than in such plain prose as this I use; from compromise in the conflict between the greater and the lesser utilities in society to compromise in the long striving of our human souls for peace. More particularly, I wish, if it be possible, to work my way to a clearer understanding — clearer than any I find in books, or in the talk of other men — of what that is which forever rises up in men, as men like Garrison and Morley and the radicals of other times have risen up in all societies, to fight with compromise, whatever form it takes. For my notion is, that there is nothing in us, nothing in the human spirit, more curious and noteworthy than the strange impulse to fight at once with reason and desire.

But passing thus from compromise in the affairs of whole communities, whole societies, to compromise in individual lives, even though we begin with individuals as members of societies, with compromise in patriotism, we make, in truth, a great transition. Our purpose is no longer what Mr. Morley's was in that finely scrupulous inquiry of his into the laws of the warfare with error; nor can we use his method. We cannot simply take an inventory of the gains and losses, reckoned by more or less, which will ensue to the individual from acquiescence and adjustment, on the one hand, or from resolute adherence to an ideal, on the other hand, or from some middle course. For we have no standard of values in the life of the individual. We can hope for little more than an imperfect view of the conflict in a man's own breast, a dim observation of the forces which contend there for the mastery of his nature.

To begin, then, with compromise in patriotism, there is, first of all, the man's own peculiar, personal vision and outlook when he thinks of his country. That, doubtless, is primarily geographical; it began with the maps at school. But an infinite number of facts, learned he knows not when, of observations made he knows not where, and of impressions taken he knows not how, — in travel, reading, conversation, — have gradually been added, changing and enlarging his conception, until the whole has taken in his thought a mixed, composite character, far beyond the power of language to convey. Parts of the whole will seem to him wrong, unfit, out of joint with the rest. Certain things he disapproves: not merely disapproves, but hates. Other things, and certain aspects of the whole, he approves: not merely approves, but loves. There are, therefore, attractions and repulsions in the state, and these, far more than any reasoning of his about the state, will determine his ideal. A man's ideal in patriotism — his ideal

of that which he himself sees when he says, "My country" — is very far indeed from being an affair of the intellect alone. It is compact of aspiration and desire.

But no other man's conception of the state, of society, no other man's vision and outlook, is ever quite the same; nor is there, in any other man, quite the same set of desires and aspirations that have to do with the state. The falling short of one's ideal is, therefore, inevitable; but loyalty to one's ideal is possible, and a persistent willing and striving toward it. What is that which in one man keeps alive his whole desire, his undiminished aspiration, while in another man, after a brief struggle, a faint beating of its wings, it yields to necessity, to circumstance?

Edmund Burke, I fancy, will serve us best for an instance of what I mean in patriotism. The warfare between his selfish interests and his attachments, many of them high and tender, on the one hand, and what, for want of a better word, we may call his ideal, on the other, is revealed in his writings and speeches as similar inner conflicts seldom are; for of all great writers and speakers of the English tongue who have also been statesmen, no other, I think, has ever made so plain to us both his inner vision and reflection of society and his purposes, desires, and aspirations for society. Now Burke's ideal of the state was, unquestionably, more like Choate's than Garrison's. His disposition was hopeful, even sanguine. His favorite conceptions, though sublime, were not ethereal. The order of things physical and the harmony of the actual universe were pleasing to him. Adjustments did not seem to him shameful. On the contrary, compromise, arrangement, correlation, entered largely into his scheme. He could contemplate with enthusiasm an empire of checks and balances, of liberty and law, of force and restraint. That all should be practical was thus of the essence of his ideal.

But if his ideal was an ideal of compromise, no man ever had a loftier scorn of any compromise with his ideal. Do but consider his course in the two great crises of his times, — when America broke with the Empire, and when France broke with the past. It is plain that Burke saw, throughout the whole controversy with America, authority enlarging itself at the expense of liberty, — pressing in, as it were, upon the sphere and function of liberty in his ideal scheme of the Empire. And how he pleaded the cause of liberty thus outraged! With what an intimate sense of it as principle and as impulse he pursued it through the history of the Colonies! No man could speak as he spoke from a mere conviction. A thing he loved had been endangered. It was as if time and change had set upon some landscape familiar to his eyes from boyhood, and threatened to alter it beyond his recognition. When the ministry, with a weak obstinacy, would have struck down the free spirit of a new continent, it struck at something that was vital and sensitive in Burke's own nature. It was at bottom a sort of self-assertion, an instinct of self-preservation, that made him turn upon authority as he did. It was a lifting of his own head, a deep and passionate breathing in of the boon air about him, — this splendid loyalty to liberty endangered, when in truth liberty was not, to him, the one central and vital principle of society.

On the contrary, it was in essence the same self-assertion which he made when the revolutionists of France, through a riotous over-growth and over-reaching of liberty, endangered what was equally dear to him in his ideal of the social order. His opulent imagination had decked authority with the richest trappings, graced it with noble attitudes and poses, and softened its harsh outlines with a tender reverence. Royalty was to him no mere utilitarian device, adapted to a particular function

in the state; it was the outgrowth, and the right symbolical expression, of a deep and noble human instinct. If one said, "The King," Burke saw, with a vision denied to most of us, the long procession of the monarchs of mankind: rich, barbaric Eastern pageants of enthronement; gestures of command, and high, serious faces of authority; arms of power outstretched with dooms or mercies; sweet and moving episodes of princely gentleness, and of all our common sorrows worn, in proud silence, like a hair shirt underneath the purple. He saw the peoples of the earth, through all the centuries, turning again and again, from whatever hard adventures of facing life unruled, to lean upon authority and to fortify themselves with thrones and coronations. All this, and more, was passionate in his deep contempt and his hurt anger at the ignorant, impious assault of France on his ideal. A regicide peace with France was to him what an unjust war with America had been. It was a marring and distortion of that image of society which he wore upon his heart.

So much is clear, I think, from what Burke wrote and spoke. The like is only less clear in the utterances and in the lives of other men who have had a truly passionate feeling for the state, for society. Such men are better known to us, perhaps, than any other class. It may be well, therefore, if we keep this particular class of men in mind, and those ideals which grow in us from our membership in communities, while we attempt some further insight into the nature of that in the human spirit which fights with compromise.

We must, I think, take account of something deeper and more hidden than the ideal itself. The question is not of what that may happen to be, but of adherence to it, — of the kind and degree of loyalty. In every case of change in the social order, for example, we are moderate or extreme according to the readiness with which we yield to necessity, or to some less imperative consideration, any part of our ideal. All such changes are, in fact, of the nature of a victory either of liberty over authority or of authority over liberty; and the conflict inside of us may be set forth in the same terms, though the analogy will not be easy to hold. It is, one might say, the voice of authority, at once menacing and protecting, which commends to us accommodation, moderation, acquiescence. It is the voice of the dreadful spirit of Liberty that whips our spirits into defiance. There is a question of monarchy or democracy in our inner state. These citizen desires and aspirations of ours, — wild-eyed, fierce denizens of our spiritual Rue Saint Antoines, pale, visionary enthusiasts of the Latin Quarters of our souls, — shall we repress and feed them, or shall we give them rein to triumph — and to starve? These dear, child-like impulses, — shall we loose them for their play, or shall we house and guard them with a wise and paternal discretion? For a man's desires are indeed as the very children of his soul, and he loves them with a parent's love. Compromise, I think, is a sort of bourgeois paternalism of one's aspirations, careful of health and food, frankly concerned with the welfare of the offspring; while the other sort of fatherhood is more concerned with the high nature and the noble function of its princeling brood. Thus one man will, as it were, coarsen or cheapen his soul's appetites to that they feed on, — mercifully restrain them, and hold them back from the joust with circumstance; while another man will let them hunger, even to a death in the desert, if heaven send not down the manna which they crave. He will not leash them or hold them back, but, with a kinglier love, bids them forth to the wars.

But these analogies, for all I know, may make rather for confusion than for clearness. My own conception is not of a quality and habit of certain natures

and of an unlike quality and habit of other natures. It is, rather, of a force, a power, — a veritable thing, — in all of us, which dwells in the deeps beneath our consciousness, whence in some of us it rises up often, and exercises a well-nigh constant dominance, while in others it comes up seldom, or is so foundered with the bread of compromise, so couched and cushioned with the ease of acquiescence, that it lies in a sleep or torpor, and only now and then stirs and mutters in its sleep. Until it appears, it is undiscernible. While it is silent, the man is altogether amenable to reason, pliant to circumstance. But when it rises up, out of the nothingness within, the man will know it for his very inmost self. Ideal is not its name, for ideals are many, and they change; the thing I mean is one and constant. It is, rather, the champion and tutelary god of all ideals. Nor is it aspiration, but rather the monitor that bids us always aspire, and largely. Nor is it desire, but rather a royal parent to desires. There is, in fact, no name for the thing I mean. Let us call it merely the foe — the hidden foe — of compromise.

Definition and description are inadequate, impossible. To attain any distinct sense of the thing I mean, each of us must endeavor to recall for himself its appearances in his inner life. But the common affair, and a man's share in the life of a community, though it serve for clearness in illustration, is no doubt too small a part of all but a very few individual lives to afford, for most of us, any very vivid and memorable instances of the rising up within ourselves of this concealed and dreadful power. We must turn, rather, to those experiences in which we singly face the universe without; and each of us must determine for himself what its part has been in his own struggle for the things which should satisfy his primal wants and give him peace.

Now the strife for bread, so one might think, is but a poor occasion for any stirring of the foe of compromise. Nevertheless, it is not always unmindful even of that aspiration. It will teach a man, only too clearly, before he is far progressed along the road to comfort and to luxury, that there are infinite degrees of material welfare, and grades and hierarchies of our merely physical appetites. That characteristic American boast of having or of buying always "the best" was made first of things material; of food and drink, of shelter, and of raiment. Keen and even sordid money-getters though we are, extravagance is, none the less, a national characteristic. Quite probably, there are more of us who decline to regulate and moderate our appetency for the good things of the physical life from economy, or from temperance, or from any other of the considerations that make for moderate living, than there are in any other country; and doubtless compromise is oftener scorned among us in this than in any other connection. The kingly aspiration of the democrat is least often restrained when the question is of the food that is fit for a king, of purple and fine linen, of chariots and horses. To live thus magnificently with the body, or, obeying the next whole impulse, to disregard the body altogether, as a thing shamed by its ignoble food and housing, — these are the two extremes.

In such concerns, the foe of compromise contradicts the proverbs. "No bread is better than half a loaf" is its exhortation concerning the immediate wants of the body. "Either riches or poverty" is its word to our hunger of possession. Nor is its lordship of our natures in respect of these material desires an entirely low sort of dominance, or the mere household drudgery of its kingship. There is a nobleness of the flesh, a fineness of the clay, which is little short of essential to any constant habit of nobleness or fineness in men's natures. A whole and integral character is, I think, impossible, without a

fit incarnation. Fullness and freedom even in spiritual experiences are unattainable without a free access to the life of nature and a full relish of all bodily delights. Here, especially, — though elsewhere it is not less true, — the real nature of the foe of compromise may be intimated best by calling to mind the attitude, in certain moods, of that rare type we call a gentleman: "fine gentleman" were perhaps the better term in this connection. I mean the sort of human being who never questions his right to the earth and its fullness, and whose right, for that reason, may even go unchallenged by other men. Such a man will choke on common food. He is athirst if he drink not of the best vintage; cabined anywhere but in a palace; naked, if his raiment be not of the costliest stuffs. For all his senses he will demand always "the best;" that denied, he will rather bear an utter abstinence than stoop to any landlord's, tailor's, tapster's makeshift for his comfort. Your true "fine gentleman," if he be shut out from the palace and the king's table, will oftener be found, like Lear, on the storm-swept moor than in the ale-house.

The immanence and the power of the foe of compromise will thus be plain to many of us if we go no deeper into our inner experience than to take account of our struggle for material things, — our graspings and renunciations. But the part it plays is more important, its power is greater, when the question is of a man's work.

Now I think that as a matter of fact a man's ideal of work grows in his breast as Burke's ideal of society, of the social order, grew in him. There is in every man a reflection of life, a vision and a sense of life, which he has got from observation and experience. It is not constant, but grows and changes; and it is never quite the same in any two human beings. There is also in every man an inner vision and sense of himself in the midst of life; of himself projected into life; of his single energy transforming somewhat, or conserving somewhat, of that he sees. The ideal of life is due to the attractions and repulsions of life as he sees it. The ideal of work is a part of the ideal of life. Neither is the result of conscious reasoning or willing. They are thrust up from deeps the reason never sounded. They summon from a height the will has never mounted.

Of necessity, the ideal of work is unattainable. Save in very rare and fortunate cases, it will not be straitened by any restraining sense of the limitations of one's strength, or correspond at all to one's actual talents and endowments. It will seldom, in any case, fall short of dignity and grace and power. Quite probably, it has taken its shape from the accidental direction of the man's first curiosity concerning life, or from the figures of men, enlarged to the eyes of inexperience, which chance may have erected on his earliest horizons. The hue and color of it may be traceable to the atmosphere of his childhood; very likely, it will have a general character of achievement or of sacrifice according to the preponderance of lights or of shadows on the landscape of his youth. In all cases, however, and at all times, it will relate itself to all of life he sees. That he should ever realize it, in any of its stages of growth and change, is, of course, inconceivable.

One might almost say that the degree of success which a man has in his work, considered thus as a striving toward a right place and a full share in life, is the measure of his facility in compromise. What is said of modern as contrasted with ancient art — that it can only suggest, and never can realize or achieve — is true of all uncompromising work. When work can be measured at all with reasonable tests and standards, there has been concession and surrender. The demon within has slept. Nor is it any more true in this than in any

other connection that the tender of compromise is ever made once for all. That notion of a crisis which once for all determines a man's career, and puts an end to hesitating and debating, is a creation of the dramatic instinct. Story-tellers and playwrights have so constantly resorted to the fancy that it is become a habit of our thought, but experience is forever belying it. Crises, no doubt, there are; as when, in his youth, a man may sometimes choose, with a reasonable forecast of the future, what particular training or apprenticeship he will undergo, and thereby effectively resolve to keep a certain sort of career possible and forego entirely all other sorts. But the struggle toward his ideal is visible rather in the varying quality of his work than in any choice of tasks. And the struggle, if he do not yield, will be constant, and it will grow ever more desperate.

For the sense of his littleness and weakness will grow upon him day by day; and day by day life will enlarge in his vision of it. The impossibility of his ideal will be more and more manifest. The ideal itself, if he do not, by some positive effort, keep it clear, will grow fainter and fainter. He will also understand better what he foregoes pursuing it, as experience and the widening reach of his observation make him more and more aware, as by the lifting of a mist, of what there is to be won from life by acquiescence and arrangement. The lessening years before him will admonish him to an economy of his energy, and sharpen his desires with fear. Striving toward an ideal, however it may, in point of fact, enisle and separate him from the actual life about him, means, for the man himself, an ever keener sense, an ever wider vision, of the entire front of things without. He is inevitably set upon the aspiration to completeness. He must — so the relentless power within commands him — he must forever strain himself to see and sense life whole.

What that straining is to see and sense the whole of life none know, I think, but they that have this devil. Such have been the men — the Amiels and Obermanns — who have withdrawn from life to the very end of seeing it entire. There is, indeed, a trick, like the trick of wine, to do this without pain: to make even of a wide vision and keen sense of life a soothing entertainment of the soul. This is that leaning and loafing which Walt Whitman loved. It is, perhaps, merely the saying to one's self that seeing is having, as when a child, by the easy largess of its nurse, is made possessor of the moon. But this sort of fireside travel, and society in solitude, and rubbing of one's hands over a Barmecide feast, is of the essence of compromise. There is, for mortal eyes, no true seeing without hungering and thirsting. For no such placid observation does the demon within a man drive him up to the high place. There are few worse agonies than this of straining to see life whole.

A very common experience may serve to make my meaning clearer, and to show also how constant is the tender of compromise. You have been, let us say, in some distinguished company, where notable men and high-bred women were joined together in some high exercise of intelligence and sympathy; where the speech was large, and of large things; where noble music, perhaps, and lights, and graceful courtesies, and rich dress and equipage, invested, for a time, the mere ordinary movements and uses of our human bodies with a great and impressive dignity. And thence you pass into some lesser, humbler company, of no extraordinary interest and quite devoid of charm. Now to keep in mind the fine company, the great occasion, the higher and statelier way of living, is longing and regret. It is far more comfortable, and with effort it is possible, to occupy yourself with the lesser company, the lesser interest; to be conscious of that you

have in a way to exclude the troublesome thought of that you have not.

That will be the effort, it is the instinct, in every such case, of natures reconciled and wonted to compromise. None of us, in fact, but learns, after a while, how the mind can be its own place. That sort of "philosophy" is so common that a man can say that he is philosophical, or that he has philosophy, meaning merely that he knows how to decline upon small things and be content with a little share of life, and run no risk of being thought to boast. But there is that in many of us — I think it is in all of us in our youth — which cries us shame for such a venal practice of oblivion. Philosophy, in that use of it, wears, to certain of our moods, a mean and commercial aspect; it has a veterinarian quality. The foe of compromise will have none of it, but will forever, while we are in the midst of little things, force our minds back to the great things we have known, and press upon us, in the very hour when we sink down in failure, the agonizing sense of "that obstreperous joy success would bring." The measure of its power over any man is not in the strength of his sword-arm while he fights. It is, rather, in the silent answer he makes with his eyes to such as remind him, after the battle, that this or that of honor or of ease is left to him, though the battle, indeed, is lost.

And it is of his lost battles that one must think if he would clearly understand why that longing and straining after life, which is an inevitable experience if a man is set against compromise, is so great a pain. It is, I think, in times of defeat, of deprivation, that a man's sense of life is keenest and his vision widest. It is longing, and not having, desire, and not fulfillment, hunger, and not repletion, that quickens most his apprehensions. Possession, ease, security, assurance, — these are not the moods in which he is intensely aware of things outside himself. But if he be thrust forth from the house of his toil, barred from the visionary mansion of his hope, and so let loose to wander to and fro on some highway or city street of life, where beggars cry their sores, all that interior comfort he has lost, and all that unhoused misery he encounters, find their right place and perspective in his tingling thought. All the comfortable postulates of our means-and-end existence, all the merciful conventions which screen us from the unpleasant cognizance of naked truths, and the whole habit of assumption, fall away from the vanquished. As no man learns the depth of his own love until some absence or estrangement comes, so only he who feels himself somehow shut out from any right, fit part in the world's work and play can ever learn how great and dreadful is his own hunger for this life. Only he, and he only if the foe of compromise be strong within him, will ever know the uttermost craving of the flesh, or the mind's agony of farthest outreach, or the fierce surging of the heart's desire.

Stripped of his pride, quickened with his hurt, such a man will bare his quivering soul to life. Suns rise and mount and set in single moments of his hurrying thought; each day he is scornful for wasted hours, that might be charged with high activities or rapturous with keen delights. Nature, with all her vast contrivances of charm, — her grand procession of the seasons; her many musics of loud diapasons and low babblings and clear, sweet trills and bird-notes; her seas and lands; her cloudy splendors; her glancing lights and shades and darkling closes; her cold and snowy exaltations, and the warm mother's breast she keeps for her tired children, — Nature, and this green earth, will mock his famishing senses with the invitations to a myriad feasts. To look upon his kind, absorbed in infinite activities of work and play, in loves and friendships, will be a still more exquisite torture. This man's pursuit of his

desire is the fine, eager coursing of a greyhound; that other's is the lithe bound of a tiger on his prey. All ways he looks are shapes of power and energy addressed to hope. Men and women, in all their meetings and partings, with their sure tones, their lit looks of understanding, their trembling lips of tenderness, tantalize him with some secret, some trick of living, which he has not mastered. Tired mothers, bending to their constant household mercies, and the hands of little children, — ever, with their tiny fingers and ringed, threadlike joints, life's tenderest appeal to a man's fainting heart, — these, most of all, will shame him with the sense that life, human life, escapes him. This is the pain of him who fails, and slinks, like a wounded beast, away from his fellows. It is in store for every man who will not compromise.

For no man, however hurt and shamed and beaten, however curst, will bear this agony of the vision and the sense of life if his spirit be not ruled by the foe of compromise. Escape is easy. He could learn "philosophy" if he would; and there are for all but a very, very few men opportunities of duty and sacrifice. Even Clough, who, perhaps, has already come into the reader's thought, — Clough, who by reason of his frank confession of his longing and weak tenderness for this earthly, human life, has a fine distinction among those who have scorned most the insulting terms on which they are permitted to live, — even Clough had clearly seen, had justly weighed, not merely the reason and necessity, but also the moral commendations, of acquiescence and arrangement.

> "We must, we must.
> Howe'er we turn, and pause, and tremble,
> Howe'er we shrink, deceive, dissemble, —
> Whate'er our doubting, grief, disgust, —
> The hand is on us, and we must.
> We must, we must."

Yes, and there 's duty in it, too: —

> "Duty, that 's to say, complying
> With whate'er 's expected here."

And for what higher mandate does he disobey the iron law? With what finer voice does he confute the voice of a conscience instructed by all human experience? His argument is nothing but a "maybe: " —

> "If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars."

It is, in truth, from no self-deceit that natures such as Clough's revolt at common sense and scorn all practical moralities. Sooner or later, the path which such men tread brings them to a point whence they can clearly see the goal of all their wandering. And it is no Round Tower of mysterious compensations. It is, rather, the very Castle of Despair.

That way this hard path leads. The scorn of low contents, the putting by of the ease of oblivion, the resolute facing out of all the black and slinking horrors of the night-time, — these wrestlings are but preliminary exercises to the true encounter. They are all, in the last analysis, mere subordinations of the lesser to the greater hope, the meaner to the nobler aspiration. But to put by all hope, all aspiration, all desire, to "reason with the worst that may befall," to consider simply and sincerely that a cold negative is the right, true answer to the long, fond questioning of life, — even so far a man will come. What but a demon in his breast could bring him to that pass? What in any sense natural impulse or instinct could bring him to do this, — this, which one man will do, in the dark night, starting and sweating with his fear, while another man, far more courageous, perhaps, in all ordinary ways, shakes off the hideous thought and wills himself to sleep!

But this experience is harder to convey than any other I have touched upon. All our conceptions of failure, of giving up, are in fact so softened with the idea of compensation, hope is a habit into which we so unconsciously fall from the mere fact of living, that there is to most of us no vaguer word than despair. To realize it, a man must, I think, be

brought somehow into the state in which beaten men sense the things they have desired. He must be as Lear was on the moor; as the blind Œdipus was when he took leave of his children; as Othello was, his power in Cyprus gone, the willow-song of his slain Desdemona in his ears; as Hamlet was when his lips, which trembled with tender love, were twisted with the maniac grin and the foul words that drove Ophelia from his side. But even then — even in such case as these were in — circumstance and fate are not enough to work despair. It is no mere response of reason to events. It is not an intellectual experience. It is, in the actual sense of it, a sort of turning of the parent soul upon its offspring; a strangling and a trampling down of all desires; the ghastly infanticide of a thousand hopes and longings.

For these will live, in spite of circumstance, if only they escape the Herod in a man's own breast. They will live on in the foulest dungeon; in the sordidest poverty; in the deepest shame. Though they be caverned from the light of day, they will still live, and suck their sustenance from whatever noxious growths, whatever dark, forbidden roots of things, they find protruding from their cavern walls, — roots, maybe, of the flowers and the great, green trees above. Circumstance alone will never make a tragedy. Catastrophe is tragical only when it strikes a Lear, an Œdipus. The true tragedy is in the men themselves, — in the stern thrusting off of mercy, and tearing loose the bandage, and turning of the face to the wall. It is that in them, not fate or circumstance, which awes us in the presence of these souls.

But it is not, I think, in the respect of a man's work, in his straining after life, or even in his fronting of despair, which are, nevertheless, unavoidable experiences if the foe of compromise dominates his nature, that its utmost power is exhibited. These are hard and cruel tyrannies, but the demon is more ruthless still. For compromise, though it be intrenched in a complete circle and circumvallation, and able to strike at will from without, and though it be enabled also, through countless disaffections of desire and reason, to intrigue within, will never find its supreme opportunity until all desires shall be fused in overmastering passion, and all the myriad calls and challenges of life shall mingle in a single poignant and delirious appeal. The opportunity of compromise the besieger will be supreme only when, upon the ears that strain at the tumult and the silence, the mating note shall fall; when, before the eyes that weary with their long gaze into the mysteries, the woman's form shall pass. Strifes of the day and terrors of the night, — through these a man may go, and keep his faith in unfaith. For with these a man may fight; things or shadows, they are foes to fight with. But how shall a man fight with the woman? And never came a woman yet but as the emissary, the ardent or unwitting advocate, of compromise. Never but by compromise were two lives joined together, or a child born into the world. The same fell thing within a man which turns his bread into ashes, and makes his work and play like the gasping and the sinking knees of a nightmare dream, will likewise turn his love into a whipping with scorpions, and a bath in fiery whirlwinds.

For the ideal, which was before of life, and of a right, full share in life, is now of a thing quite as clearly unattainable. It is the vision and the dream of sharing all life with another nature. The ideal is of sympathy: of the perfect knowledge and sure sentience of another human soul.

And now, no doubt, I come to that in a man's life which it is hardest to invade with reasonable prose speech. Here, that speech is most convincing which has the most of passion in it. Even that other agony of straining

after the whole of life is oftenest set forth, and best set forth, with the suggestive imagery, the passionate music of verse. There is no prose Prometheus. But even in the poetry of protest that is the most nearly intellectual — in certain of the speeches of the heroes of great tragedies, in Omar, in Byron, in Clough — there is seldom to be found anything beyond a setting forth, an expression, of the tragical in life and in the human spirit. Moved with great pity and great horror, we are more likely merely to fall wondering and weeping than to reflect, with any coherency, concerning the cause, or the real nature, of all that woe we read of. If we would bring ourselves to any clear-eyed comprehension of the utmost human wretchedness, if we would try to understand how supreme pain comes into the lives of men, our speech and our thought must be in prose. It comes, I believe, only when circumstance besets a nature dominated by this power which we may call, in a very real sense, unnatural, since it seems so flatly to contradict the natural order and break in upon the "harmony of the universe."

For if, to draw near the greater experience through the less, we speak first of friendship, it is not hard to see why the ideal of sympathy can never be realized. The impossibility does not lie essentially in that imperfection of our knowledge of other natures which comes of the imperfection of our means of communication. It is true, of course, that no human being ever had a perfect knowledge of another nature. Eye and ear and sense, however they have pierced and penetrated, have never once surmounted altogether the wall of flesh. But our separation one from another is not the main fact. The main fact is our strangeness one to another, — our real difference and unlikeness.

The impossibility of the ideal lies essentially in this: that no two natures can ever have the same vision or reflection and the same sense of life. Pass but an inch beyond courtesy and the conventions, and you encounter, in whatever human being you press into, a contrariety of impulse and of motive which reveals him little short of your antipodes. Life, which engulfs you both, is to him one element, to you another. Another sun, and other stars, are over him from his birth, and shed their strange rays on another world. Like they are, these worlds, and you can, with a certain comprehension, observe and study his. But you can never pass from yours to live in his, nor can he, crossing "the step or two of dubious twilight," ever once set foot on yours. It is not, therefore, the imperfection of speech and the false witness of conduct that set the bounds to friendship. Notwithstanding these, a merely intellectual companionship will sometimes come very near to completeness. On the contrary, it is often true, I think, that the more knowledge a man gets of his friend through speech and conduct, the more clearly he perceives that they are irrevocably sundered. No doubt, if both be reconciled to compromise, they are in better case by reason of the better knowledge each has of the other's nature: a *modus vivendi* is easier to find and to observe. But the aspiration which we mean when we speak of an ideal of friendship has nothing to do with any makeshift modus vivendi. And by a modus vivendi I do not mean merely the sort of arrangement, of the nature of a commercial convention, which is frequently called friendship. Through that relation, though no tariff of thanks and apologies be kept up, nothing higher than a reciprocity of good offices will ever be attained. But even where a genuine affection exists, and begets faith, each nature, though the two be bound together by the noblest conceivable alliance, is still as a foreign kingdom to the other.

If, therefore, compromise be not accepted on both sides, friendships are

bitter things; bitterest and cruelest when on one side there is the instinct and the leading of compromise, and on the other side a blind loyalty to the ideal. For that same power which, if it be enthroned in any man, will play the Herod with his other longings, will likewise make a horrid murder of this strong and tender longing to be companioned. The proof of a rigid adherence to the ideal in friendship is not good-nature, forbearance, moderation. And yet these are necessary. It is necessary to adhere to one's own orbit, never disarranging the solar system of society by a mad plunging through the estranging voids. But the man possessed of the demon will forever strive to get through the voids. In the actual experience, the space which divides him from the heart of his friend will seem no greater than that between the level of actual speech and conduct and the hidden level of impulse and motive which always underlies them. To reach that hidden source of speech and conduct, to know and share the true inner life behind the mask, below the deed, is the constant, tortured longing of an uncompromising friendship. But to the other sort of friendship such invasions will seem hostile; they will incur a forfeiture of the alliance. When two human beings so address themselves to each other, the hurts they give and take are grievous; they could scarcely do each other worse hurts if they were mortal foes. Judged by all our reasonable standards of obligation, he of the ideal, he of the too great yearning for the heart of his friend, will be guilty of that friendship's death.

But there is a still more dreadful tyranny of the strange power inside of us. Not content with the murder of friendships, it will drive a man on to slay his love. There are men who will not, even for the highest prize of all, consent to compromise; who will not yield even to the most exquisite of all persuasions from self-torture to self-sacrifice,— not even to that voice which is in truth the voice of every ardent and imperious desire, every longing, every hope and aspiration, in a man's own heart of heart. For it is all that, and more, in every man that is not wholly intellectual or brutish. No tribe or people ever set up a Victory that did not wear a woman's shape. No man ever had an ideal of love that did not relate itself to everything in his whole vision of life, or ever drew near to an adventure of it, through the profoundest of all human relations, without a truly awful sense of recognition, of the ending of a lifelong quest.

If we should try to see how this ideal grows in a man, as we have tried to do with the others, we should have to go back to the very beginnings of his sentience and intelligence. It is not surprising that many, striving to account for it, have been driven to the theory of an earlier existence and a transmigration of souls, so unearthly is the prescience and presentience which it brings. There was never a truer story of an ideal love than Mr. Kipling's Brushwood Boy. No other experience, certainly, has so bewildering an effect of the realization of a dream as this has; and it is clear that the dream begins very near indeed to the hither bound of life. The need of sympathy, that is to say, the craving to share with some other human soul the vision and the sense of life, is in every one of us far older than the "natural" or the reasoned need of mates and helpmeets, and it long outlasts them. The crying out of a child in the dark is, no doubt, the beginning of the quest and wandering.

The natural need, the reasoned need a man can satisfy, can satiate; for these, from their very nature, belong altogether to the realm of compromise. The laws we make for them, like those of our reasonable friendships, are of the nature of commercial regulations. The morality we invoke is the morality of exchange, of obligation, of compensa-

tion. The higher quest is hopeless. But to see how it is hopeless we must have a truer and more vivid conception of sympathy than that we ordinarily have when we use the word; for every instance, every experience we can call to mind falls leagues short of any realization of perfect sympathy. We speak of perfect sympathy and perfect faith as though they could be felt and known together; but if sympathy were perfect there would be no place for faith. It is never perfect, because no two human beings ever have in themselves the same vision and reflection and the same sense of life. Even when, like the gentler flow of friendship, the master passion breaks upon the reefs of the dividing Darien, its great tides will indeed beset them with an onslaught far more powerful and thunderous, but not less vain. Never once will the two oceans mingle; never once will their estranged waters move with the same currents to and fro beneath the stars. Nor is it the intervening solid lands that make the true estrangement. The vexed Atlantic surface of one human soul could not, were there no continent between, obey with its undulations the mild, pale moon of the Pacific. No flame of passion ever fused, no sacrament ever truly joined together, no long wandering, hand in hand, through days and years, through joys and sorrows, ever cemented, into a real union and oneness, two differing natures. A man will as soon accomplish that other demoniac task of compassing and pervading the whole of life as this of breaking through the barriers of the flesh, and then, with one great roar and plunge, or silent mingling of the waters, compassing and pervading the soul of the woman on his bosom.

And the demon, if he hold the man to this, the cruelest of all the tasks he sets him, will make of him a murderer once more. I say, of him: for convention, and the habit of constraint which comes of weakness, and the powerful and noble instinct of motherhood, itself the very mother of all sacrifice, — these things mercifully forbid that the foe of compromise shall rule in women's natures. All their training is in arrangement and adjustment, and their strength is faith. They are turned back, by all the conditions of their existence, from quests and questionings. We have, indeed, in the self-revelations of the unfortunate Marie Bashkirtseff and a few others, the proof that this usual and merciful atrophy of the tragical impulse has not always been accomplished. But with the rarest exceptions women are not merely without it themselves, they cannot at all understand it when they find it in a man. They can only fall to praying, with poor Ophelia, —

"O help him, you sweet heavens."

Save that they conform to the artistic necessity of crises, the two plays, Hamlet and Othello, illustrate as faithfully as any true experience could, and far more vividly, the devastation which uncompromising love may make. Ophelia crazed and Desdemona murdered, — these hideous consequences are not the work of circumstance, of fate, alone, but equally of that which ruled alike in the breast of the Moor and of the Dane. For these two well-nigh perfect women, these high-natured men, were surely dowered with all that ever yet has entered into human love to make it glorious. Beauty and faith and tenderness these women had to give; Hamlet, the refined, Othello, the elemental, were of a fineness and capacity to match such largess as life brought them. Both were by these voices called from dreary wanderings: one, from his soldier's hard and ill-paid service; the other, from his worse combats with the powers within, — from that straining at life and fronting of despair which even Shakespeare, speaking with his voice, could only vaguely shadow forth in words. What, indeed, could be more contrary to all nature and all reason and all right than that such men as these

were, served as they were served, so drawn, so impelled, should bend so readily to doubt and question? Sacrifice, rather than desire, was no doubt, in the last analysis, the true deterrent motive with them both; for both were noble. But a too close analysis would lose for us the whole and simple horror of their deeds. The main thing is, that we ourselves cannot look upon the havoc these men made of love, of their own lives, of the lives of these helpless, trustful women, without a strange response, somewhere in our own deeps, to that which speaks in the bloody passion of Othello, in the coarse jibes of the sensitive Hamlet. If we seek out the kinship between them, the kinship among all tragical natures, we find it, I think, in this: that at every turn, at every fork, they take, and must take, whatever course is least like acquiescence in whatever incompleteness. They cannot learn the trick which through the constant repetition is become the habit of our lives, — the trick which overthrows and puts to sleep the demon of remorseless search and question.

But few indeed, even of the ill-starred brotherhood of them that cannot acquiesce, will ever run in this superb and awful way upon the sudden, sharp point of disaster. Crises are no more characteristic of this than of any other actual experience. Where love has once sprung to life in a day, it has a thousand times grown, with a slow palpitation, to its full, regal power. Where it has once met with quick catastrophe, it has a thousand times lived on through long years of an unspeakable pain. This, of course, I mean only of the higher sort of love; for that, if it ever truly live at all, will long outlive the fury of our youth. It is, indeed, the thing by which men live themselves, if life be not the aridest of promenades; the one true glory and radiance to be found on this earth; the thing which is clearly the most unearthly of all, — save, perchance, this other monstrous thing I write of; the thing of which one sometimes catches a shining trace, like the trace of stars, in the swift meeting of the eyes of such as through the years and the sorrows have walked together, side by side, when some old memory stirs. That, I think, all but the lowest men will say, is the best of this earthly life; and all experience teaches that it can never be won but by infinite persistence in acceptance and in faith. Yet there are real men, and men, too, of natures as sensitive as the unreal Hamlet's, as noble as Othello's, who will put aside even that cup from their lips, and say to fate, to circumstance: "Look you, I know this vintage, and my soul 's athirst. For I have wandered to and fro through all this human life — through work, through play; tasted its pleasures; borne its bitter sorrows. I am a man, with all desires, all longings, of mankind; and this, I know, is best. But I will not buy, with lying and hypocrisy, a venal faith, even this, my heart's desire. No, not even for this will I sell my own soul, though I sell it into bliss."

And yet, —

> "'T is common sense, and human wit
> Can find no better name for it.
> Submit, submit."

There needs but a shutting of the eyes to somewhat, an opening of the eyes to somewhat else; but a trick of the will, and it is regnant; a turn of the wrist, a twist of the knee, and the wrestle with the demon is won. The next fall will be easier, and the next. At last, he sleeps; and life is ours once more to fight for, to enjoy. Bread is sweet upon the tongue; work is a noble warfare; and the charmed cup of love and sacrifice will never once run dry.

And is there, then, no word to say of any compensation for the havoc which the demon makes? It would, I fear, be wrong, unwise, even to hint at any good the foe of compromise brings to our humanity which it so cruelly out-

rages. Certainly, there is little we can note of its victims, of such as we perceive to be subject to its power, — little, indeed, in them or in their lives, — that moves us to condone its rule. We do, as I have said, pay to such men a deep, involuntary homage of wonder and of awe when they come before us in the crises of great tragedies, and whenever they appear in history. But there is an artistic necessity, like the other necessity of crises, to endow the heroes of tragedy with a natural, simple heroism beside this extraordinary and unnatural heroism — if heroism be a right word for it — which makes them tragical. In history, likewise, it is only by reason of exceptional endowment, or by the accident of birth, that such men ever mount high enough, whether it be on thrones or funeral pyres, to draw our gaze across the centuries. It is not reason, but a prompting of that very hidden thing itself, which at this instant turns our minds upon some thought of the superb, vaguely triumphant leading of forlorn hopes and dying in last ditches. Turn, rather, from the Savonarolas and the Hamlets, to the pinched faces, the bowed forms, the stumbling gait, of such as you yourself will know to be of that strange band; and though there be indeed some little stirring in you of the awe of tragedy, you will shrink back from their companionship. Strong men, bearing visible burdens of duty and of help, scorn them for dastards and for shirks. Women, though they begin with them in pity, end in despair, or in contempt and weariness. Children do not come about their knees. There is no test or standard of excellence known to our ordinary thought by which they are approved; for out of their desolation no light or cheer comes into other lives.

If there be indeed any compensation, it must lie in this: that these ghastly lives, spent in the disregard of all that the long experience of mankind can teach concerning the way to live best in this world, in seeking peace through warfare, and truth through denial, and faith through unfaith, and love in the scorn of all our fond, weak practices of loving, — that these lives must proceed out of something in us which did not come into us out of any former lives on this earth, or out of this earthly order which we live in now. If, after the fashion of compromise, we would make the best of that in us which wars with it, we might lay hold, for our own midnight hours of wrestling, of a certain vague renewal of hope and faith which sometimes, with an irresistible resurrection, swells in these tortured breasts: a hope, a faith, that we are also parts of another order, — unseen, vast, and free; that we are meant to break through barriers; meant to eat of the right heavenly manna, and to work with sure hands, and to see with an unclouded vision, and to love with a fearless love; that there is indeed some other peace than the peace of compromise, the peace of acquiescence.

But to no such word of compensation will they hearken who are set upon this stony way. Tired, aimless wanderers through whatever wastes, lank, pale anchorites of whatever desert caves, torn combatants in whatever battlings of the spirit, wailing pursuers of whatever other human souls, they welcome no comfort, seek no heartening. Save to some other of their own brotherhood, their speech is scarce intelligible. Accost, with any pitying remonstrance, a member of this band, and he will answer back, with wavering and uncertain voice, with eyes astrain: "This way I live; I can no other. This way I face this life I did not seek, this mystery I cannot solve, these shadowy forms of things I cannot grasp. This way I work. This way I love. This way I fight for peace. This way I grope for God."

William Garrott Brown.

THE HONORABLE POINTS OF IGNORANCE.

I HAPPEN to live in a community where there is a deeply rooted prejudice in favor of intelligence, with many facilities for its advancement. I may, therefore, be looked upon as unmindful of my privileges when I confess that my chief pleasures have been found in the more secluded paths of ignorance.

I am no undiscriminating lover of Ignorance. I do not like the pitch-black kind which is the negation of all thought. What I prefer is a pleasant intellectual twilight, where one sees realities through an entrancing atmosphere of dubiety.

In visiting a fine old Elizabethan mansion in the south of England our host took us to a room where he had discovered the evidences of a secret panel. What is behind it? we asked. "I do not know," he answered; "while I live it shall never be opened, for then I should have no secret chamber."

There was a philosopher after my own heart. He was wise enough to resist the temptation to sell his birthright of mystery for a mess of knowledge. The rural New Englander expresses his interest by saying, "I want to know!" But may one not have a real interest in persons and things which is free from inquisitiveness? For myself, I frequently prefer not to know. Were Bluebeard to do me the honor of intrusting me with his keys, I should spend a pleasant half hour speculating on his family affairs. I might even put the key in the lock, but I do not think I should turn it. Why should I destroy twenty exciting possibilities for the sake of a single discovery?

I like to watch certain impressive figures as they cross the College Yard. They seem like the sages whom Dante saw: —

> "People were there with solemn eyes and slow,
> Of great authority in their countenance."

Do I therefore inquire their names, and intrusively seek to know what books they have written, before I admire their scholarship? No, to my old-fashioned way of thinking, scholarship is not a thing to be measured; it is a mysterious effluence. Were I to see —

> "Democritus who puts the world on chance,
> Diogenes, Anaxagoras, and Thales,
> Zeno, Empedocles, and Heraclitus,
> . . . . . .
> Tully and Livy and moral Seneca,
> Euclid, geometrician, and Ptolemy,
> Galen, Hippocrates, and Avicenna,"

I should not care to ask, "Which is which?" still less should I venture to interview Galen on the subject of medicine, or put leading questions to Diogenes. The combined impression of ineffable wisdom would be more to me than any particular information I might get out of them.

But, as I said, I am not an enthusiast for Ignorance. Mine is not the zeal of a new convert, but the sober preference of one to the manner born. I do not look upon it as a panacea, nor, after the habit of reformers, would I insist that it should be taught in the public schools. There are important spheres wherein exact information is much to be preferred.

Because Ignorance has its own humble measure of bliss I would not jump at the conclusion that it is folly to be wise. That is an extravagant statement. If real wisdom were offered me I should accept it gratefully. Wisdom is an honorable estate, and, doubtless, it has pleasures of its own. I only have in mind the alternative that is usually presented to us, conscious ignorance or a kind of knowingness.

It is necessary, at this point, to make a distinction. A writer on the use of words has a chapter on Ignorantism which is a term he uses to indicate Ig-

norance that mistakes itself, or seeks to make others mistake it, for Knowledge. For Ignorantism I make no plea. If Ignorance puts on a false uniform and is caught within the enemy's lines, it must suffer the penalties laid down in the laws of war.

Nor would I defend what Milton calls "the barbarous ignorance of the schools." This scholastic variety consists of the scientific definition and classification of "things that are n't so." It has no value except as a sort of gelatine culture for the propagation of verbal bacteria.

But the affectations of the pedants or the sciolists should not be allowed to cast discredit on the fair name of Ignorance. It is only natural Ignorance which I praise; not that which is acquired. It was a saying of Landor that if a man had a large mind he could afford to let the greater part of it lie fallow. Of course we small proprietors cannot do things on such a generous scale; but it seems to me that if one has only a little mind it is a mistake to keep it all under cultivation.

I hope that this praise of Ignorance may not give offense to any intelligent reader who may feel that he is placed by reason of his acquirements beyond the pale of our sympathies. He need fear no such exclusion. My Lady Ignorance is gracious and often bestows her choicest gifts on those who scorn her. The most erudite person is intelligent only in spots. Browning's Bishop Blougram questioned whether he should be called a skeptic or believer, seeing that he could only exchange

> "a life of doubt diversified by faith,
> For one of faith diversified by doubt:
> We called the chess-board white, — we call it black."

Whether a person thinks of his own intellectual state as one of knowledge diversified by ignorance or one of ignorance diversified by knowledge is a matter of temperament. We like him better when he frankly calls his intellectual chess-board black. That, at any rate, was the original color, the white is an afterthought.

Let me then without suspicion of treasonable intent be allowed to point out what we may call in Shakespearean phrase "the honorable points of ignorance."

The social law against "talking shop" is an indication of the very widespread opinion that the exhibition of unmitigated knowledge is unseemly, outside of business hours. When we meet for pleasure we prefer that it should be on the humanizing ground of not knowing. Nothing is so fatal to conversation as an authoritative utterance. When a man who is capable of giving it enters

> "All talk dies, as in a grove all song
> Beneath the shadow of a bird of prey."

Conversation about the weather would lose all its easy charm in the presence of the Chief of the Weather Bureau.

It is possible that the fear of exhibiting unusual information in a mixed company may be a survival of primitive conditions. Just as the domesticated dog will turn around on the rug before lying down, for hereditary reasons which I do not remember, so it is with civilized man. Once ignorance was universal and enforced by penalties. In the progress of the race the environment has been modified, but so strong is the influence of heredity that The Man Who Knows no sooner enters the drawing-room than he is seized by guilty fears. His ancestors for having exhibited a moiety of his intelligence were executed as wizards. But perhaps the ordinary working of natural selection may account for the facts. The law of the survival of the fittest admits of no exceptions, and the fittest to give us pleasure in conversation is the sympathetic person who appears to know very little more than we do.

In the commerce of ideas there must be reciprocity. We will not deal with one who insists that the balance of trade shall always be in his favor. Moreover

there must be a spice of incertitude about the transaction. The real joy of the intellectual traffic comes when we sail away like the old merchant adventurers in search of a market. There must be no prosaic bills of exchange: it must be primitive barter. We have a choice cargo of beads which we are willing to exchange for frankincense and ivory. If on some strange coast we should meet simple-minded people who have only wampum, perhaps even then we might make a trade.

Have you never when engaged in such commerce felt something of the spirit of the grave Tyrian trader who had sailed away from the frequented marts, and held on

"O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,
To where the Atlantic raves
Outside the western straits, and unbent sails
There where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,
Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;
And on the beach undid his corded bales."

It is not every day that one meets with such shy traffickers, for the world is becoming very sophisticated. One does not ask that those with whom we converse should be ignorant of everything; it is enough that they should not know what is in our bales before we undo them.

One very serious drawback to our pleasure in conversation with a too-well-informed person is the nervous strain that is involved. We are always wondering what will happen when he comes to the end of his resources. After listening to one who discourses with surprising accuracy upon any particular topic we feel a delicacy in changing the subject. It seems a mean trick, like suddenly removing the chair on which a guest is about to sit down for the evening. With one who is interested in a great many things he knows little about there is no such difficulty. If he has passed the first flush of youth it no longer embarrasses him to be caught now and then in a mistake; indeed your correction is welcomed as an agreeable interruption, and serves as a starting point for a new series of observations.

The pleasure of conversation is enhanced if one feels assured not only of wide margins of ignorance, but also of the absence of uncanny quickness of mind.

I should not like to be neighbor to a wit. It would be like being in proximity to a live wire. A certain insulating film of kindly stupidity is needed to give a margin of safety to human intercourse. There are certain minds whose processes convey the impression of alternating currents of high voltage on a wire that is not quite large enough for them. From such I would withdraw myself.

One is freed from all such apprehensions in the companionship of people who make no pretensions to any kind of cleverness. "The laughter of fools is like the crackling of thorns under a pot." What cheerful sounds! The crackling of the dry thorns! and the merry bubbling of the pot!

There is an important part played by what I may call defensive Ignorance. It was said of Robert Elsmere that he had a mind that was defenseless against the truth. It is a fine thing to be thus open to conviction, but the mental hospitality of one who is without prejudices is likely to be abused. All sorts of notions importunately demand attention, and he who thinks to examine all their credentials will find no time left for his own proper affairs.

For myself, I like to have a general reception-room in my mind for all sorts of notions with which I desire to keep up only a calling acquaintance. Here let them all be welcomed, good, bad, and indifferent, in the spacious antechamber of my Ignorance. But I am not able to invite them into my private apartments, for I am living in a small way in cramped quarters, where there is only room for my own convictions.

There are many things that are interesting to hear about which I do not care to investigate. If one is willing to give me the result of his speculations on various esoteric doctrines I am ready to receive them in the spirit in which they are offered, but I should not think of examining them closely; it would be too much like looking a gift horse in the mouth.

I should like to talk with a Mahatma about the constitution of the astral body. I do not know enough about the subject to contradict his assertions, and therefore he would have it all his own way. But were he to become insistent and ask me to look into the matter for myself, I should beg to be excused. I would not take a single step alone. In such a case I agree with Sir Thomas Browne that "it is better to sit down in modest ignorance and rest contented with the natural blessings of our own reasons."

There are zealous persons of a proselyting turn of mind who insist upon our accepting their ideas or giving reasons for our rejection of them. When we see the flames of controversy sweeping upon us, the only safety lies in setting a back fire which shall clear the ground of any fuel for argument. If we can only surround ourselves with a bare space of nescience we may rest in peace. I have seen a simple Chinese laundryman, by adopting this plan, resist a storm of argument and invective without losing his temper or yielding his point. Serene, imperturbable, inscrutable, he stood undisturbed by the strife of tongues. He had one supreme advantage, — he did not know the language.

It was thus in the sixteenth century when religious strife waxed mad around him that Montaigne preserved a little spot of tolerant thought. "O what a soft, easy, and wholesome pillow is ignorance and incuriosity whereon to compose a well contrived head!"

This sounds like mere Epicureanism, but Montaigne had much to say for himself: "Great abuse in the world is begot, or, to speak more boldly, all the abuses of the world are begot by our being taught to be afraid of professing our ignorance, and that we are bound to accept all things we are not able to refute. . . . They make me hate things that are likely when they impose upon me for infallible. I love those words which mollify and moderate the temerity of our propositions, 'Peradventure, in some sort, 't is said, I think,' and the like. . . . There is a sort of ignorance, strong and generous, that yields nothing in honor and courage to knowledge; an ignorance which to conceive requires no less knowledge than knowledge itself."

Not only is protection needed from the dogmatic assaults of our neighbors, but also from our own premature ideas. There are opinions which we are willing to receive on probation, but these probationers must be taught by judicious snubbing to know their place. The plausibilities and probabilities that are pleasantly received must not airily assume the place of certainties. Because you say to a stranger, "I 'm glad to see you," it is not certain that you are ready to sign his note at the bank.

When one happens to harbor any ideas of a radical character he is fortunate if he is so constituted that it is not necessary for his self-respect that he should be cocksure. The consciousness of the imperfection of his knowledge serves as a buffer when the train of progress starts with a jerk.

Sir Thomas More was, it is evident, favorably impressed with many of the sentiments of the gentleman from Utopia, but it was a great relief to him to be able to give them currency without committing himself to them. He makes no dogmatic assertion that the constitution of Utopia was better than that of the England of Henry VIII. In fact, he professes to know nothing about Utopia except from mere hearsay. He

gracefully dismisses the subject, allowing the seeds of revolutionary ideas to float away on the thistle-down of polite Ignorance.

"When Raphael had made an end of speaking, though many things occurred to me both concerning the manners and laws of that country that seemed very absurd . . . yet since I perceived that Raphael was weary and I was not sure whether he could bear contradiction . . . I only commended their constitution and the account he had given of it in general, and so, taking him by the hand, carried him to supper, and told him I would find some other time for examining this subject more particularly and discoursing more copiously upon it."

One whose quiet tastes lead him away from the main traveled roads into the byways of Ignorance is likely to retain a feeling in regard to books which belongs to an earlier stage of culture. Time was when a book was a symbol of intellectual mysteries rather than a tool to be used. When Omar Khayyam sang of the delights of a jug of wine and a book, I do not think he was intemperate in the use of either. The same book and the same jug of wine would last him a long time. The chief thing was that it gave him a comfortable feeling to have them within reach.

The primitive feeling in regard to a book as a kind of talisman survives chiefly among bibliophiles, but with them it is overlaid by matters of taste which are quite beyond the comprehension of ordinary people. As for myself, I know nothing of such niceties.

I know nothing of rare bindings or fine editions. My heart is never disturbed by coveting the contents of my neighbor's bookshelves. Indeed, I have always listened to the tenth commandment with a tranquil heart since I learned, in the Shorter Catechism, that "the tenth commandment forbiddeth all discontentment with our own estate, envying or grieving at the good of our neighbor and all inordinate motions and affections to anything that is his." If that be all, it is not aimed at me, particularly in this matter of books.

I feel no discontentment at the disorderly array of bound volumes that I possess. I know that they are no credit either to my taste or to my scholarship, but if that offends my neighbor, the misery is his, not mine. If he should bring a railing accusation against me, let him remember that there is a ninth commandment which "forbiddeth any thing that is injurious to our own or our neighbor's good name." As for any inordinate motions or affections toward his literary treasures, I have no more than toward his choice collection of stamps.

Yet I have one weakness in common with the bibliophile; I have a liking for certain books which I have neither time nor inclination to read. Just as according to the mediæval theory there was a sanctity about a duly ordained clergyman altogether apart from his personal character, so there is to my mind an impressiveness about some volumes which has little to do with their contents, or at least with my knowledge of them. Why should we be too curious in regard to such matters? There are books which I love to see on the shelf. I feel that virtue goes out of them, but I should think it undue familiarity to read them.

The persons who have written on "Books that have helped me" have usually confined their list to books which they have actually read. One book has clarified their thoughts, another has stimulated their wills, another has given them useful knowledge. But are there no Christian virtues to be cultivated? What about humility, that pearl of great price?

To be constantly reminded that you have not read Kant's Critique of the Pure Reason, and that therefore you have no right to express a final opinion on philosophy, does not that save you from no end of unnecessary dogmatism? The silent monitor with its accusing, uncut pages is a blessed help to the

meekness of wisdom. A book that has helped me is The History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars of England, by Edward, Earl of Clarendon. I am by nature and education a Cromwellian, of a rather narrow type. I am more likely than not to think of Charles I. as a man of sin. When, therefore, I brought home Clarendon's History I felt a glow of conscious virtue; the volume was an outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace, — the grace of tolerance; and so it has ever been to me.

Years have passed, and the days of leisure have not yet come when I could devote myself to the reading of it. Perhaps the fact that I discovered that the noble earl's second sentence contains almost three hundred words may have had a discouraging influence, — but we will let that pass. Because I have not crossed the Rubicon of the second chapter, will you say that the book has not influenced me? "When in my sessions of sweet, silent thought," with the Earl of Clarendon, "I summon up remembrance of time past," is it necessary that I should laboriously turn the pages? It is enough that I feel my prejudices oozing away, and that I am convinced, when I look at the much prized volume, that there are two sides to this matter of the English Commonwealth. Could the most laborious reading do more for me?

Indeed, it is dangerous, sometimes, not to let well-enough alone. Wordsworth's fickle Muse gave him several pretty fancies about the unseen banks of Yarrow. Yarrow Unvisited was so delightful that he was almost tempted to be content with absent treatment.

> "We will not see them, will not go
> To-day nor yet to-morrow,
> Enough if in our hearts we know
> There 's such a place as Yarrow.
> Be Yarrow's stream unseen, unknown,
> It must, or we shall rue it,
> We have a vision of our own,
> Ah, why should we undo it?"

Ah, why, indeed? the reader asks, after reading Yarrow Visited and Yarrow Re-visited. The visits were a mistake.

Perhaps Clarendon Unread is as good for my soul as Clarendon Read or Clarendon Re-read. Who can tell?

There is another sphere in which the honorable points of ignorance are not always sufficiently appreciated, that of Travel. The pleasure of staying at home consists in being surrounded by things which are familiar and which we know all about. The primary pleasure of going abroad consists in the encounter with the unfamiliar and the unknown.

That was the impulse which stirred old Ulysses to set forth once more upon his travels.

> "For my purpose holds
> To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
> Of all the western stars, until I die.
> It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
> And see the great Achilles, whom we knew."

"It may be" — there lay the charm. There was no knowing what might happen on the dark, broad seas. Perhaps they might get lost, and then again they might come upon the Happy Isles. And if as they sailed under their looming shores they should see the great Achilles — why all the better!

What joys the explorers of the New World experienced! The heart leaps up at the very title of Sebastian Cabot's joint stock company. "Merchants Adventurers of England for the discovery of lands, territories, isles and signories, unknown." There was no knowing beforehand which was an island and which the mainland. All they had to do was to keep on, sure only of finding something which they had not expected. When they got to the mainland they were as likely as not to stumble on the great Khan himself. Of course they might not make a discovery of the first magnitude like that of the Spaniards on the Peak in Darien, — but if it was not one thing it was another!

Two or three miles back of Plymouth, Mass., is a modest little pond called Billington's Sea. Billington, an adventurous Pilgrim, had climbed a tree, and looking westwards had caught sight of the shimmering water. He looked at it with a wild surmise, and then the conviction flashed upon him that he had discovered the goal of hardy mariners, — the great South Sea. That was a great moment for Billington!

Of course the Spaniards were more fortunate in their geographical position. It turned out that it was the Pacific that they saw from their Peak in Darien; while Billington's Sea does not grow on acquaintance.

But my heart goes out to Billington. He also was a discoverer, according to his lights. He belonged to a hardy breed, and could stare on new scenes with the best of them. It was not his fault that the Pacific was not there. If it had been, Billington would have discovered it. We know perfectly well that the Pacific Ocean does not lave the shores of Plymouth County, and so we should not go out into the woods on a fine morning to look for it. There is where Billington had the advantage of us.

Is it not curious that while we profess to envy the old adventurers the joys of discovery, yet before we set out on our travels we make it a point of convenience to rob ourselves of these possibilities? Before we set out for Ultima Thule we must know precisely where it is, and how we are going to get there, and what we are to see and what others have said about it. After a laborious course of reading the way is as familiar to our minds as the road to the post office. After that there is nothing more for us to do but to sally forth to verify the guidebooks. We have done all that we could to brush the bloom off our native Ignorance.

Of course even then all the possibilities of discovery are not shut out. The best informed person cannot be completely guarded against surprise. Accidents will happen, and there is always the chance that one may have been misinformed.

I remember a depressed looking lady whom I encountered as she trudged through the galleries of the Vatican with grim conscientiousness. She had evidently a stern duty to perform for the cause of Art. But in the Sistine Chapel the stillness was broken by her voice which had a note of triumph as she spoke to her daughter. She had discovered an error in Baedeker. It infused new life into her tired soul.

"Some flowerets of Eden we still inherit
Though the trail of the serpent is over them all."

Speaking of the Vatican, that suggests the weak point in my argument. It suggests that there are occasions when knowledge is very convenient. On the Peak in Darien the first comer with the wild surmise of ignorance has the advantage in the quality of his sensation; but it is different in Jerusalem or Rome. There the pleasure consists in the fact that a great many interesting people have been there before and done many interesting things, which it might be well to know about.

At this point I am quite willing to grant an inch; with the understanding that it shall not be lengthened into an ell. The Camel of Knowledge may push his head into the tent, and we shall have to resist his further encroachments as we may.

What we call the historic sense is not consistent with a state of nescience. The picture which the eye takes in is incomplete without the thousand associations which come from previous thought. Still, it remains true that the finest pleasure does not come when the mental images are the most precise. Before entering Paradise the mediæval pilgrims tasted of the streams of Eunoë and Lethe, — the happy memory and the happy forgetfulness. The most potent charm comes from the judicious mingling of these waters.

There is a feeling of antiquity that only comes now and then, but which it is worth traveling far to experience. It is the thrill that comes when we consciously stand in the presence of the remote past. Some scene brings with it an impression of immemorial time. In almost every case we find that it comes from being reminded of something which we have once known and more than half forgotten. What are the "mists of time" but imperfect memories?

Modern psychologists have given tardy recognition to the "Subliminal Self," — the self that lodges under the threshold of consciousness. He is a shy gnome, and loves the darkness rather than the light; not, as I believe, because his deeds are evil, but for reasons best known to himself. To all appearances he is the most ignorant fellow in the world, and yet he is no fool. As for the odds and ends that he stores up under the threshold, they are of more value than the treasures that the priggish Understanding displays in his show windows upstairs.

In traveling through historic lands the Subliminal Self overcomes his shyness. There are scenes and even words that reach back into hoar antiquity, and bring us into the days of eld.

Each person has his own chronology. If I were to seek to bring to mind the very ancientest time, I should not think of the cave-dwellers: I should repeat, "The Kenites, the Kenizzites, the Kadmonites, the Hittites, the Perizzites, the Amorites, the Canaanites, the Girgashites."

There is antiquity! It is not only a long time since these tribes dwelt in the land; it has been a long time since I first heard of them.

My memory goes back to the time when a disconsolate little boy sat on a bench in a Sunday-school and asked himself, "What is a Girgashite?"

The habit of the Sunday-school of mingling the historical and ethical elements in one inextricable moral had made it uncertain whether the Girgashite was a person or a sin. In either case it happened a long time ago. There upon the very verge of Time stood the Girgashite, like the ghost in Ossian, "His spear was a column of mist, and the stars looked dim through his form."

Happily my studies have not led in that direction, and there is nothing to disturb the first impression. If some day wandering over Oriental hills I should come upon some broken monuments of the Girgashites, I am sure that I should feel more of a thrill than could possibly come to my more instructed companion. To him it would be only the discovery of another fact, to fit into his scheme of knowledge: to me it would be like stumbling unawares into the primeval world.

What is more delightful than in a railway train in Italy to hear voices in the night calling out names that recall the lost arts of our childhood! There is a sense

> "Of something here like something there,
> Of something done, I know not where,
> Such as no language can declare."

There is a bittersweet to it, for there is a momentary fear that you may be called upon to construe; but when that is past it is pure joy.

"Monte Soracte," said the Italian gentleman on the train between Foligno and Rome, as he pointed out an eminence on the right. My answering smile was intended to convey the impression that one touch of the classics makes the whole world kin. Had I indeed kept up my Horace, a host of clean-cut ideas would have instantly rushed into my mind. "Is that Soracte! It is not what I had reason to expect. As a mountain I prefer Monadnock."

Fortunately I had no such prepossessions. I had expected nothing. There only came impressions of lessons years ago in a dingy school-room presided over by a loved instructor whom we knew as "Prof. Ike." Looking back through the mists of time, I felt that I had been

the better for having learned the lessons, and none the worse for having long since forgotten them. In those days Soracte had been a noun standing in mysterious relations to a verb unknown; but now it was evident that it was a mountain. There it stood under the clear Italian sky just as it had been in the days of Virgil and Horace. Thoughts of Horace and of the old professor mingled pleasantly so long as the mountain was in sight.

It may seem to some timid souls that this praise of Ignorance may have a sinister motive, and may be intended to deter from the pursuit of knowledge. On the contrary it is intended to encourage those who are "faint yet pursuing."

It must have occurred to every serious person that the pursuit of knowledge is not what it once was. Time was when to know seemed the easiest thing in the world. All that a man had to do was to assert dogmatically that a thing was so, and then argue it out with some one who had even less acquaintance with the subject than he had. He was not hampered by a rigid, scientific method, nor did he need to make experiments, which after all might not strengthen his position. The chief thing was a certain tenacity of opinion which would enable him, in Pope's phrase, to "hold the eel of science by the tail." There were no troublesome experts to cast discredit on this slippery sport. If a man had a knack at metaphysics and a fine flow of technical language he could satisfy all reasonable curiosity about the Universe. Or with the minimum of effort he might attain a jovial scholarship adequate for all convivial purposes, like Chaucer's pilgrim

> "Whan that he wel dronken had the win,
> Than wold he speken no word but Latin."

It was the golden age of the amateur when certainty could be had for the asking, and one could stake out any part of the wide domain of human interest and hold it by the right of squatter sovereignty. But in these days the man who aspires to know must do something more than assert his conviction. He must submit to all sorts of mortifying tests, and at best he can obtain a title to only the tiniest bit of the field he covets.

With the severer definitions of knowledge and the delimitation of the territory which any one may call his own there has come a curious result. While the aggregate of intellectual wealth has increased, the individual workers are being reduced to penury. It is a pathetic illustration of Progress and Poverty. The old and highly respected class of gentlemen and scholars is being depleted. Scholarship has become so difficult that those who aspire after it have little time for the amenities. It is not as it was in the "spacious days of great Elizabeth." Enter any company of modern scholars and ask what they know about any large subject, and you will find that each one hastens to take the poor debtor's oath. How can they be expected to know so much?

On this minute division of intellectual labor the exact sciences thrive, but conversation, poetry, art, and all that belongs to the humanities languish.

Your man of highly specialized intelligence has often a morbid fear of half-knowledge, and he does not dare to express an opinion that has not been the result of original research. He shuns the innocent questioners who would draw him out, as if they were so many dunning creditors. He becomes a veritable Dick Swiveller as one conversational thoroughfare after another is closed against him, until he no longer ventures abroad. The worst of it is that he has a haunting apprehension that even the bit of knowledge which he calls his own may be taken away from him by some new discovery, and he may be cast adrift upon the Unknowable.

It is then that he should remember the wisdom of the unjust steward, so

that when he is cast out of the House of Knowledge he may find congenial friends in the habitations of Ignorance.

There are a great many mental activities that stop short of strict knowledge. Where we do not know, we may imagine, and hope, and dare; we may laugh at our neighbor's mistakes, and occasionally at our own. We may enjoy the delicious moments of suspense when we are on the verge of finding out; and if it should happen that the discovery is postponed, then we have a chance to go over the delightful process again.

To say "I do not know" is not nearly as painful as it seems to those who have not tried it. The active mind, when the conceit of absolute knowledge has been destroyed, quickly recovers itself and cries out, after the manner of Brer Rabbit when Brer Fox threw him into the brier patch, "Bred en bawn in a brier patch, Brer Fox — bred en bawn in a brier patch!"

S. M. Crothers.

MAKERS OF THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

I.

THE dawn of the nineteenth century was illumined by the last flickers of the red torch of the French Revolution, and its earlier years were filled with the reverberating cannonade of the Napoleonic conquests. It was not until after Waterloo that the battlefield of Europe became only a parade-ground; and this is perhaps one reason why there was a dearth of dramatic literature in the first quarter of the century, and why no dramatist of prominence flourished, — excepting only the gentle Grillparzer far away in Vienna. In war-time the theatres are filled often enough, but the entertainment they proffer then is rarely worthy of the hour. Although the drama must deal directly with a contest of human souls, it does not flourish while there is actual fighting absorbing the attention of the multitude; but when great captains and their drums depart, then are the stronger spirits again attracted to the stage.

Despite their survival in the Austrian theatres, Grillparzer's pleasing plays are no one of them epoch-making; although they had more life in them than the closet-dramas upon which British bards like Byron and Shelley were then misdirecting their efforts. Throughout Europe during the first score years of the century the acted drama was for the most part frankly unliterary and the so-called literary drama was plainly unactable, proving itself pitifully ineffective whenever it chanced to be put on the stage. In Germany the more popular plays were either sentimental or melodramatic; and sometimes they were both. In England the more serious dramas were frequently adapted or imitated from the German, while the comic plays — like those of the younger Colman — were often little better than helter-skelter patchworks of exaggerated incident and contorted caricature. In France tragedy was being strangled in the tightening bonds imposed by the classicist rules; and comedy was panting vainly for a larger freedom of theme and of treatment. But even in France help was at hand; and in certain Parisian theatres, wholly without literary pretensions, two species were growing to maturity, destined each of them to reinvigorate the more literary drama.

One species was the comédie-vaudeville of Scribe, with its attempt to enchain the interest of the spectator by an artfully increasing intricacy of plot; and the other was the melodrama of

Pixérécourt and Ducange, derived more or less directly from the emotional drama of Kotzebue, but depending not so much on the depicting of passion as on the linking together of startling situations at once unexpected by the spectator and yet carefully prepared for by the playwright. Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life is a typical example of this French melodrama, none the less typical that one of its most striking incidents had been borrowed from a German play. The comédie-vaudeville and the melodrama of the boulevard theatres were fortunately fettered by no rules, obeying only the one law, that they had to please the populace. They grew up spontaneously and abundantly; they were heedlessly unliterary; they were curbed by no criticism, — which was never wasted by the men of letters on these species of the drama deemed quite beneath their notice.

The comédie-vaudeville of Scribe and the melodrama of Pixérécourt were alike in that they both were seeking success by improving the mere mechanism of play-making, and in that they both were willing to sacrifice everything else to sheer ingenuity of structure. Unpretending as was each of the two species, its popularity was undeniable; it accomplished its purpose satisfactorily; and it needed only to be accepted by the men of letters, and to be endowed with the literature it lacked. Nothing is more striking in the history of the French drama of the first quarter of the century than the contrast between the sturdy vitality of these two unliterary species, comédie-vaudeville and melodrama, and the anæmic lethargy of the more literary comedy and tragedy. The fires of the Revolution had flamed up fiercely, and the French, having cast out the Ancient Régime, had re-made the map of Europe regardless of vested rights; but in the theatre they were still in the bonds of the pseudo-classicism which had been rejected everywhere else, even in Germany. Comedy, as it was then composed by the adherents of the classicist theories, was thin and feeble, painfully trivial and elaborately wearisome; and tragedy, as the classicist poets continued to perpetrate it, was still more artificial and void. In fact, so far as classicism was concerned, comedy was moribund and tragedy was defunct, although they neither of them suspected it.

Now, as we look back across the years, we cannot but wonder why the task of ousting the dying and the dead should have seemed so arduous or have caused so much commotion. We marvel why there was need of a critical manifesto like Victor Hugo's preface to his Cromwell, or of a critical controversy over the difference between the Classic and the Romantic. Even then it ought to have been easily evident that there was nothing classic about the comedies and the tragedies, which continued to be composed laboriously in accordance with the alleged rules of the theatre; and the defenders of the traditional faith might have suspected that there was really nothing sacrosanct about mere psuedo-classicism.

But few on either side could see clearly. The classicist deemed himself to be defending the holy cause of Art against a band of irreverent outlaws, striving to capture the temple of taste that they might debase the standards and defile the sanctuary. The romanticist swept forward recklessly to the assault, proclaiming that he had rediscovered Truth, which had been buried, and boasting that he was to revive Art, which had long lain asleep awaiting his arrival. Though the defenders stood to their guns valiantly, and though they asserted their intention of dying in the last ditch, they never had a chance against their superb besiegers, — ardent young fellows, all of them, sons of soldiers, begotten between two battles and cradled to the mellow notes of the bugle. For nearly twoscore years the French people had made a profuse ex-

penditure of energy; and the time was ripe for a new birth of the French drama.

II.

The younger generation abhorred the artificiality and the emptiness of the plays presented at the Théâtre Français; and they were bitter in denouncing the absurdity of the rules. Like all literary reformers, they proclaimed a return to Nature; and they asserted their right to represent life as they saw it, in its ignoble aspects as well as in its nobler manifestations. They claimed freedom to range through time and space at will, to mingle humor and pathos, to ally the grotesque with the terrible, and to take for a hero an outcast of the Middle Ages instead of a monarch of antiquity.

But a critical controversy like this with its spectacular interchange of hurtling epithets need have little effect upon the actual theatre. Even in Paris the bulk of the playgoers cared little or nothing about the artistic precepts which a dramatist might accept or reject; it was only his practice that concerned them. If his plays seized their attention, holding them interested and releasing them satisfied that they had enjoyed the pleasure proper to the theatre, — then his principles might be what he pleased. They neither knew nor cared what party he might belong to or what rules he might hold binding. And here the broad public showed its usual common sense, which prompts it ever to refuse to be amused by what it does not really find amusing. The playgoers as a body wanted in France early in the nineteenth century what they had wanted in Spain and in England early in the seventeenth century, — and what, indeed, the playgoers as a body want now in the twentieth century, what they always have wanted, and what they always will want. What this is Victor Hugo has told us: they want, first of all, action; then they crave the display of passion to excite their sympathy; and finally, they relish the depicting of human nature, to satisfy man's eternal curiosity about himself.

These wants the old fogies of pseudo-classicism did not understand; and this is why the public received with avidity the earlier plays of the romanticist with their abundant movement, their vivacity, their color, and their sustaining emotion. Alexandre Dumas came first with Henri III. et sa Cour; Alfred de Vigny followed speedily with his spirited arrangement of Othello; and at last Victor Hugo assured the triumph of the movement, when he brought out Hernani with its picturesqueness of scenery, its constant succession of striking episodes, its boldly contrasted characters and its splendidly lyrical verse. Significant it is that Hugo and Dumas were both of them sons of Revolutionary generals, while Vigny was himself a soldier. Dumas increased the impression of his early play by producing the Tour de Nesle and Antony, marvels of play-making skill both of them, and surcharged with passion. Vigny won attention again with his delicate and plaintive Chatterton. Hugo put forth a succession of plays in verse and in prose, all of them challenging admiration by qualities rarely united in a dramatist's work, and yet no one of them establishing itself in popular favor by the side of Hernani, excepting only Ruy Blas.

The flashing brilliancy of Hugo's versification blinded many spectators for a brief season, and prevented most of them from seeing what was made plain at last only by an analysis of the plays in prose, Mary Tudor, for example. When no gorgeously embroidered garment draped the meagre skeleton, it was not difficult to discover that Victor Hugo was not a great dramatic poet, "of the race and lineage of Shakespeare." A great poet he was beyond all question, perhaps the greatest poet of the century; but his gift was lyric and not dramatic. He was a lyrist of

incomparable vigor, variety, and sonority; and as a lyrist he had often an almost epic amplitude of vision. As a dramatist his outlook was narrow and petty; he could not conceive boldly a lofty theme, treating it with the unfailing simplicity of the masters. His subjects were lacking in nobility, in dignity, in stateliness. His plots were violent and extravagant; and his characters were as forced as his situations. The poetry to be found in his plays is external rather than internal; it is almost an afterthought. Under the lyrical drapery, which is so deceptive at first, there is no more than a melodrama.

Melodrama for melodrama, Hernani and Ruy Blas, fascinating as they are, seem now to be less easily and less spontaneously devised than Antony and the Tour de Nesle. Dumas was a born playwright with an instinctive felicity in handling situation; and Hugo, although he was able, by dint of hard work and by sheer cleverness, to make plays that could please in the theatre, had far less of the native faculty. In their play-making both Hugo and Dumas were pupils of Pixérécourt and Ducange; and Hernani and Antony did not differ greatly in kind from Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life, however superior they may be in power, in vitality, and, above all, in style. What Dumas and Hugo did was little more than to take the melodrama of the boulevard theatres and to make literature of it, — just as Marlowe had taken the unpretending but popular chronicle-play as the model of his Edward II.

The French playwrights who supplied the stage of the boulevard theatres had borrowed from the German playwrights of the storm-and-stress a habit of choosing for a hero an outcast or an outlaw. Here again they were followed by the dramatists of the romanticist movement, who were forever demanding sympathy for the bandit and the bastard, — Hernani was the one and Antony was the other. A note of revolt rang through the French theatre in the second quarter of the century; a cry of protest against the social order echoed from play to play. In their reaction against the restrictions which the classicists had insisted upon, the romanticists went beyond liberty almost to license, and they did not always stop short of licentiousness. They posed as defenders of the rights of the individual against the tyranny of custom, and thus they were led to glorify a selfish and lawless egotism. There was truth in the remark of a keen French critic that the communism of 1871 was the logical successor of the romanticism of 1830. To say this is to suggest that the foundation of romanticism was unsound and unstable. As a whole, romanticism was destructive only; it had no strength for construction. When it had swept classicism aside and cleared the ground, then its work was done, and all that was left for it to do was itself to die.

III.

Of all the manifold influences that united to reinvigorate the drama toward the middle of the century, the most powerful was that of prose-fiction. In France more particularly no stimulant was more potent than the series of realistic investigations into the conditions and the results of modern life which Balzac comprehensively entitled the Human Comedy. The novel is the department of literature which was as characteristic of the nineteenth century as the drama was of the seventeenth; and only in the nineteenth was the novel able to establish its right to be considered as a worthy rival of the drama. Until after Scott had taken all Europe captive, the attitude of the novelist was as apologetic and deprecatory as the attitude of the playwright had been while Sidney was pouring forth his contempt for the acted drama of his own day. In the eighteenth century, when it ought to have been evident that the drama was

no longer at its best, the tradition of its supremacy survived, and it was still believed to be the sole field for the first ventures of ambitious authors. Men of letters as dissimilar as Johnson and Smollett, both of them hopelessly unfit for the theatre, went up to London, each with a dull tragedy in his pocket. Steele and Fielding in England, like Lesage and Marivaux in France, were writers of plays to be performed on the stage, long before they condescended to be depicters of character for the mere reader by the fireside.

For years the novel was conceived almost in the manner of a play, with its characters talking and acting, projected forward and detached from their surroundings, as though they were appearing upon an isolated platform, scant of scenery and bare of furniture. The personages of prose-fiction were not related to their environment nor were they shown as component parts of the multitude that peopled the rest of the world. Only after Rousseau had sent forth the New Héloïse was there any alliance disclosed in fiction between nature and human nature; and only after Bernardin de Saint-Pierre had issued Paul and Virginia did the story-teller begin to find his profit in the landscape and the weather, in sunsets and rainstorms and the mystery of the dawn, all phenomena not easily represented in the playhouse.

The novelist was long held to be inferior to the dramatist, and his pay was inferior also. But when by his resplendent improvisations Scott was able to settle with his creditors, the European men of letters were made aware that prose-fiction might be as profitable as play-writing. They knew already that it was far easier, since the technic of the novel seems liberty itself when contrasted with the rigid economy of the drama. The task appeared to be simpler and the immediate reward appeared to be larger, so that the temptation became irresistible for young men to adventure themselves in the narrative form rather than in the dramatic. Yet not a few of those who took to fiction were naturally more qualified for success in the theatre, — Dickens, for instance; and many of those who had won triumphs as playwrights sought also to receive the reward of the story-teller, — Hugo for one, and the elder Dumas for another.

During the middle fifty years of the century it was only in French that the drama was able to hold its own as a department of literature; and in every other language it was speedily overshadowed by prose-fiction. Bold and powerful as the French novelists were, they had as competitors playwrights of an almost equal brilliancy, variety, and force. In French the drama and the prose-fiction were vigorous rivals for threescore years. But in German literature, in Italian and Spanish, the novel during this same period was at least the equal of the drama, whatever its own demerits; and in English literature the superiority of prose-fiction was overwhelming. In fact, during the second and third quarters of the century the acted play in English had rarely more than a remote connection with literature, whereas the novel was absorbing an undue proportion of the literary ability of the peoples speaking the language.

This immense expansion of prose-fiction, and its incessant endeavor to avail itself of the devices of all the other forms of literary art, will prove to be, perhaps, the most salient fact in the history of literature in the nineteenth century. But the future historian will be able to see clearly that the obscuring of the drama was temporary only, and that even though, outside of France, dramatic literature might seem to have gone into a decline, it bade fair to be restored to health again in the final quarter of the century. The historian will have to indicate also the points of contact between the novel and the play and to dwell on the constant interaction of the one and the other, — an inter-

action as old as the origin of epic and tragic poetry. It is to be seen in English, for example, in the influence of the contemporary farces and melodramas of the London stage upon the incidents of Dickens's serial tales.

It is to be seen in French also, of course; just as Lesage and Fielding had applied to their narratives the method of character-drawing which they had borrowed from Molière, so Augier and the younger Dumas were directed in their choice of subject by the towering example of Balzac. The Elizabethan playwrights had treated the Italian story-tellers as storehouses of plots and motives, of incidents and intrigues. But the Parisian dramatists of the Second Empire were under a deeper debt to the great novelist who had been their contemporary; it was to him that they owed, in a great measure, their quicker interest in the problems of society. They had not Balzac's piercing vision into the secrets of the heart, but they at least sought to face life from a point of view not unlike his.

IV.

Obvious as is the influence of Balzac upon Augier and the younger Dumas, especially in their later studies into social conditions, it is not more obvious or more powerful than the influence of Scribe. While the romanticists had been driving out the classicists, and exhausting themselves in the vain effort to establish their own sterile formulas, Scribe had gone on his own way, wholly unaffected by their theories or by their temporary vogue. He had been elaborating his technic until he was able to sustain the spacious framework of a five-act comedy by means of devices invented for use in the pettier comédie-vaudeville. In almost every department of the drama, including the librettos of grand opera and of opéra-comique, Scribe proved himself to be a consummate master of the art and mystery of play-making. He devoted himself to perfecting the mechanics of dramaturgy, and he has survived as the type of the playwright pure and simple, to be remembered by the side of Heywood and of Kotzebue.

His plays, like so many of theirs, are now outworn and demoded. He is inferior to Kotzebue in affluent emotion and to Heywood in occasional pathos; but he is superior to both in sheer stage-craft. The hundred volumes of his collected writings may be consulted for proof that a play can serve its purpose in the theatre and still have little relation to literature, — and even less to life. His best play, whatever it may be, was a plot and nothing more, a story in action, so artfully articulated that it kept the spectators guessing until the final fall of the curtain, — and never caused them to think after they had left the theatre.

Yet there were very few playwrights of the second half of the nineteenth century who had not been more or less influenced by Scribe, and who did not find it difficult to release themselves from their bondage to him. Even Augier and the younger Dumas, while the content of their social dramas was in some measure suggested to them by Balzac, went to Scribe for their form; and what now seems most old-fashioned in the Gendre de M. Poirier and in the Demi-monde is a superingenuity in the handling of the intrigue. No small part of the willful formlessness of the French drama in the final quarter of the century was due to the violence of the reaction against the methods of this master-mechanician of the modern theatre. Even thoughtless playgoers began in time to weary of the "well-made play," with its sole dependence on the artificial adroitness of its structure, with its stereotyped psychology, its minimum of passion, its humdrum morality, and its absence of veracity. But at the height of its popularity the "well-made play" was the model for most of the playwrights, not of France only, but of the

rest of Europe; and there was scarcely a modern language in which Scribe's pieces had not been translated and adapted, imitated and plagiarized.

It was in the second quarter of the century that Scribe attained the apex of success at the very hour when the romanticists were exuberantly triumphant, and it may sound like a paradox to suggest that it was the luxuriant abundance of the drama in French that helped to bring about its decline in the other languages; but this is no more than the truth. At the moment when the comparative facility of prose-fiction was alluring men of letters away from the theatre, the dramatists outside of France had their already precarious reward suddenly diminished by the rivalry of cheap adaptations from the French. There was then neither international copyright nor international stage-right; and French plays could be acted in English and in German, in Italian and in Spanish, without the author's consent, and without any payment to him.

As it happened, the French drama was then of a kind easily exportable and adaptable. The plays of the romanticists dealt with passion rather than with character; and emotion has universal currency. The "well-made" plays of Scribe and his numberless followers in France dealt with situations only; and their clockwork would strike just as well in London or New York as in Paris. The Tour de Nesle and the Bataille de Dames could be carried anywhere with little loss of effect. Few of the emotional plays or of the mechanical comedies had any pronounced flavor of the soil; and they could be relished by Russian spectators as well as by Australian. But no foreigner can really appreciate a comedy wherein the author aims at a profound study of the society he sees all around him in his own country; and this is why the Femmes Savantes of Molière and the Effrontés of Augier are little known beyond the boundaries of the French language, while the Stranger of Kotzebue and the Adrienne Lecouvreur of Scribe have had their hour of popularity everywhere the wide world over.

So long as the theatrical managers of the German and Italian principalities, as well as those of Great Britain and the United States, could borrow a successful French play whenever they needed a novelty, without other payment than the cost of translation, they were naturally disinclined to proffer tempting remuneration for untried pieces by writers of their own tongue. This was an added reason why men of letters kept turning from the drama to prose-fiction, the rewards of which were just then becoming larger than ever before, as the boundless possibilities of serial publication were discovered, whereby the story-teller could get paid twice for one work.

V.

When we consider that novel-writing is not only easier than play-writing, but that the novelist had the advantage of a double market, while the dramatist was then forced to vend his wares in competition with stolen goods, we need not be surprised that the drama apparently went into a decline during the middle years of the century everywhere except in France. The theatre might seem to flourish, but the stage was supplied chiefly with plays filched from the French and twisted into conformity with local conditions. As most of these hasty adaptations had no possible relation to the realities of life, there was no call for literary quality; and thus it was that there impended an unfortunate divorce between literature and the drama.

In the middle years of the century there was a living dramatic literature only in France. The romanticist drama had withered away, although its spirit reappeared now and again, — for example we cannot help discovering in the heroine of the Dame aux Camélias of the younger Dumas a descendant of the

heroine of the Antony of the elder Dumas. But there is little flavor of romanticism in the best of the later dramatist's profounder studies of contemporary manners, — especially in his masterpiece, the Demi-monde, which shares the foremost place in modern French comedy with the Gendre de M. Poirier of Augier and Sandeau. The Frou-frou of Meilhac and Halévy was their sole triumph in the comedy which softens into pathos, while their lighter plays contained a fascinating collection of comic characters, as veracious as they were humorous. The comedy-farces of Labiche had not a little of the large laughter of Molière's less philosophic plays. The comedy-dramas of Sardou were the result of an attempt to combine the contemporary satire of Beaumarchais with the self-sufficient stagecraft of Scribe.

VI.

But even in France the rivalry of the novel made itself felt, and its swelling vogue tempted some writers of fiction to take an arrogant attitude, and to assert that the drama had had its day. Perhaps a portion of their distaste for the acted play was owing to a healthy dislike for the lingering artificialities of plot-making, visible even in so independent and individual a playwright as Augier and obviously inherited from Scribe. Yet there was a still more active cause for their hostility, due to their recognizing that the dramatic art must always be more or less democratic, and that the dramatist cannot hold himself aloof from the plain people. This necessity of pleasing the public and reckoning with its likes and dislikes was painful to writers like Théophile Gautier, who chose to think themselves aristocratic.

One of the Goncourts was rash in risking the opinion that the drama was no longer literature, and that in the existing conditions of the theatre nothing more could be hoped from it. Gautier had earlier complained that the stage never touched subjects until they had been worn threadbare, not only in the newspapers, but in the novel. Here the poetic art-critic was making a reproach of that which is really an inexorable condition of the drama, so recognized ever since Aristotle, — that the playwright must broaden his appeal, that he cannot write only for the highly cultivated, that he must deal with the universal. The dramatist may be a little in advance of the mass of men, but it is not his duty to be a pioneer, since he can discuss the newest themes only at the risk of not interesting enough playgoers to fill the theatre. If Goncourt had known literary history better, he might have remembered that the limitations of the theatre had not prevented Sophocles and Shakespeare and Molière from dealing with the deeper problems of life. If he had happened to care about what was going on outside of France, he could have learned that even while he was recording his opinion Ibsen was proving anew that there was no reason why a playwright should not do his own thinking.

The drama was not on its death-bed, as these aristocratic dilettants were hastily declaring; indeed, it was about to revive with new-born vigor, although it was not to find the elixir of life in France. Since the Franco-German war there had been visible among the defeated a relaxing energy, a lassitude which French psychologists have regretted as both physical and moral. Whenever the national fibre is enfeebled, the drama is likely to be weakened; and this is what took place in France in the final years of the century. Whenever a people displays sturdy resolution, it is ripe for a growth of the drama; and this is what was to be seen in Germany in the two final decades when the French were losing their grip. Whenever a race, however few in number, stiffens its will to attain its common desires, the conditions are favorable for the ap-

pearance of the dramatist; and this is what had happened in Norway, where Ibsen was coming to a knowledge of his powers. With the appearance of Ibsen the supremacy of France was challenged successfully for the first time in the century. Ibsen's plays might be denounced and derided, but it was difficult to deny his power or his fecundating influence.

Simultaneously with the natural reaction against the excessive vogue of prose-fiction and with the revived interest in the theatre aroused by the occasional performances of Ibsen's stimulating plays, there was a world-wide revision of the local laws which had permitted the stealing of French plays. The playwrights of the rest of the world were relieved from the necessity of vending their wares in a market unsettled by an abundant offering of stolen goods, and they also received proper payment when their own works were translated into other languages to satisfy the increasingly cosmopolitan curiosity of playgoers throughout the world.

The change in the law also brought with it another advantage, since the dramatist, having complete control of his own writings abroad as well as at home, soon insisted that they should be translated literally and not betrayed by a fantastic attempt at adaptation; and this tended to terminate the reign of unreality in the theatre. So long as French plots were wrenched out of all veracity in the absurd effort to localize them in all the four quarters of the globe, even careless playgoers beholding these miserable perversions must have been struck by their "incurable falsity" as Matthew Arnold called it, — a falsity which tended to prevent people from taking the drama seriously, or even from expecting it to deal truthfully with life. No artist is likely to give his best to a public which is in the habit of considering his art as insincere, and as having no relation to the eternal verities, ethic as well as æsthetic.

In the final decade of the century there was abundant evidence that the drama was rising rapidly in the esteem of thoughtful men and women. This higher repute was due in part, of course, to the respectful attention which was compelled by the weight and might of Ibsen's plays. It was due also to the efforts of younger dramatists in the various languages to grapple resolutely with the problems of life, and to deal honestly with the facts of existence. Verga and Sudermann, Pinero and Echegaray, are names to be neglected by no one who wishes to understand the trend of modern thought. At the end of the century the drama might still be inferior to prose-fiction in English and in Spanish; but it was probably superior in German and in Italian. The theatre was even beginning again to attract the poets; and Hauptmann and Rostand, D' Annunzio and Phillips, having mastered the methods of the modern stage, and having ascertained its limitations and its possibilities, proved that there need be no more talk of a divorce between poetry and the drama.

When the last year of the century drew to an end, the outlook for the drama was strangely unlike that of a quarter-century earlier. Except in France, there was everywhere evidence of reinvigoration; and even in France there were not lacking playwrights of promise, like Hervieu. Perhaps everywhere, except in Norway, it was promise rather than final performance which characterized the drama; and yet the actual performance of not a few of the dramatists of the half-dozen modern languages was already worthy of the most serious criticism. Just as a clever playwright so constructs the sequence of his scenes in the first act that the interest of expectancy is excited, so the nineteenth century — in so far as drama is concerned — dropped its curtain, leaving an interrogation mark hanging in the air behind it.

Brander Matthews.

HIS DAUGHTER FIRST.

XV.

JACK put Mabel, Miss Gaunt, and the maid in the train at Forty-second Street, and Mabel kissed him good-by affectionately without a single pang of conscience. It did not occur to her that her father was seriously fond of Mrs. Kensett, and if he were that was no reason why Mrs. Kensett should invade her realm, or take her papa away from her. She wanted her papa, as she did most things, for herself. To like and to love were not by any means the same, and love at Jack's age was an utterly absurd and untimely emotion. Love belonged to youth. Mrs. Kensett, barely thirty-five, was one of the old people. It was almost incredible that papas and mammas could ever have been actors in that passionate, entrancing drama, so mysteriously real as depicted in books, so verging on the ridiculous as observed in life. At all events marriage at her papa's time of life was neither a drama nor an idyl. It was a scheme, a design, a convention, in whose arrangement the principals were not the only parties to be consulted. Being disposed to scheme herself, she saw schemes in the most innocent events; and being confident of her power to twist Jack about her finger for innocent purposes, it was natural to impute the same power with evil designs to Mrs. Kensett. Poor, dear papa!

At the last moment Jack had given her a letter, a long blue envelope of business-like appearance, encircled by a rubber band, addressed to Mrs. Kensett, which Mabel had observed at once was unsealed.

"Mrs. Kensett's quarterly accounts are in here," Jack had said, "and I will let you hand them to her. You won't forget them, will you?"

"Do I ever forget things, papa?" said Mabel, putting the letter in the pocket of her dressing-case.

"No, you are a pretty reliable little girl." He was kissing her good-by. "You take your days of grace, but you pay your notes when they are due."

"I do keep my engagements and my promises, do I not, papa?"

He wanted to ask her to be her very best with Mrs. Kensett, but he did not know exactly how to express it; there were strangers present, and he let it go.

There were others of the party in the same drawing-room car, and there was much excitement and talk. Little Constance Montrevel, a short, dark girl of twenty, of quiet manner, and with the unmistakable charm of race and breeding in her plain face, occupied a chair next Mabel, much to the latter's annoyance, who endeavored unsuccessfully to manœuvre her out of it in favor of Mr. Heald. "How stupid she is!" thought Mabel, for whom stupidity was often the obstruction of her wishes by unsuspecting people. She was the centre of all the conversation and gayety. One would have thought it was her party. She was making plans as if it were.

"You don't know the house, Constance. I do. The drawing-room is perfect for charades, or a play. There are two pillars near the end just right for a curtain. Don't you think it would be nice to have a play, Mr. Heald? Then there 's a lovely winter garden. I do so love extraordinary things, palms and things from Africa — oh, and there 's an African there, too — a real live one."

"Is he ebony, with ostrich plumes in his hair and rings in his ears?" asked Mr. Heald.

"How absurd you are! He 's a cousin of Mrs. Kensett's, from the gold mines, too, — or perhaps it 's diamonds,

— which is it they have in Africa, Mr. Heald? "

"Both, Miss Temple. But they have no women to wear them. It 's an export trade."

"Perhaps that is why he has come back. Constance dear, did you bring any of your lovely things? embroideries and laces, you know? I told you to. We must have one masked ball. Would n't it be fun to invite the Westford people! I wonder if Mrs. Kensett will have any music. She always does things well. If she has, we can dance every night. There are lots of horses any way. I brought my riding-habit, — did you? "

Helen was sitting beyond Constance in the seat next Mr. Heald. There were roses in her cheeks and on her lips, and many a line that painters love in her form. One looked at her and understood that all the flowers do not open in May. She was the oldest of the company except Mr. Heald, and there was nothing to indicate that she was not on equal terms with the others. Constance liked her because she was quiet and had a low voice.

The talk subsided as the train moved out of the station into the roar and darkness of the tunnel. Looking out of the window Helen saw herself reflected from the black pane in the light of the electric lamps, and she remembered the young girl who once passed through that same tunnel alone, on her way from Boston to her new position in the New York boarding-school. It was such a different face which stared back at her from under the black hat plumes, and in the recollections suggested by her backward look it possessed so strange an interest for her that she stole glances at it as at a stranger whom she could only watch when unobserved.

She was annoyed at Mabel, at her assumption of managing Mrs. Kensett's affairs. Though it were only idle chatter it was bad taste, and under the circumstances inconceivable. But that did not astonish her so much as did her own feeling of annoyance and criticism. She had been expecting momentarily some outburst on Mabel's part, some coldness or irritation, indicating that Mabel *knew*. But except that her spirits seemed unaccountably high, almost forced, Mabel had shown nothing of the kind, and instead of exciting Mabel's animosity Mabel was exciting hers. She had experienced, too, a new desire to be constantly near her, as if she expected every moment that Mabel would speak, that a crisis was coming. Sitting beside Mr. Heald, it seemed to her that this accidental fact could not escape notice, and she turned her revolving chair further away from him toward the window.

"How hot it is," she said to Constance. "It makes one faint."

"Do you wish my salts? " asked Constance, unclasping the tiny vinaigrette from her belt.

"Thank you. Would you mind exchanging places with me? I want to speak to Mabel." Then she altered her mind. To change her seat was precisely what would attract attention. She would not be so silly. "No matter, I won't disturb you. It 's of no consequence; " and turning to Mr. Heald she began to talk, drawing Constance into the conversation.

In the excitement of meeting and the bustle of starting Mabel had not noticed the occupant of the chair on her left. The conversation on her right was too distant for her to join in it without effort, and as the train drew out of the tunnel she occupied herself with studying her neighbor, whom she mentally pronounced extraordinary. Mabel's eye for color did not approve of her costume, but she abandoned her investigations on discovering that a pair of lorgnettes were fixed upon her, and that she was under observation herself. So she drew a magazine from within her large Empire muff and settled herself to read. She had got as far as the illustrations when a grim, business-like voice said:

"Is not this Mabel Temple? "

Mabel lifted her violet eyes and somewhat freezingly assented.

"I thought so. I used to know your mother. I am Mrs. Frazer."

"Oh, are you?" smiled Mabel, unbending. "I did not know" —

"Naturally. You were in short dresses. But I knew you at once. You are the image of Gladys."

"Am I? I am glad of that. Did you know my mother well?"

"Thoroughly," said Mrs. Frazer.

Mabel was sensitive about her mother, and the incisive word disconcerted her.

"And a very lovely woman she was," Mrs. Frazer went on. "The last time I saw her was at a dinner she gave on the yacht at Newport. You were a little girl and had soiled your pink frock, for which you deserved a scolding which you did not get. Your father saved you."

Mabel's smile grew brighter. She had put down her magazine and was leaning forward with an eager expression on her face. One of the secrets of her popularity was her quick interest in the person with whom she happened to be talking. It was of no consequence who the person was or what she really thought. Her interest in what the Bishop was saying was no less intense than that with which she listened to her partner in the pauses of the waltz.

"Was I such a naughty child? Poor mamma!"

"All children are trying," remarked Mrs. Frazer. "You were no exception. Gladys was."

"Do tell me about her, Mrs. Frazer." She was about to say that her father never spoke of her mother, but refrained.

"You have only to look in your mirror to see her. You are her child, not your father's."

"It is wonderful, is n't it, to be a reproduction of some one. One always feels so different from every one else, in spite of what people say. I remember distinctly differing from mamma on a good many occasions. It was papa who always agreed with me."

"Those whom we most resemble are the very ones who are most annoyed to see themselves reproduced," said Mrs. Frazer. "So your papa agrees with you, does he?"

There was an amused smile on her face, and Mabel blushed.

"I know what you are thinking of," she said; "I have been told you thought I was spoiled."

Mrs. Frazer laughed good-humoredly. "One must be on one's guard against indulgent fathers, dear. They may prove a great misfortune. Nothing makes one so selfish as to be the object of unselfishness." The smile faded out of Mabel's face, and Mrs. Frazer changed the subject. "All these people are going to Cedar Hill, I presume. Who is that pretty girl over there?"

Mabel's eyes followed the lorgnette. "That is Helen, Miss Gaunt. She used to be my governess."

"And now?"

"Now? She is living with us still as — as my friend. Perhaps I am imitating papa and spoiling her. Would you like to see?" Her chance had come at last. "Helen, dear," — at a sign from Mabel Helen left her seat, — "this is Mrs. Frazer, Margaret's mother, you know. Will you take my seat for a little while? She wishes to speak to you."

At last she had effected her purpose. She spoke in passing with those on the other side of the car, dropped into Helen's vacant seat, opened up a fire of conversation with Constance, allowed it to languish, and finally, offering her magazine to Miss Montrevel, leaned her head back on the high cushion of her revolving chair, and turned slowly to Mr. Heald.

"Come here, I want to speak to you."

She was looking straight before her out of the window.

At the sound of her imperious voice Mr. Heald, who had risen politely when she took her seat, sat down again and looked inquiringly into her half-averted face.

"Don't look at me so," said Mabel in a low voice; "look out the window. Do you see that little white house on the top of the hill? Look at that."

He leaned forward, resting his arms on his knees, and began to study the landscape as directed.

"Do you think I have no eyes?" said Mabel.

"I always said they were the most beautiful ones I ever looked into," he replied, obeying her injunction with difficulty.

Mabel's lashes closed for a moment and then opened again.

"Is that what you have been telling Helen?"

He made a quick, involuntary movement, but still obeyed her, keeping his eyes fixed on the little white house on the hill.

"I have been wanting to speak to you for some time," continued Mabel, "but you have either been invisible, — or inaccessible, of late."

"Is not that natural, Miss Temple?"

"You mean because I refused you? Perhaps. How long ago was that? Well, never mind, we have both forgotten, and it is of no consequence. What I wished to say to you, first, was that I asked Mrs. Kensett to invite you" —

"I am duly grateful, I assure you."

— "to Cedar Hill, in order that I might speak to you." She pronounced the words slowly and distinctly. "You have persistently avoided me since — since — I quite understand that. As you say, it is very natural. Then why did you ask papa's permission to call? Don't interrupt me. We 'll say it was to save appearances, — yours, I mean. The first time, yes, — and the second, — but the third, last Thursday? Did you not see me making every effort to speak to you then? And at the Wendells', Monday, did I not go out of my way to" —

"Really, Miss Temple, you do me too much honor."

A quick flash of scorn lighted up her eyes.

"How simple you are! or is it vanity? Do you think I am relenting?" And with a low ripple of laughter she turned her head on the other cheek toward Constance. Helen was still talking with Mrs. Frazer. Constance was fingering the leaves of the magazine. "They are clever, are n't they, — those drawings of Vierge?"

"Very," replied Constance.

Mabel turned back again.

"I intended to wait till we got to Cedar Hill, till I could speak more freely" —

"More freely!" he said ironically.

"Much more. But I will say this now, especially as you seem to be laboring under a misapprehension. I — will — not — have — you — play — with — Helen."

Her voice was low, but distinct with suppressed energy. Mr. Heald stopped playing with his gloves. Then he laughed softly.

"Are *you* going to play at governess too?"

"I am not playing at anything, and my relations with Helen are not the subject of discussion," replied Mabel quietly. "But since you have intimated that we have changed places I must correct you again. I am not taking Helen's place, she is taking mine, — the one I vacated."

"Are you speaking in her name, Miss Temple?"

"I do not require her permission to speak, and I shall not ask yours to speak to her, — to tell her, for example, how quickly you recover from despondency."

"Mabel!"

"Hush! Have you no control over yourself? I am not finding fault with you for your — your good spirits. You

gambled, and lost, and you are too old a player to complain, and the loss was n't worth suicide." The sneer in her tone hurt him more than her words. "Is that what you would have me understand? Very good. But — *don't trifle with Helen.* And don't consider me your enemy " — her voice softened a little — "on account of the — our past misunderstanding. I am not. I am only Helen's friend. There! the white house is gone. You may look at me now. What are you laughing at so, Constance? Do let me see. You don't mean to say you have found anything funny in " —

Mr. Heald broke in savagely: "We shall speak of this again," he said, rising.

"Yes, do," said Mabel, sitting up and pulling down the shade. "Are you going to smoke? When you come back we will talk it all over." She gave him one of her bright smiles and turned to Constance.

It was no time or place for defense, explanation, or discussion, and Mr. Heald knew how to wait. He went forward into the buffet car, found a seat by himself in the small compartment, and called for a whiskey and soda.

There were others of the Cedar Hill party in the same car, one of whom presently came to ask him to make a fourth hand at whist. But he declined. Mabel's sudden attack had completely confounded him. He was out of sorts with himself, and therefore with the rest of the world. But his opinion of her had risen immensely. What nerve the girl had!

He was not given to the self-analysis and retrospection which lead to weakness and indecision. He always charged off the past to profit and loss. The future was the real asset. But the past sometimes holds the key to the future, and then deserves consideration. Nerve, and insight too! It made him smile to think of it. No one had ever called him a gambler before, or had had any reason to, in the literal sense of the word, since one day when he lost five thousand pounds and his ranch on the turn of a card. He had never touched one since. There were easier and surer ways of making money. He had tested the fallacy of growing up with a new country. The place to make money is where money is. But Mabel was right. She had called him by name, and he always admired any one who hit the nail squarely on the head. He *was* a gambler. Not by profession or of the coarser sort, but by nature, and with instincts suited to the times. The times were sordid and commonplace, and money-making, like everything else, had degenerated into a mean trade. But if he had been born a hundred years earlier he might have been holding up travelers on the high-road, or cruising on the high seas with a black flag at the masthead, the dread of all gentry with gold sewed in their belts and — the devil take it! that was his weakness — a very prince of courtesy to the fair sex. He smiled at the picture as he rolled a fresh cigarette. It brought him back to Mabel with renewed admiration. If the old days were back again, when the art of transferring money from one's neighbor's pocket to one's own was practiced by barons living in castles, he would like to be the knight to wear her scarf on his lance. And here he was leading germans and trading in curb stocks! It amounted to the same thing in the end, but it was not picturesque. Yes, she had a cool head and a lot of will. Who would have thought it, behind those violet eyes!

What was she driving at any way? She had refused him squarely, with such light-heartedness as to have deprived his advances of all seriousness. For that he had been grateful at the time, a little disappointed, — it was a good chance lost, — but she had not made him feel that he was mercenary. There was no sting in her answer, and on his part no resentment. It was an open door, carelessly shut, and he had passed on.

Now he felt as if he were a book cleverly read from cover to cover and laid aside not to be opened again. He admired her now, and with admiration came an exasperating sense of humiliation. She had described the situation exactly. He had seen an unusually big prize, an only child, with a wonderfully beautiful face and figure, and millions in prospect. And he had been fool enough to ask for these, as though they were the only stakes in the game! One thing was certain: she was very clever, and she had a heart. He had absolutely misjudged her.

And she had opened the book again — why? Why had she invited him to Cedar Hill? Merely to tell him that she was Helen's friend? If she were really and only that, why did she not warn Helen instead of him? It was true she had threatened to, but she had not done so yet. Such pure philanthropy was incredible. Could it be that she was jealous, that she was calling him back? Or was she just ugly and officious? The first hypothesis was more pleasing than the second, — but there was Helen. A demure little schoolmistress with a pretty face and not a penny. He had not seen her at first at all. He was not looking for pretty faces and empty pockets. And then, his venture in holding up the coach having proved a failure, in his confounded folly for gallantry he had paid a compliment to the loveliness of one of the passengers, — for she was lovely, — who had mistaken compliments for love and romance for reality. Strange! that a tinsel flame should light the fires in the quiet depths of Helen's serious eyes, and that he should have thought there were no depths or seriousness in the others.

Whether under the influence of the whiskey and soda or the vision of Helen, he began to wander from the fixed moorings of sensible thinking down the current of dreaming. There were women so hungry that they were willing to give everything for nothing. Yet it was something, to take a woman who had nothing but herself to give, a homeless waif in the street as it were, cold and lonely and starving, and satisfy her, make himself the source of all her happiness, enthrone her. Could he really love her, and would he, after she was enthroned? He pulled himself together with a start. No, he might be a gambler, but he was not a sharper.

The truth was he had entered upon a course of conduct without attaching any importance to it, or giving any thought to its consequences. He was angry, compassionately angry, with Helen for her simplicity; and he was angry, regretfully angry, with Mabel for appearing in the second act after having expired in the first. He was afraid that he understood Helen only too well. He was resolved to understand Mabel better, and he threw away his cigarette with this determination.

The train had just stopped, and the dining-car was being put on. He went out upon the platform and was among the first to enter it, appropriating a corner table, set for two. It was at the forward end of the car behind the open corridor door, and was necessarily passed by all who came in. Mabel was among the last. He pushed the door aside when he saw her, and offered her his seat.

"For me?" she said, "how nice of you! I like corner seats where I can see every one."

She was always at her ease, an ease which, as he had reason to know, could provoke an unwarranted assurance, or keep him, as now, at an uncomfortable distance. If one had not known Gladys one would wonder how so young a girl had acquired it. Being inherited, it bore no resemblance to the acquired, artificial article. But he was resolved on forcing her hand.

"You don't mind continuing our conversation?" he asked, putting her muff and magazine in the rack overhead and sitting down opposite her.

"Indeed no. On the contrary, I want to."

She was taking off her gloves, watching the other members of the party as they took their seats. Helen and Mrs. Frazer were at the farther end of the car. She exchanged a smile with Helen, laid her gloves beside her plate, and took up the menu.

"Bouillon, of course," she exclaimed, "always bouillon! No, I don't want any" — to the waiter. "How they do hurl the courses at you! like the night advertisements in Madison Square, and snatch them away as quickly. What time do we arrive at Westford? Do you remember?"

"I think it is about three hours. We left New York at noon. That would make it three o'clock."

"You have never been there?"

"No, this is my first visit, thanks to you."

"Is it? Why, I thought you and Mrs. Kensett were old friends. Perhaps I ought not to have asked her to invite you."

"I hope you are not regretting it already."

"No. Are you? I thought you would think it very nice and friendly in me, after our little quarrel."

"Are you never serious, Mabel?"

"Why should you think I am not serious? At least I am always serious about serious things. When was I not? Is n't the fault yours — that you do not take me seriously?"

"I took you seriously once, and I thought I understood you then. I don't understand you now."

She laughed. "The question seems to be which can understand the other first. That is quite true — in a way. You will admit though that I have not asked you any questions, I only gave you a warning. I suppose it is difficult for you to appreciate my feelings toward Helen, — and that puzzles you. You think of her as she used to be, as what she thinks she is, — my governess. But, you see, you are both mistaken. She is not looking after me, I am looking after her. She is quite a child. It is really very extraordinary how little age counts. She learns some things with much more difficulty than I used to learn the lessons she gave me, and she does not forget her lessons as easily as I do mine. You must understand this, first, about Helen, that she is a mere child; and then this, about me, that I am fond of her, — more fond of her than she has any reason to be of me. That is what I wished to say to you, and that is all I think I am called upon to say. If you are as serious as I am you need not fear my interference."

He was looking at her while she spoke, but nothing in her face belied her frankness. It was not a frankness, however, which told him what road to take. It left him at the crossways. He felt the constraint of their surroundings and wished he had waited.

"I suppose I ought to be grateful to you," he said, "even though you are actuated solely by your interest in Miss Gaunt."

He paused, looking straight into her eyes.

"Yes?" she said, as if expecting him to go on.

"But are you not drawing inferences from rather slender premises?"

"I think not."

"In certain circumstances," he hazarded, feeling his way carefully, "a man does not know what he is doing."

A kindly smile came into her eyes.

"Yes, exactly. Sometimes, in pique, or desperation, we do what cannot be undone as easily as what was done in seriousness. And then, you know, we misunderstand each other so dreadfully. Perhaps I spoke too impulsively a little while ago. But I really meant nothing that was not friendly."

"Friendly to whom?" he thought. "To him, or to Helen?"

She had gathered up her gloves and was looking out of the window with

something indecisive and appealing in her face.

"Mabel." She did not appear to hear him. "Mabel," he repeated, "don't you know we can never be — friends."

She turned and looked at him, another little vanishing smile in her eyes, like a lip's quiver.

"Perhaps we can, after years and years," she said. "Friendship is a very slow-growing plant, you know, — not like the other. And if you are so sure it cannot live you must not call me Mabel." And then the smile became an ordinary one. "Will you give me my muff, please? And will you come over with me to Mrs. Frazer's table? I want to introduce you. We can have our coffee there with them."

XVI.

As she had anticipated, Mabel found that she and Helen were to share the same room. There was a small parlor opening out from it, and both rooms bore evidence to a thoughtfulness not to be attributed to servants' hands. She had anticipated that also.

Shortly after their arrival tea and deliciously hot toast were served in the parlor, and on leaving the tray the butler had announced dinner for eight o'clock. There was no luxury Mabel loved more than time, and after tea and a refreshing bath, while Helen and her maid Marie were emptying the trunks and putting things in order, she sat in the deep easy-chair before the parlor fire, lost in thought. There were two whole hours yet before she need think of dressing. Her writing materials had just been arranged on the table near her, and this reminded her of the letter for Mrs. Kensett. As the envelope was unsealed she felt no compunction in opening it. It contained a smaller envelope, also unsealed, and another closed, and endorsed "Mrs. Kensett's Statement," with the date. The note in the former read as follows: —

My dear Mrs. Kensett, — I am sending you by Mabel the usual statement for this quarter. It contains nothing to which I need call your attention. According to what I understood from Paul to be your wish, all the proceeds of the sale of the Argonaut stock, except the original net cost of your share thereof, has been credited to the person named in the remaining certificates, and converted into four per cent registered bonds which I hold subject to further orders. As your account showed a large idle balance I have reinvested a part of it as per memorandum herewith.

Yours faithfully,

John Temple.

Mabel returned the note to its envelope with the reflection that it was very like papa, and lapsed into thought.

What a queer person Mrs. Frazer was! She rather liked her, she was so brusque and refreshing. What was it to be spoiled? There was Helen, working away in the adjoining room. She was always doing something. Was it true that unselfish people made others selfish? Things got done somehow, just as they were being done now in the next room, if one left them to others. The only spoiled persons she knew among her acquaintances were either bad or sour, like spoiled fruit or cream. She was neither of these.

"Helen dear, are n't you tired? Do come in and sit down."

"Yes, in a minute."

Mabel went to the door and looked in. Her evening dress was laid out on the bed, her stockings and slippers on the chair beside it. The toilet-table glittered with the array of her silver, and Marie was hanging the last skirt in the wardrobe. There did not appear to be much to do.

"You are all through, are n't you?" she said.

"Almost," replied Helen. "But I have n't had my bath yet."

Mabel had not thought of that, and returned to her chair.

Above the fireplace hung an old Venetian mirror with beveled edges and figures sunk in intaglio on the back. Mabel's eyes rested on it admiringly. It was an exceedingly good specimen. And the Dresden china clock on the mantel was unusually pretty too, much prettier than her own. She might have thought the same thing had the two changed places. She had a keen appreciation for good things, but the pleasure they afforded began to diminish immediately after possession.

What was it to be spoiled? The thought came back persistently. She certainly had not spoiled Helen. She remembered her as she was when she first came to Gramercy Park. How awkward and prim she was then, with her conscientious efforts to instruct and discipline! No, Helen was decidedly improved. She was more at her ease, dressed better, spoke better French, was in every way happier. And all this was due to her — Mabel. If her father had had his way Helen would be a faded little old schoolmistress, or darning the family stockings in Boston. There was such a thing as being spoiled by success, however.

A knock at the door roused her from her reflections. It was only a servant who came to remove the tray. She gave him the envelope with the request that it should be delivered at once to Mrs. Kensett, and then began a note to her father announcing her safe arrival and the delivery of his letter. This occupied her but a moment, and she sat down again before the fire. She thought of her papa's visit to the Vixen, and wondered whether he would remember to order the new deck awnings. She thought of his Christmas alone, and wondered what her Christmas presents would be. He always gave her something handsome. He was generally at a loss to know what it should be, and on the alert for any chance suggestion as to what she most wanted, and she wondered which of several hints furnished him through Helen and other roundabout channels would bear fruit. She wondered, too, who would take her out to dinner. And then, having exhausted lesser things, — she knew that they *were* all lesser things, so many decoys with which she was endeavoring to divert her mind from something else, — she got up and went into the other room, inspected it again carefully, and returned once more to her chair. She had always known what she wanted, her own mind. And she had commonly had her own way. If she was not, like Helen, transparent to others, she at least understood herself, which was a long step toward conquering obstacles presented from without. A good deal of will and a little tact did the rest. Now there was something *within*, something distinct and different from her old self, something disconcerting, vague, powerful, beyond her control, like a poison taken unawares. It was as if into her house of life had entered a stranger, whose presence she felt and was seeking to avoid, who was disputing her sovereignty and confusing her plans. It was worse than being thwarted, this not knowing any longer what she wanted. At all events she did not want to think, and with a glance at the clock she was about to begin her dressing when there was a knock on the door, and to her surprise Mrs. Frazer appeared.

"I am making a tour of inspection to see that all you young people are properly taken care of," she said. "May I come in?"

"Do, Mrs. Frazer, do!" cried Mabel. "We could not be more comfortable. Mrs. Kensett always makes one feel at home."

"Yes, it is the only house I ever visit. I dislike visiting, and visitors. This turning of one's house into a hotel

is not to my taste. I am going to sit down with you for a few minutes before dressing, if you do not mind."

Society just then was a distinct relief to Mabel, and the interruption to her thoughts most welcome. Besides, ever since Mrs. Frazer had told her that she had known her mother she had wanted to talk with her again about Gladys.

"You will excuse my dressing-gown, won't you, dear Mrs. Frazer? "

"Yes indeed, child. And you will allow me to have my cigarette with you? "

She seated herself in Mabel's comfortable chair and produced a jeweled case from her pocket.

"It is a very tyrannical habit," she said, "and very offensive to many people's prejudices. But I do not mind disturbing their prejudices if I do not disturb their comfort."

She shook with a little soundless laugh as she spoke, in which Mabel joined. There was a suggestion of motherhood about this childless woman which Mabel felt, perhaps the more quickly because she was motherless. She pulled the footstool from under the table and sat down at Mrs. Frazer's feet.

"I always admired your mother," Mrs. Frazer continued, "for her consideration of others. It was perhaps an art, but we do not criticise motives and methods when the results are so satisfactory."

"I like to have you speak of my mother," said Mabel. "No one ever does, because — no doubt they think " — she turned her face away thoughtfully — "it would be a painful subject to me."

"You refer to the circumstances of her death, I suppose," said Mrs. Frazer bluntly.

"Yes."

"Have you never spoken with your father of them? "

"Never. There are some subjects of which I should never dare speak with papa."

"You must remember, dear, that your father is thirty-five years older than you. We old people sometimes manage to share our children's lives, but we never really share ours with our children. We understand you because we have been children ourselves, but you cannot understand us till you have replaced us. You should not misjudge your father. We cannot talk of the serious things of experience with those who have not had any."

Marie came in to draw the shades and light the candles.

"I like the firelight best," Mabel said interrogatively, and Mrs. Frazer assented. "Is n't it possible you do not understand us as well as you think you do? " She had closed the door into the bedroom and was standing by the window, talking to the world inanimate slowly retreating into the shadows. "Experience must begin some time. We have perceptions at any rate, and we do a good deal of quiet thinking." Then she came back to her stool and looked up into Mrs. Frazer's face. "Silence implies " — she hesitated — "I want to ask you a question. Was mamma to blame? I don't believe it, but I want to know."

"My dear," replied Mrs. Frazer, looking down into the upturned eyes, "you ask a very difficult question. The machinery of justice in this world is a very clumsy affair. It is quite necessary, but it mangles one dreadfully, and I never set it in motion if I can help it."

"But one *must* have justice," remonstrated Mabel. "Is it impossible to answer my question? Is it because you cannot, or because you do not wish to? "

"There are very few questions which can be answered by a yes or no. That your mother was to blame in any harsh sense of the word — no. But we sometimes, especially at your age, step beyond our depth, and then the question of responsibility becomes a very delicate one. What we do in the surprise and

terror of finding that we have lost our foothold and cannot swim is one thing, what we do before is another."

"But we do not know or realize beforehand."

"No, we are impulsive, or thoughtless, careless of consequences, most often inexperienced. But the world will tell you that when you steer in from the open sea under the headlands you cannot make sudden squalls an excuse, or plead that you did not see them coming. They are to be expected, — like holes in one's stockings. That is why we old people are forever preaching caution. It is very disagreeable in us, and very tiresome, to be continually searching the skies for storms which may never come. But then, you have your own barometer, — consult that."

"What barometer?" asked Mabel.

"Some people call it conscience. You do not like the word, do you, dear?" Mrs. Frazer touched the bent head with her plump hand.

"I don't object to it," said Mabel.

"Nor I. We must not take too narrow a view of it. It indicates far more than duty, and is not a mere whip. It indicates danger. One should think of it as a friendly counselor who warns us, as our other senses do, of hot coals or bad odors. The important thing is to keep it in the sun, and above all — read it yourself. Don't let others consult it for you. The last thing I should ever attempt would be to tell you what you ought to do. What a pretty dressing-gown you have on, dear. Where did you get it?"

"Marie made it," said Mabel absent-mindedly. She was playing with the rings in her lap.

"She must be a treasure. Dear me!" as the clock on the mantel chimed seven. "Is it so late? Punctuality is my one virtue. I can't slip into a dress as quickly as I used to. Good-by, dear." And at the door — "I rather think we shall get on well together."

Mabel's face brightened in assent, and the door closed.

"Whom were you talking with?" asked Helen, coming in from her bath.

"Mrs. Frazer. She is queer, is n't she? But don't you find her rather nice? You had a long talk with her in the train."

"I thought she was somewhat inquisitive," replied Helen.

"Inquisitive? About what?"

"Oh, about everything."

"Can't you be more specific? Did you give me a good character?"

"She did not refer to you. She asked me about myself and my family."

"She was not inquisitive with me at all," said Mabel. "I could get nothing out of her." She had rung for her maid, and Marie was dressing her hair. "She is n't a bit like Margaret. You and Margaret will like each other, I am sure."

"Don't *you* like Miss Frazer?"

"Why, yes, in a way. She is one of those persons who holds herself aloof, — very sweet and gracious, you know, but always just so far away."

"And you think I succeed with persons of that description, do you?" laughed Helen.

"I think you succeed with most any one — when you try." Helen turned and looked at her. "You made quite an impression on Mrs. Frazer. She told me she thought you were very pretty."

"Nonsense," said Helen, coloring.

She was dressing her hair at the toilet-table beside her bed, and Mabel from her chair before the pier-glass saw the color come. It was not the flush of annoyance, but of self-satisfaction and superiority, — at least Mabel thought so, and in her nervous condition Helen's silence and tranquillity irritated her. Was there any reason for it? She was resolved to know. She *must* know.

"You may come in twenty minutes, Marie," she said to the maid when her task was finished; "at twenty minutes to eight."

She sat for a moment before the glass after Marie had gone, adding a personal touch here and there to her hair, and then resumed the conversation where it had ended a few minutes before.

"I think so too."

"Think what?" asked Helen.

"That you are very pretty." Helen's heart began to beat. Mabel was not given to praising her. But she went on dressing in silence. "I have thought so myself," pursued Mabel; "these last two weeks especially."

Helen turned again, and this time caught Mabel's eyes in the glass. She tried a disdainful smile of superiority to such nonsense, but failed.

"Why don't you tell me all about it, dear?" exclaimed Mabel suddenly, wheeling about on her chair.

"About what?" said Helen, with an effort at indifference.

"Or don't I inspire confidence?"

Helen made another ineffectual effort at apathy. "Not when you talk in riddles."

Mabel got up and went over to where she stood, with the impulse to put her arms about her and kiss her into confession. But she did not. She sat down instead on the edge of the bed where she could look up into Helen's face. Her curiosity was not purely disinterested, and the consciousness that the sincerity of her caress depended too much upon what Helen should say checked her.

"Have n't we lived together long enough to warrant a little frankness?"

Helen felt her presence of mind deserting her, and said the first thing that came to her lips.

"You are not very frank with me, Mabel."

"Not frank with you! Why, what have I to be frank about? No one is in love with me. You foolish girl! It is perfectly plain that Mr. Heald is paying you marked attention." The color rushed up again like the waves of a rising tide. "You cannot deny that. And I am tremendously interested — tremendously. I want to know all about it. Why should you be so shy? Has he — spoken to you?"

"No — not exactly," said Helen. She would have unburdened herself in a moment but for the haunting suspicion that her position was not secure.

"Not exactly!" echoed Mabel, bursting into laughter. "I really believe you are turning into a finished coquette, Helen. But you certainly are not a worldly person. Everything depends upon whether you love him — do you?"

"He has n't asked me," said Helen, wavering.

It was all clear now, but Mabel went on. "He will, if you let him — *do* you?"

"Please don't say any more, Mabel. You torture me. I don't wish to speak of it — I don't know."

"Well I do, and if you wish to know yourself I will tell you how you can — just suppose you could not have him."

She might have said the words so gently, so reassuringly, as to have helped one in difficulty to a better knowledge of self; but they were not meant so. She knew they were cruel, and felt a certain keen pleasure. The color went from Helen's face, and a scared look came into her eyes. She saw Mabel, with her beauty, her millions, and her daring, and a miserable feeling of her own nothingness swept over her. She despised herself for it, and for the terrifying discovery that she could not despise *him*. Yet she wanted Mabel to go on now, to have it over. But with one of those sudden changes of mood which alter the whole tone of a conversation, Mabel exchanged the rôles.

"I did not mean to torture you, Helen. I did not know the subject was one which ever did torture. Perhaps, some day, you will deign to enlighten me — with the rest of the world."

It was Mabel's way to unexpectedly and illogically convert herself into the aggrieved party. Helen had had expe-

rience with it before, and had determined again and again not to yield to it. But she always did, and succumbed once more to the old spell.

"Mabel, dear," she said tremulously, sitting down beside her on the bed and putting her arms round her, "don't speak so. I could be happy — very happy — if I knew you were." She had not intended to say so much, but when her presence of mind deserted her she always said more or less than she meant to.

"If *I* were!" repeated Mabel, growing rigid.

"I mean," said Helen, feeling the chill, "I thought that once" — she drew back as she spoke but plunged on — "that at one time he — that you" —

For the one brief moment in which Helen was struggling with words Mabel kept still, her lips tight, her eyes fixed, a figure of stone. Then with a desperate effort she pulled herself together.

"That I would not approve. You thought that. Why should you? You have not got to consult me." Marie was knocking at the door. "Yes, Marie, come in" — for Marie was hesitating on the threshold. "We shall be late if you do not hurry, Helen."

Bewildered, Helen sat down before her dressing-table again. Were all her fears, then, so foolish? She was conscious of Marie's eyes, and her fingers bungled.

"Go and help Miss Gaunt, Marie," said Mabel; and Marie, who saw that something had happened, tactfully endeavored to supply the conversation.

At last they were ready.

"Come, it is striking eight," said Mabel.

In the corridor, outside the door, before they went down, she caught Helen's hand and pressed it tightly. "You silly girl! If Reginald Heald asks you to marry him, and you consent, I shall be" — she hesitated for the right word — "delighted — simply *delighted*."

It was the conditional mood, but in the wave of relief which swept over her Helen did not notice it, and she returned the pressure of Mabel's hand with a light-heartedness she had not known for days.

XVII.

The Bishop stood at the farther end of the drawing-room with Mrs. Frazer, as Dolly received her guests. He had been at Lemington selecting a site for the new church with Professor Fisher, and needed no urging to accept the invitation to dinner. Miss Fisher, who was not at ease on formal occasions, had managed to find an excuse satisfactory to her conscience, strict truthfulness being always her first consideration. Her brother, never anything else than at home on all occasions, accompanied the Bishop "with the greatest pleasure."

There was a momentary hush as Mabel entered the room, the involuntary pause a lovely rose compels when one walks through a garden. She was radiantly beautiful, and to those who, like Helen, knew her in her unbending, willful moods, the air of distinction and sovereignty she assumed with an evening dress was always a source of fresh surprise and admiration. The Bishop, who respected all powers, human and divine, and never failed to claim the paternal right associated with his office, went forward to pay his homage and assert his spiritual relationship after she had greeted Dolly; then he returned to Mrs. Frazer's side at what might be called the throne end of the room, which he occupied in what Mabel styled his monumental capacity.

"They are wonderful things, youth and beauty," he said to Dolly, as he gave her his arm and they followed the others down the broad stairway. "'To be young,' as the poet says, 'is very Heaven.'"

It was not very complimentary, Dolly thought, but she smiled, feeling it true.

"How many secrets lie in the hearts of all these roses," Mrs. Frazer was saying to Paul, with whom she led the way into the dining-room.

"I wish they were all as happy ones as mine," he replied.

"Yours!" she retorted contemptuously; "try to pay me a little more attention, or it will be out before the evening is over. You forget I am an important personage for you hereafter."

Mabel had taken Mr. Heald's arm with an inward approval of Mrs. Kensett's arrangements and the outward hauteur she kept in reserve for certain situations, checking the expression of his good fortune with the remark that that depended upon what use he made of it.

She sat on Dolly's right beyond the Bishop, and made the latter her ally by listening with unaffected interest to all the plans for worthy students with which he was at the moment occupied.

"And where is your father?" he asked, looking down the table as though he expected to see him.

"Papa?" said Mabel. "He is having his holiday. You see, I am away, and to-morrow he will be on the deck of the Vixen."

"He is not cruising in winter," said the Bishop, sipping his sherry.

"Oh no, he is only getting ready to. He loves to smell tar and ropes. I have been trying to persuade him to buy a steam yacht. I like to be sure of getting where I am going to. But he prefers to battle with the elements. He says a steam yacht is nothing but a hotel. Are you fond of the water, Mrs. Kensett?" she asked, bending forward and speaking over the Bishop's plate.

"I am fond of it, but I am afraid of it. I should prefer the steamer, as you do, though I fear my reasons would do me less credit than yours."

"Papa is so absurdly fond of the Vixen," continued Mabel. "She is my one rival in his affections."

"One!" exclaimed the Bishop, playing with his glass. "And how many has he in yours?"

"Absolutely none, my dear Bishop," laughed Mabel.

"Ab actu ad posse valet consecutio," he replied, returning her smile.

"Are you saying something nice or horrid? Helen," called Mabel, leaning forward again and speaking to Helen, who sat beyond Mr. Heald, "do help me. The Bishop is talking Greek."

"Latin, my dear young lady, Latin," interposed the Bishop. "I was only saying that it was safe to argue from what has been to what will be."

Helen was not so proud of her dead languages as formerly, but smiled brightly as Mr. Heald whispered, "Latin for the Romans!"

"I can't draw such fine distinctions," declared Mabel.

It amused the Bishop greatly to hear the difference between Greek and Latin called a fine distinction, and he repeated Mabel's remark, first to Dolly and then to the Professor sitting opposite him. The Professor, not being gifted with a sense of humor, after pondering over the subject and vainly endeavoring to join in the conversation, resolved to ask Mabel on some more favorable opportunity what her point of view was.

Notwithstanding several pleasant things said at dinner, Helen found the effect of Mabel's reassuring declaration in regard to Mr. Heald wearing away with the evening. There was a pause, if not a change, in his manner. She reminded herself that she had herself insisted upon the pause; but women do not always expect to be taken at their word, or, at least, to be obeyed so literally as to make it difficult for them to change the countersign. She possessed none of Mabel's skill in manœuvring, nor any desire for it, but she did find mere courtesy unsatisfying. Nor was it pleasant to feel that if he was giving her more than her due of table-talk, it was because Mabel was neglecting him.

When the men came into the drawing-room Mr. Heald managed to get in his few words of private conversation with Dolly.

"Under ordinary circumstances, my dear Mrs. Kensett," he said, "I should not have presumed to offer you my advice, but having been honored by your confidence at the outset, I felt I could not exaggerate my responsibility. To be quite frank, my own confidence is as great as ever; but there will very likely be a period of exploration during which the market value of the stock would naturally decline. My only reason for asking you to regard my advice as confidential was the wish to explain to you in person that it was founded on excess of caution, — nothing more."

"I quite appreciated your suggestion," said Dolly. "It was very thoughtful of you, but the stock had been already sold."

"Already! you have the true *flair* of the speculator."

"Oh no, Mr. Heald, that is the last thing I aspire to. Mr. Temple, who is my business adviser, thought it more prudent" —

"Quite right, quite right," rejoined Mr. Heald. "Mr. Temple's judgment is excellent."

Dolly thought he seemed annoyed, but the subject had lost interest for her, and she allowed it to drop.

"Come," she said, taking him over to the group where Paul was standing, "we are to have a toboggan party tomorrow morning. You must help me arrange it."

Paul had been possessed all the evening by the vague conviction that he had seen Mr. Heald somewhere before, — one of those convictions which lead nowhere, but will not be shaken off. He had talked with him after dinner, but the conversation had yielded no clue. He said to himself that it did not matter whether he had seen him before or not, yet he went on pursuing the idea as one always does pursue a thought which has broken away from all orderly connections. On coming in from the smoking-room he had been drawn by Margaret's presence to the circle near the conservatory door, but before reaching her side Mabel intercepted him.

"Have you begun your observations?" she asked, as he came up. "Because I release you."

"My observations?" he repeated, not understanding her.

"I am glad you have forgotten. It was a very disagreeable and utterly impossible task I set you."

"I was going to ask you to let me off," said Paul, recollecting.

"Were you? why?" rejoined Mabel, becoming suddenly interested.

"Because, as you know very well, such estimates are not serious. One's eyes do not get in focus on so short an acquaintance. If I made a good report it would only count as flattery" —

"And if you made a bad one I should not believe it! But I was not thinking of myself at all when I asked you. I only wanted to know what your ideal was. For of course you would try me by some standard, real or imaginary. It is interesting to know what people's standards are."

"You are talking the wildest nonsense, child," broke in Mrs. Frazer. "If his standard is the ordinary one by which men judge women, we know beforehand what it is; and if it is the extraordinary one which he has discovered personified in the flesh, it would not interest us."

"Why not?" asked Mabel.

"Because no woman is ever flattered by the choice of another. As for eyes," she said to Paul, "there is nothing like a long acquaintance for getting them out of focus."

"What are you all talking about so earnestly?" asked Dolly, coming up with Mr. Heald.

"About people's judgments of us," said Mabel. "Which is the true one, Mrs. Kensett, — the acquaintance's,

whose eyes are not yet in focus, or the friend's, whose eyes have got out again?"

"That depends upon the judge," said Dolly simply. "We are not mere bundles of facts on which to base final opinions, but" —

"But what, Mrs. Kensett?" said Helen, who felt Dolly was struggling with a personal message.

"But bundles of possibilities in which one finds what one is looking for. You must ask the Bishop or Professor Fisher," she added, smiling, and calling herself back to her surroundings. "I have a much simpler proposition to make, — a toboggan party to-morrow after breakfast."

The music began in the conservatory while Dolly's proposal was under discussion, and a young attaché from Washington came to ask Mabel for the opening waltz.

"Don't you think, Mrs. Kensett," she said, as she took his arm, "it would be nice to have some charades to-morrow evening?"

"Yes indeed, I was thinking of it myself."

"Then you don't mind my suggesting it, do you?"

"Why certainly not, Miss Temple. It is exactly what I wish you to do."

Mabel left her partner's arm for a moment and laid her hand on Dolly's. "Please don't call me Miss Temple, Mrs. Kensett," she whispered. "I want to be Mabel to you."

Dolly was almost ready to believe that her troubles were of her own creation, or that Mabel had experienced a change of heart. Or did the girl seriously think that her admonition had been effective, and that she could heal the wound she had made by a little amiability? The thought sent a flush of pride and indignation to Dolly's face. As Mrs. Frazer had predicted, it was not so easy to put pride to sleep.

"She somehow contrives to get inside your defenses," said Mrs. Frazer in a low tone to Dolly, as they watched the dancers from their chairs. "She is very like her mother, sensitive and arrogant, with a personality that manages to atone for its own offenses. The danger is that she is young, a child playing with fire, which is nothing unusual, and in any house but our own would be none of our concern."

Mabel went in to supper with the Professor.

"You were speaking at dinner of fine distinctions, Miss Temple," he began. "I wanted to ask you" —

"Was I?" laughed Mabel. "Very likely. I never make them. If I do I get lost in the fog directly."

"I do not quite understand your point of view. Distinctions tend to clarify."

"Are you a great friend of the Bishop's?"

"Why certainly," said the Professor, taken aback. "The Bishop and I" —

"So am I. But listen to his next sermon. He can split a color into so many shades you cannot tell black from white. After he has walked round and round and round a subject you feel positively dizzy."

"But one must analyze first in order to generalize afterwards."

"You must n't do either now if you want any supper," said Mabel, smiling into the spectacles, — and then a voice at her elbow set her heart beating.

"May I speak to you a moment, Miss Temple? Mrs. Kensett has asked me to arrange the toboggan party for to-morrow morning."

She knew from the tone and manner that this was only a pretext.

"Certainly," she said; and excusing herself to the Professor she rose and followed Mr. Heald.

"What is it?" she asked, a shade of anxiety in her words.

"I have just received a telegram from New York, and must go down at once. I shall try to return, to-morrow if possible, but I may have to go out

West, perhaps for a long time — on urgent business. I want to speak to you — *now*. I must. There is no one in the conservatory. Come."

It was less an entreaty than a command, and Mabel followed him again. In the few steps which separated them from the seat under the palms to which he led her a hundred thoughts rushed through her mind. Above all, that this man was going to sound her heart, tear away the veils, expose her. She struggled with herself for a plan of action, the plan she had not been able to form in leisure, and which would, in a few seconds, have to be acted upon. There had been a strange exciting pleasure in indecision, in saying *shall I* or *shall I not*. That was over. She must answer. Under all the indecision had been the reality, the truth. What was it? What was the horrible power which had prevented her from being true to herself?

He stood before her determined, as if done with obedience. She noticed the difference in the short interval before he spoke. She could have managed supplication better.

"Mabel!" He uttered the word passionately, the passion of authority and ownership. She did not resent it, she responded to it, against every effort of her will. It was the voice of her master, — she loved him. The veil fell from her eyes with his first word. But she met his without flinching. He thought it was her superb nonchalance. He would break through it.

"There is no time to waste in words, Mabel, — do you love me?"

Her eyes had not faltered or fallen.

"Answer me, — yes or no."

"Do you want the truth?"

"Nothing but the truth — this time."

"No."

It was a lie, and she knew he knew it, but it gained her a breathing-time.

"You said so once before and I believed you. I will not believe you now."

"What made you believe me then?" She was sitting rigid in the chair, her hands clasping the arms tightly.

"Because you made me. You cannot do it again."

"Yes, I know. I ridiculed you. I hurt your pride. Well — I did wrong. So did you. It would have been better if you had not believed me. Hush!" she cried to what she saw in his face, "don't speak! I *cannot* love you."

"Cannot!"

"Cannot and will not. I might." Her face was growing white, but she went on resolutely. "You have made it impossible."

"I?"

"You. If you want the truth you must give it. You have made Helen love you. Why, you know best. *Do* you know it, or not? Did you mean she should? want her to? which was it? No matter. I said I might love you, — I retract nothing — whichever it was. It is true. I might."

"Mabel," he cried, seizing her hands, "you *do!*"

For signs of lesser promise he would have taken her in his arms, but something in her attitude told him that she was out of his reach.

"Don't touch me. I said I *might*. You have made Helen love you."

"I have not," he said doggedly.

"Let that go. She does. She has told me. I don't blame you. We won't blame each other," — her voice had grown pitifully low, — "we will blame ourselves instead. I confess my share. When you asked me before I did not know — what I have learned in this chair — that I could love you. You asked me in the train if I was calling you back. If I was, I did not know it. I was jealous. I did not understand Helen then. Now I do. You asked for the truth. You ought to be satisfied."

She covered her face with her hands. He tried to drag them away from her eyes. He remembered doing so at an-

other time, with Helen, and almost the same words he had spoken then came to his lips again.

"Mabel," he pleaded, "do you think I will submit" —

She lifted her face with the old imperious light in it.

"Certainly. For one of two reasons. Either because" — her voice broke, she waited a moment, then went on — "because you care for me enough to do the only thing I shall ever ask of you, or because you love Helen, — it does not matter which."

"Mabel, you are mad, mad! Miss Gaunt has no right to" —

"Stop!" she cried, "I do not want to hear. You have *let* her love you. That is enough."

It was so true that for an instant he could say nothing. He took a few steps away, then came back again.

"You seriously mean that because in a moment of pique, of desperation, I paid a compliment to a woman I do not love, you will sacrifice the woman I do, our lives, to no purpose? Think what you are doing."

"I am thinking of what I will *not* do. I have promised Helen" —

"Promised her what? What was not yours to give. You can refuse my love and trample it under your feet, — you cannot give it to her. O Mabel!" he whispered, taking her cold hands in his warm ones.

She felt her courage going, the temptation to let go, not to struggle any more, an overpowering desire to yield, to shut her eyes and abandon herself to something stronger than sleep, sweeter than life. The thin, high note of a violin came from the door of the drawing-room, like a rifle-shot to a dreaming sentinel. She sat up as if indeed waking from a dream, every sense alert again. "Go — go — have you no pity!"

One minute more, he thought, and he would have conquered.

"Give me my gloves." The musicians were taking their seats at the farther end of the conservatory. They were no longer alone. He stooped for her gloves.

"You must give me this waltz," he said in a low voice. "It will give you time to recover yourself." She gave him a grateful look and nerved herself to face the lights.

The floor was crowded with dancers, and she gave herself up to the motion and music in a sort of trance, seeing no one.

"Take me to Mrs. Frazer," she whispered when it was over.

"A horrid dance," said Mrs. Frazer. "It takes one's breath away to watch it. You look positively giddy."

"I am," replied Mabel, fanning herself. "I shall not dance any more tonight."

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

(*To be continued.*)

SARAH BLAKE SHAW.

Mother of heroes she, — of them who gave
Their lives to lift the lowly, free the slave.
Through lengthened years two master passions bound:
Love of our free land, and of all sweet sound.
'T was praising her to praise this land of grace;
And when I think on music — lo! her face.

R. W. Gilder.

THE SERVICE OF MAMMON.

THE Prince lay beneath the great purple beech, without covering of any kind, and still wet from the drenching spring rain of the night before. The maidens who had espied him in this sorry plight stood looking earnestly down into his face.

"What a queer stick," said Annabelle, who had seen him first.

Irene was older, and a specialist in fairy lore.

"It 's an enchanted prince," she declared.

"How do you know?"

"Oh, *I know*."

The tone was convincing. And, besides, Irene understood all about these things. Annabelle's eyes grew round as she stooped nearer.

"You 're lucky," said Irene, "to have found him. Some day, when he comes to his own, he 'll give you everything you want." Then her tone changed to the dramatic.

"Your feet were guided hither by some mysterious fate," she announced.

When Irene's conversation ran in this vein Annabelle always trembled. It sounded exactly like the fairy books out of which Mercedes read to her.

Mercedes was her grown-up sister. Instead of graduating at school she had spent the winter in traveling with her mother, and she felt herself a woman of experience. But she and Annabelle were still great chums; and they both understood that the most pleasing fate that can befall any maid is to be carried off by a prince.

So now Annabelle looked eagerly at the enchanted stick.

"Shall I — take him, Irene?"

"Yes. And hurry. Here comes Miss Meeks." Annabelle stooped, slipped the Prince in her pocket, and rose hastily.

"What have you found, my dear?"

Miss Meeks's subdued, patient voice asked the question mechanically. As a governess she tried to do her duty.

"Oh, just a queer stick," spoke up Irene boldly. "Show it to her, Annabelle."

The Prince was exhibited.

"Why, what do you want that for?" queried Miss Meeks, taking him in her hand.

The children were silent.

"It is certainly an odd formation," the governess admitted, "and singularly like the human form. You will notice that the bark has been peeled off, and that the stick, discolored by exposure to the weather, looks almost as though covered by a parchment-like skin." As she spoke Miss Meeks held the Prince close to her near-sighted eyes, regarding him unblushingly. Therefore Irene giggled and poked Annabelle in the side.

When Miss Meeks had finished her inspection of the Prince's person she handed him back to Annabelle, and he was consigned again to his cambric prison.

As the girls neared the house a young man whirled past them on a wheel.

"That 's the boy who brings the telegrams," said Irene.

Miss Meeks's pale face sharpened with interest, and she began to walk more briskly. When the three entered the house they saw Mrs. Thorndyke and Mercedes standing before the great hall fireplace, evidently re-reading the message just received.

Mercedes started and crushed the paper in her hand. Annabelle thought she looked half frightened and half pleased. Mrs. Thorndyke, however, seemed very happy. She smiled brightly at the two little girls, and held out her hand. They both ran forward.

"Have you a telegram, mamma?"

Irene asked. She seldom betrayed hesitation.

"A cablegram, my dear." Then turning to Miss Meeks, she said, "Mr. Stainford will be here sooner than we thought. He arrives in a few days."

"Who is he?" whispered Annabelle, pulling at Mercedes's hand.

A mischievous expression flickered across the girl's agitated face.

"He 's my Prince," she answered, whispering also, "and maybe he 'll carry me off some day."

But Mrs. Thorndyke heard. "Mr. Stainford," said she, "is a gentleman whom we met last winter while we were away, and he is coming here to visit us. Now run upstairs with Miss Meeks."

Irene, who had heard before of this Mr. Stainford, danced away like a sprite, divining more than she knew. And Miss Meeks, who was in Mrs. Thorndyke's confidence, fairly beamed.

But Annabelle walked gravely. She was wondering whether her sister was in earnest If so, she was soon to see what a real prince was like. She would know into what manner of being the enchanted one she had found was to be transformed.

Up in the nursery Miss Meeks gave way to the pride and joy which swelled within her.

"So Mr. Stainford is coming!" she exclaimed, pronouncing the name reverently, as though it were a charm.

"Is he really a prince?" asked Annabelle, who had noted her sister's mischievous look.

"You little goose!" exclaimed Irene.

But Miss Meeks smiled complacently. "In the world of finance he is," she answered with emphasis.

"Will he give Mercedes a palace?" insisted Annabelle.

"He will indeed," said the governess. And the child was satisfied.

When Miss Meeks left the nursery Annabelle drew the Prince carefully out of her pocket and laid him on a chair.

"Where shall I keep him?" she asked Irene.

Irene glanced about quickly.

"In the doll-house," she said, with decision.

"But Éline and Alphonse" — began Annabelle.

"You little goose! What difference does that make? Put them somewhere else. Did n't I tell you he was a prince? Did n't I tell you that when he is released from enchantment he will give you everything you want? Of course you must give him the best you have, and that is n't nearly good enough."

She paused. The lore of a dozen books came surging to her assistance. She went close to Annabelle, whose eyes were full of tears.

"Through the devotion of a pure and lovely maiden — that 's you, Annabelle — he will be changed from this miserable stick into a splendid prince. He will bend the knee before you; he will beg you to share his throne. He will carry you away to his palace on a milk-white charger."

Annabelle dried her tears. She dearly loved the good things of this world.

"Oh, will he!" she cried.

But Irene had whisked suddenly out of the room.

Annabelle smiled dreamily. She was not looking at the Prince, but out of the window. In fancy she could see the milk-white charger galloping away with herself and the Prince (a creature transformed) on his back. At the end of this wild ride was a shining marble palace. The Prince took her hand; he knelt before her; he led her within; liveried lackeys bowed low, — at this point her happy eyes turned to the Prince on the chair. They changed suddenly, yet she picked him up carefully, and laid him on her own soft pillow.

"You must be tired," she murmured, "but your room will soon be ready."

Then Annabelle went and knelt before her doll-house. Within were Éline and Alphonse, their baby and their ser-

vants. Éline and Alphonse were a very happy couple.

"My poor Alphonse! My poor Éline!"

There were tears in the big gray eyes; but the happy couple, who were sitting on the parlor sofa, smiled serenely.

"I 'm going to fix a room for you and Alphonse and the baby on one of my shelves," she whispered to the lady. "You will have to give up your house and your servants for a time. A prince needs them."

The tears ran down her cheeks. Poor Éline! Poor Alphonse!

The Prince was soon laid to rest on eider down, beneath a lace coverlet; and Alphonse's finest clothes were selected for his use. But still his face wore the sneer, and Annabelle sighed as she turned away. However, that was the end of him, she thought, until morning. And she went to look in upon the happy couple in their new home.

They were still happy. Their faces were smiling above a plain cotton counterpane, and they met Annabelle's eyes reassuringly.

As she turned away, Irene bounced into the room, a chocolate candy in her hand.

"Hello! Where 's the Prince?"

Annabelle pointed him out.

"Oh, you put him to bed, did you? And he has n't had any supper!"

"Is that for me?" asked Annabelle, eyeing the candy hungrily.

Irene tightened her lips.

"Yes," she said, "but of course you 'll have to give it to the Prince. I 'll put it here on the table by his bed."

Annabelle's mouth drooped.

"Must he eat?" she asked, a dismal foreboding upon her.

"Of course he must, goose! Do you want to starve him? Why, you must save all your sweeties for him. He would n't care for bread and milk and things like that."

The ever ready tears trembled on Annabelle's long lashes.

"All your sweeties!" The agony of such a tremendous renunciation overwhelmed her, and she wept helplessly.

And at supper that evening, with lips trembling and eyes glued to her pretty little mould of jelly, Annabelle explained to Miss Meeks that she did not want to eat her dessert just then. And Miss Meeks laughed indulgently.

"She thinks it 's too pretty to eat right up," she said to Irene. Miss Meeks often wondered at herself for understanding children so well.

After supper Miss Meeks went to her own room — which connected with the nursery — and Irene followed her.

Irene had already explained to Annabelle that the Prince could not eat if any one remained in the room; and as she reached the door, she cast back a significant glance over her shoulder.

It said, "Now is your chance!"

So Annabelle rose sadly, put her plate of jelly on the table of the doll-house dining-room, and went out into the hall to wait.

Presently Irene came out of Miss Meeks's room and whispered to Annabelle that the Prince must have finished by this time. And Annabelle, who was an unsuspicious little soul, followed her sister meekly into the nursery.

The plate on the table of the doll-house dining-room was empty; the Prince was leaning back against his chair as though he had never stirred.

It was then that Annabelle began to hate the Prince. Gentle natures have a singular, slow, permanent way of hating. Irene, under like emotions, would have thrown the Prince out of the window and risked the consequences. But Annabelle undressed him carefully, and laid him under the lace coverlet. The happiest hour of Annabelle's changed day came when she felt herself rid of the Prince until next morning.

But one unforgettable night she awoke with a cry. Some one, something, had touched her! It lay beside her! Cold with terror she put out her

hand. It clutched the Prince. Then she shrieked aloud.

Irene, under cover of darkness, quivered a little, but she quickly assumed an innocent expression of countenance, lying with eyes closed, and so was ready for the coming of a light.

Miss Meeks heard Annabelle call, and came quickly to her side; she found the child cold and trembling, decided that she was ill, and straightway carried her off to the next room lest Irene suffer some contagion. Irene perceived that she had gone too far, and she blamed the Prince. She slipped out of bed, and laid hold upon him with no gentle hand.

"I 've a mind to pitch you out of the window," she said irritably, as she put him back in his bed. "And I shall some day, too. You are getting to be a perfect nuisance!"

The Prince was not one to indulge in premonitions of fate. He showed no uneasiness at these words; and neither did he appear to note, the next morning, the peculiar gleam in Annabelle's eye when she returned to the nursery and looked in upon him.

She hated him! She hated him! The sweetness in her was all turned to gall; the gentleness to sullen determination. And she would get rid of the Prince whatever happened!

Thus Annabelle, the lovely and gentle, the innocent-eyed, tender-hearted Annabelle, was ready to do murder.

And still the yellow hair parted over her white forehead to fall in fat, smooth curls about the rose-petal face; her mouth still drooped wistfully; her eyes were limpid as of yore.

But in her heart was murder.

That day, however, brought no opportunity for dark deeds. Instead it brought a great joy.

In the afternoon Mercedes appeared in the nursery and told the little girls they were to come down to the dining-room for dessert that evening.

"Not *me*, Mercedes?" cried Annabelle.

"Yes, you too. I asked mamma."

"Why are we?" demanded Irene.

But Mercedes shook her head, and ran out laughing.

Annabelle was almost solemn in her joy. To her thought, any scene of evening festivity was part of a world entirely without her own, — a world of beauty and laughter and unimagined delights, wherein grown-up people disported themselves after little boys and girls were safely tucked away in bed for the night.

Therefore, when Annabelle entered the dining-room that evening, the gleam of candlelight and silver and glass mingled, for her, into a multitude of dancing fairy lights; while the lady at her father's right hand, radiant in low-cut bodice and pearls, did not for one instant suggest Mrs. Pointer Jones, who was quite plain in her street hat and gown.

But there seemed something strangely familiar about the young man between her mother and Mercedes; and only when her mother said, "Come here, my dear, and speak to Mr. Stainford," did she realize that this was Mercedes's Prince, and that she could not have seen him before.

Nevertheless, as she took the chair that John placed for her, she still felt that sense of mystified recognition, and kept her eyes fixed on Mr. Stainford.

"Don't stare so," murmured her mother, and Annabelle dropped her eyes quickly.

Then a strange thing happened. Instead of the face of Mr. Stainford she seemed to see that of her wooden Prince.

"Why, that is who he looks like!"

She did not really say the words aloud, but they flashed so clearly through her mind that for one dreadful moment she thought she had done so, and turned quite pale.

Yet no one paid the slightest attention. So she recovered from her fright, and the big gray eyes stole up again to rest upon the face opposite.

It drew up just like the face of her wooden Prince, making that twist about the mouth.

The skin had the same look. And so did the eyes.

But it could not be her Prince, because they had been expecting this one — still, when they were enchanted, you could not exactly tell about anything.

And even if he was not her Prince, *that was the way her Prince would look when he was released from enchantment.*

Mrs. Thorndyke did not notice that her little girl was staring again. In her own face a strange expression had come.

How young Mercedes looked tonight, — almost like a little girl playing at being grown up.

Her neck and arms, revealed by this first dinner gown, showed childish lines and hollows. Her eyes were misty with young wonder, — not radiant with love, — and her mouth kept wavering from wistful curves to an eager smile.

Mrs. Thorndyke's own eyes grew suddenly misty. And then she looked at Murray Stainford.

Would he understand? Surely he would! The appeal of this delicately unfolding womanhood must touch the heart of any man to reverence and tenderest devotion.

But the face of Mercedes's Prince did not betray exactly these emotions. And suddenly the great primeval instinct of protection surged up within the mother.

Her little girl! Her pretty Mercedes! Why, she was only a child, and this man —

She grew pale, and reached hastily for her glass of wine.

"How absurd!" she said to herself. "I shall have one of my attacks if I yield to this foolishness." And she crowded the feeling down.

Murray Stainford, meantime, had noticed her sudden pallor, and was wondering whether Mercedes inherited her mother's heart trouble.

"I 've got to risk that, — but why does the brat stare so?"

The young man said it to himself. But Annabelle spoke aloud. She had not meant to in the least, but when his eyes met hers the words simply popped out.

"Are you going to give Mercedes a palace and everything she wants?"

She hoped she had not really spoken. But the sound of her own voice kept rolling around in the dreadful hollow of silence into which she found herself plunged. And through this silence peered the reproachful eyes of her mother, and the cold, dead eyes of Mercedes's Prince.

The latter presently turned his eyes upon Mrs. Thorndyke and said, with a certain, slow emphasis, —

"What a very clever child that is!"

Annabelle did not see the strange, spirited look Mercedes flashed upon the speaker; nor did she see her mother's wounded face. She could not see anything for the mist that swam in her eyes. And just as John set before her a beautiful red rose of strawberry cream she burst into tears.

For she had felt the meaning of Murray Stainford's voice, though she had not understood.

"Take her up to Miss Meeks, Irene," said Mrs. Thorndyke very gently. And Irene, inwardly raging, led her small sister away.

Annabelle was a goose, of course; but it was all the fault of that wretched wooden Prince. He was getting to be a perfect nuisance.

Suddenly Irene dashed ahead of Annabelle, and rushing into the nursery, shut the door with a bang.

When Annabelle stumbled in, still crying, Irene stood with her back to the window. Her eyes were shining triumphantly.

But she only said, "Well, the light 's on, and I guess Miss Meeks will be coming in a minute, so I 'll go back, now."

When she was alone, Annabelle sat down desolately. She felt disgraced,

though she scarcely knew why. It is the bitterest feeling of childhood.

It was some time before she remembered the wooden Prince and her suspicions concerning him. Of course it could n't be, — but her eyes became riveted on the doll-house; and a queer feeling crept over her.

Suppose Mercedes's Prince and hers really were the same!

She stole softly up to the doll-house and looked within.

The Prince was gone.

She could scarcely believe it, but there was the empty bed. And then the full measure of the Prince's iniquity became clear to Annabelle.

She had found him and cared for him, but no sooner was he released from enchantment than he had deserted her for Mercedes. She did not want his palace, nor anything that was his; but the realization of such baseness filled her with horror.

"He is a bad, wicked Prince," she said aloud, "and I hate him!"

Just then the door opened.

"O Mercedes," gasped Annabelle, "your Prince is a bad, wicked prince, and I hate him, I do!"

The young girl paled a little.

"Why do you hate him, darling?" she asked, holding the child in her arms and looking straight into the clear gray eyes.

"Because he is bad," said Annabelle.

Mercedes only kissed her for answer, but the misty look was gone from her eyes and the wavering smile from her lips. It was as though some shimmering veil through which she had looked out upon the world had been torn away.

Virginia Yeaman Remnitz.

PHYLLIS ISLE.

LAPT in sunshine is the gleaming
  Yellow beauty of the sand;
Every new tide sends it streaming
  Up the edges of my land;
And I welcome it, as, hounded
  Through the thickets of the sea,
It comes, delicately rounded,
  Climbing up the banks to me.

I remember, where the thunder
  Of the surges rolls afar, —
Where you see yon circling wonder
  Of white sea-gulls on the Bar,
Rose the fairest of fair islands,
  With its fretted miles of coast,
Whispering coves, and breezy highlands,
  Chanting what my soul loved most.

Down the white keys musically
  Ran the fingers of the tide,
And the woodland's inmost alley
  Caught the echoes and replied.

All the island — far and lonely,
  Until Phyllis made it smile —
Chanting Phyllis, and her only:
  Hence I called it Phyllis Isle.

Named it Phyllis, and the amber-
  Shining waters, evermore,
As they ran in sport to clamber
  Up the pebbles on the shore,
And the wild sea-gulls, careening
  On the forelands, saw it go,
And the hemlocks, long and leaning,
  Sighed it to the waves below.

But the Death-king rode dividing
  His black squadrons for assault,
And the clangor of their riding
  Reached the high and heavenly vault,
And the awful thunder rumbled
  Through the blackness of the shore,
Till the promontories crumbled
  And the island was no more.

O the revels of wild devils,
  When those legions in array
From the heights and slopes and levels
  Tore my Phyllis dear away!
Earth beheld her prince of glories,
  Angels saw their whitest fall;
I with those green promontories,
  And with Phyllis, lost my all.

Nothing of those days remaining
  In the corridors of mind,
Save the passionate complaining
  Of the wave and of the wind, —
Save a voice remote and yearning
  From the hollows of the sea,
As the waste of sand returning
  Brings my island home to me.

James Herbert Morse.

HY–A–A–AR! DUMP! H'YER! H'YER!

THE train moved off and left me standing on the platform, gazing upon a scene familiar to those who have traveled, in the winter, on one-horse railroads in remote parts of the South.

An unkempt building, with waiting-room, ticket and express office, freight ware-room, and a country store for general merchandise, all under one roof; some loungers, white and black; a few rough-looking saddle horses, with one or two buggies and mule-carts, all plastered with red clay; and a road winding through the mist into the distance, like the muddy bed of a stream where the water has gathered here and there in pools, — such was the prospect.

"Six dreary miles over a road like that," I thought, "and I wonder how I am to get there?"

"Gwine to Millton, Boss?"

I turned and saw at my side a stalwart negro, very black, with a capacious mouth, expanded into a broad smile that showed a double row of splendid white teeth, while a pair of large, kindly eyes met mine expectantly.

I felt, as I looked into them, as if the sun had come out from behind the clouds.

"Yes," I said, "I am going to Millton, and I think I 'd like to go with you."

"Hits de onlyest way dat you kin git dar dis atternoon," he of the sunlit smile answered, "but I 'se proud des de same to tek yer."

I felt that we understood each other without a bargain.

"Dat my buggy over dar," he continued, answering the question in my eye. "I 'll fotch it up close to de flatform so yer kin git in right h'yer an' keep yo' foots clean.

"Bleeged to use dis yer buggy today," he went on as he rejoined me, "'stid o' two-horse stage, kaze de mud so deep. Ain' many pass'ngers nohow dis time o' yer. Tek us hour 'n' half to drive de six mile."

I glanced at the horse, and thought that he had underestimated the time required. In this conjecture I proved to be right; but when we started, the flow of talk about local interests was most entertaining, and I soon realized that there is more than one way in which the flight of time can be quickened.

My driver seemed to be on terms of intimate acquaintance with those whom we passed on the road, both white and black, and they all had a pleasant smile and word of greeting for "Bob."

When we had driven about a mile, he broke off in the middle of a spirited account of a "coon hunt," and indicating a lane and gate which we were approaching, said, "I spec I got an ole frien' awaitin' fur me dar."

He had hardly spoken, when a little yellow cur came bounding down the lane, squeezed his small person under the gate, and stood expectant in the road.

When we reached him, Bob stopped the horse and sat for a moment regarding his friend with a look which he strove to make severe.

"Howdy, dog," he said. "What fur you not keep yo' 'ngagement wid me dis mornin' an' keep me waitin' h'yer, so I mos' miss de train? Ain't yer shame' yo'se'f. You is, sah? You say dat you wuz off chasin' rabbits? Well. Mebbe I gwine furgive yer dis one time. Dar! den. You done miss yo' breakfas'; tek dis yer fur yo' snack."

So saying, he produced from his pocket a large bone wrapped in newspaper, and tossing it to the dog, bade the horse "Gee up."

"Dogs is mighty comical critturs," he remarked, after a pause. "Hit 'pears lak de smaller de dog de bigger 'njoyment he git outen hisse'f. Dat

dar mek me unnerstan' de Bible tale 'bout de widder 'ooman an' de little jug o' ile, dat she cyahn use up spite o' all creation.

"Dey sutinly is comical critturs, dem ar little dogs is. I recterlec' a little fyce dog wid long ha'r all over he eyes, what ole Miss own when I little nigger, an' when she fuss git him I tetch him, while he a-eatin', an' he jump roun' an' ketch me by de laig an' fotch blood.

"Ole Miss h'yar 'bout dat an' she gun me a dime, an' say she sorry dat her pet 'tack me dat-a-way. I look at de ha'r all over he eyes, which I ain' use to dat breed o' dogs, an' I say, 'Mistis, I doan min' de woun' he gun me, but will yer please to tell me ef dat dar little crittur bit me or stung me?' " A most infectious chuckle concluded this narration.

"Dat dar little runty dog dat we des pass," he went on, "I brings bones to, kaze he de livin' image o' Dump."

I scented a story with which Bob associated some sentiment, but I stayed the inquiry that rose to my lips; for there are times when if one reaches out too impulsively after this or that, he will succeed only in pushing what he seeks entirely out of reach.

My silence was soon rewarded, for Bob continued after some moments of self-communing, "Dump wuz a little, bob-tailed cur dog, dat live on a place not ve'y fur fum h'yer, whar I tek care de horses an' drive fur a gemmun two summers ago. He belong to a yaller boy, what wuz de son of de cook dar, an' he love ev'ybody dat he 'cquainted wid in de worl', Dump did, 'scusin' dat dar cook, which she chase him 'way fum 'bout de kitchen, when he foragin' fur scraps an' bones, an' larrup him wid her broom.

"I hearn tell dat dar had been two dogs, Humpty an' Dumpty, which dey soon calls 'em 'Hump' an' 'Dump' fur short, but 'Hump' was done daid when I hired out to work dar.

"Dump think dat de sun done rise an' set in dat dar ten yer ole yaller boy, which dey had growed up tergedder, an' he come to lak me nex' bes' atter dat same ornery, no 'count little nigger, kaze I gun him bones an' mek a miration 'bout him.

"Ef dat dar yaller boy say, 'I think I 'll go down de big road a piece,' Dump 'ud up an' bark an' say, 'I des been a-studyin' to myse'f 'bout dat same, — how nice dat 'ud be.'

"Ef yaller boy say, 'No, I done change my min', I spec I 'll stay whar I is,' Dump des wag he tail an' 'low, 'Now I come to turn dat dar pint over in my min' I b'lieve I des a-honin' to squat right h'yer.' An' fuddermo' I is seen dat dog Dump set by de hour on his behime laigs watchin' dat yaller boy, an' smile all de time lak he wuz lookin' at scenery.

"I unnerstan's what dogs sez when dey talks, kaze I know dat mos' un 'em kin talk; an' I b'lieve dat good dogs is gwine to heaven when dey die.

"When I speak kin' to Dump, an' tell him how much I lak him, he des twis' hisse'f double into a bow, twel his head an' his tail pintin' mighty nigh de same way, an' I say to myse'f, 'I wonder ef dat dog know whar he gwine, an' which en' gwine git dar fuss?' An' I say, 'I hope when de good Lawd made dat dar little dog dat He fix he tail on tight, kaze ef he tail on loose an' he wag it so fas' an' so keerless, some day he gwine snatch it off.'

"In September dar come a gemmun to spen' a mont' or so at de house, an' he brung wid him a fine pinter dog.

"When Dump see de gemmun git outen de kerridge at de gate, an' dat yaller boy toten his bag, an' de pinter dog walkin' behime, he say, 'Hi! what dis yer gwine on? Looks lak dem ar some quality folks fum de city. I mus' go an' pay 'em my 'spects an' show my manners;' so he bark wunst or twict to show dat he live dar an' was at home, an' den he saunter down de walk an'

smell 'Howdy' at de gemmun's laigs, an' den he go up to de pinter dog, an' say, sezee: 'I dunno who yer is, nor yit whar yer come fum, but I sees dat yer is a quality dog, an' I mek yer mighty welcome, an' I hopes yer's gwine to stay some time wid we alls.' Mr. Pinter Dog say, 'I thank yer kindly, an' I powerful glad to mek yo' 'cquaintance;' an' den he up 'n' ax Dump ef dar is many birds 'bout dis season an' how de huntin' gwine be.

"Dump 'low dat he know mo' 'bout rabbits dan he do 'bout birds, but he say he done seen a few coveys when he out chasin' rabbits.

"Den he tek de Pinter Dog an' show him 'roun de flower gyardin an' 'roun de veg'tubble gyardin, an' den he show him de barn, an' a hen's nes' dar, whar de Pinter Dog kin suck aigs ef he lak 'em dat-a-way. An' he 'low to de Pinter Dog, Dump did, dat he doan tek aigs raw, hisse'f, kaze I done cured him o' sucking aigs. Las'ly, he show de Pinter Dog de branch, whar he use, when he go chasin' rabbits.

"Hit mek me mighty glad to see dat Dump done got a nice frien' lak dat Pinter Dog to 'sociate wid, an' to watch 'em frolickin' roun' lak two schoolchilluns in holiday times.

"Dat yaller boy tek a shine to de Pinter Dog fum de fuss, kaze he a mo' stylish dog dan dat runty little Dump, an' atter a week or so, de notion dat he tuk done grow in he min', an' he notice dat Pinter Dog all de time, but he ain' notice Dump no mo'.

"Dump cyahn unnerstan' dat nohow, kaze he an' de yaller boy has allus been de bes' o' comp'ny wid one anudder.

"When de yaller boy pet de Pinter Dog, which he show dat he doan specially lak him, Dump 'ud run up right away an' put he paws on de yaller boy, an' push he haid in he lap, ef de yaller boy settin' down; an' he wag he stumpy tail so fas' dat it look lak a rainbow; an' he say in dog talk, as plain as he kin say it, 'While yer a-pettin' dat Pinter Dog, Marseter, doan furgit yo' little Dump.' But de yaller boy push him away an' speak onfrien'ly to him, when he ac' lak dat, an' one atternoon, when Dump kep' on pesterin' him fur to pet him, yaller boy done lose he patience an' kick Dump an' throw a stone at him.

"When he done dat, Dump droop he yers, an' droop all de tail dat he kin droop, an' slink off an' crawl under de porch; an' dar he stay de ballunce o' de atternoon, studyin' 'bout de big trouble dat done come to him.

"I say to de yaller boy, 'What fur you treat dat little dog dat-a-way, which he is a better dog dan you is nigger?' an' de yaller boy say, 'I doan lak Dump no mo'. He gittin' ole an' he ugly. I lak dat Pinter Dog.'

"I see dat it ain' no use to argify de pint wid dat ornery yaller boy; so I gun him one good cuff on de yers, an' I goes to whar Dump is under de porch, an' I calls to him an' tells him dat he a powerful nice little dog, an' dat all his frien's ain' furgit him.

"Dump, he whine an' he whine, when I treat him dat-a-way; but he won't come out fum under de porch.

"He stay dar all dat night, an' while he dar he mek up he min' what he gwine do. He say to hisse'f, 'I mus' thash dat Pinter Dog, an' drive him 'way fum h'yer. Den my Marseter gwine treat me 'gin lak he useter.'

"So nex' mornin' he come out an' he go up to de Pinter Dog, an' he growl spiteful an' say, 'Pinter Dog, you mus' leave dis place an' go back whar you come fum, right away, or I gwine thash yer an' mek yer go.'

"Pinter Dog say, 'Who you talkin' to, dat-a-way, Dump? You ac' lak you crazy dis mornin'. I ain' never done you no harm. I bleeged to stay h'yer twel my Marseter go 'way, an' den I gwine 'way wid him. Keep 'way fum me, Dump, kaze I doan want to hurt yer; yit I ain' tekin' nothin' offen yer.'

"Dump say, 'Git out, Pinter Dog, git out, 'fo' I mek yer! You done stole my Marseter's heart 'way fum me.'

"Pinter Dog 'low 'T ain' so, Dump; I bleeged to ac' perlite to yo' Marseter when he whistle an' call me, but I doan lak him. I think he de mos' wuthless little nigger I ever run up wid.'

"Dis yer mek Dump mo' madder when Pinter Dog speak dat-a-way 'bout he Marseter, an' fuss thing I know he jump at de Pinter Dog thoat, an' try to thash him sho 'nuff.

"I run to pull 'em 'part, but 'fo' I kin git to 'em, Pinter Dog git Dump on he back on de groun' an' hilt him dar, an' he growl an' mek out he gwine eat up Dump; but I tek notice dat he ain't a-bitin' Dump none. He think he des gwine larn Dump a lesson, Pinter Dog did, kaze he was sutney a gemmun. So I sez, 'Pinter Dog is studyin' not to hurt Dump, when Dump try to thash him; I better let 'em settle dis matter 'twixt deyse'f;' an' I go back whar I was wukin', but I kep' my eye on 'em.

"Atter while Pinter Dog let Dump up, but des as soon as Dump riz up on his foots, he jump at Pinter Dog thoat ag'in; an' Pinter Dog des grab him by de h'ar an' hol' him down some mo', growlin' out what a fool he think Dump mekin' of hisse'f. Atter dis yer happen three fo' times, an' Pinter Dog was lettin' Dump up wunst mo', Dump cotch him by de laig an' clench he jaws an' hol' on dar snarlin'.

"Dis yer mus' ha' hurtid Pinter Dog mighty bad, kaze 'fo' I kin git to 'em, which I run as fas' as I kin, Pinter Dog twis' his laig loose, an' jump on Dump an' bit he laig, an' bit he neck an' mos' bit one o' his yers off.

"I ain' furgive myse'f yit dat I ain' sail in an' kep' 'em 'part 'fo' dat; yit I was waitin', kaze Pinter Dog so big an' Dump so little, an' Pinter Dog sich a gemmun, dat I think he ain'gwine bite Dump sho 'nuff on no prov'cation.

"When I pull him off, Pinter Dog look mighty 'shamed of hisse'f, an' Dump, wid blood all over him, crawl off, while I a-holdin' Pinter Dog, an' crope under de porch.

"He stay dar mos' a week, 'scusin' three fo' times dat he come out. I try to git him to come to me so I kin grease de places whar Pinter Dog bit him, but when I call him he growl, an' show he toofs, an' snarl an' cuss me scan'lous, an' crope under de porch 'gin.

"Ev'y day I sot he victuals an' he water nigh de hole whar he crawl thoo under de porch, an' he eat a little an' drunk a little o' what I gun him.

"But, 'clar to gracious, Boss! soon as Dump git little better, he come out while I 'way fum de house, an' fin' Pinter Dog, which I done tied him up, an' try to thash him 'gin. An' Pinter Dog gun him nuther lickin'. He 'tack Pinter Dog dat-a-way three times an' git chawed up three times. Den he say to hisse'f, 'T ain' no use. Pinter Dog too big an' I too runty. I cyahn thash him nohow an' drive him 'way fum h'yer.' So de las' time dat he git chawed up, when he crope under de porch, he stay dar.

"I fotch him nice victuals, dat warm an' smell good, an' I fotch him water an' milk, an' I stick 'em thoo de hole, an' I talk sof', an' say what a nice dog I think he be. But he des lie in dar an' snarl, an' growl at me, an' cuss me; an' he say, 'Go 'way, you ole fool, go 'way! I hates you. I hates white folks an' black folks an' all de critturs. I hates all creation, 'scusin' dat yaller boy dat was my Marseter.' An' he doan tetch de victuals nor yit de water.

"Atter day or two I go one mornin', whar he hidin', wid a saw, so I kin saw out a plank by de hole an' mek him come out; but when I git dar an' call him he doan growl nor cuss me no mo'. So I saws out de plank, an' gits a rake fum de gyardin an' reach in dar an' drag him out cole an' stiff, an' little mo' dan skin an' bones.

"I pick him up an' tek him to my

room an' lay him out on a piece o' cyarpet on my table.

"Den I go to de sto' down de road an' I buy him mighty han'some collar, which Dump never wo' no collar when he livin', but I mek up my min' dat he bleeged to look 'spectuble when I lay him out. Den I wrop him in a clean towel, an' I tek a soap-box an' I lay him in dar, an' I nail de lid down wid brass-haid nails fum de sto'.

"Fuddermo' I het de kitchen poker an' burn dis yer on de lid, kaze I kin print, Boss, dough I cyahn write: —

DUMP
BOUT 7 YER OL

Den I git a big, clean, white-pine plank, an' may de Lawd furgive me, ef I done wrong, when I shape dat plank lak a sufferin' cross, an' I tek de poker an' I burn dis prescription on dar: —

DISHYER IZ DUMPS GRAV
HE STARV HISEF WEN
HE HART WUZ BROAK

Den I bury him at de foot o' de gyardin nigh de ole apple tree dar.

"Later on dat fall, I git a place somewhar else, but de nex' spring I wuz a-passin' nigh de house whar Dump buried in de gyardin, so I stop an' hitch my horse, an' go dar to tek a look at he grave.

"De folks dar had cut down de ole apple tree an' ploughed up de place whar de grave had been.

"As I was walkin' back thoo de kitchen yard, to git to my horse, dat dar ole cook, de mother o' dat ornery yaller boy, seen me, an' she stuck her haid outen de kitchen do' an' she say, 'Howdy, Mister! Dat dar white-pine gravestone, dat you sot up over Dump, done mek me mighty nice kin'lin' wood.'

"I doan turn my haid, nor give her no satisfaction 't all, twel I gits mos' to de gate.

"Den I flings back over my shoulder dis yer: —

" 'When de jedgment day come, an' dat dar runty little Dump 'njoyin' hisse'f on de right han' side wid de sheeps, he gwine look crosst dat gret gulf dat fix dar, an' bark at a black 'ooman an' a yaller boy, dat I knows de names un, dat on de lef' han' side follerin' 'long o' de goats, a-weepin' an' a-moanin'.' "

He finished, and we drove on for some time in silence.

Then he said, "Boss, I was raised not to chaw terbaccer when I drivin' de quality, but ef you will 'scuse me dis wunst, I gwine tek a chaw, kaze it mek me feel better atter talkin' 'bout dat po' little dog dat was treat' des lak I tells yer by dat scalliwag yaller boy an' he mammy."

Beirne Lay.

IN OLD BRITTANY.

As the mailcoach approached Penmarc'h the windows in the old Gothic church blazed crimson and gold; even the long, gray stretches of moorland caught something of the glory of the sunset. For miles we had been following the beckoning menhirs that stood like giant sentinels along the road. Here and there one had been hewn into a rough cross by the pious peasants. The low stone houses and stone fences of the Bigoudins[1] were in perfect harmony with these druidic monuments, which in turn seemed to belong to the rocky shore. No trees can live on the wind-swept coast. Only the hardiest

[1] Peasants who wear the headdress peculiar to this section are called Bigoudins.

of Breton peasants can brave the fury of the winter gales. But on that particular June evening the sea was one vast lake of molten fire. Scarcely a ripple stirred the shining surface. The women and children were still working in the fields. Their white caps and gayly embroidered costumes adding to the impression of color in the gray landscape. "Did you ever see anything so heavenly? Oh, I hope there is an inn!" exclaimed the artist. But no such luxury had as yet invaded Penmarc'h. Inquiring if any of the peasants could accommodate us, we were proudly referred to the wife of the butcher. "She has a second story to her house, and the floor of every room is made of wood! There one can have all the luxuries." To have made them comprehend our æsthetic objections to spending a summer over the butcher shop would have been impossible.

"I vote that we remain," said the artist, closing one eye, and gazing rapturously at the peasants in the fields. "I admit that it will be hard, yet where else can we find anything so paintable?"

"I have an idea," said Margaret. "Last year some friends spent three delightful months in a Brittany convent. Why can't we?"

"We can, providing first that there is a convent, and secondly that the Sisters consent," replied practical Kate. We appealed to the driver. Yes, there was a convent, but the Sisters belonged to a very poor order; they never took boarders, and he knew that it was useless to apply. A visit to the butcher shop, however, determined us to try our powers of persuasion on the Mother Superior. The convent had been the château of a wealthy sea-merchant when Penmarc'h was one of the most important French trading towns of the fifteenth century. During the terrible siege by Fontenelle it had escaped destruction, owing to the massive stone walls by which it is still surrounded. As the heavy gates swung open we seemed transported into the Middle Ages. A sweet young sister came forward and conducted us to the pharmacy, where the Mother Superior was putting up prescriptions for some waiting peasants. "But mes chères demoiselles — we are so poor — we live most simply — you would not be comfortable" —

Being assured that all we wanted was a shelter and the plainest food, she turned to consult the young sister.

"They might have the rooms reserved for the visits of the Superior General, is it not?" So it was settled, we were to have the guest-room with the tiny dining-room attached, also that occupied by the youthful sister, who smilingly consented to sleep in the store-room. Once admitted we were taken into the hearts of the little community. A sister was detailed to prepare whatever dishes we were pleased to command and to serve them in our private dining-room. After the butcher shop our small apartments, with snowy curtained beds, seemed like Paradise. From our windows we could watch the men, women, and children planting the grain, and beyond, the great, white breakers dashing against the rocky shore. We were fascinated by the poetic beauty of this barren coast and the patriarchal life of the peasants. The Bretons have clung tenaciously to their ancient customs and language. The older generation shake their heads, and predict many evils from the introduction of French into their schools. Few grown-up Penmarc'hians can speak or understand one word of their national language. Yet the children in the Sisters' school would compare favorably with our brightest boys and girls. This old race, whose written history dates back six hundred years before Christ, is endowed with rare mental as well as physical strength. Living close to the earth, they have learned much from that great teacher. Their poverty would crush Americans, but they are perfectly content. To be a Breton, to own a small home, to raise

sufficient wheat and potatoes for his family, — what greater blessings could a man ask of le Bon Dieu?

"To-morrow will be a grand fête, and we shall eat the calf of Monsieur le Curé," said our one small bonne, as she carefully gathered up each crumb of bread left on the table. "I go with the Sisters at three in the morning to carry the new banner and decorate the Church of Our Lady for mass. Sister Polixene says that for you to eat cold the calf of Monsieur le Curé would be most sad, yet to hear mass at Notre Dame de la Joie, and then have your dinner on the rocks, that too is a great pleasure, is it not?"

"We want to see the Procession, Marie Jeanne; when will that take place?"

"Oh, not until four in the afternoon."

"And will you remain all day?"

"But mademoiselle, it is the great Pardon of the year! Every one will be there! After the high mass all will sit on the rocks, eating their lunch and talking with their friends. At two there is the vespers, and after vespers the Procession. The time is not long."

"Not if François is there," we laughingly admitted, while Marie Jeanne hastily retired.

Two short, happy months had slipped by since our discovery of Penmarc'h. Already we had learned to love the simple peasants, to share in their joys and sorrows. Except for the memory of one sad day our summer was unclouded. It was early in the morning that the long overdue Volonté de Dieu came home. We heard the people shouting that she had been sighted. Hurriedly dressing we followed them to the wharf at St. Guénolé. The husband of our pretty model Corentine had sailed in this fishing sloop just before their first baby was born, and we felt anxious to know that he was safe and well. As the ship came nearer a silence fell upon the waiting people. The flag was at half-mast! The news spread from group to group; four men had been lost! We saw Corentine reel. A fisherman caught the baby from her arms as she fell. Sadly the bereaved families returned to their homes. That evening we went with the Sisters to the house of Corentine. The one living-room had been converted into a chapelle ardente. The light of the candles shone on a small wooden cross that lay on top of the catafalque. It bore the name of poor Jean Louis. His wife knelt beside it, surrounded by the devout peasants, whose hearts were raised in supplication to Him who alone understands the mystery of life and death. All night they remained in prayer, as though beside the body of the dead. Next morning the village priest, attended by white-robed acolytes, came to the house as for a funeral. The little cross was carried in a procession to the church where services for the dead were held. Then it was placed in an urn beside the altar, to remain there until the Feast of All Souls, when the crosses of those lost at sea during the year are interred in one mound. Four times that day did the tolling bells announce the burial service, the last time being for the son of old Anna who lived in a neighboring village. From our windows we watched the little procession winding slowly through the golden grain. The tinkling bell announced its approach to the peasants working in the fields. They fell upon their knees, praying silently as it passed. For days nothing was talked of but the ill-fated sailors. When far from shore they had gone in a small boat to haul in the nets. Suddenly a terrible storm arose. It was impossible for the captain to go in search of the boat. Each moment he feared his ship would be destroyed. The sailors fell upon their knees beseeching the Mother of God to intercede for them, promising that if they were saved they would walk barefoot in her Procession at Notre Dame de la Joie. When the fury of the gale abated, they saw no trace of life on the broad waters. The boat, with its pre-

cious human freight, had disappeared. It was to witness the fulfillment of the sailors' vow that we had planned to see the Procession at Notre Dame de la Joie. This church stands quite alone in the open fields, close to the sea. When we arrived for the Pardon we found dozens of little booths clinging like barnacles about the old stone walls. They had been erected during the night by traveling peddlers, who were busy selling penny toys, green apples, and impossible looking cakes to an admiring crowd. Overhead the open Gothic towers stood out against the soft blue sky, revealing the great bells as they swung to and fro. No place in the world do the people love their church bells as in Brittany, where they evoke the most sacred memories of their lives. "Are they not beautiful, *our bells?*" asked an old peasant, hearing our exclamations of delight. "Did you know, chères demoiselles, that they have a language of their own? We who live far from the village gain all our news from the bells at Penmarc'h. The death of a man, a woman, a child, each has its own tolling. The baptism of an infant, the joy or disaster that comes to our neighbor, all is told us by our bells." At this moment something in their ringing, inexplicable to us, warned him that the service was beginning, and he fell upon his knees. Hundreds, unable to enter the closely packed church, knelt on the ground before the open doorways, the weather-beaten faces of the sailors transfigured by their earnest devotion. This Pardon is their special fête, as they have chosen Our Lady of Joy for their patroness. In the Procession which followed the vesper service they carried her banner, while young girls bore her flower-crowned image; then came the priests chanting her praises; the altar boys bearing tall silver crosses; the peasants, with lighted candles; the men who were saved on the Volonté de Dieu, barefoot and in spotless white. Across the fields, far down by the sea, the Procession almost disappeared; still we heard the clear voices chanting, "Star of the Sea, pray for us. Be our intercessor before the throne of Christ." The entire population of Penmarc'h and its surrounding villages were intoning the litany as they marched, their gleaming banners and brilliant costumes making a wonderful color picture in the sombre landscape. At last the priests reëntered the church. Once more the glorious bells pealed forth, and the solemn benediction was given the kneeling multitude.

Walking home in the golden twilight we met the little children trudging bravely along in bare feet, carrying their Sunday shoes! Some were resting by the roadside, worn out by the unusual festivities and the weight of their fête-day clothes, — four skirts being deemed necessary for the adornment of the smallest child. Americans naturally assume that the petticoats should be shorter than the dress, — not so the Bigoudins. The first skirt almost touches the ground; the second is shorter, showing the gorgeously embroidered band on the first; the third, still shorter, going up in tiers. The richer the peasant, the greater the number of petticoats!

"I want a newborn infant in my next picture," said the artist, as we came in sight of the village. "Will you stop at Anna Marie's? She told me St. Nono left one at her house yesterday."

Anna Marie, aged six, was sitting on the doorstep. "My father had to carry a banner in the Procession, and I am guarding the children," she proudly replied, when asked why we had not seen her at Notre Dame de la Joie.

Entering the passage which divided the house into two rooms, we saw the cow and pig occupying that on the right, so we turned to the left. This room had but one window, fifteen inches square, and in the semi-darkness we stumbled over the uneven mud floor. "Be care-

ful, my dear young ladies!" Looking up we saw the mother propped against the pillows of her curious bed. Built high against the wall, with sliding wooden doors, it resembled an upper berth in our sleeping cars. A tall bench beside it served the double purpose of ladder and chairs. Opposite, the bed and bench were repeated, leaving just space enough between the seats for a large table. On this the meals were prepared and served. Under the beds were stored potatoes, white sand for sprinkling the floor, and neat piles of dried cow manure for fuel. The immense fireplace and mantel occupied one end of the room. As Marie Louise belonged to the richest family of Penmarc'h, this mantel was filled with old Breton plates and bowls. In the fireplace hung a large iron pot. This with a smaller one, and a long-handled skillet for baking buckwheat cakes, constituted the culinary outfit. Beside the door an *armoire* or wardrobe was built in the wall. Handsomely decorated with shining brass hinges, it rivaled the tall clock loudly ticking by its side. Hanging shelves, suspended from the ceiling; here were kept the Bible, schoolbooks, bread, butter, and dried herbs. What wonder that a family can live comfortably in one room, I thought, when they utilize the walls for bedrooms, the ceiling for library and storehouse, and content themselves with potato soup for breakfast, buckwheat cakes for dinner, and potatoes for supper! How many generations have been born in this room; have laughed and toiled and suffered and been laid to rest here for the last time! My reverie was interrupted by excited exclamations from the artist. "No — impossible — not locked up in a drawer of the armoire!"

"Why not, mademoiselle? that is always done. The little one does not need air for the first three days, and is far safer in the armoire. Here is the key; you will find him in the second drawer." Yes, there lay the dear baby, fast asleep, looking curiously like an ancient mummy in his dark swaddling clothes. "We wanted to call him François, as our eldest boy is named Jean, but his young godparents had set their hearts on Jean, so we did not insist. We will call him Jeanic [little John] to distinguish him from his brother."

"Do the children who are godparents always choose the name?"

"Yes, that is their privilege. Of course they try to please the family."

Meanwhile Anna Marie had climbed on a bench and lifted the bread and butter from the hanging shelf. Taking a jackknife from her pocket she cut several slices, buttered them, and silently handed one to each of the younger children.

"What a comfort your big girl of six must be to you, Marie Louise."

"Indeed she is. She helps her father with all the work. But we live very simply, mademoiselle; we do not have the luxuries of the French."

To these peasants "the French" are a different nation, and Paris quite the end of the world. Old Denis often boasted of having seen this distant city.

"People who never travel are very narrow-minded, mademoiselle. Now *I* can understand foreign ways. When I was serving in the army I lived two months in your city of Paris."

"We are not Parisians, Denis; we are from the United States."

"And where is that, mademoiselle? I have never heard of that country."

"Surely you have heard of our great city New York?"

He rubbed his head in a puzzled way, so we added, "in America." At that name his face brightened.

"Oh yes, I had a brother who went to America, but they told him that all foreigners were sold as slaves, so he hurried back to the ship and stayed on board until she sailed for France."

Since the good Sisters have had charge of the public school they have

done all in their power to educate these people. Such is the poverty of Penmarc'h that the law of compulsory education is not enforced. It requires much self-sacrifice on the part of parents to spare their children from the fields; many live miles from the school, yet few have failed to respond to the entreaties of the Sisters. Not only are these good Samaritans the teachers, they are the physicians and dentists of the four villages. It seemed strange to see the stalwart farmers reduced to tears over the extraction of a tooth by pretty Sister Catherine. When our beautiful little model "Goldenhead" was dying, we went to her house with Sister Clothide. On a bench beside the high bed sat the poor mother, silently weeping. The father and six children were eating their supper of potatoes and milk. The light from their one candle shone on the yellow curls and flushed cheeks of the dying child.

"How terrible, Sister, that the family must eat and sleep in the room with the sick, the dead!"

"But they are not afraid of the dead, my child, and le Bon Dieu wishes them to eat. Perhaps a rich neighbor who has two rooms will take the younger children. The peasants are always good to one another; they have learned sympathy through suffering. Do not look so sad, mademoiselle; these people are not often unhappy. Indeed, we sometimes say that they are in love even with their miseries, for no Breton would exchange places with a king upon his throne! Those who are too old to work are not ashamed to beg. Do they not give their prayers in return for bread?"

The charity of the Sisters was boundless. Each day we heard the murmured prayers of old men and women. They never asked for anything, but stood patiently at the door, praying audibly for all within the house until bread or pennies were given them.

"We *must* see a wedding, Marie Jeanne. You said there would be plenty as soon as the harvest was over, and we have not had *one*."

"But the peasants are digging their potatoes, mademoiselle. When that is finished, and the seaweed is gathered for the winter's fuel, then they will have time for weddings! My brother is to be married in two weeks, but it will not be very gay as he is in mourning, and that compels the bride to wear black."

"How strange, to wear mourning at his wedding!"

"Oh, but he must, mademoiselle. Why, his wife has n't been dead three months yet, and a widower or widow always wears black two years; if either marries before that time the bride or groom must wear mourning for the remainder of the two years."

Proper respect is thus paid the dead, whom the Bretons never forget. In the midst of the festivities which took place when later Marie Jeanne and François were married a mass was said for the repose of the souls of all their relatives. The wedding party, of nearly two hundred, attended, dressed in mourning. Then they hurried home to change their costumes for the marriage feast, which began about nine in the morning and lasted until late at night. It was served under tents erected in the groom's garden. For days the two households had been busy preparing the meat. This luxury, otherwise indulged in but twice a year, constituted *the feast*. It was served in every possible form with white bread and wine. From time to time the younger people left the table to join in the outdoor dancing. On departing each guest slipped a five-franc piece into the willing hand of the groom to help defray expenses, no peasant having sufficient ready money for such an outlay, their only commerce being the export of potatoes to England. Some of the children earn a little by working in the sardine factories of Kerity, the adjoining village. Here they are brought into contact with "the great world" through the government officials. It is

the duty of these officers to superintend the weighing of fish brought into port. Salt is heavily taxed in France, and the owners of boats must pay the established rate per pound on all fish salted at sea by means of water drawn from the great Atlantic! The officers also patrol the coast of Penmarc'h to prevent the peasants' stealing water and extracting salt for their bread!

The happiest summer must end, and our peaceful days in the old convent were drawing to a close, when an incident occurred which threw even the stolid Bretons into a state of wildest excitement. Corentine, on her way to church, met her husband! Shrieking that she had seen a ghost, she fled to the house of Monsieur le Curé. It was some time before the good priest could calm her sufficiently to investigate the miracle. The four sailors, supposed to have been lost at sea by the Volonté de Dieu, had been picked up by a vessel sailing to Canada. When almost there they met her companion ship, the captain of which readily consented to bring the men home. Great was the rejoicing in all the villages. A solemn procession of thanksgiving was proclaimed for the Feast of All Souls. Once more the banners were unfurled, the statues crowned with artificial flowers, and the names of those who were to carry them, called from the altar. The great day dawned, fair and beautiful. At noon the Procession marched to Notre Dame de la Joie, the four sailors carrying for burial the urn containing the crosses of those lost at sea, from which their names had been so mercifully erased. We waited on the moors for their return. Soon we heard the faint tinkling of the silver bells, then the chanting voices, nearer and nearer, through the winding road, up the village street. We knelt with the Mother Superior as the Procession passed, then followed it into the dear old church. The bells were pealing forth a glorious Te Deum. The priests, the choir boys, the peasants caught it up, — their voices echoing through the Gothic arches, filling the ancient church with such a hymn of praise as had not sounded within its stone walls since mediæval days, when warriors, knights, and ladies had crowded its aisles. Through the exquisite stained glass of the quattrocento windows the last rays of the setting sun mingled with the flames of countless candles, and fell softly on the upturned faces of the kneeling multitude. It was this picture that we carried with us from Brittany, — that land of honest toil, of strong hearts, and of a faith as deep and abiding as the sea which washes its rock-bound shores.

Anna Seaton Schmidt.

DAY AND NIGHT.

Two dreams forever pass my door,
  One gaudy, one in sombre dress;
The Day, one weird and endless roar,
  The Night, a million silences.

To one I give, the slave I am,
  My curse of being, fevered breath;
The other, 'mid her godlike calm,
  Lifts me to dwell with Death.

W. Wilfred Campbell.

HORACE E. SCUDDER: AN APPRECIATION.

THE beneficent influence exerted by Horace E. Scudder upon American life and literature during a period of more than thirty years would have been impossible without the possession of rare gifts, and these in a peculiarly harmonious combination. He occupied a conspicuous position, unique and of his own creating, from whence issued a force of generous impulse and inspiration, wide and deep in its extent, hidden however in some of its finest effects, so that its full scope cannot be adequately measured. The man in himself was greater than his work, and must be taken in connection with it in order to discern or understand his influence. From the time that he saw the empty niche which he regarded as most desirable and honorable to fill, he devoted himself with single-mindedness and with extraordinary energy to the qualification for the duties and privileges it involved. The largeness of his aim, which marks also his own character, entered into his work, and became the badge of his presence and of his power.

But to accomplish this task called for the sacrifice of ambitions early cherished, and of possibilities in other lines wherein he might have won distinction. He was so intensely a religious man by nature that he might have risen to honor and influence in the church, and have left his direct impression on Christian thought and life. He might have gained a foremost place in the ranks of exact scholarship, for which he had aptitude and capacity, or he might have chosen some special branch of learning wherein to be known as a master. He might have carried much farther than he did his achievements in literary criticism, although what he accomplished in this direction entitles him to a place among the few best literary critics whom America has produced. His beautiful essays only filled up the interstices of his more continuous labor. This attempt to study a man's career by speculating on what it might have been is not wholly idle, if it serves to impress the imagination with the character and worth of the actual achievement. There were vistas where he is seen for a moment as he passes, paths in which he did not choose to linger, whence he finally emerges in the broad thoroughfare of his choice with all his powers in harmonious coöperation. There was one grace of his nature, dominating the others, almost standing in their way, the zeal of disinterested benevolence, which would not allow him to work for reputation in any selfish manner. We can discern in him an inward need for literary occupation, a balance of powers, active energies to be appeased. From this combination resulted the man as we knew him, with an equipoise of endowments whose healthy maintenance demanded satisfaction for each and all the forces of his nature.

Horace Scudder was of New England and Puritan descent, his family having settled on Cape Cod some two hundred years ago. His father was a well-known merchant in Boston, a man of high integrity, a deacon in what is now called the "Union Church," who exerted a strong religious influence. His mother was Sarah Lathrop Coit, daughter of a rigid "old school" Presbyterian elder, whence was bequeathed to him the New England conscience. The family remained on the conservative side in the schism among the Massachusetts churches, but the home training was genial, somewhat softened perhaps by the sharp protest against the ancient Puritan doctrine and discipline. There were six sons, of whom Horace Elisha Scudder was the youngest, and one daughter. One of the sons was Rev.

David Coit Scudder, a missionary in India, who died young and much lamented. Another son, Samuel Hubbard Scudder, is a leading authority in entomology, distinguished also for other scientific acquirements, and the recipient of the highest scientific honors. Horace Scudder was born in Boston in 1838. He made his preparatory studies in the Roxbury and Boston Latin schools, afterwards going to Williams College, whence he was graduated in 1858 at the age of twenty. In college he gave his attention chiefly to classical studies, with a preference for Greek; to the end of his life he continued to read the Greek poets, and he opened each day with the Greek Testament, making notes and critical comments on the text and its interpretation. He was only seventeen when he became editor of the Williams Quarterly. The articles that he wrote for it show a wide range of subjects, and indicate the bent of his mind: Francis Quarles; George Herbert; The First Discovery of America; Nature — the Study of the Architect; Knights of the Round Table; The Old Romance; England and Englishmen; Art among Us.

After graduating from college he went to New York, and took private pupils. Here he remained for several years, making his first ventures in literature in short stories for children. Published at first in the newspapers and afterwards in book form with the titles Seven Little People and their Friends, Stories from my Attic, and Dream Children, they made him widely known, and gave him a distinctive reputation. He also contributed articles to the North American Review, which indicate that he was studying closely and reading in wide directions. Among them is one on William Blake, whose Life by Gilchrist had then recently appeared. The mystic vein in his nature is most characteristic. Although it was kept in reserve and never received any direct development, it was apparent in his writings, where the sense of mysticity haunts his imagination, as in his Dream Children and other stories, giving them a peculiar charm. He felt the influence of the so-called pre-Raphaelite school both in its art and literature. He was interested in artistic and musical criticism, showing in his comments on such themes delicate fancy and subtle perception, and could clothe his conceptions with a graceful style and a rich vocabulary. Prominence should be given to another product of these earlier years, The Life and Letters of David Coit Scudder, undertaken at the request of the father, most delightful as a biography, and an exquisite tribute to a brother's character and worth.

He had apparently determined upon a literary career of some kind, though exactly what kind may not have been yet quite clear to him. In an essay in Men and Letters, written several years later on Emerson's Self, he says that Emerson's career had rendered it possible for a later generation to make "the profession of letters earlier in life without that long experimental process which took place in Emerson's case." Yet even so, he could not escape the experience of searching and groping after a vocation, meaning perhaps to do one thing and preparing for it, but only to find that his call was in another direction. He became sensitive to the fact of a change in the outlook of his own age as compared with the age that had preceded. All ages are times of transition, and the generations that come and go are so gradually interwoven with each other that it is hard to draw the lines that separate or distinguish them. However this may be, the man who was young in the sixties, and seeking for the best investment of his activities, must have seen that there was a difference in the situation, that the motives which had inspired the great writers of the previous generation were somehow diminished in their power of appeal. Emerson and Longfellow, Hawthorne, Holmes, and Whittier were still in their

prime, at the height of their creative strength, and in England, Carlyle and Tennyson and Ruskin, Browning and others. Mr. Scudder was absorbing their thought and purpose, and yet must have begun to feel, however dimly at first, that his own generation was looking out upon a changing world. It was possible of course to imitate, to follow not unworthily in their steps, but for a young man sensitive to the exigent moods of the hour, some new opening was demanded.

The change which was taking place was, to put it briefly and somewhat crudely, away from what is called individualism to the varied forms of collectivism, solidarity, socialism, phases of altruism, institutionalism, nationalism, by whatever name the tendency is known which no longer finds an adequate impulse in the aspiration for individual expression. In both church and state, institutionalism was discounting the importance of individual initiative or activity. The age which was coming in sought more directly the consolidation of social movements, the reconstruction of educational methods, the development of universities, the uplifting of the masses of the people by organic ways toward organic and institutional ends. Notably in this process came the rise or the expansion of great publishing houses with increased facilities for the wider diffusion of literature, or for the stimulation of forms of literary activity suited to the needs of the time and even contributing to the development of those needs.

We may trace some of the steps in the process of Mr. Scudder's advance in this institutional direction. Identified by descent, as he was, with Puritanism, which was individualistic in its outlook, he abandoned it for the more organic, institutional habits of the Anglican Church. The transition was aided by the teaching of the late F. D. Maurice, who from this point of view was one of the most representative and potent of influences after the middle of the century. Maurice had become widely known as the founder of Christian Socialism and of the Workingmen's College in London, while as a theologian he had the peculiar fortune, not without its appeal to Mr. Scudder, of an affiliation with poetry and art, Tennyson addressing to him a poem, and Madox Brown, the pre-Raphaelite, introducing his portrait in a painting called The Highway. Mr. Scudder had for Maurice the devotion of a disciple, and was spoken of among his friends as a Maurician.

He followed the fortunes of the civil war with a deep interest, although prevented from enlisting in its service as he would like to have done. But that which most impressed him as the purpose and attainment of the awful struggle was not so much the individual emancipation from slavery as the consolidation of the nationality, the assertion of the personality, the sanctity of the organic state. Hence he was prepared to give most eager welcome to the work of his friend the late Dr. Elisha Mulford, who after profound study and long reverie in retirement emerged with his book The Nation, a book which coincides with a great epoch in American life. From this time, if not earlier, Mr. Scudder became what we call a pronounced "American" in his attitude and sympathies. His Americanism was not based upon comparison with other countries, although a visit to Europe in 1865 had enabled him for some comparative estimate, but rather upon a principle — that America had been called to the privilege of nationality, had vindicated its call anew in the civil war, and was ever henceforth more and more to assert and maintain its place as foremost among the nations, that primacy being involved in the divine conditions of its history. Evidences of this characteristic patriotism may be found in his writings. Thus in speaking of Emerson's lack of the passion of nationality,

he says, "The glimpses which we get of the poet on his travels in his own country serve to deepen the impression which we form of the purely spectacular shape of the country in his vision. He was not indifferent to the struggles going on, and yet they were rather disturbances to his spirit than signs of a life which quickened his pulse. To some minds this may seem to lift Emerson above other men. In my judgment it separates him from them to his loss."

In a striking passage in his essay on the Future of Shakespeare, Mr. Scudder has called attention to "the ever widening gulf between Englishmen and Americans," which is begotten by the essential distinction of nationality: "The Atlantic Ocean, which separates the two countries, has been contracting its space ever since the first Virginians rowed across its waters. The inventions of men, the exactions of human intercourse, have reduced a three months' dreary voyage to a six days' trip in a movable hotel, and yet all this while a myriad forces have been at work on either side of the ocean moulding national consciousness, and producing those distinctions which are hard to express but perfectly patent. The manifestations of character in literature and art afford the clearest indications of this national distinction, and although London and Boston can almost speak to each other through the telephone, the accent of Boston in literature is more sharply discriminated from the accent of London than it was a hundred years ago."

These illustrations of the growth of the institutional tendency in Mr. Scudder's experience may help to explain the transition in his literary career. It was certainly a critical moment when in 1866 he met for the first time the late Mr. Henry O. Houghton, founder of the Riverside Press, and soon after to become the head of the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. From the time that they met till Mr. Houghton's death there was between these men, not only the strong tie of friendship, of profound mutual respect and unwavering confidence, but they worked together for the same end with rare harmony and success. So intertwined was their work that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish the contribution of each. The business capacity of the one was infused with the literary ambition of the other, but this literary talent of the other discerned openings which only the capacity for affairs could have made feasible. In this institutional direction, then, Mr. Scudder took his work, at first timidly and vaguely, but afterward with clearer consciousness and full unswerving determination. One of the opportunities which first opened before him in his new relationship was some better educational method for children. With Mr. Houghton's energetic approval, and the Riverside Press at his disposal, Mr. Scudder projected the well-remembered Riverside Magazine for Young People. In its brief existence of four years it was a model of beauty and excellence, winning the highest approbation of those most competent to judge. Speaking of the subject at a later time, Mr. Scudder recalled the difficulties he encountered in getting the desired illustrations for its pages: "I did my best to obtain pictures of child life from painters who were not mere professional book-illustrators. . . . It was only now and then that I was able to obtain any simple, unaffected design, showing an understanding of a child's figure and face." And although he admits the progress made since then, he laments that artists still fail to "seek in the life of children for subjects upon which to expend thought and power."

In 1872 Mr. Scudder was admitted into partnership, binding himself to the arrangement for three years. He now married, and fixed his home in Old Cambridge. It had been, however, with grave misgivings that he had signed the articles of partnership, and when the three years had expired he resigned

from a position for whose routine he was not fitted. It may have been also that he had not yet abandoned the visions of his youth to do work of another kind. He has alluded to those earlier years, when he writes in 1887 to his friend Henry M. Alden of "that former state of existence when we were poets," and "I woke to find myself at the desk of a literary workman." He speaks of himself and his friend as "two young poets, who walked Broadway, and haunted little back rooms in Fourth Avenue and Eleventh Street," who had schemes for executing some "epical work, which required a continuity of time not easily had under customary conditions. . . . I am credulous enough to think that the verses you wrote have resung themselves in that sympathetic, patient, discriminating life which you have led as a literary judge, for I find myself curiously susceptible in my own work to certain influences which once shaped my thought into more creative form."

In 1875 Mr. Scudder exchanged his place of partner in the firm for that of its literary adviser. It was his plan at first to give half of his time to the duties of this office, the other half to be left free to his own devices. He now betook himself with enthusiasm to the study of American history, to which an impetus had been given by the centennial of 1876. The fruits of these years were numerous articles and books, prepared rapidly, but with unfailing skill for the illumination of his theme: The Recollections of Samuel Breck, with Passages from his Note Books; Men and Manners in America One Hundred Years Ago; Public Libraries One Hundred Years Ago; The Battle of Bunker Hill; The Siege of Boston; A Patriotic Schoolmaster; A Puritan Gentleman in New England; An Old Gentleman's Recollections. In his post of literary adviser he was for several years editor of the Riverside Bulletin, which, in addition to notices of new books, contained each month an editorial article, remarkable for its distinction of style in combination with literary comment and suggestion. These essays are still remembered, and the Riverside Bulletin may be regarded as the pioneer of much more elaborate periodicals of a similar type. The habit which Mr. Scudder had early formed of keeping an eye on current publications continued to his latest years. After the discontinuance of the Riverside Bulletin, he transferred his notices of books to other publications, for a short time to Every Saturday, and finally to the Atlantic Monthly. His criticisms were unsigned, for he preferred to work, as he says, "behind the screen of anonymity;" but his work in this line never degenerated into formality; his comment was always direct and pointed, yet also kindly and genial. No one had a larger knowledge than he of contemporary literature.

He was now working with a fierce energy and strain of his powers, which must have been exhausting. Among other of his publications is a collection of Stories and Romances, and he wrote one novel, called The Dwellers in Five-Sisters Court, — an expansion of an earlier short story, with the same title, published in the Atlantic in 1865. The novel betrays the influence of Dickens, from which at that time it was hard for any one to escape. The characters are distinctly drawn, the scene being laid in the Court behind the old Province House in Boston, and as a picture of life in New England at the time, with a strong transcendental touch, mixed with pre-Raphaelite fancies, it is not without its interest still. In addition to all this, Mr. Scudder was a constant contributor of editorial and other articles to various publications. He was writing on subjects of current interest, religious and secular. He warmly espoused the cause of international copyright, and probably contributed as much as any one to its success. But after some two years or more, during which the agreement held that he was to have

half of his working hours for himself, he abandoned the arrangement, and gave his whole time for nearly twenty years to the duties attaching to the position of literary adviser to a great publishing house. How important he regarded this work henceforth may be inferred from an article, The Function of a Publishing House in the Distribution of Literature.

To this position, then, of a literary adviser, Mr. Scudder summoned the aid of all his forces, and gave to the office a new dignity and significance. His great capacity for work, — he seemed to be able to do the work of several men, — his tireless energy, his very genius for devising new schemes and discerning new openings for literary ventures, his learning, his accomplishments as a literary critic, his finely balanced judgment, his enthusiasm and devotion to his tasks, his conscientiousness and painstaking solicitude for accuracy and thoroughness, these and other qualities made him a power and authority among his contemporaries. It used to be thought that almost any man with moderate literary ability could satisfactorily perform the elementary duties of furnishing text-books for schools, or of editing the works of others with preface, appendix, and notes. Now we have learned that these things call for masters in their respective departments, that specialists and experts, those who have written the larger books, are the best fitted to make compendiums and elementary treatises; that the man who has devoted his life to the study of literature is the one most wanted to comment on the literary productions of others. To this principle Mr. Scudder adhered, and he thus helped to raise the standard of literary activity in every department of its application.

Attention can here be called only to the leading features of Mr. Scudder's achievement in his important position. To reduce the work of quarter of a century into such brief form is an injustice of course, but there are phases of life and human effort, as it flows on quietly in appointed ways, which can never be adequately described; only hints and suggestions can be given, and for the rest the imagination of the experienced reader must suffice. There are several lines wherein Mr. Scudder revealed his highest efficiency. One of these, already alluded to, was the study of American history. The number of books bearing on this subject in the Catalogue of the Publications of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. shows at a glance what importance was attached to it. Of the four series, entitled American Statesmen, American Men of Letters, American Commonwealths, and American Religious Leaders, Mr. Scudder projected the last two and was their editor, contributing also the Life of Noah Webster to the series of American Men of Letters. In the same department are his Life of Washington, and his History of the United States, where he followed another leading inclination and adapted himself to the needs of children. His strength lay in the biographical side of history, where the work he did was not only large in amount, but maintained at a high standard of excellence. When he was interested in a man, no one could surpass him in direct approach to inmost motives and characteristics. This power is shown in his sketches of Longfellow and Emerson. He coöperated in the biographies of Bayard Taylor, of Asa Gray, and of Agassiz. He revised the Life of Longfellow, working over the supplemental third volume, and thoroughly arranging the separated material in three consecutive volumes. He recognized the importance of the index, and had devised a method for himself in making an index, in order to insure thoroughness. One of his best biographical studies was the Memoir of Justin Winsor, prepared for the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which Mr. Scudder had become a member in 1881. In the writing of history or biography, he was in sympa-

thy with the modern method of research, "the faithful collation of obscure authorities, the hunt for the beginning of things, the laying bare of foundations." Yet he also was convinced that there was a literary art in the presentation of facts or events, which "made the writing and the reading of history akin to the writing and reading of poetry, the creation and enjoyment of all forms of art."

After the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. acquired the right to the publication of the works of the great school of New England writers, Mr. Scudder turned to their study with a new interest in order to prepare more complete editions. It was in this connection that he projected a scheme for popular editions of the best poets, known as the Cambridge Edition, where all the works of a poet should be collected in one convenient volume, with preface and appended notes. Of this series, Mr. Scudder edited several volumes himself, including Browning, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Keats, Scott, and Whittier. The prefaces to these volumes are among his best literary productions, and show his characteristics as a learned, appreciative, and skillful workman. His name indeed had now become a guarantee that all such tasks would be performed with conscientious, painstaking care, and also with genuine enthusiasm. Although he was working quietly and impersonally through the institution, he had satisfaction in the consciousness of doing honest and thorough work, and was content even though his name were merged in the beneficence of the product. But he had also other rewards. He had risen to public recognition and distinction, was known as a valuable literary adviser not only to his publishing house, but to hundreds of authors, and beginners in literature, and was consulted in the certainty of getting from him what could be got nowhere else. He combined the qualifications of publisher and author, which gave to his judgments a certain practical and final character.

But if we ask the question, in what more specific way he exercised his strength, or by what special contribution he deserves most highly, the answer is easily at hand. When he was invited in 1882 to deliver a course of Lowell lectures, there was no hesitation in his mind what subject he should take, his lectures were published under the title Childhood in Literature and Art. For this small treatise his life seems to have been passed in preparation. Memories of his own childhood, his first attempts as an author, his experience as editor of a children's magazine, were supplemented by his familiarity with the whole range of children's books, which for a generation had been issuing from the press with astonishing ratio of increase. He too had taken a prominent part in the service of children, in the eight volumes of the Bodley Books, a sort of modern counterpart to the Rollo Books. They were his most profitable works, from a commercial point of view, but thrown off rapidly, often it would seem for his amusement or recreation, laughing as it were to himself while he wrote. This preparation, this confinement of his abilities to the visual angle of childhood, had its serious side. He looked at his subject in a scientific way. He had studied the writings of Andersen and Grimm in order to catch their secret, and had edited their books for American readers. He translated anew the Fables of Æsop. In one sumptuous volume he had gathered together the masterpieces of children's literature. But his greatest monument was none of these. He had come to the significant conclusion that the best reading for children was not necessarily or exclusively that which was prepared expressly for their use, but rather the masterpieces of the world's literature. To this end he planned the Riverside Literature Series for young people, which from small beginnings grew almost by its own momentum till it includes a large library, testifying by its wide circulation

throughout the land that he had not been mistaken in his purpose.

In his book Childhood in Literature and Art there are traces of wide reading and of deeper reflection. It begins with Homeric times, and with such clear appreciation of allusions that, as the reader moves onward, the successive ages stand revealed in the light of their estimate of the child. The art of the Renaissance is treated with peculiar beauty and delicate sympathy. English literature and French and German are reviewed with the same keenness and consistency of purpose, with special comment on Wordsworth and on those writers of the eighteenth century and the early nineteenth who first began to work directly in the interest of children. Of the Puritan conception of childhood, it is remarked that it reversed the familiar injunction, so as to read, "Unless ye become as men and are converted, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." Most pertinent is the criticism of Hawthorne and Dickens. Throughout the book there runs the enthusiasm of one who feels as if he had discovered for himself "the new continent of childhood," of one who writes *con amore*, as is indicated by the dedication to his daughter, "who was a child when this book was written." The book becomes a manual for parents bewildered with the complexity of the great problem. If it is deficient when judged by the later methods of psychological research, it has this distinctive value that it keeps in the open, avoiding the morbid and the recondite, adhering solely to the objective estimate, the conscious rather than the subconscious life, true always to its title, childhood as revealed in those two most powerful modes of presentation, literature and art. It is therefore a book for the few. Those with the highest opportunity for cultured reflection will most deeply appreciate its beauty and worth.

This was always a characteristic of Mr. Scudder's work, that when he gave loose rein to his inclination he wrote for the few, — a feature pointing to a certain idiosyncrasy in his make-up, on which it is worth while for a moment to dwell. He could do two things well, — he could write for children, as one of their own number, and he could write for those highly educated and advanced in culture. But for the large mass of average readers, who seek to be entertained, who need to be solicited, or are repelled by what looks dull or heavy, his personal message was not so clear. When he sat down to his higher tasks he took his own elevated attitude as the standard to be maintained, indifferent to the question of popularity; aiming only to say what ought to be said, what people ought to read, whether they would read or whether they would forbear. That malady of the ideal, his own ideal, dominated him, till he almost lost vision of the practical, the commercial side of literary work. Such was the character of his constitution that his bow was always drawn at the strongest tension ; and when he relaxed, it was to turn to work for children, often in a vein of trifling humor.

An evidence of this peculiarity may be seen in his Men and Letters, where he appears indifferent whether or no he gains the attention of many readers. It opens with an essay on Mulford, an almost unknown name, in whom the many could never be expected to take an interest, whose thought and personality moved on the mounts of vision almost out of range of the common sight. This essay was followed by one on Longfellow, which should have stood first, the longest as it is the most charming of his essays, one of the best studies of the poet which have yet been made. Next comes The Modern Prophet, a tribute to Maurice, the so-called "obscure" theologian. From this he turns to Landor as a Classic, a gem of literary appreciation, to be followed by a sketch of Dr. Muhlenberg, a once famous Episcopal divine with whose atti-

tude he was in close sympathy. The casual reader might well infer that the author was a propagandist, introducing literary articles for the purpose of securing a reading for theological studies. And in truth he would not be so far wrong, for Mr. Scudder's interest in the larger bearings of theology quite rivaled his interest in pure literature. This illustration may serve to show how his judgment was at fault about his own work in a matter of technical arrangement, yet it also indicates how he could defy the literary proprieties when his conscience dictated another mode of procedure. It would have been better form to have put the literary essays by themselves, as Mr. Hutton did, who was a kindred spirit, and have reserved to the theological a separate place.

But we cannot dismiss this important book, small though it be, with only an adverse criticism on its internal arrangement. It best demonstrates, what has been said before, that Mr. Scudder's strength lay in the direction of historical and literary criticism. Each essay is read with the painful feeling that it is by far too short, and one closes the book with a sigh that there is not more to follow. Nor should we fail to call attention to its dedication to his friend Mr. H. M. Alden, where Mr. Scudder lifts the veil of his reserve to tell why he dropped the anonymous and the impersonal to speak under his own name. A few of its words may be quoted: "My occupation has compelled me to print much comment upon contemporaneous literature; fortunately I have been able for the most part to work out of the glare of publicity. But there is always that something in us which whispers 'I,' and after a while the anonymous critic becomes a little tired of listening to the whisper in his solitary cave, and is disposed to escape from it by coming out into the light, even at the risk of blinking a little, and by suffering the ghostly voice to become articulate, though the sound startles him. One craves company for his thought, and is not quite content always to sit in the dark with his guests."

In 1890 Mr. Scudder assumed the editorship of the Atlantic Monthly in succession to Lowell, J. T. Fields, Howells, and Aldrich. There was a certain common element in the aim of those who had preceded him, and this, what he called the "tradition" of the magazine, he proposed to follow. The higher aspects of political life, education, art, classical literature, American and particularly New England history, were in a general way the directions in which he tended. He sought also after presentations of the best English culture. Under his administration each issue of the Atlantic contained solid articles of permanent value. Perhaps his aim was too high for the popular taste. He made no bid however for the popular approval, but strove to maintain a periodical which should lead rather than follow, whose pages should be open to the best thought and criticism, on condition only of some qualification in literary skill and expression. "America needed," he said, "as never before, an insistence on the high ideals of literature and life." He sought to make the Atlantic an "organism" rather than "an aggressive or polemical organ;" to preserve "the repose which belongs to high literature."

So Mr. Scudder remained faithful to the "tradition," aware however that its force had diminished, that "new lights" had appeared on the horizon, and were followed with a new enthusiasm to the seeming neglect of the old masters. There is a passage in his essay on Anne Gilchrist, where he characterizes a tendency which then seemed to him ephemeral. His text was from a letter of Mrs. Gilchrist to William Rossetti after reading the poems of Walt Whitman: "Since I have read it, I can read no other book; it holds me entirely spellbound, and I go through it again and again with deepening delight and

wonder." Mr. Scudder's comment on this outburst of admiration shows him without sympathy for a mood which was destined for a time to prevail: —

"There is, or rather was fifteen or twenty years ago, in England, a disposition among literary and artistic people of a distinct type to construct an American phantom. The men and women who were at odds with the England of their day, impatient at smug respectability, chafing not so much at the petty restrictions of conventionality as at the limitations imposed by institutional religion and politics, wishing to escape from the commercial conception of the universe, and met everywhere by the self-complacency of Philistinism, took refuge in two widely separate realities, mediæval romanticism and American freedom. The one inspired their art and much of their poetry, the other enkindled their thought. Both offered them an opportunity to protest against English lawful dullness. In America these spirits saw the cheerful largeness of hope, the confident step, the freedom from tradition, the frank appropriation of the world as belonging to Americans, and a general habit of mind which proclaimed law as made for man, and not man for law. With the ardor of worshipers, the more *outré* their idol, the more they admired it. An exaggerated type of frontier lawlessness, some sombrero-shadowed, cowhide-booted being, filled them with special ecstasy. It was not that they cared to go and live with him on the prairie, but he served as a sort of symbol to them of an expansive life, which was gone from England but was possible to humanity."

For eight years Mr. Scudder held the responsible and trying position of an editor, the greater part of the time in addition to his other work. In 1897 he went to Europe for rest and recreation, spending a year in travel accompanied by his family. When he returned in 1898 he resigned the editorship of the Atlantic to take up what proved to be his last but in some respects his most important work, — the Life of Lowell, which appeared in the fall of 1901. This work has already been reviewed at length in these pages, and is now too well known and appreciated to call for further notice. That he should have been chosen for the task of depicting America's foremost literary critic was one of the high honors which befell him; that he should have satisfied the expectations of those best qualified to judge is the highest praise. Despite difficulties encountered in the execution of his task, he has succeeded in giving us "the vivid presentation of Mr. Lowell's personality," and we live, as we read his pages, in "the very presence of the man."

This attempt to describe some of the leading features of Mr. Scudder's work only makes it imperative to affirm more emphatically what has been already said, that his rôle as a man of letters was to work through the institution, rather than in individual creative ways. His distinction lay in adapting himself to his age with singular felicity. For thirty years he was associated with a prominent publishing house to whose interests he devoted his energies with most loyal enthusiasm, watchful for its welfare at every moment, jealous for its reputation, guarding it from danger, doing all that in him lay to promote its honorable growth and extension. During these years it may be safe to say that no new book was issued which had not first received his approval; until the imprint of the firm became synonymous with what is highest and best in American literature. This was his joy in life and his reward, that each year he recorded the growing usefulness and increasing prosperity of the institution. How much he did in the direction of stimulating others to creative work cannot be measured; it is a secret buried in the experiences of those who know. But there must be many books, and some of them far reaching and per-

manent in their influence, which owe their origin to him. He studied other men, followed their work, estimated its value, and when the moment was ripe incited them to authorship, and this in many lines, and not in some one narrow channel. He became a good genius to young authors who were just beginning their career; he encouraged and stimulated to fresh endeavors the more mature, and there were many who felt stronger because they were aware that they existed in his consciousness, under the shield of his encouragement and protection. He lived in and for the institution, but he was too strong a man to be eclipsed by the institution or identified with it. In his personality he was greater than in his work. He was known, he was honored, revered, and loved for himself, for his disinterested pursuit and frank recognition of what was excellent. Absolute confidence was reposed in him, that he would never crush the germs of promise, but cherish them as a sacred trust, helping as far as he could to free them from crudeness or eccentricity. He became the modern substitute for the ancient patron of letters. Such books as in the eighteenth century could not have seen the light without permission to dedicate to some noble lord were carried to him for sanction. The adulation and flattery which authors once lavished on patrons assumed in his case the form of a genuine gratitude and affection. To this personal devotion, the fitting reward of unselfish and generous labor, were added other rewards in the more formal and public recognition, among them the degree of Doctor of Letters from Princeton University in 1896.

Mr. Scudder's published works include over a score of volumes, while his anonymous work if gathered into books would make several volumes more. In all his writings there are the marks of clear insight, often accompanied with illuminating flashes which penetrate to the inmost recess of his theme. Right sympathy, sure intelligence, the scholarly mind, conscientiousness, carefulness, thoroughness, sanity of judgment, — these are his qualities; on the other hand, caution and conservatism, even a touch of fastidiousness. As to his literary methods, foremost, of course, was his enormous capacity for accomplishing tasks, so that those who saw him most closely were amazed at the ease and the speed with which he would do the work that ordinarily would require the labor of several men. The arrangements of his study, the classification of his papers, the numerous indexes of his writings showed at a glance his orderly nature. His manuscripts were in graceful, refined handwriting; he refused the aid in composition of the typewriter, or even of the fountain pen. He had a device of his own in blank books for composition, corresponding in shape with their prospective published form. These he preserved, sending type-written copies to the press, making his corrections in the proof because not sure of his expression till he saw it in type. He made catalogues of all his writings, with references to dates and places, collections also of his short articles and fugitive papers, which were somewhat luxuriously bound, as if to impress himself with the importance of every, even the slightest task. He seemed to have abundance of time at his disposal, and showed great gladness in receiving callers who came for advice on literary matters; he gave abundantly from his ample resources, ready at the moment with his opinions in answer to questions, and yet without rudeness it became evident when the interview was over. Although frank and open in his manners, he was also reticent beyond certain limits, as if he carried confidential deposits, which he must be on guard lest he should betray.

Among the public positions of trust which he held, one was membership of the State Board of Education for several years. Some of his most elaborate studies have gone into its annual reports.

Williams College, to which he gave long service as a trustee, is noted for the intense devotion it inspires among its alumni, but by none was he surpassed in ardent affection, in earnest and constant consideration for its welfare. It was like a second home, for there also three of his brothers had been trained. Although living at a distance, he held it a sacred obligation to attend the meetings of its trustees without regard to his personal convenience. Standing in the same relation to the government of Wellesley College, he carried it close to his heart, endearing himself greatly to its trustees and faculty. When the new chapel was to be built, his knowledge of architecture and interest in ecclesiastical arrangements and decorations enabled him to make practical suggestions which were incorporated in the edifice to its improvement. He took a prominent and responsible part in the election and installation of Miss Hazard as president. So great had been his service that his death was felt as a calamity for which the college mourned. He was also a trustee of the Episcopal Theological school in Cambridge, where his services were greatly valued. For many years he served on the Cambridge school committee. In other relations, some of them but little heard of, he wrought with the same unselfish devotion to the public good. He was president of the Church Library Association, where he made it his duty to see that all unworthy books should be weeded out from its annual catalogue for Sunday-school and parish libraries. In this position he had many co-workers under him, whose respect and confidence he maintained. In all these posts, as in all his personal relations, he showed himself a man of great staying power, to whom one could tie with confidence. He had the blessing of the peacemaker, for it was his aim, it seemed to be his mission in official relationships, to reconcile differences, to study the art of making sacrifices in the interest of harmony and united action.

In his religious life he kept the traditions of regular church attendance, and of the daily family prayers. From the clerical point of view he was the ideal layman, in the many relations of the parish and its minister seeking only for the common good. His devout presence was in itself a sermon. His family life was most fortunate and most happy. His home in Cambridge became an attractive social and literary centre. He was fond of social functions, and for them was singularly fitted, inheriting from his father a happy sanguine temperament, the disposition to be pleased with little things, together with an unfailing fund of wit and humor, which made intercourse with him a truly joyous experience. Under all circumstances he maintained this cheerful, glad demeanor, or if he were downcast he never showed it. He seemed to lead the happy life of the childhood which in his books he portrayed, keeping the child's freshness and sense of the joyousness of life.

So he came to the end, prematurely it would seem to us, in his sixty-fourth year, maintaining through a prolonged illness great serenity, and even Christian fortitude which a stoic might envy. His familiar appearance on the streets of Cambridge and Boston as he went in and out among us for thirty years made him a landmark, whose disappearance has changed the outlook of many lives. For those who knew him best he will live in memory as a man true in his relationships, a faithful friend, a genial companion with a large and hopeful, a loving and trusting heart. In the finished product of simple manhood he stood for all that was most wanted or most to be desired. He was in reality, as we now see him transfigured in the eternal light, a man who lived in the spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of others, a philanthropist and public servant in the rôle of a man of letters.

Alexander V. G. Allen.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

POETRY AND VERSE.

It is odd that people who feel virtuous in spending ten dollars for a seat at the opera, or a hundred dollars for a modern painting (let us put it mildly), do not dream of spending a dollar for the new book of verse, — for any new book of verse. The point is not that such a book fails to interest them; it simply does not concern them in any way. Modern attempts at poetry do not constitute one of the worthy objects toward the encouragement of which one is expected to contribute in dollars — or cents. Yet public indifference to such attempts is, apparently, not inconsistent with a general understanding that they are pretty creditable. The technical quality of modern verse is admitted, even by modern verse-writers, to be extremely high. Certainly there is an increasing number of persons who are able to approximate good form in the employment of metre and rhyme. We study that sort of thing; we know the difference between an iambus and an anapest, and we get credit for it. Possibly we get too much credit for it. To remark that So-and-so is not much of a poet, but "writes as good verse as any in the language," is a little like saying that a builder of manikins makes as good bodies as the Creator, though they happen not to possess the breath of life. Of course the trouble with this figure is that any one can tell a manikin from a body at a glance, and no one can tell a piece of skillful verse from a poem at a glance. Perhaps that is why even the public that does use poetry in some form is bored with this facile and measured product of the modern verse-writer. It may very likely be poetry, but why bother with probabilities when there is so much poetry in the world of which we can be perfectly sure? Everybody knows that the generation is lucky which produces one or two notable poets: why be looking for nightingales on every bush? These are reasonable queries from persons who care only for nightingales, and are impatient of the imitator of the nightingale. Fortunately there are a good many birds which possess a delicate trill or an honest chirp of their own; and one may conceivably find just as many degrees of merit in poetry as in music or painting, and take just as much satisfaction in enjoying them all.

The chances are that a great deal of this current verse must fail to be poetry in any sense, because it is the outcome of no sort of creative power. It may be quite artificial, or it may more or less dimly suggest the presence of a creative power which needs to express itself through some other medium than verse. There never was such a thing as a "mute inglorious Milton;" a great poet's power of expression in verse is a part of the man himself, perhaps the most significant part, certainly inseparable from his power of poetic conception. No such prodigy as an inarticulate genius has yet been proved to have existed; though only the highest genius, perhaps, is perfectly articulate, as only the virtuosos are really masters of technique. Except in work of the highest genius, there are all degrees of ill balance between conception and execution; but if verse is not in some sense articulate as well as inspired, it is not poetry, and no sleight-of-hand in the employment of metre and rhyme can make it so.

I.

In the work of two modern American verse-writers, Madison Cawein and

Bliss Carman, who have perhaps come as near as anybody else to gaining an audience, it is hard to say, as yet, what part is played by creative power and what by sleight-of-hand. Such critics as Mr. Archer and Mr. Howells have discovered in the later work of Mr. Cawein a marked advance in human quality, if not in restraint. The character of the latest of his numerous volumes[1] is not likely to strengthen this impression. Mr. Cawein still appears to be a sensitive observer of nature (mainly, that is to say, of flowers and sunsets) and a skillful manipulator of metre and rhyme. There is a criticism which declares Tennyson's knowledge of nature to be greater than Milton's because he registers the fact that "the tender ash delays to clothe herself, While all the woods are green," and Milton can only talk of "russet lawns and fallows gray." Doubtless this should have prepared us to be interested in the habits of the pawpaw and the black cohosh; but it is only human for the reader to find pages and pages of such description a little wearisome. These details are at worst botanical, at best decorative; in neither case quite a poetic staple. We have come to feel the stupidity of demanding that a singer should be always saying things; but he must sing something: and this Mr. Cawein, like Mr. Carman, frequently fails to do. Mr. Carman not infrequently obscures the obscurity of his theme by apparent simplicity; by the choice of elementary metrical forms, and a preference for the monosyllable. Besides, he is a symbolist, and may at any time be saying, if not something, something else. Mr. Cawein is not protected by a cult; and he is fond of complicated metrical and rhyming schemes, which, perhaps, make one unfairly suspicious of his spontaneity. He has, moreover, the weakness for the odd collocation of adjective and noun which appears to be among the special curses of modern pictorial poetry: collocations such as "bleak gowns," "rosy gestures," and "flickering floors." But of several pieces of verse in the present volume, one feels no doubt; they are not mere versified description, they are poetry. Especially in the two poems called Summer Noontide, and Heat, Mr. Cawein has succeeded in embodying a mood of nature. From the latter poem two or three stanzas must be quoted: —

II.

"Knee-deep among the tepid pools the cows
Chew a slow cud or switch a slower tail,
Half-sunk in sleep beneath the beechen boughs,
Where thin the wood-gnats ail.
From bloom to bloom the languid butterflies
drowse;
The sleepy bees make hardly any sound;
The only things the sunrays can arouse,
It seems, are two black beetles rolling 'round
Upon the dusty ground.

. . . . . .

V.

"Furious, incessant in the weeds and briers
The sawing weed-bugs sing; and, heat-begot,
The grasshoppers, so many strident wires,
Staccato fiercely hot:
A lash of whirling sound that never tires,
The locust flails the noon, where harnessed
Thirst,
Beside the road-spring many a shod hoof mires,
Into the trough thrusts his hot head, immersed,
'Round which cool bubbles burst.

VI.

"The sad sweet voice of some wood-spirit who
Laments while watching a loved oak tree die,
From the deep forest comes the wood-dove's coo,
A long, lost, lonely cry.
Oh, for a breeze, a mighty wind to woo
The woods to stormy laughter: sow like grain
The world with freshness of invisible dew,
And pile above far, fevered hill and plain
Vast bastions of rain."

Evidently Mr. Cawein's talent is his own. His greatest limitation as an artist is suggested by the fact that he has now published ten or twelve volumes of verse. He has not been able to hoard and refine; but if he has worked impulsively, the impulse has come from

[1] *A Voice on the Wind.* By MADISON CAWEIN. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co. 1902.

within. Even his ingenuity is not the result of a straining away from imitativeness.

II.

This straining away from imitativeness is unfortunately what many of our younger verse-writers are now concerned with, as they have always been. They are so much set upon producing the poetry of the future that they fail to produce the poetry of the present, which is after all what we need; and which must probably have many qualities in common with the poetry of the past. Their attempts are less hopeful from the fact that these enthusiasts have a habit of getting together. A new note in art is not likely to be invented by a coterie. We have a tender memory for the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, but not even their achievement has changed the fact that while self-admiration has produced much of the first order in art, mutual admiration has produced nothing. What may be ordinarily expected of such a class is simply a more or less labored reversion. The mode just now popular in America appears to be of the rhapsodic, dithyrambic variety, not seldom degenerating into a sort of Græco-Swinburnian poetry of gesticulation. In The Morning Road,[1] for example, the work of two supposably young men with a theory, there is a good deal of verse which one might call vigorous if it were not rather violent and incoherent. Here is a passage from A Song of the Sun: —

"Loose me the scourge of the morning in glittering lashes,
Swing free the hissing whips that silence the song of the dawn,
Scatter the mists that beset thee with withering flashes,
Rise thou a king, o'er fabled eternities gone.

"Sullen and gray are the fog-hosts, impenetrant, bounding
Thy castle unseen, — unsuspected its glory of impotent gold —
Tufted and plumed they gather, vindictive surrounding,
Rise and destroy, O Sluggard! smite as thou smotest of old!"

Such verse as this certainly exhibits a flexible disposition of metre and rhyme, and (however induced) a certain ardor of feeling. On the whole, however, one feels that this Morning Road has something of the air of a stage highway, bounded by pasteboard statues and foliage, and animated by figures which always keep their faces toward the footlights. Surely the public cannot be expected to take much stock in a poetry of pose, however ingenuous that pose may be.

This book is, it should be said, the best of a considerable number of slender volumes of rhapsodizing which have recently passed by the editorial table on their way to dusty death. The worst of them is the utterance of a person in the far West, the profound, not to say desperate, nature of whose material is indicated by its title.[2] A former volume of his was hailed in San Francisco as "a super-Byronic creation." This perhaps accounts for the tasteful scowl which is the only adornment of the bas-relievo bust awarded as the frontispiece of the present book. It is only fair in the poet to prepare us, for we are to find that he sticks at nothing. He is perfectly frank in telling us that he has loved many times in an uncompromising Byron-*cum*-Moore fashion: —

"I felt thy placid pulses glow
As from thy melting mouth I gleaned
The rosy raptures that eclipse," etc.

He takes, moreover, a rhymedly sombre view of life, confessing a despairing interest in creation and the Progress of the Species: —

"Are we nearer than the nascent life that slumbered in the slime,
When the protoplasmic moner scanned the steeps that it must climb?

[1] *The Morning Road.* By Thomas Wood Stevens and Alden Charles Noble. Chicago: The Blue Sky Press. 1902.

[2] *Beyond the Requiems.* By Louis Alexander Robertson. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. 1902.

"Or the microcosmic atom, ere its fetters left it free?
Or the blind bathybius sleeping at the bottom of the sea?"

There is, of course, no special significance in the fact that these more or less metrical remarks happen to come from a certain point of the compass. Upon the eastern seaboard also, and much farther east than that, the tradition is still fondly cherished that there is some connection between a "virile" genius and that condition of inspired toughness fancifully called "Bohemianism." Some day, let us hope, this "blind bathybius" of a theory will be put to sleep forever.

III.

It is not, of course, so great a step from the pride of the flesh to the pride of the spirit, provided flesh and spirit be both pure and whole. Our neo-paganism, even at its best, is not more sincere or more interesting than the neo-mediævalism of poets like Lady Lindsay and Laurence Housman. Two recent volumes from these hands chance to be singularly alike in theme as well as in spirit.[1] Neither poet can be considered a mere versifying antiquarian. The achievement of such men of genius as Lamb and Landor has long since established the fact that there are survivals in art which cannot be judged as imitations or even as reversions. It is evident that in both of the writers of whom we are speaking the religious mysticism of the Middle Ages is an inheritance, not an affectation. The manner of that less conscious age has been happily caught, also. The fine simplicity of some of Lady Lindsay's carols is paralleled by the fine simplicity of Mr. Housman's play. To many readers it will undoubtedly seem that mediævalism has had enough to say for itself; a few will recognize the studied but not factitious charm of such lyrics as this, none the less pleasing for its suggestion of Blake: —

. . . . .

"Robin on the thorn,
Christ to-day was born.
Thou who, as men tell,
Gavest souls in hell
Drops of water cool
From a limpid pool —

"Burning thy soft breast
Thus to scarlet vest,
Evermore to prove
Thy good gift of love —
Bird of mercy, stay;
Sing thy joyous lay!"

. . . . .

or of such passages in the Nativity Play as this reply by the "Second King" to Gabriel: —

"Too slow my footsteps move
For the goal I seek to prove.
My body is a waste
Through which my soul doth haste,
Famished until it taste
Its nameless new desire!
A flame my spirit owns,
Ashes are all my bones,
Love lights in me such fire!
I thirst! my throat is dried!
I ask; — am still denied!
Cry to be satisfied,
Yet only as Love will.
Now, if He come not first,
Not death, but ease were worst; —
Let me die, thirsting still!"

Not often nowadays, apparently, does a writer of verse venture to put forth his work under a plain title. There is probably some reason for the fact, commercial or psychological, or both; but it is unknown to the present commentator. Very often, indeed, these fanciful labels seem to him to work distinctly to the prejudice of the wares which are offered. Thoughts Adrift and Tangled in Stars[2] are two recent instances of the sort; the former title does

[1] *A Christmas Posy.* By LADY LINDSAY. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1902.

Bethlehem: A Nativity Play. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

[2] *Tangled in Stars.* By ETHELWYN WETHERALD. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 1902.

happen to suggest pretty well the quality of the work, but the latter belongs to a volume of unusually clear, concrete verse. One is relieved not to be forced to dwell upon the nature of stellar entanglement, and pleased to find several real little poems of a graceful though earthly quality, which may be suggested by these lines from A March Night: —

> "Behind the gust and the ragged cloud
> And the sound of loosening floods
> I see young May with her fair head bowed,
> Walking in a world of buds."

If a fanciful title was to be used, nothing could have been better than A World of Buds, or, to take a phrase from the pretty dedicatory lines, Little Leafy Songs.

Mr. Martin has chosen next to the most modest of possible titles for his recent collection.[1] One does not know quite how to apply it, to be sure. Mr. Martin is at his best in verse as well as in prose, when he gives himself freely to the colloquial mood. Consequently it is possible that some of the bits in this volume which he would class as mere verse may contain more poetry, because more Mr. Martin, than some of the soberer numbers. There are one or two experiments in break-neck metre and double rhyming of which he very likely felt uncertain, and of which the result is certainly not poetry. On the other hand some of the occasional verses possess a sanity and geniality and deftness of touch which seem to rank them very nearly with Dr. Holmes's. Of such light verse as Labuntur Anni, too, it must be said that it is light only in touch, not in value.

IV.

For humorous poetry of the best sort there is plenty of room on shelves burdened with the utterances of the solemn Muse. It is a pity that in his recent anthology[2] Mr. Knowles has not restricted himself to the best, or even the next best sort. His collection includes work in all veins which can conceivably be called humorous, and in some which cannot; from the delicate badinage of Dobson, through all degrees of facetiousness and uproariousness to sheer nonsense. One's impression of the heterogeneity of this material is very likely intensified by its absolute lack of arrangement. As nobody, unless for the humor of it, could think of reading such a book consecutively, there appears to be no reason why the poems should not have been printed in some sort of intelligible order.

I have not meant to speak of "sheer nonsense" by way of depreciating that excellent commodity. The poetry of nonsense has also found a collector, and a very good book[3] is the result. The masterpieces of Lear, Lewis Carroll, and W. S. Gilbert are of course included, and to these are added a surprising number of good verses by a surprising number of writers. The only exception that can be taken to the method of the editor is that it has allowed some material to slip in which is too silly to be nonsense, and some which was not intended for nonsense at all. A large collection of unintentional or apparent nonsense verse could be culled without difficulty from sober books. In a recent book of verse, for example, one comes upon this stanza: —

> "A mug of kvass to my love I quaff,
> Nu da, dusha Marya, th' sky is black!
> The big red-beaked epatkas laugh,
> And the arres cackle round Unimak!"

This is, it seems, a serious love-song, with no more dialect in it than the poet

[1] *Poems and Verses.* By Edward Sandford Martin. New York and London: Harper & Bros. 1902.

[2] *A Treasury of Humorous Poetry.* By Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co. 1902.

[3] *A Nonsense Anthology.* By Carolyn Wells. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

feels is good for us. It may be cheerfully admitted that the two other stanzas are less cryptic, but the passage as it stands suggests irresistibly the outgrabing of the mome raths in Jabberwocky. Perhaps one penalty of enjoying deliberate nonsense is to be besieged by unseemly reminders of it ever after. For example, these lines, just come upon, —

"The tide is yearning for the moon,
The streamlet for the sea,
The frozen dawn for sun of noon . . .
And I for thee!"

might have touched with their simplicity, if not their originality, a reader in whose ears a certain blithe measure of Owen Seaman's did not happen to be echoing: —

"The bulbul hummeth like a book
Upon the pooh-pooh tree,
And now and then he takes a look
At you and me,
At me and you.
Kuchi!
Kuchoo!"

In the artful versification of broadly humorous narrative there have been as few masters as in the writing of good nonsense verse. The Ingoldsby Legends, The Bab Ballads, two or three poems by Dr. Holmes, and other single poems "scattering" — not many of them — constitute our classics in this kind. One feels inclined to congratulate Mr. Carryl upon having really added to them.[1] His narratives have the quality of whimsical humor and the property of extreme adroitness in the management of complicated stanza forms which belonged to Barham — and to Browning, at certain moments. Here is part of the description of the mother of him of the beanstalk: —

"She had a yearning chronic
To try each novel tonic,
Elixir, panacea, lotion, opiate, and balm;
And from a homœopathist
Would change to an hydropathist,
And back again, with stupefying calm!"

And here is a stanza from Mr. Carryl's version of Fortunatus: —

"He could wake up at eight in Siam,
Take his tub, if he wanted, in Guam.
Eat breakfast in Kansas,
And lunch in Matanzas,
Go out for a walk in Brazil,
Take tea in Madeira
Dine on the Riviera,
And smoke his cigar in Seville,
Go out to the theatre in Vladivostok,
And retire in New York at eleven o'clock!"

Whether poetry or not, this is a sort of "gracious fooling" beyond the range of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, whose itinerary of humor ended somewhere about "the equinoctial of Queubus," the native place, very likely, of the Jabberwock and the Snark.

V.

Probably no valid distinction between verse and poetry can be made on the score of humor in the pure sense. Poets are often most humorous when they are most serious, and it is particularly hard to be sure where the merit lies when, as often happens in Browning, a serious vein of poetic discourse is accompanied by an obligato of ironical reservations and subtle compunctions. Even when the strains appear to be most clearly distinguished from one another, they may be so implicated as to be really inseparable. This is Mr. Robinson's method in the poem which gives the title to his recent book of verse.[2] There is always the danger of fancying resemblances, even when one has escaped the danger of fancying imitations; but a rough notion of Mr. Robinson's method may be suggested by imagining a person with the mental ingenuity of Browning and the bare diction of Wordsworth.

"I doubt if ten men in all Tilbury Town
Had ever shaken hands with Captain Craig."

[1] *Grimm Tales made Gay.* By Guy Wetmore Carryl. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

[2] *Captain Craig.* By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

So begins his narrative, and such is the quality of very much of his blank verse; plainly jog-trot, often not distinguishable from the baldest prose: —

"We waited there
Till each of us, I fancy, must have made
The paper on the wall begin to squirm,
And then got up to leave."

This baldness is varied mainly by way of extraordinary metrical exploits, and whimsical figures of speech, as in lines like these: —

"As unproductive and as unconvinced
Of the living bread and the soul's eternal drought
As a frog on a Passover-cake in a streamless desert."

But everywhere the difficulty lies deeper than metre; the masters of blank verse have been those who employed it most flexibly; but always under that restraining instinct for rhythm without which poetry can hardly be written, — certainly not poetry in the form of blank verse. This instinct Mr. Robinson entirely lacks. Consequently, while his book seems to me vastly more original and interesting than most of the books of verse with which we have been dealing, I think it contains little or no poetry. One of the shortest pieces of verse is perhaps the best, The Return of Morgan and Fingal. The restraint of the simple ballad measure appears to have had a wholesome effect upon an instinct for expression which elsewhere, though it finds a forcible and often imaginative utterance, is not poetic. There is much power, even genius, in the book, and it is extremely well worth reading on that account; but it is reasonably clear that verse is not the medium of expression through which this power, or genius, can hope to become fully articulate. *H. W. Boynton.*

Jowett's Prose.

In two slender volumes [1] — nowise thick enough unduly to distend the pocket of one's coat — we have a compendium of wisdom gathered from the writings of the late Master of Balliol. Readers of the great Plato in English already know how Jowett in his Introductions made the interpretation of the Platonic Dialogues a vehicle for the expression of his own deepest thought, — a kind of Plato for the times. The result of bringing together in brief compass the more notable and pregnant passages from all the introductions is even surprisingly successful. For all Jowett's delicate intuition and sympathetic following of the more Icarian flights of the academic philosophy, one feels here that his genius was in closer alliance with what we are wont to think the Socratic, than with the Platonic strain in the Dialogues. There is, too, a wealth of the lore of humanity and the knowledge of this world which makes one think irresistibly of Bacon. Sometimes, even, the apposite turn of a sentence is Verulam's own, as when he says, speaking of the materialism of the Spartan ideal: "Tyrtaeus, or Æsop, or our own Newton, would have been exposed at Sparta, and some of the fairest and strongest men and women have been among the wickedest and worst."

Jowett's prose style is always admirable. Sometimes, as has been said, it is terse, Baconian; sometimes it is patched with becoming purple; it is always lively without flippancy, edifying without tediousness, suggestive without vagueness. In the last century perhaps only Newman among English writers came nearer than Jowett to that perfection of style which he himself describes as "variety in unity, freedom, ease, clearness, the power of saying anything, and of striking any note in the scale of human feelings without impropriety." It would be well were these two little books often in the pockets of our young literary aspirants to "manner." It is not possible to imagine any reading more exemplary for them, or a better correc-

[1] *Select Passages from Theological Writings. Select Passages from the Introductions to Plato.* By Benjamin Jowett. Edited by Lewis Campbell: New York: Henry Frowde. 1902.

tive of the current vices of style. A page of Jowett is a touchstone by which the slap-dash impressionism of the "clever" writer, or the painful travail and artificiality of the pseudo-Paterian, can be seen for what it is.

There is much in the wide-ranging comment of these volumes which tempts to quotation, but nothing is more insistent than a certain loving definition of mysticism. In an age when the dilute mysticism of "the new thought" is noisy in the land, yet "practical mystics" are too rarely met, these sentences are memorable: —

"By mysticism we mean, not the extravagance of an erring fancy, but the concentration of reason in feeling, the enthusiastic love of the good, the true, the one, the sense of the infinity of knowledge, and of the marvel of the human faculties. When feeding upon such thoughts the 'wing of the soul' is renewed and gains strength; she is raised above 'the manikins of earth' and their opinions, waiting in wonder to know, and working with reverence to find out what God in this or in another life may reveal to her." *F. G.*

Literature against War.

It is difficult to imagine a more patriotic service than the wide dissemination of the epoch-making arguments for disarmament and for the closer organization of the civilized world. This is what has been undertaken by means of a series of books published at nominal prices for the International Union, under the editorship of Edwin D. Mead. The first issue in the series is a translation of the sixth and concluding volume of Jean de Bloch's exhaustive treatise on The Future of War.[1] This work, published originally in Russian, in six volumes, has thus far been known to the general public through this final volume alone, which is really an abridgment and summary of the entire treatise. No book written to advance the cause of peace has ever had placed to its credit such tangible, practical results. Its irrefutable array of statistics has influenced a class of minds hitherto quite impervious to the humanitarian plea for universal disarmament. It is primarily the moral, rather than the economic argument against war, that is emphasized in Charles Sumner's three addresses:[2] The True Grandeur of Nations (1845), the less famous but perhaps even more cogent War System of the Commonwealth of Nations (1849), and The Duel between France and Germany (1870). But however the emphasis upon different aspects of the great argument be shifted from decade to decade, no one can trace the record of the discussion for half a century — as he may easily do in the volumes now before us — without realizing how completely the development of civilization has justified Sumner's main contention. Even since the Czar's perusal of Bloch's book led to the formation of the Hague Tribunal, history has been making itself rapidly. The jingo spirit that cries for costlier national armaments must needs shout more angrily than before, for the facts and laws of the world's growth are ranged upon the side of international good-will. For a long time yet, no doubt, there will be politicians ready to sneer at the notion that mere books should influence national policy. Yet treatises like those of Sumner and Channing and Jean de Bloch have already demonstrated that they have not only morals but mathematics on their side, and they have forced the present-day champions of increased armaments into the uncomfortable rôle of apologists for an antiquated system. *B. P.*

[1] *The Future of War in its Technical, Economic, and Political Relations.* By Jean de Bloch. Published for the International Union. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1903.

[2] *Addresses on War.* By Charles Sumner. With an Introduction by Edwin D. Mead. Published for the International Union. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1902.

THE SOCIAL UNREST.

THE author of that curious eighteenth-century work, The American Negotiator, says that "it seldom happens that a proper degree of knowledge, experience, abilities, leisure, and inclination coincide or meet in the same person to induce him to set about producing a new thing of a particular kind." This is eminently true if the new thing be a work on labor or other social questions. Nearly all writers on such matters are either blindly partisan or sadly deficient in that personal contact and first hand knowledge of the subject necessary to lend both interest and value to their work. Mr. Brooks states that his work [1] is the outcome of some eighteen years of constant and persistent personal investigation and contact with all sorts and conditions of men, in many lands, and on both sides of every question, supplemented by a careful study of an almost endless mass of important, but sadly neglected, labor papers and trade journals. The author has been able to divest himself to an unusual degree of the personal bias and class prejudice of the class in which he was born and educated, and with which he has his natural associations. Thus being on terms of familiarity and intimacy with the leaders of both capital and labor, Mr. Brooks is able to write from a richness and fullness of experience that are unique. He might well repeat the request made by Montesquieu in the preface to The Spirit of the Laws, that no one judge from a moment's reading a work that cost the author twenty years of his life; and that every one judge the production as a whole, and not condemn or approve it because of certain phrases.

Although it is easy to characterize this work, the wealth of incident, argument, and illustration introduced makes it necessary to read the book many times to appreciate it fully. The main thesis is, that while the introduction of steam and electricity and the application of machinery to industry have made possible such creation of wealth as no previous age ever dreamed of, the production on so large a scale for world markets has led to an intolerable competition among capitalists. This bitterness of competition, years ago, drove the employers, in the more important industries, to enter into trusts and combinations. The concentration of ownership and control and the consequent severing of the bonds of personal knowledge and interest between capitalist and wage-earner have brought about an increased ability and temptation on the part of capital to oppress and crush the individual workman. In the midst of this phenomenal creation and concentration of wealth and growth of colossal individual private fortunes — and largely as a direct result of these changes — we have been moving toward a larger personal, political freedom, an unrestrained and cheap press, and an almost unlimited legal right of voluntary association. This enlarged freedom has caused the non-propertied and wage-earning classes to question profoundly the justice of the present distribution of wealth, and to enforce this questioning by a more effective appeal to the power of public opinion than ever before. The ability of these classes to evoke public opinion in their behalf is greatly increased by the fact that the members of the general public, as consumers, have a wholesome and deep-seated fear of oppression at the hands of the trusts.

Therefore the wage-earner, with more and more sympathy from the public, is demanding such a share of the wealth

[1] *The Social Unrest: Studies in Labor and Socialist Movements.* By JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

produced as will, at least, enable him to maintain his present scale of living and to keep his children in school long enough to give them a fair chance in life. It no longer satisfies the laborer to convince him that both his nominal and real wages have increased in recent years. He is inclined rather to ask if with a greatly increased production and a constantly rising tide of civilization the distance between him and his employer is diminishing or becoming wider. The wage-earner and the consumer used to be satisfied when it could be shown that they were not growing poorer. To-day, they are unitedly demanding not only a large share, but an equitable division of economic goods.

Many competent observers will agree with the author that the present capitalistic organization of society gives the promoter of the trust and the controller of capital in large masses a share of the total national income much larger than their effective contribution to production calls for. In fact, it is beginning to be seriously doubted if the present distribution can be defended on the grounds of either abstract justice or social expediency. But the combinations, in addition to enabling their owners, if unrestrained, to work injustice and to get an unfair share of a rapidly increasing product, also create the great and imminent danger that the whole mass of non-propertied and wage-earning classes may be forced to lower their present standard of living. Both the working classes and the consumers are fast becoming conscious of this impending danger, and, with the increased means of social agitation and political action at their command, are able to voice their fear and resentment at an economic inequality and injustice that are far more galling to them than any former yoke of political bondage or personal unfreedom ever was.

Mr. Brooks, who has no word of abuse for rich men, approves the concentration of wealth, and despises the would-be "trust-killer." At the same time he is keenly alive to the evils and dangers which necessarily accompany the early stages of such a movement toward combination. Yet he continually insists that every argument put forth to justify the organization of trusts — a device primarily for checking competition among capitalists — would hold with greater force in favor of the combination of laborers to check the competition of laborer with laborer, even if there were no trusts. Since, however, capital has, in fact, for years been organized and is constantly strengthening its organization and extending the field of its operations, the organization of labor becomes absolutely necessary. If the laborer is not to be degraded and the consumer exploited, this aggressive power of combined capital must be met and held in check by well-organized and federated labor unions. Such unions must be strong enough to force an entirely new conception of the relation of employer and employed. The progress of civilization and the interest of the laborers alike require that the laborers should have much more to say than ever before about all the conditions of employment. They must be taken into an actual, not a legal partnership. Nothing short of this will reconcile or hold an even balance between the conflicting parties. The employer may still run "his business," but changed conditions have rendered necessary an entirely new conception and definition of what is his business.

The workmen are to-day fully aware of their rights and of the dangers which threaten them. They realize, too, their power of creating public opinion in their favor and even of appealing to the public for financial support. Any successful attempt on the part of the employers to resist the necessary readjustment of the relations with their workmen or to crush the unions will lead inevitably to a very much more rapid extension of state socialism than any nation has yet

ventured upon. The movement will naturally begin, but not end, with these industries in which the consumers fear extortion from existing or prospective monopolies.

Collective bargaining in the form of working agreements between organized employers on the one side and organized workmen on the other is the instrument by which the virtual partnership between the parties is to be established and conducted. This increased influence of the laborer over the conditions of production will necessarily be accompanied by enlarged legal regulation, in the form of factory acts, provisions for fencing and inspecting machinery, prohibition of child labor, limiting working hours, and assuring compensation for such industrial accidents as cannot be prevented. Mr. Brooks believes that this increased legal control and, also, an extension of the field of public ownership are necessary in the interest of both the worker and the consumer, and that the chief question is not whether we shall have more of these, but rather whether we shall move slowly, experimentally, and wisely, or precipitately and recklessly in such matters. The answer to this question, in his view, depends on whether or not capital uses new machinery and improved organization to oppose and destroy the organization of labor. Although our author is no more blind to the evils of the existing labor unions than to those of trusts, he considers the dangers of unionism no greater than those of unchecked capitalism. Furthermore, since capital is already so thoroughly organized and in so militant a mood, he believes that organized labor, with all its regrettable resort to foolish boycotts and reckless sympathetic strikes, and, at times, even to gross physical violence, is still the most hopeful element standing between society and great and appalling evils. Besides, labor unions are learning by a hard experience to overcome the worst evils that have afflicted them in the past, and to rely more and more on legal and peaceful methods.

Mr. Brooks conceives that the best organization of industry is the one that has the greatest educational effect on the citizen, and that Americans have but a faint idea of the educational influence of the European labor unions and socialistic coöperative societies. The knowledge acquired in organizing and managing such enterprises has caused the unions to forsake their former violence and the socialists to give up their Utopias. Both these classes have become in the best sense of the word wise opportunists. These two movements have probably done more than anything else to destroy or at least to mollify the former spirit of uncompromising class hatred, which is infinitely more to be feared than any experiments in socialism entered upon peacefully, in good faith, with the sole, though mistaken, hope of benefiting mankind. It is but a short time since the socialists were demanding absolute equality of possessions and enjoyment of goods, and the unions were avowedly organized for promoting and supporting strikes. At present, the members of labor unions are seeking, by peaceful means and appeals to an aroused and awakened civic conscience, a minimum and progressive standard of living, and a reasonable opportunity in life for themselves and their children; while the socialists, having largely ceased from chasing phantoms, are simply aiming at the moralization and socialization of the means of production in the supposed interests of the community as a whole. Furthermore, both these classes are now willing to work with any group of citizens seeking similar ends by widely different means.

The unions are already in politics, and in to stay, and any successful attempt to thwart them in any of their legitimate industrial demands, or to deny them as complete a right of organization as the capitalists already enjoy, is simply to drive them more surely, swiftly, and

irresistibly into the movement for public ownership. Through voluntary organizations, or by means of state ownership and control, the laborer will maintain his rights and protect his interests. The choice appears to lie between permitting the unions to develop and to federate, or seeing the state driven into socialistic experiments for which we are ill prepared. The only alternative to this seems to be a selfish and greedy plutocracy, small in numbers, resting upon a vast mass of brutalized, ignorant, riotous, industrial serfs held in sullen subjection by a strong military force.

Nevertheless, the perusal of this book does not leave one in a pessimistic frame of mind. The author introduces a great array of cases to prove that the captains of industry are rapidly coming to realize the injustice, inexpediency, and impossibility of crushing the labor unions. In fact, there is every evidence that the great industrial leaders are beginning to appreciate that not only common decency, but also their own interests and the common welfare demand that they shall grant as full rights of organization to the workmen as they claim for themselves; and that with labor thus organized they must work harmoniously.

No one can read this work without getting a clearer and a nobler conception of the possibilities of human society, and of the spirit, if not the method, by which human progress must be achieved.

John H. Gray.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.

One morning in 1873 at a breakfast in London the talk fell upon proverbs, and the question arose what foreign proverb, not of classical origin, was the most familiar and in the most frequent use in English conversation or books. Several were suggested, naturally all of them French; for instance, "Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle," "Chacun à son gout," "Les absents ont toujours tort." The charming saying of la duchesse de la Ferté to Madame de Staël, "Tiens, mon enfant, je ne vois que moi qui aie toujours raison," was mentioned, but was held not to have the character or the currency of a familiar proverb. Finally, it was agreed that of all the French proverbs perhaps the one with which everybody was acquainted, and which an English-speaking man would use with least consciousness of its being of foreign origin, was, "Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte." But a new question was then proposed, whether this was a genuine *old* proverb, in use before the middle of the eighteenth century, or whether it was an invention of the impromptu wit of Madame du Deffand, to whom the phrase had been traced.

In a letter to Horace Walpole she tells the story of her use of the words. He had heard of it by rumor, and wished to know the precise circumstances on her authority. Her reply to his inquiry, dated 6 Juin, 1767, is as follows: "Vous me demandez mon mot de St. Denis; cela est bien plat à raconter, mais vous le voulez.

"M. le Cardinal de Polignac, beau diseur, grand conteur, et d'une excessive crédulité, parloit de St. Denis et disoit que quand il eut la tête coupée, il la prit et la porta entre ses mains, tout le monde sait cela; mais tout le monde ne sait pas qu'ayant été martyrisé sur la montagne de Montmartre, il porta sa tête de Montmartre à St. Denis, ce qui fait l'espace de deux grandes lieues. Ah! lui dis-je, Monseigneur, je croirois que dans une telle situation il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.

"Cela est conté à faire horreur, je ne sais rien faire de commande."

It seems plain from Madame du Deffand's narrative that the *mot* was no borrowed proverbial phrase, but was coined fresh at the instant. It bears the mint mark of her "esprit" which Voltaire declared to be "encore plus beau que ses yeux." The story was old when she told it to Walpole, for the Cardinal de Polignac had then been dead for twenty-five years, and the phrase had already become current. Her words about the Cardinal, "beau diseur, grand conteur," were not unlike those with which Madame de Sévigné describes him in 1690. "C'est un des hommes du monde," she said, "dont l'esprit me paraît le plus agréable; il sait tout; il parle de tout; il a toute le douceur, la vivacité, la complaisance qu'on peut souhaiter dans le commerce." He was learned too, and his great poem the Anti-Lucretius was much praised, more praised, perhaps, than read.

It is he whom Voltaire at the opening of his Temple du Gout salutes as, "Le cardinal, oracle de la France," —

". . . qui règne sur nous
Par les attraits de son douce éloquence,"

and in whose mouth he puts words which form an amusing comment upon Madame du Deffand's charge against him of "excessive credulity." "Ah! me dit-il, l'infaillibilité est à Rome pour les choses qu'on ne comprend pas."

In the talk which followed at breakfast in regard to Madame du Deffand's saying, it was asserted that it was not to be found in Littré's Dictionary; and I, having recently had some relations with M. Littré, was asked to make inquiry of him whether the phrase was known in French literature before Madame du Deffand used it. I accordingly did so, inclosing to him a note in which the fact that the *mot* had been looked for in vain in his Dictionary was stated. In reply I received from him a characteristic and pleasant letter, of which the part relating to this matter was as follows: —

VERSAILLES, 14 *janvier*, 1873.

CHER MONSIEUR, — Je vous demande pardon de n'avoir pas répondu tout de suite à votre lettre; j'ai été empêché par des occupations urgentes. Le proverbe dont il s'agit se trouve dans mon Dictionnaire à la fin du mot *Pas;* il est cité par Condillac, dont je rapporte le passage. Je rectifie en cela la note de M ——. Mais à mon tour je lui dois la source d'où il provient. Au moment je ne sus pas, ou je négligea de rechercher où Condillac avait pris son indication. En tout cas, je crois que le proverbe n'est pas autre chose que le mot de Mme. du Deffand tombé dans le domaine commun; du moins je n'en trouve aucune trace d'ailleurs et auparavant.

The passage from Condillac cited in the Dictionary is from his Art d'écrire, in which he tells the story, and assigns the saying to "une femme d'esprit." This treatise was published in 1755, when Madame du Deffand was well known in the Parisian world as the mistress of its most distinguished salon.

The earliest instance I have met with of this admirable piece of wit having become simply proverbial, and having passed into "the common domain," is in an ironical note of Grimm's, dated October, 1780, on the confinement in the Bastile of the presumptuous Sieur Linguet: "Quelle perte pour le genre humain, quelle perte irréparable, si l'on arrêtait longtemps l'essor de ce génie extraordinaire! Avec un peu moins de géométrie dans la tête qu'on n'en apprend au collége, il venait de s'engager publiquement à démontrer que Newton n'était qu'un visionnaire. Et n'avait-il pas prouvé qu'en législation Montesquieu n'était qu'un imbécile? Il n'y a, dans toutes ces entreprises, comme dans celle de saint Denis de marcher sans tête, que le premier pas qui coûte."

There are certainly not many of our familiar proverbs which can be traced back to their source, and of which the gradual spread can be followed so securely as this, and few of such wide vogue of which the origin is so recent. Its ready adoption by the English-speaking world is perhaps mainly due to the fact that we have no proverb corresponding to it, or that can supply its place; and in part, perhaps, to the fact that a close and idiomatic translation of it is difficult.

The District School.

I FIND myself sighing, now and then, for ways which most of my friends seem to regard as obsolete. In the matter of education, for instance, I have never reconciled myself to the graded school. Its facility in running through the mould fifty or seventy-five boys and girls, all of a smallness, turning them into the next room to be planed and drilled and grooved and otherwise ornamented, and taking in a fresh lot all in a breath, awes and grieves me. I am so behind the times that I believe in the district school. I once heard a learned Commissioner of Education denounce the district school. He spoke feelingly of it as an unworthy institution. He cited its methods of punishment — the boy who sits on nothing by the door, and the one who holds down a nail in the floor till his back is breaking, and the tyranny of the rod. These devices of education are, I believe, set forth in detail in The Hoosier Schoolmaster. But the district schools that I had the good fortune to attend were of so different a character that it would be almost worth the while of even a Commissioner of Education to have the memory of one stretching back into childhood days.

The lessons, as I recall them, were never very important or very onerous. But lessons formed a small part of the education of the district school. It mattered little whether they were learned. There were always stray bits of knowledge to be picked up from the big boys and girls on the back bench. When the teacher sits in front and the class in history at the rear of the room, bits of wisdom are bound to fall, in passing, on small heads between, and lodge in minds supposed to be intent on b-a ba, k-e-r ker, baker, or "I see a cat." Every one remembers that there was nothing especially soul-filling in "baker," or in the perennial vision of the cat. It is little better to-day when we have all varieties of cat, — some wide awake, and some fast asleep, and some playing with their tails. The cat, we can all bear testimony, fails to fill the void. But when one heard a real battle described, and listened, with one little cocked-up ear, to the details of killed and wounded, the imagination took a big leap. This was not "history in one syllable" made easy for beginners. It was life. Never fear that a child will not learn if he has a chance to watch, unobserved, how the world wags. Try to educate him with a worsted ball, swinging it gayly before his eyes — "tick-tack, tick-tack" — he will follow it with shining eyes — but only till the first bit of real life comes trundling by.

The district school, like many other wise institutions, had no theories. But in practice its facilities for learning were unique. There were warm summer days when the hot sun poured in through the unshaded windows, and flies droned on the warm panes, when the whole school moved out of doors under the old apple tree. Lessons were recited from the top of a stone wall. Then there was the semi-diurnal excitement of "passing the water," when every one drank deep, as a matter of principle, and some dipped twice for airs. Then when the pail, by lucky chance, was empty, there was the deputation of two who bore it over to "Old Lady Scott's" to fill it — always with a sense of risk — she might scold. Old Lady Scott had seen generations of children come and go with that pail. She knew all

the ways a bucket could be slammed. It had got on her nerves, I think. We liked to be afraid. It made the way seem longer. Then there were the long spring recesses when some one found the first dandelion, and shoes and stockings were kicked scornfully off, and the teacher stood on the old stone step, the clapper of the bell held securely in her fingers — five, ten, fifteen minutes past the hour, watching us play and loath to ring it. In the graded school, they tell me, it is only now and then that some plebeian boy dares meet the spring halfway, barefoot and shameless. How can a generation be educated that never knows the sudden sense of lightness, the tickling of soft grass on the soles of small feet, and pebbles and gravel and sand crunching under wriggling toes?

The teacher of the district school may not have been a well of wisdom. I am inclined to believe that there were points in long division and decimals that caused her anxiety now and then. But decimals are not all of education. The district school-teacher had pretty curls and sometimes an idea under them. The district school is peculiarly friendly to ideas. An idea may be carried out at a moment's notice, with no fear of superintendent or principal or other high chief dignitary whose business it is to see that the System rolls safely on its way.

The graded school, the idol which we have made of brass and clay, seems sometimes threatening to totter and fall, crushing its worshipers in the débris. Some of us who had long years ago a chance for life in the district school would pray "God speed the day." But we know that we belong to a forgotten generation. The old times will never return. The man or woman who wishes it, we sadly know, must always belong to the past.

Literary Stunts.

THERE are certain feats of reading that may well be termed "literary stunts." A "stunt" is, I take it, a somewhat difficult and senseless performance undertaken through recklessness or bravado, or because some one else has undertaken it, or has not undertaken it. We have all seen children "playing stunts." Some of us, no longer children, keep up the game, enjoying the feats more or less at the time, but, as with the children, the chief delight comes in boasting about them afterwards, — in shrieking, metaphorically: "You ain' done this! I done it! Fraid cat! Scare cat! See me, I done it twice! An' I 'd do it again, if you wan' me to." And there is apt to be the mild answer, "Huh! I could too, only I don' wanto."

I have been a good "stunter" in my day, let me have my boast. I have done these things. Have you? Or could you an you would?

I have read Clarissa Harlowe. Unabbreviated! Twice! I mention this among the "stunts," because, before I began it, I thought it was going to be a difficult performance; most people think so. But it is not; it is a delightful recreation. If you take it leisurely, sensibly, not anticipating, not skipping, not looking ahead, not thinking of the end, you will, if you have appreciation of real things, thoroughly enjoy the reading from the first letter of volume I. to the last of volume VIII., or XII., or however many volumes your edition comes in. I recommend one of the early editions; they are common enough, cheap, pretty to look at, and nice to hold, — and you may find tear blots on the pages.

I have read the second part of Faust, — which, as I have not a German mind, and could not read it in the original, was a dreary task. I have read Paradise Regained, and the second part of The Pilgrim's Progress, — legitimate "stunts," though not so long and difficult as some.

Alas! I have "been through" Thackeray. I have read the Miscellanies, the Contributions to Punch, the Unidentified (a curious title) Contribu-

tions to the same, and, worst of all, I have waded through the maudlin Adventures of Philip. For doing this I should have crimination; it 's an unkind thing to do if one loves Thackeray. These things should be burned along with Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne, the Brownings' letters, and Charles Reade's reform tales; then no one could read them out of a mistaken sense of loyalty to their writers. Most of us have, at some time, had the idea, I suppose, that it shows loyalty to a favorite author to read "everything he ever wrote." It is not loyal, — it is disrespectful; one should not go through all closets, even if the author, or some one else, has been unwise enough to present the keys.

I have read the whole of The Faëry Queene, — truly a delight; not a feat save in the uncommonness of the accomplishment. I have read The Song of Roland and Orlando Furioso.

I have read Isis Unveiled.

I have read the Bible from the first word of Genesis to the last of Revelation, skipping not the ceremonials nor the "begats;" the Apocrypha, the Apocryphal Gospels, and the works of Flavius Josephus.

I have read Endymion through three times, and The Revolt of Islam twice, — these latter on the border land between pleasure and a task.

Among my more modern and less interesting feats (I am speaking only of voluntary feats, as paid reader I have been through unspeakable things) was the reading of sixteen of Mr. Howells's novels inside of two weeks; getting to the end of Miss Wilkins's The Heart's Highway, — undertaken because I am a sincere admirer of Miss Wilkins's work; the continuous reading of a "humorous book," too recent to mention by name; and the finishing of two novels and three volumes of poems by friends.

Of late I have given up "playing stunts;" but there is one I had always set myself, which I am sorry I have not accomplished. Perhaps I shall do it some time, though it looms more appalling as time goes on, — and that is the reading of Wordsworth's The Excursion in its entirety. I doubt if there is a soul living who has accomplished this hopeless task. If there is, he has my admiration, — my "stunts" would seem to pale and wither before this feat despite the fact that the poem is not so very long; and yet to think of reading it — through!

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EMERSON AS A RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE.

Emerson was an original thinker, a writer of dignity and charm, a profoundly poetic nature, and one of the loftiest spirits of his century. As an American man of letters he is of unique and enduring significance. His perception of the living world of men is deep and abiding; his sense of the meaning of literature, its relativity to life, is clear and high; his ideals as a contributor to literature are a precious tradition, and his work remains the best that Americans possess. Emerson is, besides, a witness to the life of the spirit; he is a preacher. He surrendered his parish; he never abandoned his profession. He remained true to the hope expressed in the final sentence of the sermon in which he took leave of the ministry of the Second Church in Boston: "And whilst the recollection of its claims oppresses me with a sense of my unworthiness, yet I am consoled by the hope that no time and no change can deprive me of the satisfaction of pursuing and exercising its highest functions." Greater than Emerson the poet, than Emerson the man of letters, is Emerson the prophet. Emerson's concern is with the problems of the spirit; his writings are essentially religious writings. It is, therefore, a just claim made for him, that his predominant influence has been a religious influence. It is the purpose of this article to consider the extent and degree of this influence in Emerson's own country, where he is, and where he must remain, a chief, and, in some respects, unique distinction. Except in the last third of the article, where an individual estimate is hazarded, the inquiry is an historical inquiry, and the mood in which it is pursued is the "settled respect" that all thinking men have found to be Emerson's due.

In 1879 Emerson — then in his seventy-sixth year, and within three years of his death — delivered an address before the Divinity School in Harvard University. Forty-one years earlier he had enriched this school with the first fruits of his genius; he then gave to it his farewell blessing. He was introduced to the crowded chapel by Dr. Hedge as a man who more than any other belonging to the nineteenth century had influenced the religious life of the world. When one recalls the fact that Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Goethe, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Browning all spoke to the nineteenth century, this claim strikes him as extravagant. To at least one listener Dr. Hedge's compliment seemed excessive, and the manner of it a trifle loud. It provoked in one listener a revolt of judgment and of feeling; but this revolt was quenched as the listener looked at the evident effect of the compliment upon Emerson. He heard it, he endured it with a bland, a benign, a hopelessly unbelieving smile. That smile remains in memory a symbol of the purity, the elevation, and the radiant modesty of Emerson's soul. It undid the effect of gross

praise, and it won for the speaker the sympathy and the veneration of those who came to hear him. Of the lecture on that final occasion little can be said. It was in a tongue that no man could understand. There was a bird in it living enough and beautiful enough to have been a messenger from the gods. There was besides the famous quotation: "Once the church had wooden chalices and golden priests; now the church has golden chalices and wooden priests."

The praise paid to Emerson by Dr. Hedge reappears in an aggravated form in a remark attributed to Dean Stanley, and frequently quoted by that friend of the American people, Edward Everett Hale. Dean Stanley is said to have observed when in this country that while he heard many sermons, he heard but one preacher, and that one was Emerson. This remark, assuming that it is genuine, loses something of its impressiveness when one reflects that probably Dean Stanley heard few sermons other than his own. Still this wild remark of the Dean — whether genuine or apocryphal God knoweth — expresses the mature and deliberate judgment of many good people. It may not, therefore, be altogether without interest to inquire how far this judgment is sound, and what deduction, if any, should be made from it. It is not an idle task to consider, in an objective way, and in the mood of critical homage, the limitations of the religious influence of Emerson both as to extent and as to degree, and to reach, if we can, a just estimate of the power that he has exercised over the higher life of the American people.

I.

There is in man an eager and an affectionate impulse by which more is claimed for the hero than is his due. There are schools of thought in letters, in art, in politics, in philosophy, and in religion, and the disciples in each case are forward to assert for the master not only a preponderating, but an obliterating influence. So speak the lovers of Wordsworth, the disciples of Coleridge or Mill, and the followers of Newman, or Maurice, or Martineau. So spoke in their generation the disciples of Hegel, Kant, and Hume; and in still remoter days the followers of Plato and Aristotle. Indeed, in reading the essays of Jowett one would be led to think that Aristotle was but the systematizer and the pale shadow of Plato. So strong is predilection, so blinding is special affinity and aptitude, so essentially unjust to history is an exclusive hero-worship. In accounting for the ideals and the character of men one must reckon with many influences. Unshared or even unrivaled influence hardly exists. Few are the cases where one person is the intellectual or spiritual product of another. Nature takes care that the law of intellectual and spiritual consanguinity shall be respected. The elect youth in each generation pass under many teachers, and an adequate account of one's indebtedness would lead one to follow the example of Marcus Aurelius, who discovers sixteen human sources of his spiritual possessions, and who does not forget his obligation to the gods. The tree planted by the riverside owes much to special location; and yet the whole universe is the servant of its prosperous and beautiful life.

Emerson's influence was limited by many powerful contemporaries who owed him nothing or next to nothing. Channing does not belong in this connection. While he may fairly rank as one of the greater religious names of the nineteenth century, his work was done about the time that Emerson began seriously to engage public attention. Channing died in 1842, five years after Emerson's oration on The American Scholar, and four years after the still more famous Address before the Divinity School. The two men belong to different generations. They stand to

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each other not as competitors in the field of contemporary influence, but as predecessor and successor. More and more Channing's great influence for good is recognized among all enlightened persons. His doctrine of man has been taken up into the thought of our time as a permanent possession of faith; his sense of the place of reason in religion puts him in sympathetic touch with the leading minds in all communions to-day; his plea for liberty has been the keynote to a chorus of thinkers of many shades of belief; and his profound religiousness has done much to create those high moods of the spirit without which theology is barren and philosophy vain.

Theodore Parker was seven years younger than Emerson. The two men had much in common, yet neither learned anything essential to his thought from the other. Parker was a rough man, a spiritual Ishmaelite, whose hand was against every man save the oppressed. His was a deeply religious nature, and he had an immense following among the wilder spirits. In many ways his influence was wider, and immediately more effectual than that of Emerson. His understanding, his appreciation of evidence, his power in giving an account of his belief, and in calling to account the belief of those who differed from him, made him a vastly more formidable opponent than Emerson. Parker could not by any perversity be treated, as Emerson often was, as a moonshiner and an intellectual freak. The orthodox host trembled as Parker strode out against it, much as Israel did when Goliath issued his dread challenge; and there was no David to slay this terrible Philistine. Parker is far inferior to Emerson in elevation of spirit and in enduring power; in wild courage, in reforming passion, and in contemporary influence he ranks above Emerson.

James Walker, teacher of philosophy in Harvard College from 1838 to 1853, and president from 1853 to 1860, was totally unlike Emerson in his intellectual and moral character. Men of such immense influence as President Eliot, James C. Carter of New York, and the late Justice Gray have confessed greater obligations to James Walker than to any other teacher of their youth. Walker was a teacher and preacher of great impressiveness, and he sent into the life of the country, and into the service of the church, hundreds of men who owed more to him than to any other influence. Here is a second and a very considerable limitation upon the religious influence of Emerson. Not a fibre in the intellectual being of Walker was changed by Emerson, or a single belief modified, or an impulse essentially increased.

Another powerful contemporary of Emerson was Edwards A. Park of Andover, one of the keenest minds, one of the greatest teachers, and an imperial personality. History is easily forgotten, and Park's unfortunate attitude, in his later life, toward the advancing thought of the time has clouded, and almost canceled, the sense of the vast influence that once was his. It should be borne in mind that he made more preachers than any other New England teacher of any period of our history, that upon more than a thousand leaders of the people he put the stamp of his mind, that the great majority of his pupils were simply fire-proof against Emerson, and that to all save a few noble rebels among them Emerson was but an incidental influence. Edwards A. Park was born to power over young men. He controlled men, much as Webster did, by his personal presence. He was a logician, a wit, a humorist, a remarkably accomplished and powerful man. No person in any walk of life ever met Park without feeling his distinction. While all that will survive of him is the mere tradition of power, even that tradition is significant.

There was Horace Bushnell, to whom is due, more than to any other man, the credit of putting a new spirit into New

England Congregationalism. Bushnell was a religious genius, of a type that gave him access to the New England mind. In him there was no serious break with the past. He was indeed a rescuer of faith from the hands of formalists, a rescuer of Christianity. But he was first, last, and all the time a Christian, and a believer in the sovereign character of Christianity. This intellectual position, together with his genius, gave him his influence; and this combination in him of rest in the supremacy of the teaching of Jesus, and of deep, fruitful, and reforming insight, makes him, within the pale of the organized religious life of America, a greater influence than Emerson.

Passing beyond New England, there were the Hodges at Princeton. They are now wholly in the past tense, and yet they were once alive. The influence of Princeton theology may not seem to be a religious influence. Still it was so regarded by multitudes of good Americans, and as a controlling force, contemporary with Emerson, upon the higher life of the country, it should not be ignored. The influence of the Princeton Calvinism has been an enormous influence, and the multitudes to whom it ministered were as impervious to Emerson's message as the Turk is to the gospel of Christ. Confucianism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and Judaism share with Christianity the religious control of mankind, and while the Christian must claim for his faith the highest, if not the widest influence, in the nature of the case the claim remains a disputed claim. Powerful contemporaries share with Emerson the control of the higher life of the American people. We can only prophesy whose influence is finally to be the greatest. Meanwhile justice to Emerson's contemporaries may prepare the way for justice to him.

By far the greatest influence in creating the present mood of the religious leaders of the nation is yet to be named. The influence of the greater universities of the country has been a preëminent influence, and Harvard University has been the unquestionable and powerful leader. Yale, Columbia, Michigan, Princeton, and other universities and colleges have followed. As the men who shared with Emerson the power that shaped the nobler spirit of the time passed off the stage, or fell behind in the march of progress, leaving him in his own unique place, there rose another, and a mightier competitor. To take a conspicuous example, the new Harvard College was lifted by its presiding genius Charles W. Eliot, during the last decade of Emerson's life, into a comprehensive and vital expression of the higher mind and spirit of mankind. This new expression became a new discipline to American youth of the highest moment. It is strange that in accounting for the religious mood of the time this tremendous influence should lie unnoticed. It is strange that men should see in the free spirit of the typical religious teacher of to-day only an illustration of the power of Emerson. Such reasoning is simply childish in its waywardness. There are hundreds of preachers of religion to-day, men full of the creative impulse, who owe the expansion of their faith and their free spirit almost wholly to the influence of their teachers in college. In college the substance of their faith, received from pious parents, was purified, enlarged, enriched, filled with the content made possible by first hand and vital contact with the monumental minds of the race. Here we come upon the permanent creators of mind and faith, the true human home, and the really great college. The teachers who are seldom known beyond the academic circles in which they work exercise over the elect youth of the land an immeasurable influence. They lead their prophetic pupils into communion with the controlling minds in history; they make them familiar with the thinkers whose opin-

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ions are the watershed of belief and of unbelief, of optimism and of pessimism, of human heroism and of human surrender to the ills of existence. The man who more than all others changed the attitude of Scotland toward the Bible was A. B. Davidson, a quiet scholar in the Free Church College, Edinburgh, a man hardly known outside of academic circles: so potent and prevailing is the influence of the teacher of elect youth. The university is a great community of teachers of this sort, and with this unequaled opportunity. The function of the university in the higher life of the nation has not yet taken hold of the educated citizen. The new generation of scholars, thinkers, preachers, servants of religion all, in so far as they cherish lofty ideals, is a product of the university as the expression of the best that man has thought and done, as the mediator of the best that man is thinking and doing. The writer passed through Emerson's college, and heard his name mentioned in the classroom only three times; once in connection with a questionable essay on Plato, a second time as a unique figure in American letters, a third time as a seer, and not as a philosopher. So wide is the reach, so cosmopolitan is the spirit, so immeasurable are the resources, and so countless are the examples of the great university. Men forget that the whole higher history of the race is operating upon the present mood of elect youth through the instrumentality of the living university. Men forget that the reign of the sovereign minds of mankind is thus purified, sustained, extended. Men forget that the true university is an implement in the great hand of humanity. The great world competes with Emerson through the colleges of the land; it competes with him in a signal and leading manner through his own university, in the making of men, in the creation and enrichment of the religious spirit. Emerson would be the first to confess that the great world thus mediated leaves the solitary seer far behind.

II.

There is a doctrinal uncertainty about Emerson's writing that makes his teaching unsatisfactory to all but a significant minority among the religious people of his time. To be sure, critics of a generation ago took altogether too seriously Emerson the philosopher; they misapprehended a nature profoundly poetic, forever bent on symbolic expression, and careless of consistency. A literalist Emerson could not be, scientifically exact he could not be for any length of time; he was constantly and excessively picturesque. Much, therefore, of the objection to Emerson's metaphysics is entirely wide of the mark. But even when considered as an imaginative writer, religious persons are never sure whether Emerson is theist or pantheist, whether religion means for him anything more than an attitude of delight in the universe and a sense of its sustaining power, while it considers men of service to its own inscrutable ends. The question is not whether this is a true conception of religion, or whether it is a true interpretation of Emerson, or whether this way of thinking and feeling should be acceptable. The question is one of fact, and it is quite certain that to those living within organized Christianity such doctrinal vagueness could not be satisfactory. Men like Schleiermacher and Goethe may see in Spinoza a God-intoxicated man, and they may rejoice in the high spirit that declares, "He who truly loves God will not ask that God shall love him in return;" but for the great mass of mankind the Deity of Spinoza has no attractions, and the Deity of Emerson is too vague, too uncertain. The greatest fact in human existence and in human history is the fact of personality, and the deepest craving of the spirit of man is for an Infinite Being capable of communion with man, of

understanding his life, of quickening his aspirations, of realizing his ideals. Emerson's Deity is vague and uncertain in personality, and does not bow the heavens to console and comfort man.

The attitude of Emerson toward the Founder of Christianity was for two generations of religious Americans an insuperable barrier against extensive influence. Again the question is not whether this attitude was right or wrong; it is enough that it deeply offended the vast majority of the religious people of this country. It is not forgotten that Emerson said some deep and precious things about Jesus; here is one: "Europe has always owed to Oriental genius its divine impulse; what these holy bards said or sang, men found agreeable and true. And the unique impression of Jesus upon mankind (whose name is not so much written as ploughed into the history of this world) is proof of the settled virtue of this infusion." This might pass for the hazy Christology of a representative of progressive orthodoxy, but elsewhere Emerson makes an interpretation of this kind impossible by remarking: "No historical person begins to content us; there are no such men as we fable, no Jesus, nor Pericles, nor Cæsar, nor Angelo, nor Washington such as we have made. We consecrate a great deal of nonsense because it is allowed by great men; there is none without his foible." In another mood we have from Emerson this genuine appreciation of Christ: "Jesus Christ belonged to the true race of prophets; he saw with open eye the mystery of the soul. Drawn by its severe harmony, ravished with its beauty, he lived with it and had his being there. Alone in all history he estimated the greatness of man. One man was true to what is in you and me. He saw that God incarnates Himself in man, and evermore goes forth anew to take possession of His world." Yet it is only in "a jubilee of sublime emotion" that Jesus can say, "I am divine. Through me God acts; through me speaks." "Churches are not built upon his principles, but upon his tropes." Again there is permanent wisdom in Emerson's disregard of the fear of degrading the character of Jesus by representing him as a man; but the meaning of the perfect humanity of Jesus Emerson does not consider. Here is another appreciation of Jesus: "Jesus always speaks from within, and in a degree that transcends all others." To this it may be replied that the question is not whether one speaks from within or from without, but whether what he says is true. To speak from within in a sovereign way is, however, Emerson's highest praise, and yet he offsets this praise of Jesus by a peculiarly unfortunate sentence: "This one fact the world hates; that the soul becomes; for that forever . . . shoves Jesus and Judas equally aside."

Emerson puts Jesus on a level with other great servants of the spirit; he sees limitations in his service, he looks for the coming of another and a greater teacher. "The Hebrew and Greek Scriptures contain immortal sentences that have been bread of life to millions, but they have no epical integrity; are fragmentary; are not shown in their order to the intellect. I look for the new Teacher that shall follow so far those shining laws that he shall see them come full circle; shall see their rounding, complete grace; shall see the world to be the mirror of the soul; shall see the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and shall show that the Ought, that Duty, is one thing with science, with beauty, and with joy." Such being Emerson's attitude toward the Master of Christendom, it is impossible that his influence should be wide or deep, at least within the pale of organized Christianity. Emerson is foreordained to this limitation of influence by his attitude to one who stands in the thought of his disciples supreme among the sons of men, tran-

scendent in the sublimity and beauty of his soul, and incomparable in the character of his service to mankind.

Among men who are quite ready for the sake of the spiritual force of his message to overlook this attitude of Emerson toward Jesus there is another embarrassment. There is in Emerson wonderful occasional insight into the heart of Christianity, but on the whole it is a subject upon which he bestows little thought. He is not overwhelmed with the sense of the greatness of the gospel. He is impressed by it in so far as it falls in with his own thoughts; it does not occupy the central place in his consciousness of human history; it does not stand sovereign in his veneration. All this happens because Emerson worked from within, because he knew the greater things of history only as they accorded with his own mission. Christianity is for Emerson the sense of the infinitude of man; there is little evidence that he saw in it the consciousness of the humanity of God. The "holy thoughts" of Jesus are the whole gospel; the significance of these holy thoughts as an interpretation of the Infinite Mind is not regarded. Apostolic, patristic, mediæval, and modern Christianity Emerson looked upon as distortions of the religion of Jesus. Historical Christianity is a mythus. The sense of a monumental record in the Old Testament and in the New Testament, of a monumental religious experience, enshrining a monumental disclosure of the will of God toward men, does not exist in Emerson. Here as elsewhere he is an excessive individualist. Great and vagrant insights take the place of a varied, progressive, objective discovery of God, and of God's world in the highest wisdom of the race. Personal and occasional inspirations obscure Emerson's sense of the unique men of the world and their unique mission.

The grave charge is to be brought against both Carlyle and Emerson that while they were the product of Christian civilization, and drew the substance of their message from the religious faith of their people, there is no evidence that either ever seriously studied Christianity. The greatest phenomenon in human history engages but lightly the attention or the enthusiasm of either; nor does either fathom the need of the humanity that has risen on the strength of the gospel of Christ. It was the dim perception of this fact that led Lord Jeffrey to remark of Carlyle, that he went about as if he were to found a new religion. No one had done anything great for man's soul until he came. One can hardly read the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson without the feeling of their excessive consequentialness in the presence of the immense historic achievement of spiritual genius; in the presence of the spirit, the teaching, and the influence of Jesus. Both were essentially modest men, and yet they lived in the sense of a uniqueness and an importance which they do not possess. They are both frequently oracular when uttering with literary distinction only the commonplace moral wisdom of the Christian world. It is a valid criticism upon Carlyle and Emerson that they failed to recognize the rock whence they were hewn, and that they did not exhaust the quarry; that they were oblivious of the pit whence they were digged, and that the precious metal remained, after they were taken out, in boundless abundance.

This failure in Carlyle and Emerson to appreciate the significance of Christianity is doubtless the expression of a tendency in the Calvinism which they both inherited. The fate of the world is fixed in eternity, and the historical disclosure in time is but a comparatively unimportant detail. For Calvinism Christianity dissolves in the Deity to whom it points. This is true, but it is unavailing as excuse for men of extraordinary genius like Carlyle and Emerson. And this oversight is even more

remarkable when one reflects that both these men were created and equipped out of a Christian civilization; that both drew their essential message from a nature saturated with Christianity, and that the Sermon on the Mount contains the entire ethical teaching of both and infinitely more.

That side of Christianity which deals with mankind sunk in immeasurable moral failure and woe finds no recognition in Emerson. Let one go from Emerson to Dante and one will see what is meant. There is in Emerson no Inferno, hardly even a Purgatorio; and for that reason his Paradiso is a good deal in the clouds. Dante's greatness is that there is in him a reflection of the total spiritual life of man, — all its abysses, and all its heights, and all its ways of descent and ascent. Compared with the optimism of Browning that of Emerson is ineffectual; it is the creation of a high spirit out of its own serenity and good fortune, and in isolation from the tragedy of the world. The optimism of Browning is a discovery that light is stronger than darkness, an insight into the constitution of man as foreordained to righteousness by the purpose and discipline of the universe.

III.

The proper limitation of Emerson's field of influence does not mean that the field is not large and that the influence is not of a high order. Emerson has been potent over three classes of men. The first is composed of men of genius, like Lowell, a small class indeed, but one great in power. The second class consists of the large body of persons who stand outside of institutional religion, who are eager followers of the modern seers, whose beliefs are formed out of contemporary opinion, and who look upon all ancient thought and faith with grave suspicion, if not with distinct distrust and aversion. To this order belonged the acute and amazingly interesting graduate of Yale College, and a Wall Street broker, who remarked to the writer that Edmund Burke and Daniel Webster were outgrown, and that their writings were not worth reading. This type of person is wholly contemporary. He adores the man who advocates revolt from the past. He will join no man in building the sepulchres of the fathers; he will follow as master any one who appears with a new programme. Over this large and interesting order of persons Emerson has had an immense influence. Indeed, they have owed to him whatever of salvation they have been able to attain. The third class is made up of men of catholic temper, who learn from the wise and good of every denomination, who take all human leaders with generosity and reserve, and who are not seriously disturbed by false doctrines, heresy, and schism in those who bring them substantial aid. Still another class should, perhaps, be designated, into which are gathered the popular imaginative or poetic minds, who do not care for definite doctrine, or who feel that definite doctrine is unattainable, who with a minimum of religious belief seek a maximum of spiritual strength, and a personal attitude toward existence brave, beneficent, serene, joyous, and fed from the sense of a mysterious but sustaining universe. For this body of our people Emerson has been an influential leader.

Emerson's confession of the divine soul of the universe, omnipotent, self-revealing, open to the heart of man, is a religious idea never long absent from him, and uttered by him on many occasions, in many forms, and always with the insight of a seer and the rapt speech of the lover and worshiper. He walks in a spiritual universe. Nature is a transparent veil; human society and human history are a translucent order. The Over-Soul, the divine beauty of the universe, is all and in all, and in the presence of this eternal mystery of love-

liness men wake and sleep, work and play, live and die, and carry forward all human interests and industries. This pervading soul of the universe hallows the world, hallows humanity, fills nature with beauty, fills society with radiant meaning, and overwhelms all finite forms, natural and human, with infinite life, light, significance, beauty, and joy.

In Emerson the sense of the human soul is equally strong. "Son of man, stand upon thy feet and I will speak to thee!" might serve as a text for at least half of Emerson's work. Man is called upon to speak face to face with God, to allow the Divine soul to awaken the dormant faculties within him, to educate his whole being in science, in duty, and in worship. The Emersonian doctrine of man is as hard to define as the Emersonian doctrine of God, but if we say that God is the Soul of the universe and that man is the soul that answers to it, that is capable of entertaining its appeals, of climbing up into truth and goodness and beauty by its inspiration, we shall not be far astray. These two visions — the vision of the Soul of the universe penetrating all, making all opaque things luminous with its presence, and the vision of man's spirit in fellowship with the absolute Spirit, and living and growing in this total order ablaze with divinity — are surely religious, and they constitute part of the fascination which Emerson has wielded over the religious mind of many people.

Another and a yet more fundamental influence Emerson has exerted through his call to look at all reality immediately, at first hand. "The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe?" Again, he says, "Yourself a newborn bard of the Holy Ghost, cast behind you all conformity, and acquaint men at first hand with Deity." This is the great note in the first volume of his collected writings. He is pleading for the immediate vision of a divine universe; he is the inaugurator of an era of the first-hand and original treatment of all human interests. Emerson's wholesomest influence is against the prevailing and blinding power of mere tradition. "Instead of that reliance which the soul suggests on the eternity of truth and duty," men are forever inclined to lean upon institutions which are to the spirit as the imperfect effect to the transcendent cause. Nothing is finer in Emerson than this war against second-hand politics, art, philosophy, and religion. It was here that he revolted from the custom of his age. According to the traditionalist the world was to be seen as other men had seen it; for vision there was substituted the record of vision, and this deadly custom had almost quenched the spirit in the Christian Church. Nowhere is Emerson's work more beneficent than here. It is, to be sure, one-sided. History should be not the substitute for immediate vision, but the purification and enrichment of it. This we have learned since Emerson's time. The eye of the immediate observer is conducted to reality by the vast help of history, as the eye of the astronomer is conducted to the heavenly body by the power of the telescope. This we now know. But one-sidedness is next to inevitable when a protest is to be made availing against a deadening custom, and to Emerson is due immortal thanks for his great cry in behalf of a first-hand relation to all reality, and in the name of that fruitful relation, for his hope of a new order of human society, and a higher type of letters, and of arts, and of all forms of the ideal that shall issue from a nation given to reality in the awe and joy of immediate vision. At the head of American letters Emerson must stand; his voice first called his countrymen to original work, and his Essays are still the highest fruits of this American vocation.

Among the greater religious forces of the nineteenth century Emerson must stand, not because he influenced the largest numbers, but because he gave forth one wholesome and governing idea. That governing idea, issuing its call to come face to face with all reality, has not been unavailing. Men whose religious idiom is far away from that of Emerson have heard the call, first from other and more potent thinkers, but afterwards strengthened by his clear utterance; and they have answered it. They are struggling forward into immediate relations with humanity; they are trying to see man and all his interests, the order of the world and God, face to face; they believe that only in this immediate vision of truth can the life of men be preserved.

The best thing that Emerson has left us is his spirit, fine and high, stern and sweet. He took life in a royal way, and bore himself toward the eternal mysteries with serene courage and dauntless hope. His Essays, which are his most characteristic work, have their chief value not as revelations of the moral order of life, not as discoveries of the final meaning of things, but as disclosures of his own spirit. There is in these Essays an immense mass of truth, uttered in picturesque and memorable words; there is in them also an immense mass that is not true. The Emersonian hit and miss are upon every page, and side by side with a golden and perfect sentence one finds sonorous eccentricity. The origin of this strange compound of oracle and imposition in Emerson lies in the confessional character of his writing. He speaks from within, and his generalizations hit or miss according as his personal experience embodies a law of humanity or a mere idiosyncrasy. That Emerson speaks so often and so royally for man is his great distinction; that he speaks so frequently for the idiosyncratic, the isolated, and the vain, is his chief fault. We have a right to hold him at his best, and through the richness and majesty of the confession we are brought face to face with the confessor. There is often a provoking quality in Emerson's writing; often a real, although a wholly unintended, injustice to those who differ from him; but in that clear, strong, and beautiful face there is nothing but honor and benignity. Professor James has defined with characteristic felicity the moral habit and the religious mood: "For morality life is a war, and the service of the highest is a sort of cosmic patriotism which also calls for volunteers." Religion is a state of mind "in which the will to assert ourselves and hold our own has been displaced by a willingness to close our mouth and be as nothing in the floods and waterspouts of God." Both these moods are in Emerson. He is the cosmic patriot calling for volunteers, and he is willing to be as nothing in the floods and waterspouts of God. No more valiant cosmic patriot ever bore arms, and his religious mood, strange as it sometimes seems, is deep, sincere, and instinct with high contagion.

Emerson will always wear a halo in the American imagination, because all unconsciously to himself he wore a halo in life. His spirit is a possession forever; many who cannot find in him a sound or a consistent teacher venerate his strength and sincerity. For this large class he still issues his oracles, and he now issues them as inspirations and consolations and with all confusions withdrawn. He sits upon a lofty eminence, and to look toward him is to share in the infinite peace. When he died, the fittest word spoken of him was uttered by his friend and fellow townsman Judge Hoar, — a word from the venerable and venerated Hebrew Scriptures: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon her high places."

On the whole, and in conclusion, it may be said that Emerson's influence is like that of a mountain upon the local climate, — the clouds that gather

upon it, the storms that rage round it, which find it immovable, mean the refreshment and renewal of the beautiful world in which it stands; and when it lifts its untroubled head toward heaven it is an object of wonder and love, and sheds into the air that men breathe at work and at play the invigorating tonic of its own exalted being. Such was Emerson, — a man of towering moral stature, he kept a majestic silence while the elemental sorrows that come to all swept round his stable manhood, one whose meetings with the upper world and its awful powers carried beauty and peace to the wide fields of human society, and whose lofty spirit put into the common religious atmosphere of the time a tonic and an inspiration of priceless worth and of enduring delight.

George A. Gordon.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE TRAINED NURSE.

At the beginning of the Middle Ages sickness and suffering were in vogue, along with hair shirts, beds of broken stones, fasting, and flagellations, as among the recognized means of attaining eternal salvation. Visions of heaven kept the saints to their work till the right of sick people to be cared for was incidentally established. Such beautiful examples as St. Elizabeth of Hungary, unshrinking and tender, confirmed the value of holy deeds in place of holy meditations; then the Crusades, filling Europe with poverty-stricken widows and orphans, gave rise to the Order of Beguines, lay sisters bound by no permanent vows, but simply pledged for the time being to serve the ailing and needy. This order was quickly rivaled by the semi-monastic Franciscans and Dominicans, till the rendering of bodily as well as spiritual aid had become an acknowledged function of the church, the gain to the nurse's soul being always coördinate with the amount of unpleasantness endured. Not satisfied with bathing his lepers, St. Francis sat with them at meat, eating out of their dishes; St. Hedwig washed the feet of those smitten with scurvy. Instinctively these great reformers felt the necessity of breaking down all reservations, all repulsions, in caring for anything so essentially odious as a diseased human body, and heaven as a perfectly sure reward would induce people to undergo the most indescribable disgusts. However different its expression, the wisdom of the world never materially changes, and our hospitals today feel compelled to put their pupils through a severe breaking in, to insure unquestioning acceptance of any horror with which the profession may legitimately confront them; but since nowadays it is not granted to every one to be happily certain of Paradise, some tangible earthly advantage may well be guaranteed the woman who undertakes a calling so taxing to mind and body.

In early times, English hospitals, like those of the Continent, were in the hands of religious orders, until the influence of the Reformation made them over to the mercies of convalescent patients or degraded nurses recruited from a class of women not good enough for ordinary domestic service. In 1546 St. Bartholomew's, previously a royal foundation, was given in charge by Henry VIII. to the Aldermen, Mayor, and Commonalty of the City of London, the new governing body binding themselves to establish upon the staff in three months "a matron and twelve women under her." From that time on, nursing in England was at a low ebb; ardu-

ous and ill paid, neither religious nor professional, it only attracted people who were quite unfit for any other occupation, often drunken and brutal, almost invariably inefficient. Particularly feeble paupers were considerately made night nurses, because the pittance so earned would enable them to buy better food than the ordinary workhouse fare.

Hospitals of course were only used by the poorest people; for the ailing rich there was absolutely no provision, and illness of mind or body was attended by the most insufferable discomfort. In 1662 poor hysterical Mary Verney's doctor made the impressive diagnosis that "Zeletropia is gott into her perecranium," and she soon became a full-fledged maniac, under the ministrations of a devoted but highly incompetent husband doing a bewildered man's best, two "mayds" of more than doubtful humanity, and a family of relations-in-law naturally and heartily tired of having about the house an invalid whose "yumer" yielded neither to "Ephsome Waters," bleeding, nor vigorous remonstrance. With so low a standard of general comfort it was inevitable that the dregs of the community should have to put up with unendurable neglect and ill treatment.

In France, St. Vincent de Paul's hospital of St. Lazarre and the Hôtel Dieu in Paris, both of which were still in the hands of the church, gave a more humane care to the sick than was to be found at the same time in England; but purely religious nursing which derived its impulse from a spiritual craving was peculiarly subject to limitations, and having reached a certain plane of excellence, showed a tendency to remain stationary, not however till the inherent claim of human suffering had been established for all time.

The forward movement was everywhere so gradual that in 1770, when John Howard began to investigate hospitals as an incidental feature of his work in prisons, he found almost no provision for sick criminals; where such existed it was frankly inadequate, as in the Castle at York, where one small room served as infirmary, so that "when persons of one sex happened to be in this, those of the other were excluded." On the Continent, except for characteristic cleanliness in Flanders, conditions showed little progress. Even in the famous hospice of St. Jean de Jérusalem at Malta, with its sumptuous table service of silver, Howard tells that patients were tended "by the most ragged, dirty, unfeeling, and inhuman wretches I ever saw. I once found nine or ten of them highly entertained by a delirious and dying person." These attendants were chosen from among debtors and criminals, and as there were only twenty-two of them for five hundred patients (against forty for twenty-six horses and twenty-six mules), they could hardly have been expected to take their employment very seriously.

The quickened sympathy of which the French Revolution was either the cause or the effect suggested still greater obligations to the miserable, while the Napoleonic wars, filling the hospitals of Europe with ill cared for, mutilated young men, not despised paupers, but the flower of the community, effectively aroused the public conscience. Experiments were made in various directions. In 1819 the French Bureau of Administration conceived the happy idea of bringing up all soldiers' orphans to be nurses. The training was of the most rudimentary; and as wages, even so late as 1835, ranged from eight to twelve francs a month, it is not surprising that this attempt was unsuccessful.

In 1825 organized training was discussed by a number of English publications (Blackwood's, the Quarterly, the London Medical Gazette, and Southey's Colloquies), and in 1829 Southey himself was interested in a plan "for educating a better class of persons as nurses for the poor. Mr. Hornby and Adam

Hodgson of Liverpool hired a house, engaged a matron, received a number of inmates, and sent out some few as nurses, but" — the paradoxical humor of this sounds like a bit of Mr. Bernard Shaw's delicious Socialism for Millionaires — these women "proved so valuable that the upper classes wanted to employ them as monthly nurses, an entire perversion of the whole scheme, which led to its speedy abandonment." Rather hard this on the unhappy rich, whose calamities at the hands of ignorant midwives differed in degree only, not in kind, from those of the poor in our city slums to-day. Little indeed could be hoped from nurses when so late as 1852 the professor of medicine in a leading American college wrote over his own name concerning the symptoms of puerperal fever: "I prefer attributing them to accident or Providence, of which I can form some conception, rather than to a contagion of which I cannot form any clear idea." This, of course, was not the prevailing idea, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's spirited crusade against dirty obstetrics only focused the observations of his predecessors.

The universal dissatisfaction of which Southey's attempt was an expression led in Germany to the foundation of Pastor Fliedner's far-reaching and admirable "Kaiserwerth System," roughly speaking, an order of nursing Protestant Deaconesses, which at once became the inspiration of many similar orders in England.

Then with the Crimean war came the crystallizing of a need and its remedy by Florence Nightingale's triumphant reform of field hospitals, which up to her time had improved but little since they were first established by Queen Isabella at the siege of Granada. Responding to the influence of one quiet Englishwoman, hospitals both civil and military became abodes of peace and comfort, where decency and humanity reigned in place of horror. Then by degrees the poor were seen to have advantages of which the rich would gladly avail themselves. Greatly doubting if a hireling's exact knowledge could ever be the equivalent of mother's love or filial devotion, private families tried the trained nurse, cautiously, apologetically, then with enthusiasm as a relief from actual labor and unbearable responsibility, as a godsend at that trying moment when the doctor goes on to his next case, leaving hapless amateurs to meet emergencies unaided. Whatever variations in detail may have followed, whatever modifications have been introduced, the genius of Florence Nightingale, in 1853, said the last possible word on all essentials of nursing. Her inspired wisdom and untarnished nobility of purpose set forever the ideal standard both practical and ethical. Her opinion has been asked in organizing the most modern hospitals in America as well as in England; her Notes on Nursing still rank higher than the very newest nursing literature. Care of the sick at once became a profession for normally intelligent women with their livings to make, and soon the demand for such women at least equaled the supply. St. Elizabeth had become an article of commerce, a luxury the market afforded every able purse.

In the United States, prior to 1873, trained nurses had no existence. It is true that there are Revolutionary records of women in military hospitals; the Allison Papers give a list of nurses drawing pay, and one "Phillis Acheson, nurse," is mentioned among the wounded after a battle, probably Paoli, but these helpers were evidently of a low order, judging by their earnings. In the Journal of Congress for October 9, 1776, there is a resolution "that the wages of nurses be augmented to a dollar a week." On April 7, 1777, provision was made for a matron with nurses under her, one for every ten sick or wounded, at a remuneration of twenty-four ninetieths of a dollar and one ration daily, which was not pampering the

nurse, as stablers received one dollar a day beside the ration.

During the civil war nursing was left to Sisters of Charity, convalescent patients, and untrained women, with a sprinkling of poets and philosophers; how little importance was attached to this branch of hospital service is shown by the scant allusions to it in official reports. The Surgical and Medical History of the War of the Rebellion states that "a good deal of trouble was sometimes experienced in getting satisfactory ward attendants. . . . Hired civilians were undesirable, as they often left at a moment's notice. . . . Female nurses, often Sisters of Charity, sometimes volunteers, rendered their best service in connection with extra diets and the linen room and laundry." In many reports of the Sanitary Commission, absolutely no mention is made of nurses; one committee casually observes that they were "inexperienced," and speaks of "women and soldiers romping in a ward." Ten years later the Council of Geneva brought relief to soldiers in the field the world over by establishing the Red Cross Society. Trained nurses were for the first time officially engaged by the United States government during the Spanish war, and the steps since taken to put army nursing on a better footing will be invaluable in the future, but cannot be given space here.

Of course sick people were always tended after a fashion, but the real movement in this country began when the Bellevue Hospital opened a training school, in May, 1873. What such a hospital was then like may be judged by the fact that when a number of New York women met to see what could be done about the Bellevue, they were solemnly warned against engaging a high grade superintendent, because "a pauper hospital was no place for a refined, intelligent woman." Such a person, however, was found, the first of that series of admirable Englishwomen, under whose teachings American hospitals have been fitted to train head nurses of their own. In the autumn of 1873 the Massachusetts General Hospital organized a regular system of instruction, since when, throughout the country, schools have sprung up in connection with hospitals, turning out every year their quota of graduates, women whose preparation and subsequent conduct are of vital interest to society at large.

Although nursing is still the practice of many religious and semi-religious orders both Catholic and Protestant, this paper is concerned only with the attitude of the American nurse as a wage-earner, and with the almost chaotic conditions at present governing her relation to the public. There is perhaps no class of people about whom so much nonsense is talked as nurses. They are either rapturously eulogized as noble women leading lives of complete self-sacrifice, or disliked as uppish minxes, giving more trouble in the house than they are worth to the patient. In spite of the objections urged against them, the demand for their services throughout the English-speaking world has induced young women, fit or unfit, to swarm into hospitals, to be equipped well or ill as the case may be. Meantime modern bacteriologists have revolutionized the care of contagious diseases, and aseptic surgery has introduced a nicety of treatment hitherto undreamt of; consequently the increased demand upon a nurse's actual deftness of hand and intelligent comprehension calls for a much higher and finer training than in the good old days of unclean surgery and unisolated infections. And yet, it is not infrequent to hear a wish for the old-fashioned upper servant who used to come in and help in time of illness. There lingers a feeling that a common school education with six months' or a year's practical training should be enough for any woman who has a real gift for such work. Even among the doctors themselves, many of whom have labored so disinterestedly to improve the quality

of nursing, men can still be found to oppose a wider theoretical instruction on the whimsical ground that it would inevitably make women prone to interfere with the treatment. It would be interesting to learn from what experience these gentlemen argue that a tendency to meddle is a product of true knowledge. Surely the old-fashioned nurse had views of her own, and by all accounts imposed them on her patients. In 1647, Sir Ralph Verney wrote to his wife, "Give the child noe Physic but such as the old women and midwives with the doctor's approbation doe prescribe, for assure yourself they by experience know better than any phisition how to treat such infants." Sairey Gamp was no slavish adherent to doctors' orders, and Sister Dora, who united partial instruction to much undisciplined ability and self-confidence, gives a spirited story of successfully combating a surgeon's wish to amputate a leg, the whole discussion taking place in the presence of the patient. If the nurses of to-day should even be taught to take a blood count they could hardly exceed that piece of insubordination.

Perhaps it is most essential of all, apart from mastering the handicraft of her profession and having an intelligent understanding of symptoms, that a nurse should know how to behave. In the wards she is subject to constant scrutiny, and if her conduct is not discreet there are plenty of people with will and authority to bring her to order; but in private houses we all know how much she is left to her own devices, and how infinite are her opportunities of annoyance. Pages might be filled with the enormities nurses have been known to commit, the property they have destroyed, and worst of all the servants they have caused to give notice, not to speak of family secrets divulged to the shocked but not always unreceptive ears of employers.

The significant fact about all this is that these faults, so apparent to the public, are thoroughly recognized by every good and able woman in the profession, each of whom is now working indefatigably to introduce such system and organization as will minimize the danger from nurses morally, mentally, or physically unfit to hold positions of responsibility.

Naturally there is no such thing as a school for saints; they are born, not made, and scarcely born often enough to justify reliance on a steady supply of them. No system of education will guarantee perfection, but a dull, inefficient, or unprincipled student is apt to show these defects in the course of three long and rigorous years, while excitement, ambition, and the spur of novelty will tide many a woman over a twelvemonth or two rather creditably. Moreover, with her endless occupations, the head of a training school in a short time can hardly form a just opinion of a pupil's capacity; and, above all, the long training is of greatest value in the matter of drill. In a month or an hour a woman can be told how to be orderly, quick, and subordinate, but three years are none too long to acquire these qualities so that they become absolutely instinctive. Florence Nightingale significantly says that the only class of men endurable as nurses are soldiers and sailors. No one can imagine that nursing is a kind of secondary vocation with Jack and Tommy; this simply means that they are used to obey unquestioningly, broken in to control minds and bodies in a way born only of long-established routine.

The objection often made to a more elaborate and expensive training is that many patients cannot afford a highly finished nurse, although such a woman's services are not only a delightful luxury, but frequently may be a means of saving life. This objection is sound, and applies with equal force and logic to sweetbreads, champagne, Palm Beach, saddle horses, and sea voyages, all of

which are permitted to exist, though undoubtedly beyond the reach of many invalids. While the owner of a palace hotel might feel prompted to offer its comforts to impecunious sufferers at the rate of cheap summer board, few people would consider the limitation of their own means (still less the slenderness of any one else's) as a reason for limiting the perfection of hotel appointments, or dream of claiming the use of them as a right; yet it is the commonest thing in the world for a nurse to be thought a heartless mercenary for making a higher charge than is convenient for a patient to pay. Here again the nurse suffers from her saintly ancestry; a beautiful halo, a ready-made nimbus of self-sacrifice is offered, when she may be only a hard-working woman with family depending on her, and her own future to provide for.

Nurses' organizations, where they are at all known to the public, are looked on with disfavor as a particularly obnoxious kind of trade union, or a trust more intrinsically depraved than those which artificially raise the price of bread and meat; as a bold attempt to put an outrageous value upon all services rendered to the sick, whereas exactly the opposite is the case. The need for partly trained, inexpensive nurses cannot be more keenly felt by the public than it is within the profession, and no one can study the discussions of these organizations without realizing that they aim at the best interest of patients, no less than of nurses, who, at every turn, are held to the duty of looking after the poor and people with small means. Indeed, the enthusiasm with which women have gone into district nursing in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Buffalo, Baltimore, and other cities, shows no tendency to disregard the claims of the needy, while the encouragement of a recognized class of "experienced," as distinguished from "trained," nurses is quite as much a part of the programme as the furtherance of their own interests.

Fundamentally, the object of the leaders is that the whole relation of employer and employee should rest on a sounder basis, infinitely more satisfactory to both than the present loose, ill-defined position, which permits many a woman unqualified by character or training to assume the full responsibilities and make the full charge of a reliable and well-equipped nurse. To this end two separate societies have been formed, the Associated Alumnæ of Trained Nurses, having in 1901 a membership of four thousand, and the Society of Superintendents of Training Schools for Nurses in the United States and Canada, which has one hundred and twenty-four members.

At the conventions and annual meetings of these societies women come together from all parts of the country, telling of their experiments, bringing up new theories for criticism and suggestion, so that, profiting by the history of past mistakes or successes, they may strengthen and encourage one another to face the problems cropping up on every hand. What they have accomplished is significant enough. Many hospitals have already established a three years' course, which permits a longer probation, a shorter day's work, and a better mastery of the housekeeping as well as of the scientific branches of their work. The future platform was laid out in a resolution passed by the International Congress of Nurses at Buffalo in 1901: —

"Whereas, the nursing of the sick is a matter closely affecting all classes of the community in every land;

"Whereas, to be efficient workers Nurses should be carefully educated in the important duties which are now allotted to them;

"Whereas, at the present time there is no generally accepted term or standard of training, nor system, nor examination for Nurses in any country;

"Whereas, there is no method — except in South Africa — of enabling the

public to discriminate easily between Trained Nurses and any ignorant persons who assume that title;

"And Whereas, this is a fruitful source of injury to the sick and of discredit to the Nursing Profession;

"It is the opinion of the International Congress of Nurses, in General Meeting assembled, that —

"It is the duty of the Nursing Profession of every country to work for suitable legislative enactments regulating the education of Nurses, and protecting the interests of the public by securing the State Examinations and State Registration with the proper penalties for enforcing the same."

Now the need of a state examination for nurses is somewhat the same that has led to its adoption by physicians and chemists. At present every two-penny hospital is free to award presentable looking diplomas, and without a most unlikely amount of investigation employers have scant means of knowing how much or how little those diplomas are worth.

The writer examined one training school in which a sweet-mannered superintendent showed an operating-room like a jewel box, a marvel of sparkling glass and nickel plate, a dispensary leaving nothing to criticise, a batch of immaculate pupil nurses, rows and rows of the neatest cots imaginable, — a little close for the regulation number of cubic feet of air or the use of a screen, which did not really signify, since in the whole place the only thing they did not show was a patient. One there was, in solitary grandeur at the end of a lonely ward, but an inquisitive visitor was politely kept at a distance, nor was opportunity given to look at the charts hanging decoratively over the empty beds. To the eye, the diploma from this hospital is impressive enough, but it hardly guarantees a comprehensive training.

At another establishment (not a hospital), by a ten weeks' lecture course, with perhaps a few visits to poor patients in their homes, women are qualified to take any "ordinary case."

In answer to the question as to what might constitute "ordinary," was it typhoid? the superintendent answered, "Yes, light typhoid." The inquiry as to what would happen if the light typhoid were so inconsiderate as to move out of its class and grow serious caused a moment's hesitation, but she said, "Oh, I suppose our training would enable you to keep the case."

Another school gives an obstetric training only, not as supplementary to any other course, but as the sum total of a nurse's education. I have seen a woman from this place endeavor to manage a serious fracture, much to the patient's detriment.

A properly conducted state examination would at once create a line of demarcation between partly trained caretakers or attendants and nurses thoroughly equipped in every branch of their profession. As a preliminary to going up to this examination every nurse would have to show a diploma from a recognized school, and this diploma would be a personal as well as a professional guarantee. The vague term "trained nurse" would acquire an exact significance, and nurses partly trained would be conveniently differentiated. Fully to benefit by this, both doctors and public would have to use self-control in not employing nurses indiscriminately. To this end each city should encourage the forming of central registries or directories governed by the strictest rules and managed by the nurses themselves, so that there should be no division of responsibility in case of either success or failure. Although many excellent registries are now run by private committees, nurses' clubs, and hospitals, there is apt to be a lack of coöperation which permits of various abuses. Consequently some of the best nurses register nowhere, and can only be had by sending to their homes or boarding-

houses. The disadvantage of this is that a woman is not directly responsible to any outside authority, and no record is kept as to whether she continues to give satisfaction, while the public fall into a dangerous way of picking up a nurse anywhere, with less inquiry about her antecedents than is customary in engaging a laundress or a kitchen maid. How unsafe this is was tragically shown in a recent murder trial, in which more than one mysterious death was laid at the door of a very popular woman, who had however been expelled from a well-known training school within one month of graduation "for cause." She was plausible, and made herself acceptable to patients and physicians, who too readily believed her own account of her dismissal.

The point of a really complete directory would be that no nurse would venture to disregard it, under penalty of rating herself as second-class. Patients wanting high grade nurses would always know where to find them, and people not able to afford or disliking them would be rather better off than they are now. The fear of a rise in prices is not well grounded; with such an abounding commodity as young women, supply and demand may be trusted to regulate that issue automatically, and, all things considered, the present tariff is by no means exorbitant. Of course no graduate fresh from the wards should make a full charge, but in view of the length of an average day's work, twenty or twenty-five dollars a week is not high pay for a seasoned nurse. While a good dressmaker coming to the house and sewing not strenuously for forty-eight hours a week often earns twelve and a half dollars, a private nurse rarely has less than a hundred and twelve hours' weekly duty, with such responsibility and strain that she can never hope to work for fifty-two consecutive weeks, and to avoid speedy breakdown must take frequent rests between cases.

As to the dread that hospitals aim at too fine a training, is there not something rather fantastic in the idea of discouraging a set of people who really wish to know their business better? Few of us would be in opposition if servants were of their own accord to suggest a regular standard of proficiency, manners, and ethics before our houses should be entrusted to their care; but — the saints again — for such a simple matter as the charge of a dangerously ill person vocation is expected to go a good half-way, with shorter apprenticeship than is required of plumbers or carpenters.

If it were possible to sift the complaints, the absolutely just ones, made by long suffering households of the "fine lady of a nurse who felt above her work, could n't so much as lift her finger to wash a spoon," the chances are that she would prove to be the product of an inferior training, sprung from an inferior class, and looking to her work for social promotion. The exactions of such women are often incredible, intolerable to their employers, and damaging to the reputation of the entire profession. Not long since, a nurse on going to a place found to her great embarrassment a man servant stationed outside the bedroom door. It turned out that he was engaged for her special service, because a former nurse could not get along without a footman to wait on her. No business relation should be so absurdly lax. A nurse may shirk at all points, and impose on an innocent family as in this instance, while thoughtless or selfish people may overwork a plucky woman in ways unknown to any other profession.

Though a nurse's health is often her whole capital, till recently there has been a tacit feeling that she cannot do her duty without its being completely sacrificed. A decade ago it was said with resignation that a nurse's average working life was seven years; now it is being slowly recognized that she is entitled to the same consideration as shop girls, typewriters, and day labor-

ers. A few hospitals have now instituted an eight-hour day, which by the way means eight hours' hard physical work, all study, lectures, and classes being additional. Twelve hours' actual duty is still the rule of many training schools, and even that is easier than the majority of private cases, especially as in a hospital when a nurse finally goes to her room she is free from responsibility or interruption.

In private cases there is absolutely no standard. A young nurse of my acquaintance was found early one morning unconscious on the entry floor; upon inquiry the doctor learned that from Monday morning till Thursday night she had been without sleep, or even enough time off to bathe and change her clothes. Of course she was extremely foolish to permit such a thing, on the patient's account as well as on her own, but it was her first private case, and feeling shy about obtruding personal wants in a time of general stress, she had relied on coffee and determination to pull her through. The stale joke, "Why! do you have to sleep? I thought you were trained!" unfortunately contains not a grain of exaggeration. I have gone to a house where after a day's nursing, and a night spent in sponging a typhoid patient, the nurse was still in charge at ten o'clock on the morning of the second day; no one had given her night lunch, breakfast, or even a cup of coffee. She had been on duty for twenty-six straight hours, working strenuously all the time; not a member of the household seemed equal to taking her place, or indeed dreamt of the necessity of doing so. Later it was rumored that this girl had become intemperate!

There are other complications even more in need of regulating, as when a young, attractive woman is purposely chosen to take care of a broken-down man, paying all the penalties of his pleasures. It is impossible to go into detail, but it is well known that patients of this kind are most objectionable even in private wards (curiously enough in general wards a uniform almost invariably commands respect), where the young nurses are under the powerful protection of the hospital. Except in desperate emergency, no amount of self-detachment can make it suitable for a girl to take these cases in private houses, yet they are often called upon to do so, merely because an older woman would naturally be less acceptable, and the young one, with her clientele to establish, seldom ventures to refuse or leave a patient.

No one is to blame for these conditions; they are the inevitable result of a complicated and unsettled trade relation, calling for wise, good-tempered adjustment, alike in the interest of employer and employee.

A nurse generally arrives in time of crisis, the patient is turned over to her, the family draw a long breath of comfort and relief, confide in her amazingly, question her about the doctor, the treatment, the patient's condition, her experience in similar cases, and unhesitatingly make her privy to their most personal affairs. Her spotless uniform and specialized ways present her as a being of a different race, free from all ordinary weaknesses of mind or body. This is very natural but demoralizing in the extreme, and a nurse needs a constitution of iron, along with the most exemplary discretion, not to become wrecked in health, and unduly inflated in her own esteem. Many a girl has lost equilibrium in a less perplexing household than that in which Sister Dora found herself obliged to steer a course between "the mad old lady who was fond of me, the relations who were jealous of me, and the footman who made love to me."

Beside possessing unblemished courage and professional skill, a nurse should be prepared to sweep, keep a room in order, arrange flowers, read aloud, write notes, and unobtrusively quiet such family jars as might affect her patient. She

must understand what to do herself, what should be left to servants, remembering that this will vary in every household. She must be quick to see when her presence is necessary, and when she is in the way. She can allow herself no personal habits as to bed or board, no private existence or amusement, while at a case, and when the patient is safely through the exciting period of illness she has to settle down with good grace to the tedium of convalescence, never resenting the inevitable withdrawal of intimacy as the family resume a normal habit of life, and no longer make her the recipient of every thought and emotion.

The lack of any of these qualities will be bad for the patient, trying to the household. Considering the self-suppression such a life entails, the present rate of wages can hardly be regarded as too high. Nor do three years seem too long a preparation, particularly as during that time a girl has not only to learn her business, but to decide for which branch temperament and ability best fit her.

A perfectly conscientious woman of limited capacity may, without discredit, fail to comply with the rigorous conditions of the training school, in which case a good personal reference and the absence of a diploma at once relegate her to her proper place as a partly trained nurse entitled to lower remuneration, while many graduates will prove admirable at district work who lack adaptability for private nursing or executive power to cope with the many duties of a superintendent. Out of hundreds of graduates a small number only will be competent to direct a hospital and training school. Such places can only be filled by picked women, and few outsiders realize the moral, mental, and physical qualifications needed by a head nurse. She must see that her wards are spotless, that patients enjoy every possible care and indulgence, that her share of the elaborate machinery be administered with smoothness, generosity, and economy. In the intercourse between nurses and doctors she must be sufficiently woman of the world not to confuse unsuitable behavior with the natural familiarity of young people living at high pressure, more or less isolated from the outer world, and drawn to one another by a common occupation. Nurses' coquetting propensities are justly criticised. In this respect they are liable to be exactly as indiscreet as other girls, and because of the abundant temptation, the frequent meetings, the unchaperoned night watches, a young woman should be long enough in a hospital to lose her head a little and either find it, or prove permanently unworthy. "After all, why should not nurses marry doctors?" asked an exasperated head nurse. "I 've no doubt they would infinitely prefer lawyers, but what other men do the poor things ever lay eyes on?" At bottom this attribute of celibacy is another saintly inheritance, and modern training is often held responsible for undue coquetry, in spite of the fact that history and literature are not without references to hooded nuns even having occasionally lapsed into distinctly human relations with patients. Jokes about the Beguines and wounded warriors are neither few nor far to seek; De Goncourt's spotless Sœur Philomêle came perilously near a flirtation with the young surgeon in charge, and early in her career St. Theresa herself showed a suspiciously deep interest in the doings of a certain father confessor.

Besides keeping her pupils out of such mischief, a superintendent has also to protect them from their own recklessness in the matter of health; when she has done all this, incidentally showing proper attention to private patients and tiresome official visitors, she must find leisure and spirit for an infinite number of classes and lectures. In this she is mercifully helped by the many doctors who take time they can ill spare for gratuitous lecturing, but on the foot-

ing of regularly paid instruction such aid would be infinitely more valuable. It is unreasonable to expect a busy man to refuse an interesting and remunerative out of town consultation rather than put off an unimportant lecture, and while postponements play havoc with a closely scheduled course of study, a superintendent can hardly be so ungracious as to remonstrate. Recognizing the serious equipment needed for the heads of training schools, a leading university at the request of the Superintendents' Society has opened a course of Hospital Economics, available only for graduates of reliable schools, who have also served a term at private nursing. In this course, the cost of which is defrayed by the nurses themselves, the housekeeping side of the profession receives quite as much attention as anatomy, bacteriology, materia medica, and history; indeed, the pessimist who fears that colleges are educating women away from domesticity should take comfort in the effort of hospitals to create an intelligent and appreciative interest in household affairs.

If the task of a superintendent grows daily harder, much is being done to start probationers on a more rational basis than that of the old days when a girl who had lately turned faint at the mere sight of a ward would find herself called upon to administer medicines and use implements of whose very names and functions she had only the vaguest conception. Until very recently a wretched little probationer struggled on as best she could, confronting emergencies for which she knew herself unprepared, rightly frightened at every turn by her own ignorance. For example, a girl on night duty in a large ward had to meet unaided an outbreak of delirium tremens in a man fresh from a major operation. Too inexperienced to know whether the preceding symptoms were medical or surgical, she was caught unawares, and could only deal with the situation by the light of pluck and common sense, while a little more knowledge might have saved the patient from considerable danger and the ward from a most undesirable scare. Even now, in many hospitals, a nurse may have her whole experience in a medical ward with little or no instruction in that branch, all knowledge which would be of infinite use there coming just in time to confuse her mind as she goes on surgical duty; and this apparently stupid arrangement is often unavoidable where perfectly raw girls have so to be disposed in the wards as to give them their shifts of duty in proper sequence, without damage to the smoothness and efficiency of the whole machinery of the hospital. It is proposed to remedy this by giving all probationers six months' careful instruction, both practical and theoretical, before allowing them to enter the wards. The need for such preparatory instruction has been fully recognized, but it is still a moot point in the profession whether each hospital should provide a preliminary course for its own probationers under its own roof, or whether there should be special schools where the pupils of any hospital could have a thorough preparation for work in the wards. Such a school would have the undoubted economic advantage that one complete corps of teachers, one set of appliances, would suffice for the pupils of every hospital in a large city, and would also avoid the extra expense of their board and lodging during the first six months. On the other hand, a course in the hospital itself is enormously beneficial in familiarizing probationers with a strange new mode of life, in impressing each girl with the vital importance of her work, and at the same time affording the encouraging example of the absorption and trained cheerfulness of those already promoted to the wards. Thoroughly to imbue a neophyte with this atmosphere is well worth such additional outlay as has been freely made for clean sheets, proper diet, massage, aseptic surgery, isolation of infection, portable baths,

orthopædic appliances, every improvement in fact which marks the difference between a hospital to-day and the Hôtel Dieu of 1777, with its five or six patients to a bed, one basin to a ward, and a tallow factory on the ground floor, where holy candles were thriftily made from drippings of four thousand sheep annually eaten on the premises.

Not long since the writer visited such a school which has been established in the nurses' quarters of one of the most progressive hospitals in this country. The experiment is of too recent growth to speak positively of results, though every indication points to their being thoroughly satisfactory.

As I walked with the superintendent through the building, a pretty, gushing probationer rushed up to my guide, pouring out a flood of personal information, beautifully unconscious that new recruits do not usually buttonhole the commander-in-chief for a few minutes' easy chat. "This is only her third day," said the superintendent in answer to my look of amusement; "she will soon know better without being told."

The morning of these pupils is divided between care of bedrooms (a hundred and fifty women sleep in the nurses' home), washing and putting breakfast things to rights, setting tables, preparing dinner, care of kitchen, pantry, cold storage and storeroom, and the study of special diet. After a midday dinner, household work stops, and the pupils attend classes and lectures, beside learning in the supply room to cut, wind, and sterilize every bandage, pad, and folder known to modern surgery. The standard of neatness is in itself an education to any one coming from an ordinary household. A nurse's belongings are open to inspection at any moment, and woe to the girl who has tucked something out of sight, or whose washstand presents an undue array of drugs or cosmetics. Beds must be made with mathematical accuracy, not once but many times, till muscles go through as few experimental movements as those of a sleeping-car porter. In the linen room the vast hospital wash has to be sorted and put away, and in doing this probationers learn something of the care and cost of napery.

No department is so striking as the kitchen with its modern labor-saving contrivances. Every cupboard and utensil shone like the deck of a man-of-war. I watched the preparation of dinner for a hundred and fifty people by a freshly arrived class under the graduate of a well-known cooking school.

It must be remembered that the object of this work is not to save money or service for the hospital, — the cost of instruction would more than pay experienced servants; indeed the pupils only cook one meal a day, just enough to learn the practical side of cookery, care of provisions, economical yet savory and nourishing catering. They study prices, marketing, food chemistry, the proper composition of meals, and the actual sleight of hand without which theoretical knowledge is only a snare. They also fit themselves to direct others by knowing the reasonable length of time needed for every kind of household work.

A bevy of girls were scouring sinks, watching soup caldrons, and preparing chickens from the bitter beginning. Among them stood a college graduate absorbedly peeling the first potato of a basketful. She seemed to be attacking it by differential calculus, by the light of higher criticism. An ordinary cook would have despised her awkwardness, but she was doing it with her ungrudging heart and soul.

Beyond, in the diet kitchen, they were making dishes for the private ward, real dainties warranted harmless, but most appetizingly unlike the white porridgy thing usually associated with a trained nurse's incursions into our kitchens. The walls were hung with bills of fare made out by the pupils, and with recipes giving exact calculation of cost and nourishing properties. The

same order, the same cleanliness reigned throughout, and above all the same cheerful interest.

As we looked in again at the main kitchen the hands of the college graduate showed blisters, but her actions were perceptibly limberer, less like those of a man sewing, and she was making better time with the seventh potato.

"She 'll do," murmured the superintendent with involuntary humor. "Slow as they are at first, in the end college-bred women are almost always satisfactory. You see, they have done one kind of work already, and the pain of effort does n't surprise them. Then they generally come really wanting to learn, not because of an unlucky love affair, or nerves, or any of the thousand and one whims that send us girls with no true aptitude for the life. When all is said and done," she added, though thoughtfully, "for the care of sick people the best is none too good, and while it is perfectly right for women to go into nursing to make a living, there should be no place in our profession for any one who does not bring to it the highest principles and the warmest human sympathies."

Mary Moss.

A MAY MORNING.

WHAT magic flutes are these that make
  Sweet melody at dawn,
And stir the dewy leaves to shake
  Their silver on the lawn?

What miracle of music wrought
  In shadowed groves is this?
All ecstasy of sound upcaught, —
  Song's apotheosis!

The dreaming lilies lift their heads
  To listen and grow wise;
The fragrant roses from their beds
  In sudden beauty rise:

Enraptured, on the eastern hill,
  A moment, halts the sun;
Day breaks; and all again is still:
  The thrushes' song is done!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

MY OWN STORY.

V. RECOLLECTIONS OF HOLMES AND LONGFELLOW.

I MADE acquaintance with Oliver Wendell Holmes soon after the Atlantic Monthly was started, and from that time was often in the way of meeting him at receptions, banquets, and on more private occasions. One of the first talks I ever had with him was at some gathering, I have forgotten what, when, allusion being made to the grammatical inaccuracies of famous writers, I instanced the opening lines of The Prisoner of Chillon, —

> "My hair is gray, but not with years,
> Nor grew it white
> In a single night,
> As men's *have* grown from sudden fears;"

and also Byron's "There let him *lay!*" which occurs in the famous address to the ocean, in Childe Harold. The Autocrat remarked, in his quick, nervous way, "Suppose Trowbridge or Holmes had made those blunders! would n't the critics have had a war dance?" As he had already achieved a dazzling reputation, while I had none to speak of, this coupling of our names together was to me, I confess, flatteringly pleasant.

Another colloquy I recall that began less auspiciously. It was at an Atlantic dinner, where, a seat beside me becoming vacant, he came and occupied it. He betrayed not a little irritation as he began, —

"I 've a nut to crack with you! The critic of the" — no matter what publication — "says you can write better than I can. What do you think of that?"

I tried to parry the question with an allusion I thought would please him. "That must be when you are not writing 'as funny as you can,' doctor." But he shook his head, and insisted: what did I really think of it? Such a comparison being too absurd to be taken seriously, I replied, —

"That 's a critic after my own heart! If only all were as astute! But here 's a scribbler in the" — I named the paper — "who says Edmund Kirke can write better than I can. So what am I to think?"

Thereupon the cloud turned its silver lining. He laughed and said: "If you can write better than I, and Kirke can write better than you, then Kirke is the man! We know where we are!"

At table he was unflaggingly vivacious, ready at repartee, as witty as Lowell without Lowell's audacity at punning (they called each other "Wendell" and "James," talking perhaps from one end of the table to the other), and, for the immediate moment, as wise as Emerson. Underwood, in his monograph on Lowell, The Poet and the Man, has by some lapse of memory misquoted a passage of words that took place between Emerson and Holmes at one of the early Atlantic dinners. The conversation was upon the orders of architecture; it was Emerson, not Holmes, who had been saying that the Egyptian was characterized by breadth of base, the Grecian by the adequate support, and the Gothic by its skyward soaring. Then it was Holmes, not Emerson, who flashed out instantly, "One is for death, one is for life, and one is for immortality." I did not hear this, but it was repeated to me at the time by one who did.

At another of the Atlantic dinners, Holmes surpassed even himself in the sparkle and flow of his Autocratic dissertations. Hardly any one suspected that he had in his napkin the proofs of his next Autocrat paper, procured for him by one of the publishers of the

magazine, who was present, and who afterwards imparted to me the secret.

Many anecdotes illustrative of the doctor's wit were current in those years. I will cite but one. When the friends of the rival claimants of the discovery of anæsthesia were proposing monuments for each, Holmes suggested that all should unite in erecting a single memorial, with a central group symbolizing painless surgery, a statue of Jackson on one side, a statue of Morton on the other, and the inscription beneath: "To E(i)ther."

I never heard Holmes converse when he did not converse well; and once at least I had the satisfaction of contributing in some degree to his flow of spirits. Underwood, inviting me to a supper at which the doctor was to be the guest of honor, begged that I would come prepared to make a little speech, or to read something appropriate to the occasion. As speech-making was always irksome to me, I scribbled some lines heartily appreciative of the Autocrat, which I carried with me, and read, at a call from Underwood, in a lull of the conversation. The next day I received a letter from our host, in which he wrote: "It is to you, more than any one else, that the success of last evening is due. Your poem was not only a pleasure in itself, but it wrought a great change in the guest, and brought forth all his brilliant powers. I never heard him talk so well."

With one of the kindest hearts, open to friends, and often sympathizingly helpful to strangers, he yet cherished a sort of Brahminical exclusiveness; something in the earlier Autocrat papers even made you feel that he was at times too complacently conscious of a superior caste and culture. The tone of his writings softened and his nature grew ever more kindly with years. The Poet at the Breakfast-Table was considered less successful than its predecessors, The Autocrat and The Professor; but there was noticeable in the later writings an increased mellowness of flavor that compensated for any supposed falling off in the wit. While they were running in the Atlantic Monthly, I read them always eagerly in advance sheets, begged or borrowed from the editorial room (then immediately under that of Our Young Folks, in the building on Tremont Street), neglecting all other occupations for that instant indulgence. Very likely this was one of a happy combination of circumstances that caused me to see in them what I might look in vain for to-day; our early enthusiasms are so apt to pale in the light of later experiences and changed conditions. Re-reading those papers now, thirty years and more afterwards, would no doubt cause me to wonder a little at that particular enthusiasm; but I am glad I had it, since it moved me to express, in a letter to the doctor, my appreciation of the genial quality that breathed in the new series, "bathing all in the softest Indian summer air." The recognition was probably all the more welcome to him on account of the disparaging criticisms the monthly numbers were provoking from the press in many quarters. He wrote in reply (under date of May 12, 1872): "I was just sitting down to write when I received your letter, which gave me such singular pleasure that I must tell you how much happier I was made by it. Perhaps I wanted a pleasant word to give me heart for what I was doing; at any rate I felt really refreshed by your kind expressions, and very grateful. . . . A few lines of sympathy from one, the value of whose esteem we know, go a great way towards repaying an author for his cares and labors. You may be sure that you obeyed a very healthy impulse when you sent me a note which I shall keep among the treasures of my correspondence."

He was frankly fond of praise, and although few men of letters ever breathed that incense more frequently or with fuller breath, he never lost his

amiable and sincere enjoyment of it. He once told me of a letter he had received from a vivacious lady admirer, and well I recall the gusto with which he exclaimed, "It is gushing! and I like it!" What he relished with such zest he in turn generously bestowed, and I have letters of his regarding some things of mine that had interested and pleased him — beautifully written letters, their neat and graceful chirography now faded by time — which I "keep among the treasures of my correspondence," to quote words that have so much deeper a significance in my case than they could have had in his own.

The doctor's small, upright, animated figure seemed possessed of inexhaustible vitality, but in his advancing years his public appearances became a severe drain upon it, and he felt the need of husbanding it for special efforts, as he confided to me on more than one occasion. We were both engaged to deliver poems at the great Moore festival, given in Boston in May, 1879, in celebration of the Irish poet's centennial birthday; and I retain a very vivid recollection of the Autocrat's dismay when we learned that the guests had been brought together an hour before the banquet was to take place! After talking for twenty minutes or so to those who crowded around him, eager to catch a word from his lips, he whispered to me despairingly, "Help me out of this; don't let anybody follow!"

I said in alarm, "You are not going away!"

"For half an hour," he replied. "I am going to get into a horse-car and ride up and down until the real, honest hour for the dinner arrives. I must save my voice for my poem."

He returned in time to go in fresh and smiling to the dinner on the arm of that gifted young Irish revolutionist and adventurer, journalist and poet, John Boyle O'Reilly, while I followed with General Patrick A. Collins (now Mayor of Boston) for an escort. These two noted Irish-Americans were among the foremost promoters of the festival, but were not, I think, responsible for the too early assembling of the guests; and I doubt whether either of them knew what had become of the doctor in that half-hour. He was in fine voice for his poem.[1]

A few months later, in December of that same year, 1879, I had the honor of uniting in the celebration of Dr. Holmes's seventieth birthday, contributing a poem, Filling an Order, to the postprandial exercises, at the famous Breakfast given to him by his publishers. It was one of the most notable gatherings of literary celebrities from far and near which Boston had ever witnessed. The Autocrat's own beautiful and touching poem, The Iron Gate, read in a voice at times tenderly playful, at others vibrant with deeper emotion, was of course the memorable event of the Breakfast, and worthy of the audience and the hour. His praises were sounded by others in every key, in prose and verse; but I shall speak here only of my own contribution.

The Order, fabled to have been received by Dame Nature in her laboratory, was for "three geniuses," one a bard, one wise, and one supremely witty, to grace an obscure town by the sea named Boston. The finer ingredients were mixed, and the souls set to steep, each in its glowing vessel: —

In each by turns she poured, she stirred, she skimmed the shining liquor,
Threw laughter in, to make it thin, or thought, to make it thicker;
But when she came to choose the clay, she found, to her vexation,
That, with a stock on hand to fill an order for a nation,
Of that more finely tempered stuff, electric and ethereal,
Of which a genius must be formed, she had but scant material —
For three? for one! What should be done? A bright idea struck her;
Her old witch eyes began to shine, her mouth began to pucker.

[1] My own poem, read at the Moore Banquet, was Recollections of Lalla Rookh.

Says she, "The fault, I'm well aware, with genius is, the presence
Of altogether too much clay, with quite too little essence,
And sluggish atoms that obstruct the spiritual solution;
So now, instead of spoiling these by over-much dilution,
With their fine elements I'll make a single, rare phenomenon,
And of three common geniuses concoct a most uncommon one,
So that the world shall smile to see a soul so universal,
Such poesy and pleasantry, packed in so small a parcel."
So said, so done; the three in one she wrapped, and stuck the label:
Poet, Professor, Autocrat of Wit's own Breakfast-Table.

I had the satisfaction of feeling that I had the audience with me in the reading; and that the fable pleased the subject of it I was gratifyingly assured in a letter I received from him a few days later, from which I cannot forbear quoting a single sentence: —

"I thought your poem excellent when I listened to it, but my hearing is not so sharp as it once was, and I did not know how excellent, how neat, ingenious, terse, artistic it was until I came to read it."

One of the later occasions in which my voice was publicly heard with the Autocrat's was the Garden Party, given by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, at Governor Claflin's country house in Newton, to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in celebration of her seventieth birthday. This was in the leafy month of June, 1882. At that open air festival we heard Mrs. Stowe herself, her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, and other celebrities; but the chief event was Dr. Holmes's poem.

The doctor's voice was not remarkable, — it was slightly husky, and lacking in clear resonance, but in his use of it he made you forget that it was not the fittest organ for his purpose; just as you were rendered oblivious of his inferior stature (five feet four or five) by his animation and perfect aplomb. Surely no other so narrow human jaw was ever the gateway of such intelligent and forceful speech ("the smallest adult jaw I ever fitted teeth to," his dentist once said to me); but it had a nervous tension that compensated for its insignificant size. Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, Agassiz, like the most of his great contemporaries, might have justified the findings of the phrenologist or physiognomist; yet he, even more than Emerson, demonstrated the truth that, of brains, quality is better than quantity, that spirit is more than flesh. He was a living disproof of Whitman's proud attestation that "size is only development."

The Autocrat's voice and manner were never more effective than on that refulgent afternoon at the Claflin Garden Party. Who that was present can have forgotten the two opening stanzas of his poem, The World's Homage, in which he fancied people of every land who had read Uncle Tom summoned to the table, and the Babel of tongues that would have been heard there?

"Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,
High Dutchman and low Dutchman, too,
The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,
Arab, Armenian, and Mantchoo,
Would shout, 'We know the lady!'"

Only to those who heard him can the cold types convey an idea of the emphasis and percussive force of enunciation which he flung into this felicitously rhymed, surprisingly collocated list of names. It was greeted by such an outburst of irrepressible applause as was not heard before or after on that day, not even at the close of his reading. As I joined in the hand-clapping and watched the face of Mrs. Stowe wreathed in smiles, I fortunately forgot my own dozen or more four-line stanzas, snugly folded away in my breast pocket, to be unfolded and to come forth later.

As the persistent and prolonged uproar subsided, it was with a startled feeling that I remembered the ordeal of comparison before me, and with something like a cowardly wish that the verses I had thought tolerably well of up to that moment might be quietly dropped from the catalogue of things to be called for. I must acknowledge that the feeling marred a little my enjoyment of the remainder of Holmes's recital, and was perhaps the cause of my fancying in the subsequent stanzas a falling off from the superlatively bright and vigorous opening. Or was it possible (as these are very frank memoirs I venture the suggestion), — was it barely possible that I indulged a secret hope that the prestige of those dazzling first flashes might be mercifully tempered, for my sake?

If for a moment I cherished that feeble hope, I had ample time to return to a more resolute and generous frame of mind before delivering my tribute. The doctor was followed by other readers and speakers, who caused my interest in my own forthcoming effort to rise by degrees, to revive, and put forth buds of faith and buoyant expectation, until I finally stepped upon the improvised platform with a tranquil confidence not unjustified, I think, by the reception accorded to my reading of The Cabin. As was inevitable, some of the thoughts in the doctor's poem were paralleled in my own: —

> The Slave went forth through all the earth,
> He preached to priest and rabbin;
> He spoke all tongues; in every land
> Opened that lowly Cabin.

One or two briefly told anecdotes must close these desultory reminiscences of one of Boston's most remarkable men. Going once to hear a lecture by Matthew Arnold, I entered the hall early, and seeing Holmes alone in one of the central seats, took a place beside him for a chat while the audience was coming in. Soon we saw Rev. James Freeman Clarke wandering down one of the side aisles, with his numbered ticket in his hand, scanning the backs of the seats.

"There," said the doctor, "is my Double. We were friends in boyhood, we were classmates in college, our orbits are forever crossing; wherever I go he appears. I can no more avoid him than I can my own shadow." While he was relating some curious instance of this seeming fatality, Clarke drew near, still observing the backs of rows; when I inquired, —

"What is your number, Mr. Clarke?" He named it. "Here it is," I said, "beside Dr. Holmes; I am in your seat."

One afternoon, in the years of which I am writing, I chanced to call upon Mr. Longfellow just after he had received a visit from the doctor.

"What a delightful man he is!" said he. "But he has left me, as he generally does, with a headache." When I inquired the cause, he replied: "The movement of his mind is so much more rapid than mine, that I often find it difficult to follow him, and if I keep up the strain for any length of time, a headache is the penalty."

Every one who knew the Autocrat must have been impressed by this trait ascribed to him by Longfellow, — the extraordinary rapidity of his mental processes. Not that he talked fast, but that his turns of thought were surprisingly bright and quick, and often made with a kind of scientific precision, agreeably in contrast with the looseness of statement commonly characterizing those who speak volubly and think fast. In one of the early Autocrat papers he made this comparison: "Writing or printing is like shooting with a rifle; you may hit your reader's mind, or miss it. But talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine; if it is within reach, and you have time enough, you can't help hitting it." His own talk was less like hose-playing than most men's. It was more like shooting with a rifle, — and it was

always sure to hit. In view of this habitual vivacity, how we must marvel at his length of life, measured not by years only, but by the amount of thought and feeling and spiritual energy that animated him throughout his long and fortunate career!

Holmes's place among the writers of his time is distinctly assured. He enriched our literature with a new form of essay as distinctly individual as Montaigne's or Charles Lamb's. In metrical composition his work is voluminous and varied, much of it ephemeral, but all of it lucid and musical; and he has left a few lyrics that take high rank — one of them almost the highest — as pure poetry. A characteristic note is a certain playful tenderness; — and I think his Muse charms us most when she appears, like the bride in the ballad, —

"With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye," —

when the verses are dewy and tremulous with a feeling which the wit irradiates and sets off, yet seems half designed to conceal: —

"Of sweet singers the most sane,
Of keen wits the most humane."

Although Longfellow was not one of my literary passions, — perhaps because I came under his influence so gradually, — the spirit that breathed in his poems inspired in me a feeling of love and admiration long before I saw him, — a feeling that grew in depth and constancy after I was admitted to his acquaintance, and the acquaintance ripened into friendship.

That honor was rather late in coming to me, entirely through my own perverse neglect of opportunities, which I have elsewhere confessed and deplored. When the hour of meeting came, it was he who took the initial step toward it. Grasping my hand warmly, he began at once to talk to me of my poems with a delightful sincerity that blew away like dandelion woof or thistledown the last film and feather of my aloofness, and made me humbly ashamed of it, when he inquired earnestly, —

"Why have you never come to see me?"

"Because," I said, "I never felt that the work I have been trying to do gave me any right to intrude myself on your attention." And, with the frankness that is often the twin sister of reserve, I went on to speak of his being already a famous poet, a Cambridge professor, a man representing the highest culture, when I first came to Boston with the odor of my native backwoods still upon me, — without friends, or academic acquirements, or advantages of any sort; — and of the feeling I could never quite get over, of the immense distance between us.

"That," he replied, "is the effect of mirage; it is illusion. At any rate, there is no such distance now." And there never was, from that time forth.

Longfellow was slightly below the medium stature, but of a sufficiently stocky build, well planted on his feet, as the French say; with strong, symmetrical features, which must have been singularly handsome in his youth as they were singularly noble in his later years; the forehead sweeping to a shapely width in constructiveness and ideality; mild blue eyes under fine brows, and hair and beard of patriarchal whiteness. Charles Kingsley said of him in 1868: "I do not think I ever saw a finer human face;" which might have been truly said of him to the last.

He had the simplicity of manners that belongs to strong, true natures, and a tact and sympathy that prompted him to meet all persons on their own ground of interest and experience. Of all people I ever knew he was the most charitable in speech, tolerant even of faults which society deems it dangerous to condone. I never heard him speak with anything like indignant condemnation of anybody except a certain class of critics who sit in judgment upon works they have neither the heart

to feel nor the sense to understand. Some kind friend once sent me a review in which a poor little volume of my own verse was scalped and tomahawked with savage glee. Turning the page, I was consoled to see a volume of Longfellow's treated in the same Ojibway style; for, I reflected, "The critic who strikes at him blunts the weapon with which he would wound others." Meeting him in a day or two, I found that some equally well-meaning friend had sent him a copy of the same review. I was surprised to see how much he was annoyed by it, and said to him, —

"I may well be disturbed when they try to blow out my small lantern, but why should you care when they puff away at your star?"

He replied, "The ill will of anybody hurts me. Besides, there are people who will believe what this man says. If he cannot speak well of a book, why speak of it at all?"

"He must earn his bread," I suggested.

"So must the hired assassin and the highwayman," said Longfellow.

He had suffered from abundant unjust and foolish criticism in earlier days; but I do not believe his wise, calm spirit was ever more than temporarily ruffled by it. Older readers will remember the very general depreciation, the ridicule in paraphrase and parody, with which Hiawatha was at first received. But Hiawatha quickly came to rival Evangeline in public favor; and the relenting reviewers joined afterwards in the chorus of its praise. Evangeline had likewise been the subject of adverse criticism, especially in respect to the hexameters, which were declared unsuited for English verse. Poe's ridicule of them remains a brilliant example of a kind of literary savagery common in the middle of the last century, that is hardly possible among men of letters to-day. Having resorted to the old trick of printing as prose a passage selected for his purpose, to illustrate the absence of the spondee, indispensable in the Greek hexameter, he went on to say that he could manage the point Longfellow and others had missed; giving as a sample these lines, in which the spondee is very much in evidence: —

> "Du tell! when shall we hope to make men
> of sense out of the Pundits
> Born and brought up with their snouts deep
> down in the mud of the Frog Pond?
> Why ask? who ever yet saw money made out
> of a fat old
> Jew, or downright, upright nutmegs out of a
> pine knot?"

This was very funny; and "Du tell," "deep down," "Frog Pond," and the like are good spondees. But Poe himself felt obliged to apologize for the dactyls; "hope to make," "men of sense," "born and brought," which take the place of dactyls, being, properly speaking, not dactyls at all. Such criticism goes to show that the Greek and Latin hexameter is not possible in English verse, nor in any verse that is scanned by accents, and not by long and short syllables. This Longfellow knew as well as anybody, and what he attempted was some such adaptation of it as Goethe had brought into favor with German readers in his Hermann und Dorothea. Poe's attack had long been forgotten, or it was kept in the minds of men only by Poe's growing fame as a poet, and Longfellow could well afford to smile at it benignantly as he did, when I once ventured to recall it to his mind; for his choice of metre, and his easy management of it, had been amply justified by time and the judgment of mankind; the flowing hexameters which relate Evangeline's beautiful story continuing to be read, then as now, by learned and unlearned alike, with perennial delight.

Longfellow had little of Holmes's facility in writing occasional verses, and still less of Holmes's boyish delight in reciting them. Yet Holmes himself never wrote anything more

graceful than the tribute to Agassiz on his Fiftieth Birthday, or more delightfully rollicking than the other Agassiz poem, Noël, written in French, — a trifle, indeed, but yet a *tour de force*, appreciated by those at least to whom French is an acquired tongue, and who have adventured their poetic feet among the hedges and pitfalls of the hiatus and other artificial restrictions of French verse. It may be in place here to repeat what Longfellow's brother-in-law, Thomas G. Appleton, once said to me of the poet's mastery of modern languages and literatures: "It is an accomplishment which his fame as a poet has too much overshadowed, but which should give him a foremost reputation among American scholars."

Holmes could hang his halo of verse on any star of occasion, but Longfellow needed an impulse from within. When urged by his Bowdoin classmates to write something for their semi-centennial anniversary, no happy thought suggested itself, and he hastened to unburden his mind of the care and responsibility of such a task by positively declining it. Then came the inspiring motive of Morituri Salutamus, one of his noblest poems, drawn from the deeps of his poetic nature, and written in a glow of enjoyment chilled only by the prospective ordeal of public delivery. The final announcement that he was to appear in person and read his poem thrilled with joyous expectation every son of Bowdoin, and rallied to the college, on the eventful day, such throngs of its alumni and friends as it never saw gathered before. I think that, at the last hour, he rather enjoyed what he had dreaded; and his kindly nature must have been gratified by an opportunity of giving pleasure to so many. I asked a Bowdoin man how Longfellow bore himself. "Finely!" he said. "I could n't hear him, but it was glory enough to have him there, and to have his poem in print afterwards."

His voice was ill fitted for public speaking; it was habitually gentle and low, and it was irksome for him to raise it above the conversational pitch. I never heard it on any public occasion except once. At the great Boston Banquet given by Houghton, Mifflin and Company in honor of Whittier's seventieth birthday, it was with the utmost difficulty that Whittier himself could be prevailed upon to be present. Growing old was bad enough, he said, "without being twitted of it," — as Pickard relates in his full and graphic life of the poet. A sense of the incongruity of such a performance with the principal character left out finally prevailed over his diffidence; almost at the last hour he consented to appear, and in acknowledgment of the tremendous ovation that greeted him, he spoke a few well-chosen but rather hesitating words, which could not be called a speech. Even then he would not trust himself to read the poem he had prepared, and which he had in advance engaged Longfellow to read for him. Longfellow introduced the poem with some easy conversational remarks; in them, and in the reading of Whittier's response, his manner was self-possessed and unaffected; but his voice lacked carrying quality; and although I was in a position to catch the lowest words distinctly, I judged, by the hollowing of hands behind ears, that neither he nor Whittier was heard well at the remoter tables.

Longfellow, Emerson, and Holmes were the chief guests of honor, besides Whittier himself. Holmes, of course, had a poem to read, and he read it with his usual enunciative vigor. Emerson, who was already beginning to show signs of the decay of his powers which progressed slowly but fatally in the following years, made a few remarks laudatory of Whittier, and particularly of Whittier's Ichabod, which he then proceeded to read, not very effectively, as it proved. The reading of Ichabod was regarded by Longfellow as one of two unfortunate mistakes that were

committed, by famous guests, on that memorable evening. In talking over the Banquet with me a day or two after, he asked if I was not amazed at Emerson's want of tact in selecting such a poem for such an occasion.

"Why, no," I answered in some surprise; "it did n't strike me so. I have always thought Ichabod one of Whittier's strongest poems, — perhaps his very strongest political poem."

"But what a terrible denunciation of Webster!" he exclaimed. "It was perhaps well enough for the time when it was written; but the passions of men have cooled, and I am sure Whittier himself regrets having made so terrible an attack upon our greatest statesman, — once the idol of Massachusetts, and still believed in by a large number of those present at the dinner. Why bring up again, at such a time, a subject that must be offensive to many?"

I had not regarded it in that light; it was characteristic of Longfellow's large charity that he had. When I said I hardly thought the partisanship of the poem was noticed by the audience, he immediately began to make excuses for Emerson, saying, "Of course, he took only the literary view of it, as you did."

I thought this curiously illustrative of the difference in temperament between Longfellow and his two distinguished friends. He lacked the fine ethical energy of Emerson and the forceful impulse of the Quaker poet, while his abhorrence of oppression was no doubt as great as theirs. He was not formed for conflict; he shrank from severity of censure and deprecated injustice even to the unjust. He who had written and published Poems on Slavery as early as 1842, when to utter a word against the divinely appointed institution was to invite opprobrium, — he who was Charles Sumner's closest friend, admiring in him the warfare he was himself unfitted to wage, — must be ranked as a fearless and consistent opponent of slavery, notwithstanding the charge of time-serving once brought against him for consenting to the omission of the slavery pieces from an edition of his poems otherwise complete. This was no sacrifice of principle, although he perhaps yielded too much to the representations of the publisher, who was packing his goods, so to speak, for a market the gates of which were too narrow for that load. These were not his best poems, nor even his second best; they continued to be issued in other editions, and their suppression in that particular one showed no such "subserviency to the slave power" as some abolitionists, notably Parker in one of his sermons, indignantly averred. His reprobation of Webster's course was as deep as that of the more fiery Whittier, whom it inspired to write Ichabod, or of the philosophic Emerson, when it drew him from his studious solitudes, and moved him to declare, in a public discourse on the Fugitive Slave Law, "Every drop of blood in this man's veins has eyes that look downward." While deploring the great statesman's advocacy of that law, Longfellow's broad charity and calm equipoise of opinion led him to judge the man himself more as posterity is judging him.

That Holmes had a son who enlisted in our Civil War and was dangerously wounded is a circumstance that has been kept in the memory of men by the Autocrat's narrative of his Hunt after the Captain, and by the Captain's subsequent career as an eminent jurist. It is not so well remembered that Longfellow likewise gave a son to his country's service in the great conflict against slavery, a son who was also dangerously wounded at the front, and whom the father similarly hastened to seek and bring home.

Once we were speaking of the prices paid to the best writers by the best periodicals, when Longfellow remarked that he could never get over the feeling that one hundred dollars was a very

large sum for a poem of perhaps not half a hundred lines. I said it did not seem so to me, even if we considered merely the labor that went into it, let alone the name and fame of the author.

"You would think differently," he said, "if you had written as many poems for three and five dollars each as I have," — those being the prices he had received for some of his earlier well-known pieces, which he named. The immortal Psalm of Life — which, with the marks it bears of an imperfect mastery of the art he was afterwards to bring to such perfection, yet breathes the inmost spirit of his genius, — the poem that may almost be said to have established his reputation — was sold for three or five dollars (certainly not more than five, — I think he told me three) to the Knickerbocker Magazine, in which it first appeared. This was in 1838. Through the agency of his versatile, intimate friend, Samuel Ward, in New York, he was enabled in a few years to command three or four times five dollars for anything he chose to write, — fifteen or twenty dollars being really dazzling prices for poems in those days.

The Hanging of the Crane was disposed of to the New York Ledger for an exceptionally large sum, and the history of the transaction was related to me by Longfellow about the time it took place. The poem was finished in December, 1873, and sent to Ward in New York, who received it with rapture, and wrote that he thought his "trotting friend Bonner" would pay "two guineas a line for it." As it comprised about two hundred lines, this meant a little more than two thousand dollars. Mr. Fields advised that it should not appear in any periodical, but be issued at once in a small and elegant illustrated volume. Longfellow held the matter in consideration for a month or more, then consented that the poem should be submitted to Bonner, who promptly proposed to pay one thousand dollars for it, — about five dollars a line. Longfellow thought this offer munificent enough, and would have accepted it unquestioningly; but Ward demurred, contending that such a poem from so famous an author should have a higher value for the Ledger, — a sheet that had founded its enormous success mainly on the stories of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. Bonner thereupon consulted his lawyer, a man of liberal views, who said: "Ward is right. Send Longfellow a check for three thousand dollars, and give Ward an honorarium of one thousand for his mediation." Bonner was himself a man of the most liberal disposition, which was evinced not only in practical matters, but in those of a more personal nature; as when, the Ledger having gradually outgrown the Cobb, Jr. style of story, instead of casting out with business-like indifference the writer who had been so useful to him, Bonner retired him on a pension of four thousand dollars a year, which Mr. Cobb enjoyed in his home in Norway, Maine, after he had ceased to write, and as long as he lived.

Bonner saw the force of his lawyer's suggestion; and so it happened that The Hanging of the Crane appeared in the Ledger at an expense to that paper of four thousand dollars, three fourths of which went to Longfellow, and one fourth to Ward.

In speaking of this poem I am reminded of a poetical figure in it that may have been suggested by one in my own poem, Service, which had appeared in the Atlantic Monthly some time before. I had written: —

> For me the diamond dawns are set
> In rings of beauty.

In Longfellow's lines the image is reversed, the dazzling dawn becomes the smiling close of day, and the sun

> "Like a ruby from the horizon's ring
> Drops down into the night."

Longfellow was of course wholly unconscious of this adaptation, — if indeed it was an adaptation, and not a figure

that had arisen independently in his own mind; although Service was a poem of which he had spoken to me of having read.

His imagination, like that of every true poet, was the haunt of suggestions that had come to him often from unknown sources and by unremembered ways, — teeming fancies ready to start forth in the light and take place and shape in the page they were needed to adorn. Sometimes the thought that first appeared in one form reappeared in another; as when the poet wrote in his journal (November 18, 1850), "This college work is like a great hand laid on all the strings of my lyre, stopping their vibrations," and afterwards, in The Golden Legend, —

> "Time has laid his hand
> Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
> But as a harper lays his open palm
> Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations."

I do not know that anybody had ever used this image before him; but in Excelsior he had written, —

> "A voice falls like a falling star," —

to discover later (as he notes in his diary) that Brainard had already said the same thing of the mocking-bird's note, —

> "It falls
> As a lost star falls down into the marsh."

Wordsworth has in one of his odes, —

> "All treasures hoarded by the miser Time,"

which Longfellow, as he notes again in his diary, had never read when in his ode To a Child he wrote

> "The buried treasures of the miser Time."

He was generally fortunate enough to detect these echoes or resemblances in advance of the critics, but not always; as when the one striking image, in the one memorable poem of the Bishop of Chichester, — rendered memorable only by this circumstance, — reappeared as the "muffled drums" of the Psalm of Life, and brought down upon him the injurious charge of plagiarism. As he himself observes in his journal, "One cannot strike a spade in the soil of Parnassus without disturbing the bones of some dead poet."

Here again I am reminded of a thought which I once adapted from him, and which must have persisted in my mind long after I had forgotten that it had any other source than my own imagination. Early in 1858 I wrote the following winter piece which I print here to illustrate a curious literary circumstance relating to two names of much greater interest than my own: —

> When evening closes, and without
> I hear the snow-storm drive and sift,
> And Boreas plunge with many a shout
> Into the tree and through the drift,
> Methinks that up and down,
> With his merry, mocking clown,
> Goes the old king who gave away his crown.
>
> The king so old and gray!
> Alas, alas the day
> That saw him part his golden crown
> To deck fair Summer's forehead gay
> And Autumn's tresses brown!
>
> The cruel sisters twain
> Have robbed him of his train;
> And now all night he laughs and raves,
> And beats his breast and sings wild staves,
> And scatters his white hair over the graves.
> A mad and broken-hearted Lear,
> He roams the earth with crazèd brain;
> Ah, would the gentle Spring were here,
> The sweet Cordelia of the year,
> To soothe his bitter pain!

Fondly believing this to be original, and thinking tolerably well of it, I handed it to Underwood for the Atlantic. He likewise thought well of it, and took it to Cambridge, for Lowell's acceptance. It came back to me with the comment that it had a fault. This was not the overworked and worn-out classic Boreas, which certainly had no business in so modern a composition, and which could easily have been changed to North Wind. Nor yet was it the bookish "methinks," in the use of which I might have pleaded the example of Hawthorne, who even puts it into the colloquial speech of some of

his characters, — if ever the speech of Hawthorne's characters may be termed "colloquial." As for the feeble inversions, "forehead gay" and "tresses brown," — where the adjective is placed after the noun for the too obvious convenience of the rhythm and rhyme, — they were indeed blemishes, which I was to have sense and conscience enough to banish altogether and forever from my later verse, along with all such earmarks of the conventional poetic diction; although I might have justified them by adducing the usage of poets the most renowned. But the fault that condemned my winter piece was none of these. It was the worst of all faults. The leading idea of the poem was stolen — "Longfellowniously obtained," as Underwood laughingly said, quoting, I think, his editor-in-chief. I immediately looked up the Midnight Mass for the Dying Year, and was dismayed to find there the image I had so shamelessly plagiarized: —

> "The foolish, fond Old Year
> Crowned with wild flowers and with heather
> Like weak, despisèd Lear;"

the comparison being carried further in the succeeding stanzas. Of course I did not print the poem in the Atlantic, or anywhere else, but flung it aside in wrath and humiliation, and hardly ever gave it a thought afterwards, until I was reminded of it by the afore-mentioned curious circumstance, to the point of which I am now coming. It is this: in Lowell's volume, Under the Willows and Other Poems, which appeared ten years later (1868), the title poem has on page 10 these lines: —

> "And Winter suddenly, like crazy Lear,
> Reels back, and brings the dead May in his arms."

Now this was also undoubtedly an unconscious appropriation of the same image that I had "Longfellowniously obtained;" and the incomprehensible thing about it is that Lowell should have picked up, and pocketed, and afterwards have stuck into his poetical shirt-front, the little gem, the ownership of which he had detected in my more expansive setting. The only explanation seems to be, that he had forgotten both Longfellow's original and my imitation, and reproduced the idea as innocently as poets are all liable to reproduce ideas, — as he himself reproduced a line of Shelley in an earlier part of the same poem (Under the Willows), where he describes the West (west wind) —

> "Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy cloud;"

which are certainly the English poet's "white fleecy clouds" over again, —

> "Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind."

Longfellow was accustomed to receive all sorts of people, some of whom sought him out for the most whimsical reasons; like the English visitors who said to him with astounding frankness, "As there are no ruins in this country we thought we would come and see *you*." The old colonial Craigie mansion, with its windows commanding the broad valley where

> "The flooded Charles . . .
> Writes the last letter of his name,"

was unquestionably, both from its earlier and later associations, the most attractive house in Cambridge. But I was always so much more interested in the man I went to see there than in anything else in or about it, or even in the memories of the great Washington whose historical headquarters it had been, that I never really saw it save in the most partial and casual manner, until one afternoon, when some ladies sent in their cards just as I was taking leave. They came with the modest request that they might be shown the house and "just speak with Mr. Longfellow if he was n't too busy to see them." He promptly gave orders that they should be admitted, and turning to me, said, "Stay, and help me entertain these callers;" which I was very glad to do, as it gave me an opportunity

of seeing, with him for cicerone, not only such parts of the house and the things in it as I had seen before, though never so advantageously, but other parts, with their numerous objects of interest. Our host, in his genial way, tried to palm me off also as an "object of interest," but without distinguished success.

Beginning with the room in which the visitors found us, — the front room at the right of the entrance, once General Washington's official headquarters, but in later years the poet's study, in which so many of his famous poems had been written, — he had some simple but illuminating word of association or suggestion for every object to which he called attention, — among many other precious things, perhaps the most precious, uniform bindings of the original manuscripts of his works, nearly complete, and shelved behind glass, — all in his own unvarying, beautifully round, upright hand, the most of them in pencil; Coleridge's inkstand, always in sight on his centre table; sand of the desert in an hourglass (subject of his well-known poem); in the drawing-room, an exquisitely carved agate cup, the work of Benvenuto Cellini, that had once belonged to the poet Rogers; everywhere portraits and pictures, among these Buchanan Read's painting of Longfellow's Daughters, which was then well known to the public through photographic copies, and which, by an ambiguity in the grouping, had given rise to the absurd story that one of Longfellow's children had no arms. Regarding this monstrous fable he said: "My friend Lowell once heard a loud-talking woman expatiating upon it in an omnibus full of passengers, and took occasion to correct the popular error, saying that he knew the family, and that he could vouch for each of the children having a good pair of arms. The woman retorted, 'I have it on the best authority!' and that settled it."

He had a fund of quiet humor in relating traditions connected with the old house; one of which commemorated an occasion when Washington was said to have indulged in the laughter so rare with him. It was when General Putnam brought to headquarters an old woman taken as a spy, whom he carried, reluctant and struggling, on his back, into the house, — a sight which proved too much for the gravity even of the Father of his Country. After the ladies were gone I asked Mr. Longfellow if such visits were not sometimes a bore to him. "Yes," he said, "if the comers are pretentious or shallow-minded; then I make as quick work with them as courtesy will allow. But these were sincere persons, and I am glad to have afforded them a pleasure that was evidently so much to them, and which they will remember all their lives."

"And the memory of which they will transmit to their children," I could not help adding.

His conversation was simple and easy, and often enlivened by a genial pleasantry, to me more welcome than the wit that keeps the listener too much alert. I never heard him make a pun. And never, in my presence, did there fall from his lips an expression that had in it any flavor of slang, except on one occasion. At the time when the Nineteenth Century Magazine was launched, we were discussing Tennyson's sonnet, which appeared, a proud figurehead, on the prow of the first number. I remarked that it had one particularly expressive line, —

> "Now in this roaring moon
> Of daffodil and crocus."

Longfellow's face lighted up, as he took a stride across his hearth, repeated the words, and stopping before me, exclaimed, "It is a fine thing to have one strong line go *ripping* through a sonnet!"

It has been said, by one who had exceptional opportunities for knowing him, that Longfellow seldom if ever mentioned his distinguished contemporaries, either to criticise or commend. This

does not accord with my recollection of the various conversations I had with him. Rarely indeed did a word of disapproval fall from those gracious lips; but he was by no means reticent or lukewarm when there was occasion for praise. I have already quoted his comments on Emerson and Whittier, in connection with the Ichabod incident. He once spoke freely of Emerson's faulty ear, and said that in at least one instance Emerson rivaled Whittier in the badness of his rhymes, —

"Who bides at home, nor looks abroad,
Carries the eagles, and masters the sword."

But then he went on to speak of The Snow-Storm, as a perfect gem of blank verse, citing the description of the housemates gathered —

"Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm,"

and pronouncing the last to be one of the most beautifully suggestive lines written by any modern poet.

Bayard Taylor's feat, reported at the time, of writing in a single night, immediately upon the arrival of the book in America, a review of Victor Hugo's Legendes des Siècles, giving metrical translations of some of the poems, — all remarkably well done, and occupying a page or two (I have forgotten just how much space, and am afraid to say two or three pages) in the next morning's Tribune, — this he pronounced an achievement of which probably no other man in America would have been capable. He expressed great admiration for Taylor's varied gifts, and remarked, "How narrowly he escapes being a great poet!" adding that he had facility, rhetoric, feeling, a sense of beauty and melody, yet lacked the last "indefinable touch."

His ways with young children were exceedingly gracious and winning. My own girls (then very young indeed) had been kept out of sight whenever he called, until one day, hearing their laughter in the hall, he asked to see them. Overawed by his gray hair and beard and venerable aspect, yet attracted by his smile, they approached with bashful pleasure as he held out his arms to them; but he broke down all barriers by saying, —

"Where are your dolls? I want you to show me your dolls! Not the fine ones you keep for company, but those you love best and play with every day."

Before the mother could interfere, they had taken him at his word, and brought the shabby little favorites with battered noses, and were eagerly telling him their names and histories, while he questioned them with an interest that wholly won their childish hearts. Notwithstanding its humorous and homely aspect, — or partly perhaps on account of it, — the scene suggested a more beautiful and human picture of the often treated subject, "Suffer little children to come unto me," than any I ever beheld.

On another occasion I took the elder of the little girls to see him, along with some Western relatives, who thought their visit to the East would miss its crowning satisfaction if they should go back without seeing Longfellow. We found other company at the house, and the conversation had become so animated that the presence of the child was forgotten by everybody except our host. Suddenly he arose with a smile, saying, "I can't bear that little Grace should n't also be entertained!" and going into the hall, he set the musical clock to playing its tunes for her, while her elders talked.

He sometimes brought to see me his intimate and almost lifelong friend, Professor George W. Greene, the historian, of Greenwich, R. I.; and at one of their visits our Windsor, then a boy of thirteen, took us out on the lake in his boat. Professor Greene, who was in feeble health, wished to pull an oar; Windsor, full of health and spirits, pulled the other, and pulled too hard for him. This he continued to do, notwithstanding my remonstrance, — be-

ing slow to realize how much it was needful that he should moderate his stroke, — when Mr. Longfellow said, —

"Let him row his own way! He enjoys it; and we must n't interfere with a boy's happiness. It makes no difference to us whether we go forward or only circle round and round."

In a brief sketch of the poet, written for the Youth's Companion after his death, I related this anecdote to illustrate his thoughtful regard for the happiness of the young. It was subsequently quoted by Rev. Samuel Longfellow, in an article about his brother that appeared in another periodical; in which, to my great surprise, he took the ground that the poet was too indulgent on that occasion, because the boy should, for his own sake, have been disciplined.

It was while walking alone with me once on the shore of that lake (Arlington Lake, or Spy Pond) that Mr. Longfellow, after stopping to gaze for some moments in silence at the island and the distant banks, overleaned by willows and water-maples, said to me, —

"Why have you never put this lake into a poem?"

I said I supposed it was because I had it in view every day. "When I get away from it, then very likely my imagination will come back to it, and I may write something about it."

"Don't wait for that," he replied; "do it now!"

I have always regretted that I did not then and there enter into an agreement with him that we should each write a poem on the subject. What a precious companion piece we might then have had to his Cadenabbia and Songo River! I can almost imagine these lines, inspired by Lake Como, to have been breathed by his Muse that very afternoon, as we stood gazing from our shore: —

"Sweet vision! Do not fade away:
Linger, until my heart shall take
Into itself the summer day,
And all the beauty of the lake!"

This was in September. I waited until the glory of the month of May was on the wooded shores and the reflecting water, then, in memory of his inspiring suggestion, I wrote Menotomy Lake.

I cannot forbear quoting here the last letter I ever received from him, it is so characteristic of the kindness of heart that prompted him, even in illness, to pen with his own hand a brief message that he knew would carry happiness to a friend. The same sheet bore the printed announcement that his family were then sending to his correspondents: "On account of illness, Mr. Longfellow finds it impossible to answer any letters at present;" a circumstance that rendered all the more touching his voluntary note to me. And it became still more sacredly precious when it proved, not only the last to me, but one of the last letters he ever wrote.

CAMBRIDGE, *Dec.* 16, 1881.

DEAR MR. TROWBRIDGE, — What a beautiful poem is this of yours in the January Atlantic! I have read it with delight, and cannot help writing a line to say so.

Faithfully yours,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In him passed the most purely poetical of the entire group of our early singers. Bryant, journalist and politician, would now be forgotten as a poet but for Thanatopsis, the lines To a Waterfowl, and one or two other pieces. The reputation of Poe — a man of genius, if ever there was one, but an adventurer, and also something of a charlatan — likewise rests upon three or four poems, one might almost say on one or two. Whittier, prophet and reformer, had extraordinary poetic sensitiveness and a winning spirituality, but he was too much an *improvisatore* to regard uniform excellence in his work. Whitman brought sheaves in abundance, but too often with stubble plucked up by the

roots and the soil adhering. Holmes was a wit and a man of science; Lowell, satirist, essayist, diplomatist, and assuredly a poet, but one whose affluence of fancy and largeness of culture did not insure him always against incongruousness of metaphor and roughness of utterance; Emerson, pursuing ever the loftiest ideals, yet a transcendent master of crystalline prose rather than of rhythmical harmonies. Longfellow was not the greatest of the group. He was neither brilliant nor versatile nor intense; great power and great passion were not among his gifts; the charm of his verse is more in sentiment and atmosphere than in any distinctively vigorous intellectual quality. But he was always the poet, devoted to the poet's ultimate aims, and, amid all the distractions of college work or other duties and interests, breathing the cool airs of the Parnassian groves.

Every bright reputation is certain to be dimmed by time, and to suffer from comparison with dazzling new stars, even with meteors that flash transitorily across the sky. Longfellow is no exception to the rule; it has even become a fashion to decry his poetry as commonplace. He did not experiment in many metres, nor startle us with audacities, nor witch the world with haunting melodies. Commonplace his poetry undoubtedly is, inasmuch as it has entered into our literature and into our lives, and has so ceased to be a novelty, — commonplace too, possibly, here and there, in a more depreciatory sense. But, when all admissions are made, may we not ask — passing over without mention his more important productions, those on which his fame is mainly based — is it not pertinent to inquire what writers of to-day, on either side of the sea, are blending thought and feeling in such forms of beauty as The Two Angels, The Bridge, The Arsenal at Springfield, The Birds of Killingworth, — and a long list beside of poems as full of a wise, sweet humanity and as perfect in their art?

His work, more than most men's, was the outgrowth of his character; and the same might almost be said of the circumstances of his life, which seemed the natural branching and foliage of the genius they were to support and enfold. But for the one overwhelming catastrophe of his home, I know of no other so altogether happy and harmonious career. He lived long in the enjoyment of the fullness of his fame, and died the most widely read and best beloved poet of the English tongue.

No more fitting, no more touching tribute can be paid to him than in the words of his most illustrious contemporary, who, in his own darkening years, when his memory was in eclipse, and those sky-piercing faculties showed like shattered peaks amid clouds, having stood long by the open coffin of his friend, and gazed his last upon the features death had stilled, murmured gently, "I do not remember his name, but he was a beautiful soul."

A beautiful soul in very truth he was.

J. T. Trowbridge.

A SACRIFICE.

"Is it the Tower? That adds a distinct pleasure. And I always enjoy this ride, any way," said Miss Bolingbroke.

"I shall certainly enjoy it to-day, by your permission," said the man to whom she spoke, wheeling the opposite chair about, after disposing of his belongings.

"You ought to enjoy it every day, Mr. Harden," she said. "Barbara Means says there is not another such bit of railway on this side the world, — the sea, blue as lapis, all the way beside you, or else the wide meadows, rich with color and all their settlements of haycocks, and the sea lifted beyond. She says she feels, when on the way to the Tower, that the road runs up into high country, — as if the region lay on a loftier level than the rest of the world."

"Perhaps it does," said Mr. Harden.

"That is why it exhilarates me then, and makes me feel aerial, too." And as she laughed, Mr. Harden noted, not for the first time, that the sparkle of her eyes was as blue as the sparkle of the sea.

It required, certainly, some potency to make Miss Bolingbroke aerial, — she, one of the daughters of the gods, in whom the present generation displays the result of the abundant and luxuriant life of the generations gone. Tall, and of noble symmetry and proportions, her movements were of the stately and imperious sort. But fair and beaming-eyed, there was magic in her smile, and there was a genial warmth in her presence that almost made you oblivious of a not too vivid intellectuality. She spoke in a high but sweet voice, and with an accent that told of some English residence. Although it might not have been of vital moment to her, any one could see that Eliot Harden's companionship increased the zest of the moment, as the train puffed out of the station.

"I am so glad I happened to be in town for Mrs. Sylvester's note. I wonder," said Miss Bolingbroke, "who is of the party?"

A slight red burned under the bronze of Mr. Harden's cheek. "It is sure to be some one," he said, "who will add to the occasion as the perfume adds to the rose."

Now it was Miss Bolingbroke who changed color. "You can say a neat thing, Mr. Harden," she said, accepting the remark.

"One is fortunate if not offending," he replied, covering a slight confusion at her misunderstanding. "However," he added, "one needs but little where Mrs. Sylvester is, herself."

"Mrs. Sylvester? Why, she is an old woman," said Miss Bolingbroke.

"How old would Helen be if she were living?" he said, smiling.

"Helen who?" asked Miss Bolingbroke. "Well," she went on, as he did not reply, "I never can tell just why she invites me. She reads books; I don't know but she writes them; her friends do, any way. And as for me, I never look into one."

"'I can write love-odes, — thy fair slave 's an ode,'" said Mr. Harden.

"I suppose you are quoting some book or other now. But I never could see the virtue in loving literature. It is a great deal better to love life."

"It is better to be Achilles than Homer, you think. 'I know the joy of kingship, — well, thou art king,'" quoted Mr. Harden again. And then they both gazed out of the window into the dark depths of the water the trestles crossed, green as a canal of Venice.

"There is no one with such a genius for guests as Mrs. Sylvester," Miss Bolingbroke presently took up the

thread. "But, dear me, in such a perfectly ideal place who would n't have it? I suppose there are kings' palaces that are finer, — yes, I have seen them; I have even visited in one. But when I am on that gallery where the Tower stands sheer on the cliff, with the blue sea beneath and far away, I can't imagine anything more to my mind. I like kings' palaces, though; don't you? Barbara Means says she feels at Mrs. Sylvester's that she is in a palace where the queen is playing *villeggiatura*."

"Life being a masquerade at best," said Mr. Harden.

"It must take a great deal of money to keep it up," said Miss Bolingbroke presently. "I can't fancy what Mrs. Sylvester will do with her money by and by. Give it to some charity, I suppose, and make Barbara Means the high priestess. Barbara has been staying there. She is always staying there. I should think it would be too sharp a contrast when she goes back to that settlement, — all the beauty, the repose, the high breeding, the — the wealth at the Tower. You see," she said, with a laugh that had some deprecation in it, "I think well of wealth."

"You have reason to do so," said Mr. Harden, replacing a cigar at which he had been looking tenderly. "But wealth has its differentiations, you know. 'Lilies of all sorts, the flower-de-luce being one.'"

"Mrs. Sylvester has all the differentiations, then," Miss Bolingbroke replied, as the train clattered on. "When I see her in her long white cloak, cutting flowers with the dew on them, in her gardens, — face to, remember, face to, — then I think loveliness — of a sort — can go no further" —

"You are generous."

"When I hear of her work down in the Three Deeps, I know goodness can go no further. And when I take my tea-cup at the Tower, — O, then! O that china of hers! What luck she has picking up things! Money could n't buy them. But there 's some noble family living on their leavings; or some shop where a queen has left her crown in pawn; and word comes to her. She does have the luck in her finds, or she used."

"The luck may have been Mr. Sylvester's. Mrs. Sylvester has not troubled herself much about such affairs of late years."

"Oh, I dare say not. She has them all, you see. But if she did n't have them, she would miss them. That is the advantage Barbara has, on the whole."

If Mr. Harden made no replies to her references to Barbara, it was possibly because she gave him no time to do so. Not only an heiress, but a beauty, Miss Bolingbroke had that assurance which comes with a knowledge of one's influence and the infrequency of any check. She could not help knowing that to most hearers it was enough to look at her ivory tints and melting lines. And she could not divine that to Eliot Harden her view of life, as merely the theatre where money deployed its pleasures, and no more, was a trifle unsympathetic. Still much is pardoned to beautiful lips, and their empty speech is often filled with a larger interpretation.

"It does n't seem possible that an hour should take us out of all the heat and din into this region of coolness and quiet," said Miss Bolingbroke, as the train-man left the door open, and the wind swept through. "Oh, just smell the sea!"

"It is like going into the other world," said Mr. Harden. "I am not sure it is not the other world, and that we are blest beyond mortals for the time we enter its region."

Miss Bolingbroke stared a moment. "This world is quite good enough for me," she said, as the train went sliding along with glimpses of blue sea, through spaces of forest, past villas on

red rocks, past places like palaces, with sward like velvet, and stretches of flowers, where everything seemed as festive, and perhaps as peaceful, as the people across the river in Mirza's Vision.

Well, — to a man marrying Mary Bolingbroke this was a world good enough for him, too. Perhaps in time he might be less — more — ah, if, at any rate, love, — if enough affection to rub along with did not come, there was no need nowadays of seeing too much of one's wife.

> "And heaven just prove that I and she
> Ride, ride together, forever ride."

The lines ran in his mind unspoken, and then he was aware of something like a shudder. And again a guilty red sprang up his cheek as he knew that should he marry Barbara Means there could not be too many moments in the day, too many æons in eternity, beside her. He repressed his thought, as though it were coxcombry; yet he would have been very dense if, in the past weeks, he had not understood Miss Bolingbroke; and, as to the other, there are subtle currents and approaches in love that need no further assurances.

"When one is very distrait," said Miss Bolingbroke, after a few moments of silence, "the common people call it moon-gathering. It seems a shame that one should go moon-gathering all alone. A penny for your thoughts!"

"They are worth the queen's shilling," said Mr. Harden. And before long the train drew up at the little station, where all was a bright bustle and confusion of pretty girls and gay welcomes and jangling harnesses; and Miss Bolingbroke and Mr. Harden rolled away in a victoria to the Tower and Mrs. Sylvester.

Mrs. Sylvester, with her long white cloak about her, received them in the doorway; the dark shadows of the deep hall beyond making her seem more like a picture than ever. "You are just in time for a cup of tea," she said, as she led them in where a low fire smouldered and a tea-service glittered. And somehow to both the travelers a cup of tea never seemed so refreshing, whether it were the tea itself, the rest from a little strain, the place, — perhaps even the china, — or the charm in the presence of Mrs. Sylvester herself.

We are not apt to associate the idea of charm with that of age. It is true that in a few individuals a certain silvery pallor and delicacy is not found unlovely, so far as the eye is concerned; but that is more from a spiritual than from a physical point of view, since it seems to the gazer as if through the garment of the body the soul itself were seen. In the greater instance old age breaks down the firm line, loosens the curve, and shrinks and deteriorates and uncolors.

It was therefore both singular and pleasant that Sylvia Sylvester, although past her sixtieth year, should preserve much more than a reminiscence of the beauty which in her youth had delighted the eyes of men, and of women, too. There were threads of gray in the once jacinth-colored hair, many of them; but the hair was still in heavy masses. The brilliant eyes were softened; but the lashes, dark and unchanged, lent them shadow. The face was a trifle thinner; but it wore a soft pale bloom upon the cheek; the teeth were as perfect and translucent as ever; the hint of aquiline in the nose was still but a hint; and if the lips were not as richly stained as once, the expression about them was as sweet as that a spirit out of heaven might wear. The light step of youth was gone, the figure was somewhat bowed from its haughty height; you said it was an old woman if you saw her walking before you; but if she happened to turn her face upon you a miracle had taken place before your eyes.

Yet in spite of all, the first impression was the true one. And so, although it pleased the eye and satisfied the soul, the beauty was more pictorial than human; and aware of her immu-

nity from misconstruction, she met people on a plane that gave her much liberty and usefulness. She had been, through the greater part of her life, largely occupied with charities, almost every morning searching out the poor and ill in their hiding-places, and ministering to them, almost every afternoon assisting at some function for their improvement or relief, yet none of that intruding on her home. In everything she was still full of vital force.

Her husband had died long ago, leaving her wealthy, — so long ago that he seemed a dream, or as if he had been the husband of some other woman. Among those whom she had made most welcome to her house at first were the young men and students in his office; and now it was the young men and students in their offices and in those of others, together with such of the friends of her youth as were left, and girls who earned their livelihood in gentle ways, and girls who spent their allowances like princesses, with now and then a notable beauty like Miss Bolingbroke to lend splendor to the scene. These and others who had the freedom of her house dined with her in the city where often there were guests, more or less famous, to give peculiar interest to the occasion, to which nevertheless she herself gave always the supreme grace, — or came out to pass Sunday with her in her lovely and lonely tower by the sea. There the entourage was beautiful, the hospitality was perfect, and the thought on a plane where nothing base found footing, a plane of white ideals and sublimated standards. And they all went away refreshed by contact with a nature that seemed fed by lofty meditation and emotion and the doing of good deeds, that, acquainted with the sin and sorrow of the world, looked over them to fairer heights beyond, and believing that all things were governed with love and on large lines, maintained itself in serenity.

Perhaps it was upon this serenity that Mrs. Sylvester, being not altogether perfect yet, prided herself in some degree. Although in many ways so near angelhood, in others her feet were still in the clay. She valued her position, the name of Sylvester, the traditions of the race, the estimation she received, the honors accorded her, her whole social tribute and preëminence. For Mr. Sylvester was of the old blue blood of the colony, and it was reported that she herself was the last of a proud Southern family, reduced it may be, but of the stock of the Huguenots. Notwithstanding her loftiness of soul, it was not unpleasant to Mrs. Sylvester that her patronage was precious to the great social affairs, and that her name with any enterprise was the cachet of its success. We are all human, and Mrs. Sylvester enjoyed being at the top of her world. So long had she enjoyed it that she was in a way unconscious of the feeling, and had she been aware of the enjoyment would have condemned it. She did not state to herself that all these things were of worth to her; a queen, born to the purple, does not plume herself upon her right of inheritance; but deep down in her heart of hearts if she did not know it she felt it; she felt the delight of her reign in every fibre of her being. Yet none of this hindered her airy and exquisite grace of manner. And even if she had shortcomings they did not abate the excellence of her aims and her demands; and all the atmosphere about her was that of peace and pleasantness and perfection.

If your hands have been full of roses, their fragrance will linger with you; and you cannot be in certain environments without absorbing something of their quality. No one came within Mrs. Sylvester's area without feeling that a step in the great spiral was being surmounted and a loftier outlook gained, if only for a time. And no one ever felt this more keenly and more delightedly than Eliot Harden, who if

not still in his earlier manhood had not yet passed the period when much is expected of one. Eliot Harden's powers were those of which much had been expected for some years. The little he had done gave hope and promise of achievement in the future. But there had come a pause, whether like that of the tide for further incoming, or whether from sheer idleness and lack of force. People said he was becoming a dilettante, that he played at his pursuits, that the life of wealth and fashion, of luxurious enjoyment, was swallowing him, that he would amount to nothing serious, that he would take the short cut to ease and accomplishment by marrying money.

But although half sensible of this sort of remark about himself, Mr. Harden was unconcerned; for he knew that the great work of his dreams would be done when he should be unhampered by circumstance and possess his soul in peace. He had thought of two paths to pursue: one was to marry the woman who suited him to the last beat of his heart, but with whom — penniless and without station or family, as she was — life must lapse into quiet and renunciation. And he loved the pleasant things of the other side of life. It was not only a vanity but a joy to him to be Mrs. Sylvester's guest. She had always been interested in him and in his ideas; his parents, who died when he was a boy, having been her friends. When he came back from his studies of many years in Germany, knowing few people, she had made him at home among her acquaintances, and his sense of welcome in her house had been the brimming of his cup.

There had been other pleasant things. Dinners with the Applegarths, the Chaunceys, the Bedfords, were things to which he looked forward, and which he remembered afterwards; the superb paintings in one house, the royal banquet royally served, the gold, the silver, the china like petrified flowers, the servants silence-shod, the jeweled women there, the gay give and take; in another house where all was daintiness daintily bestowed, the flowers, the poetry, the air that breathed o'er Eden, that breathed gentleness and peace; in another house the music; in all the presence of wealth and ease and beauty. The opera, too; it would be hard to forego that. Of course one might have a night or two under almost any circumstances; but the pleasure of the whole season taken as a natural part of life, the youth, the bloom, the splendor of society there, the greeting, the expectation; the delight of hearing Eames and De Vere, delicious tone answering tone in the duet in Figaro, the piercing sorrow and sweetness of Tristan, the rapture, the uplifting, the companionship of gods in the Walküre and the Götterdämmerung, — that would be impossible to a man on a salary, with an unknown and portionless wife. And then Mr. Harden enjoyed his horse, an expensive enjoyment; and he enjoyed the horses of other people, in the horse show, where he liked being a part of the occasion. He enjoyed — what was there fine and rich and splendid that he did not enjoy!

If you had told him this and its conclusions, of another man, he would have thought the man more or less unworthy. But in himself he recognized only the fact that he was by nature a person of superior tastes.

And if he married Mary Bolingbroke, well born, well made, well bred, living her life on the full swing of the tide, all these things were his, and more would be added unto them. And with her millions how quickly could he accomplish what otherwise would require years; and how soon and how imperially would fame come to him!

It would have startled Mrs. Sylvester had it occurred to her to mark the small distance between herself and Eliot Harden, on the line where their orbits approached. Eliot Harden was aware

of his foibles, and not ashamed; Mrs. Sylvester was unaware. But on the line of departure the distance was infinite; for the plan of his life was for himself alone; and hers was to make the world richer and sweeter, not because she had been a part of it, but in the service of the supreme idea.

People meet, however, on as superficial a plane as that of Flatland, and hardly expect at dinner to prove deeper depths than those of the wine; and the present moment was usually sufficient to those about Mrs. Sylvester's softly lighted table, where there was always something novel and exquisite in the equipage, and where the banquet contrived to be delicious without too much servility to the senses. Miss Bolingbroke in scarlet gauzes, with big pearls, was an illumination there now, till Barbara, entering like a white apparition, made one feel as if the dawn had come.

She was late, as she confessed rather breathlessly, taking her place, for she had been at a fairy festival. "The Good Fairy of it," said Mrs. Sylvester. "How was it, Barbara?"

"A real illusion; if there is such a thing," said Barbara, laughing. "That grassy terrace with the sea behind it, the sunset colors, the music, the children, — these so daring, those so shy, all so happy!"

"And you sang, Barbara?"

"Oh yes, and there were flutes for thrushes" —

"They did n't need them with your singing!"

"But the loveliest thing was the children who were not in the play, not fairies" —

"Just children," said Mr. Harden.

"Yes. They were so rapt, — lost into another world. They forgot there was any land but fairyland. And then, — of course it was an anachronism, or a profanity, or both, — but if Shakespeare could take Gothic fairies into Athenian forests, we thought we might take angels among children. Babcock did in that painting of his, you know. And so, the very last thing, we had an arch of faces with wings, nothing but faces and wings, — the cedar hedge hiding everything else; a rainbow arch of little cherubs, — perfectly still. And the great evening star came out just over them; and the other children were simply transformed with awe. All their lives those children will believe in heaven, because they saw heaven open and let the angels out!"

"And I suppose the last small people," said Miss Bolingbroke, "the ones who were angels, will have to live up to their blue china."

"Barbara, you are an angel yourself," said Mrs. Sylvester.

"I wonder if there is some psychological interest in our view of children as a distinct order of beings," said Mr. Harden.

"They are," said Barbara. "If they are clay it is the white transparent kind" —

"That they make little porcelain devils of," said Miss Bolingbroke.

Barbara laughed. "I am afraid I love them even then," she said. "Each new child seems to me a new possibility in the race"—

"A new heir, at any rate, for the great inheritance," said Mrs. Sylvester.

"A new field perhaps for the great forces."

"A new experiment," said Mr. Harden.

"No one can tell which one may be the starting-point for the new" —

"Has n't some one said," asked Mrs. Sylvester, "that every child follows its own hyperbolic line into infinity?"

"I, myself," said Mr. Harden. "I always thought it a good phrase."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Miss Bolingbroke. "Those terrible little Herefords who act as if the world was made when they were!"

"So it was, for them," said Mr. Harden.

"Do you suppose," said Mrs. Sylvester, "that there are higher intelligences who conjecture concerning us as we do about children?"

"And forget that they were ever what we are?" asked Mr. Harden.

"But, dear," said Barbara gayly, "it is the children for whom I claim the higher intelligence here!"

"As if that were possible," said Miss Bolingbroke, — "such pests as the young Herefords!"

"The poor little people," said Mrs. Sylvester. "But if there is anything in inherited tendencies, they must one day be the fine flower of the Herefords."

"And that, at the best" —

"Oh, Mary," said Mrs. Sylvester, "one is tender of them because, after all, with any other inheritance, they come into the world weighted with the wrongs of generations" —

"Because of the original savage, then," said Miss Bolingbroke.

"No," said Barbara, "because of the wingéd thing in the shell."

"There are all sorts of wingéd things," said Miss Bolingbroke, addressing herself to her mushrooms.

"One of them, the Kabalists say, is an angel named Purpurah, whose wings are only a purple sheen," said Mr. Harden.

"What a people it was for great fancies," said Barbara. "Think of their supposing to know the heavenly host by name! But they lived so close to the stars."

"Who?" said Miss Bolingbroke.

"Why, the ancient Jews."

"Oh, if there 's one thing I detest more than another" —

"I don't love them," said Mr. Harden. "And yet, as Disraeli declared, all the North of Europe worships a Jew, and all the South of Europe a Jew's mother."

"Mrs. Vassall refuses to enter a house where a Jew is received."

"I can't imagine it," said Barbara. "To me it is a people full of poetry. I would be proud to be of the same race with Isaiah. I don't know anything in history so romantic as the Zionist movement."

"You are always so enthusiastic, Barbara," said Mrs. Sylvester, a little languidly. "Don't you think it would be pleasant to have our ices on the gallery?"

It was exceedingly pleasant, — the cool breath drifting in from the outer deeps, the nettings dropped and drawing a film across the swale of the sea, and the glow of the lamps making a soft cloud seem to float in an upper sea of sapphire. Here and there, out and away, the pale lights of a yacht rocked on the swell, and from one, glimmering like a ghost near at hand, a woman's voice rose sweet and strong in Senta's song, the low surge of the rollers beating in unison.

A servant removed the lamps with the cordial cups, and another drew up the nettings; a wind came curling about them, and brought the fragrance of a jar of gardenias, which seemed the very essence of the deep delicious summer night.

"'The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks,'" said Mrs. Sylvester, as from one reef and ledge to another through the dim purple of twilight the evening lamps announced the presence of others in this waterland of loveliness and luxury.

Mr. Harden leaned back in the Indian chair and enjoyed the loveliness, the luxury, — the sense of wealth dear to his heart, the permanency of beauty that wealth made possible.

A boat touched the shore below the cliff, bringing people from the Viking; they were coming up the path from the other side into the winding avenue where the scent of big white lilies, he knew, blew through the evening air. Mrs. Sylvester and the others went in; Mr. Harden remained with his cigar in the cool velvety darkness. He was feeling obscurely that the time had come

when drifting must cease and a decision must be made. The drifting had been pleasant. But if he were to do his work, either he must take advantage of his chance for unlimited wealth with a wife, or he must accept the quiet life with its economies and its renunciations. He must live, for a time at any rate, abandoning the world and forgotten by it. There would be a maid of all work; soapy steam would penetrate the house on Mondays; dinner would announce itself at the door on any day; summer nights, like this, one would sit in a narrow porch and look into a little grassplot. Now and then, perhaps, one might have a day and night at the Tower, or at some other place of delight. But as a recipient of bounty. Nothing of this living on the full swell, of the beauty, the ease. Nothing like this draught of the wine of life would brim the cup again.

Ah, — but the real wine of life, the love of Barbara Means! It made his soul seem to shiver with an intense joy, an exquisite pang, to think of it.

He looked aslant at the lighted room beyond. Mary Bolingbroke sat with face and form in relief against a huge jasper vase as tall as she. Certainly an attractive figure to be seen at the head of a man's table, of a man's house. He had not perhaps fully noted before the voluptuous curve, the statuesque modeling. That string of pearls she ran through her fingers, — the price of it was almost a king's ransom. She was good-tempered, she took life easily; she was laughing now at some inane pleasantry of one of the yachtsmen. Oh no, she was by no means stupid, even if not sympathetic, — the average intellect fortified by the phrase and style of the fashionable woman. One need not be altogether ashamed of such a wife. When could Barbara wear such pearls as those! Well; one could dispense with comprehension, with sympathy, and, in consideration of so much else, take it instead from the fellow worker, the student, the savant, by and by from the world. There was the house on the Avenue, a palace; the next house could be bought for his study, his workshop. There was the position at the head of the social world, which if not valuable for itself was valuable for its results, and with that advantage in the scholastic and the scientific world that great income and possibilities would give. He could resign the professorship, the humdrum drilling of oafs that was deadening his vitality, — the future stretched before him like a golden lane into sunset. He threw his cigar away, for Mrs. Sylvester was coming out, and he rose and shook his shoulders like a dog leaving deep water. His mind, he said to himself, was made up.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Sylvester, motioning him to his chair again, "when I come out here into the dark it is like a cool hand laid on my eyes, on my hair. There is a sort of personality about the dark. That sounds like Barbara," she said, with a little laugh, as she took her seat opposite. "But then it is n't what Barbara says, it is what she is, that signifies. Yet did you ever notice that she has such an intimacy with nature that all its forces become real and individual to her? She said, the other day, that the sea is remote, infinite, unhuman, but that mountains seem to camp round one with a protecting power" —

"Are you speaking of Miss Means?" he asked with an accent of indifference.

"Did you think I was speaking of Miss Bolingbroke?" she replied, laughing again. "Mary Bolingbroke is a charming girl; but does any one say she has any intimacy with nature? No; she takes nature as she does her pictures, her dinner, her house, — a foregone conclusion. Mary lives on the boulevard, the asphalt" —

"I don't know that I should listen" — began Mr. Harden.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Sylvester, "sits the wind in that quarter?"

"Why not?" asked Mr. Harden abruptly.

"We have been friends so long," said Mrs. Sylvester, with sudden gravity, "that I may say it sounds — as if one defended himself."

"Does one need defense in finding a lovely woman attractive?"

"We have been friends so long," she said again, "such close friends, too, that I do not need forgiveness for asking if the attractive woman outweighs" —

"The attractive fortune, you would say? You do not expect me to commit myself. It would be unfair to her. Surely a fortune is not necessary to heighten the attraction."

"No," said Mrs. Sylvester shortly.

"But just as surely a fortune would make life a different thing for a man with work before him. You have always been interested in my work, for instance."

"Always."

"Well, then, you understand the matter;" and he leaned back, as if for the silence with which old friends indulge themselves.

"No," said Mrs. Sylvester. "On the contrary, an easy heart will do more for your work than an easy income."

"It is not possible to demonstrate the unity of matter — the task I have set myself — without an easy income. That is, unless one goes into a cell and abandons all there is outside, all there is over."

"Is that the scientific spirit?"

"I must put myself to shame before you then. The things that are over, the things an easy income affords, — they are tempting."

"That is of no consequence. That is something just thrown in," said Mrs. Sylvester, returning to the first theme, as she moved a trifle into the shadow of the soft wide glow coming over the sea, "if — if you love the girl."

Mr. Harden did not at once reply.

"Love," he said presently, "is a dream. When its ecstasy is past, friendship may remain. Why not as well forego the ecstasy and begin with the other? It might" —

"Well?"

"Content me sufficiently."

"Oh! But about her? It seems to me," said Mrs. Sylvester, "that she has rights in the case. If I understand you, she is a girl who, if not unusual and commanding, yet deserves love. I am not thinking anything unhandsome of you, in one way. I know that you have only to make the endeavor in order to win the affection of either of these girls. But I do not admit that you have it now."

"I am glad you say so. I may be a cad; I don't want you to think me one. And then — when it is time for the dream to be over — love may come."

"That sort of love! And you would marry on the chance?"

"I think," he said, laughing uneasily, "I am sure, — since confession is in order, — that you will regard me as of still more ignoble caste if I say that in my philosophy, if not in my experience, love is a secondary thing. When poverty comes in at the door, you know" —

"It is hardly poverty with you."

"Comparative. For I like spacious rooms and their appurtenance, marbles, choice paintings, hammered silver, gold plate, wines that princes grow, grounds that hold gardens and forests" —

"You not only want to live delicately, but in kings' courts also. If I did not care for you, Eliot Harden, if I had not cared for your father and mother, — I" —

"I am sorry. But such I am. I have looked into myself, and reflected, you see. And not only these and such as these are of weight with me, but the position that adheres to long held wealth and an old family name, the social rule and consideration, not the distinction, perhaps, but the consciousness that, such as it is, no one has more. A wife with no family behind her, no name" —

"You have an old name, yourself."

"Obscured, though, for a generation or two."

"Mr. Sylvester had no more — except wealth."

"Except wealth! And then, — why, he married you!"

"Oh!"

"No. A wife who has no ancestry, no traditions, who comes from the soil, whose blood is the blood of peasants" —

"I am ashamed of you!"

"But you must acknowledge she would be a weight, a clog. The peasant would be perpetually breaking through. He would live again in her, in her children. After the glamour of youth had gone, the reversion would be as evident as public disgrace is."

"I do not believe this is really you. It is an advocate defending a client. You are making out a case."

"You are ashamed of me?" continued Mr. Harden. "I am not ashamed of myself. The leopard cannot change his spots. I was made that way."

"No," said Mrs. Sylvester, in a strange tone, as if some one else had spoken.

"I am being utterly frank with you. Brutally so. I would have thought a few moments ago that I did not need your advice. Perhaps I do" —

"Oh, certainly you do!"

"At any rate, a thing, possibly, is best looked at from all sides. And it is plain to you, it cannot help being so, that a man like me, in my place, marrying a woman of no social rank, might as well take a weight in either hand and jump into the sea."

"I understand nothing of the sort. If you loved such a woman, — a woman who might be what Barbara is, — of such pure taste, such exquisite breeding, even if penniless, born to rule, born to soar, — oh, love is like a spring-board that sends you so much farther forward with its impetus than you would have gone alone!"

Just then the great moon swam up out of the sea, white and full; and they turned and saw Barbara standing in the doorway at some distance from them, bathed in the full lustre of the illumination, and in her long lines, her delicacy, her whiteness, as beautiful as the lily of annunciation the angel brought the Virgin. And as Mrs. Sylvester's glance involuntarily went back to her companion's face, she was startled by the look there, a look in which a wild passion, a desperate longing, a tender yearning, a bitter renunciation, perhaps a stern despair, seemed to chase one another with expression varying like the play of lightning on the sky from a storm below the horizon.

Barbara waited a moment, looking at the splendor of the moon and sea, and then turned back at a word from within. And when she had gone the wide whisper of the waters served to hush them as they sat on the gallery, listening as if for a voice, while they looked out over the infinity of the dark wave, up into the infinity of the dark heaven.

"How can any one be small or sordid in the presence of this vastness," said Mrs. Sylvester at last.

"Well, there it is," said Mr. Harden, with the air of throwing off a weight. "You have me."

"There it is," said Mrs. Sylvester softly. "You think your learning, your powers, your work, your life, are lost if you marry an obscure person, although you love her."

Mr. Harden started.

"Although you love her," repeated Mrs. Sylvester slowly.

"I am sure of it," said Mr. Harden. "You cannot overthrow the processes of nature. A weed will be a weed, a rose a rose."

"Before men came to appreciate it a rose was a weed."

"No; rose and man were coeval."

There was a gay calling of good-nights from within; and then the whole company — Mary and Barbara thinking better of it and going along —

went down the cliff to the boats. Mrs. Sylvester walked slowly up and down the gallery a little while, the trail of her soft white silk and lace gleaming spirit-like a moment as she crossed the lane of light from door or window. Then she returned to her chair in the shadow.

"Do you like the way I live?" she said before long, her arm on the balustrade, her hand supporting her leaning head, only half glimpsed in the dusk of her corner.

"The way you live! Like it! You know it is perfection."

"Tell me," she said, "what most strikes you concerning it."

"Are you in earnest? Is it not an impertinence? Well then, the absolute high breeding."

"And after that?"

"The art of selection; the choice of beauty; the power of combination; the way you, no, not compel, but draw the world to your feet."

"After one passes the heyday of ambition all that should be of so little worth. Do you think if Mr. Sylvester had lived," she said softly, "I should have been a weight, a clog, upon his progress?"

"Mrs. Sylvester!"

"There was a young girl in a Southern city, who carried home the linen for her mother, a *blanchisseuse de fin*. Her mother was a Creole; her father, who was dead, was a Jew. Her companions were of the street. She slept on straw. She was in need of everything. One day Mr. Sylvester married her."

In the silence that followed, the beating of Eliot Harden's heart was louder in his ears than the great pulse of the sea. It seemed to him in that instant as if everything base in him shriveled like paper blackening in the flame. Mrs. Sylvester leaned toward him out of the darkness, —

> "What plaudits from the next world after this
> Could'st thou repeat a stroke and gain the sky,"

she murmured.

Mr. Harden rose, and stood erect a moment, looking off into the night where the sapphire deep of the sky throbbed with a vast hidden life and the moon lifted the sea like a shield on some almighty arm. He bent and kissed her hand. "Mrs. Sylvester," said he, "such a sacrifice as you have made for me to-night shall not be made in vain. You have reduced me to dust. But it was out of dust that God first made a man."

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE BOOK AND THE PLACE.

I.

"WHY don't you read?" the hero of a recent novel inquires of the heroine, who is supposed to be a creature of delight.

"Read? I hate it!" she cries. "Why should I wade through pages of poetry about nature when I can look out of the window here? Why waste time on some poet's impression of a storm when nearly any week in summer I can stand there and watch the swish of the rain along the mountains?"

The novel in question is one of those — somewhat rare in modern annals — whose gentle flow of narrative makes it possible for the reader to pause and consider the status of a heroine who, loving nature and loathing books, is able to look upon the world around her with something of the primal emotion which our Mother Eve must have felt when she saw the "pleasant soil" of Paradise

stretch green before her wondering eyes, a paradise rich in hope, but untouched by memory; the emotion which Wordsworth describes as

> "a feeling and a love
> That had no need of a remoter charm
> By thought supplied, nor any interest
> Unborrowed from the eye."

I am no heroine, though I would dearly like to be one, and I knew as I mused upon my sister of the novel that I should never be able to imitate her self-sufficiency. All my world of nature is underlaid and permeated by my world of books; all my world of books is sweet with vernal breezes and interfused with that something,

> "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air
> And the blue sky."

It is strange by what process of selection — or election — we choose the scenes and memories that shall stay with us, round which

> "with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
> Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

Almost invariably in my life when some epoch-marking book or poem has risen like a new star above my soul's horizon, it has shone forth for me against the background of the visible heavens. From childhood to womanhood none of the libraries I have loved best have ever been bounded arbitrarily by four walls. They have been places where the morning sunlight brought a double vision, where the world without mingled itself indistinguishably with the world within; above them one mighty arch of sky domed itself over all the continents, and their windows looked alike into the Gardens of Solomon and the Forest of Arden, New England and Arcady.

II.

The library where I wandered at will in my girlhood days boasted of no costly editions. Most of its standard books had been collected in the early manhood of a struggling young student who loved books and gleaned them where they were most easily accessible. There were many small volumes printed, not later than 1828 or 1829, on yellow-edged paper, with pasteboard covers also of a yellowish tint. These had been re-covered, for purposes of preservation, with strong, coarse gray paper, on whose durability time has made little impression.

They were convenient in size, light to the hand, and I loved them so well that no other form or binding has ever seemed to me equally desirable.

It was a west room where the bookcases stood, and from its windows one saw the green Hallowell hills climbing upward toward the setting sun. There, in the old bookcases, they are still, that flock of gray books, like a flight of doves, each bringing its olive branch of greenness and beauty from the teeming world outside.

My father was a man who had decided ideas about the sort of reading which should be permitted to his children, ideas which in those bygone years of girlhood often conflicted unpleasantly with my own. Now I wish that there were more such wisely obdurate parents. There was a circulating library in my native town, and from time to time books were added to it, which obtained great popularity among my schoolmates. Once, I remember, it was The Barclays of Boston, by Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, that was being passed from one to another and pronounced "perfectly elegant."

When I pleaded to be allowed to read it, my mother broke through her usual rule of non-interference to suggest to my father that there was at least no harm in the book.

"It is nothing but wishwash," that stern critic declared, "and the people who read wishwash think wishwash."

It was a golden Saturday afternoon in early summer; no Saturday afternoons in these latter days can be quite so fair as the old ones. There was no school, and though I might not be per-

mitted the joy of acquaintance with The Barclays of Boston, at least the hours were all my own to use at my will. Even one who feels herself the victim of an untoward fate need not go mourning all her days.

I knew on just what shelf they had their home, the four little volumes that had often tempted me. I stood before the bookcase, shut my eyes, and chose. It is so hard to tell of deliberate will just what one does desire. The fates decided in favor of The Antiquary, and with volume I. in my hand I sought the old-fashioned garden below the house.

The "August apple tree" spread out its lower branches into a seat made for readers and dreamers; it stood close beside the brook that in springtime was a rushing torrent and the rest of the year a slender stream with a liquid gurgle in its note. I knew that brook in its remotest windings; three gardens back it flowed through the neglected pleasure grounds of what had once been a well-kept estate. Those terraced lawns where weeds tangled with gay flowers in the untended beds, the dark circle of trees among which a moss-grown fountain played, had for me all the charm of an Italian garden, and the brook came to me with a fresh delight for having lingered through that spot of romance. Just beyond our boundary fence, where a little fall of water formed a pool, two bombshells that had been brought from Key West by an old sea captain in the time of the civil war had found a permanent resting-place. They were not likely to explode after so many years of thorough soaking, yet there was always the fearful joy of dreaming that they might.

Beside this beloved brook, which had in its day served every purpose to which the imagination of childhood could bend it, I perched myself in the old apple tree, opened my book, and in the twinkling of an eye was off and away over the Scottish Border. Here for the first time I encountered the Magician of the North, to me a magician indeed, and the gateway to that land of burns and braes has always in my dreams opened out of the old childhood garden of the singing brook. Edie Ochiltree's blue gown haunts its waters still, the ancient manor house of Knockwinnock finds a setting among my neighbor's neglected terraces, and I know the gloomy hollow where of old dwelt Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot. Recent statistics claim to show that at least 100,000 volumes of Walter Scott's works will be sold during the current year. I wish every one of those volumes might be read with as much joy to the reader as they have given and still give to me.

Beside my desk, as I write, lies a spray of purple heather, crushed and dry, yet purple still. It came to me not long ago from that

> "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood,"

which my bodily eyes have never seen. But for books that faded blossom would have little significance for me; by the aid of books it becomes a thing of magic: —

> "Though crushed its purple blossoms,
> Its tender stems turned brown,
> It brings romantic Highlands
> Into prosaic town;
> The clans are on the border,
> The chiefs are in the fray,
> We 're keen upon their footsteps
> With Walter Scott to-day."

Above that heather-decked moorland *they* sing, the warbling birds that "break the heart" because they

> "'mind us o' departed joys,
> Departed never to return;"

the air is astir with the echo of immortal ballads that thrill the pulses still, the cry of loyal hearts to the king over the water;

> "Wha 'll be king but Charlie?"

they ask, and the wide moorland calls back, —

> "Follow thee, follow thee, wha would na' follow thee,
> King o' the Highland hearts, bonny Prince Charlie!"

There bonny Kilmeny wanders with the Flower of Yarrow, and David Balfour finds Catriona and The Little Minister; there, too, the beloved wraith of him who, exiled from the land he loved, dreamed of Scotland, and longed for her, and wrote of her, comes from his tropic mountain grave to tread the heather at last.

III.

There is an old-fashioned New England farmhouse which I used to know well, an unpainted cottage now seldom inhabited, sitting in a green meadow, and staring at the highroad which it fronts through wide, many-paned windows.

At the back of the house a deep lane bordered with gnarled old apple trees leads to the pasture half a mile away. A stream runs through the pasture, so wide that one must spring from stepping-stone to stepping-stone in order to cross. A few paces farther on one finds the grove and knows it at once for a place of enchantment.

There is no undergrowth in that grove; only vernal and mossy sward where the lichen and the sundew and the tiny yellow oxalis weave their embroideries. All the trees are tall and stately growths, and have stories to tell; succeeding generations of birds come back year after year to the same nesting places. It is a place in which to dream nobly, to resolve strongly, to gain new surety that truth and love and loyalty are steadfast realities. One day I found that death and change had entered even that paradise. A giant tree lay just as it fell to earth, with all its crown of foliage wreathing around it. Near the base the ground was strewn with chips, as if drops of lifeblood had fallen there.

I walked along the mighty trunk of the fallen monarch, and found a seat on its broad bulk just where the branching limbs began to make an airy chamber, whose green roof did not altogether shut out the arch of the sky.

I held in my hand a book written by one who had in his lifetime intimate acquaintance with all the deities of wave and wind, of star and cloud. If a bird sang in the far treetops, I could find him interpreted and glorified in the book; if the stream in its turn sang through the little valley, the book was aware of its crystal flow, and found in it "the force of the ice, the wreathing of the clouds, the gladness of the sky, and the continuance of Time;" its writer was himself one of those "strange people" of whom this book tells us, who "had other loves than those of wealth, and other interests than those of commerce." He drew all beautiful things of earth and air into his thought "as you trace threads through figures on a silken damask."

I opened the book and read the reasons why one man loved the things of nature and beauty, and why because of that love the light of morning yet shone for him upon the hills.

"He took pleasure in them" — so I read from the open page — "because he had been bred among English fields and hills; because the gentleness of a great race was in his heart and its powers of thought in his brain; because he knew the stories of the Alps and of the cities at their feet; because he had read the Homeric legends of the clouds, and beheld the gods of dawn and the givers of dew to the fields; because he knew the faces of the crags and the imagery of the passionate mountains as a man knows the face of his friend; because he had in him the wonder and sorrow concerning life and death which are the inheritance of the Gothic soul from the days of its first sea-kings; and also the compassion and the joy that are woven into the innermost fabric of every great imaginative spirit born now in countries that have lived by the Christian faith with any courage or truth."

IV.

If it requires all this to enable one to see the full glory of the morning light

upon the hills, it is yet a blessed thing to know that intimations of that light — vague imaginings of what its effulgence may be — are given to those of narrower vision, who are only dimly struggling toward it,

"Moving about in worlds not realized."

It may be a part of the heaven that "lies about us in our infancy" that children so often seem instinctively to recognize not only what is most beautiful in nature, but also what is most admirable in literature.

When I turn the pages of the Iliad now the old Homeric tales are all penetrated with a fresher and more human interest than of old because they are inseparably associated in my memory with the picture of a green lawn where, amid the falling leaves, four little figures — two of them the dearest in the world for me — are valiantly besieging Troy. It is all very real to them. Under the big elm tree Hector parts from Andromache.

"The horsehair plume
That grimly nodded from the lofty crest"

of that mighty warrior is a sight to make the beholder weep tears of joy. I hear myself told sternly, "If you laugh *this* time at the death of Patroclus you will have to go into the house!"

Near the scene of those funeral obsequies stands a great old apple tree whose arching top forms a fascinating audience room, with low, wide-spreading limbs whereon those who gather to listen may find seats delightfully insecure. Here it was, within the circle of this New England tree, that the voyages of Ulysses found at last a happy ending. The little group who kept time with swinging feet while the "oars of Ithaca,"

"All day long clave the silvery foam"

had little patience with Penelope's procrastinating methods with her suitors.

"Why did n't she just *tell* 'em that she would n't have 'em?" they inquired scornfully; but on that day, — it was in apple-blossom time, I remember, — when the sad queen, listening, heard the music of the old songs floating up into the chamber where she sat apart, and called in sudden anguish: —

"Cease, minstrel, cease, and sing some other song;
. . . the sweet words of it have hurt my heart.
Others return, the other husbands, but
Never for me that sail on the sea-line,
Never a sound of oars beneath the moon,
Nor sudden step beside me at midnight,
Never Ulysses!"

on that apple-blossom day we felt very gloomy over Ulysses' tardiness. There were differences of opinion among us as to whether the afflicting old song would most probably have been The Old Oaken Bucket, or Home, Sweet Home, or even — who could tell? — Way Down Upon the Swanee River; but whether we believed it to be Greek or American mattered little compared with our recognition of the fact that it must in some way, however imperfect, be touched with the primal emotions and reflect the eternal soul of things. When that is once understood, Greece and New England become common territory and the minstrels' strain echoes the cry of the heart in all ages.

Not long ago I asked a grammar-school teacher which one among the short poems her pupils were taught to recite really appealed to them most. She told me that, when the children were allowed to select for themselves, the choice almost always fell on that poem of Browning's which begins, —

"Such a starved bank of moss
Till, that May-morn,
Blue ran the flash across:
Violets were born!"

The three stanzas of this poem are full of subtle meaning; they are condensed, crammed full of implied action, whose processes the reader must supply for himself. The children, without grasping the subtlety, feel the action and get an uplift from it. They are assisting at the birth of violets and stars, and, as they recite, their voices tremble with the fervor of the impulse.

A certain lonely road where I often

drive has its entrance through one of the poorer quarters of the town. In the springtime, when the wild flowers begin to blossom, groups of children from those humble homes may be found all along the way, bending over the new-sprung grass, and filling their hands and hearts with the beauty which is nature's gift to rich and poor alike. Even the smallest toddlers are there, their chubby fists painfully clasped around too rich a store of treasures.

Once, as I drew near the spot where a cluster of these childish faces hung over a bank thick strewn with violets, I heard a musing little voice begin to murmur, —

"Such a starved bank of moss,"

then others took up the strain, until at the end a sounding chorus echoed the tidings of the birth of violets. Emerson rejoices in the man who has

"Loved the woodrose and left it on its stalk,"

but there is another gospel, that of the gathered flower. No matter what was the final fate of those plucked violets, whether they were carefully set in water, or withered where the warm little fingers had idly dropped them, they had fulfilled their mission, — into those starved young lives

"Violets were born!"

I took with me on one of my drives a poor soul who has always found this world a workaday spot. I learned, anew, what I had often been taught before, that it is not necessarily safe to judge people prosaic because they are compelled to lead prosaic lives.

My companion drank in the beauty of earth and sky with the eagerness of one who has long been athirst. Presently from the top of a high hill we looked down into a meadow whose green expanse was zigzagged back and forth by the silver windings and doublings of a brook. "For all the world like a silver braidin' pattern on green velvet," commented the voice by my side. I stopped the horse that the eager eyes might satisfy themselves with gazing, and in the stillness the voice of the waters spoke to us from afar.

"I was thinking of something," my companion said, "something I read in a book, but it kind of escapes me. I can't quite get hold of it."

"What book was it?" I asked.

"Well, I seem to have lost the title too. Strange, why I can't remember things. It 's a book about an old sailor, and the cost mark on it was seven dollars and fifty cents. Of course," she explained, "I did n't pay any such price for it. It come to me from a girl that had it for a Christmas present, and when her mother come to read it she put her foot down that 't was the kind of stuff she would n't have in the house. So I was doing some sewing for the girl, and she said I could have the book for what I 'd done, and if I 'd call it square she would. It is a curious kind of a story, but sometimes I 've sat up till most morning reading it, when I 'd ought to be abed too. It gets hold of me so I can't leave it."

"Who wrote the book?" I inquired, anxious to identify this fascinating volume.

"Well," she replied doubtfully, "I have an idea it was one of Dant's."

After a time the quotation she was seeking came back to my friend bit by bit, so that between us we were able to piece it together, and this was it: —

"A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

It was the Ancient Mariner that had held her with his glittering eye, and she had felt his power without being able to analyze the spell.

"I always wanted a chance to read," she said, with a sigh, "and if there wa'n't so many buttonholes in the world perhaps life would be more worth while, — but, there! there 's a better world to look forward to, when we get through with this one."

Yes, poor soul of the starved long-

ings, there must be, there is, a better world to come, and in that world, if one may trust the prophetic vision of the Old Masters, there are no button-holes; all the angelic draperies I have ever seen depicted were either tumbling off altogether or simply hanging by a thread. In that blessed and button-holeless country may you, a happy Wedding Guest, find all that you have missed here on earth and — if you so desire — sit in some green nook of the Elysian meadows reading the livelong day!

V.

There is a certain college library whose delights often woo me, especially during the quiet of the vacation season. Then, in the summer mornings, I not infrequently have the great room to myself, save for the quiet presence of the portraits and busts.

> "The sightless Milton, with his hair
> Around his placid temples curled,"

often speaks to me from his pedestal, and from the shelves the crowding voices of the masters call, but the green slopes and lawns of the campus are so silent that one may hear the trees that grow close to the windows whisper "their green felicity," as if the babble of term time had never known existence and the ancient nymphs and dryads were murmuring there still.

It is owing to the relation of this library to the outside world that the silver loop of water with which the Kennebec here bounds the eastern slope takes on such chameleon shapes.

Now it becomes the Ilissus, on whose banks sit Socrates and Phædrus "in some quiet spot." The tall tree which Phædrus has chosen because of its shade is plainly visible from the window.

"Yes," he tells Socrates, "this is the tree."

"Yes, indeed," says Socrates, "and a fair and shady resting-place, full of summer sounds and scents; moreover, there is a sweet breeze and the grasshoppers chirrup; and the greatest charm of all is the grass, like a pillow gently sloping to the head. My dear Phædrus, you have been an admirable guide," and then he ceases to "babble of green fields," and returns to that "bait of discourse, by whose spell," he tells Phædrus, "you may lead me all round Attica and over the wide world."

Now, as if by magic, the scene changes, and it is Edmund Spenser whom one hears, calling across English meadows, —

> "Sweet Themmes, runne softly till I end my song;"

or, perchance, it is the echoing sigh of Burns's lament over "bonny Doon," or Wordsworth singing by the banks of Yarrow.

From the window of this southern alcove, where one sees the full curve of the river as it plunges toward the falls, the shining stream becomes the Rhone as Ruskin saw it "alike through bright day and lulling night, the never-pausing plunge, and never-fading flash, and never-hushing whisper."

In the golden dusk of twilight comes the fairest metamorphosis of all, for then the great mill that stretches along the eastern river-bank becomes a Venetian palace on the Grand Canal, with myriad lights reflecting in the glancing waters; there, in the vague distance, looms the shadowy bulk of St. Mark's, and in the little crumbling vestibule room, where the marble doge sleeps under the window, the last shaft of dying light falls full upon his unanswering face. Inside the library the close-filled shelves open out into unending vistas. From this upper shelf to which I first raise my eyes the way leads to an English country house, upon the bowling green of which, "shut off from the garden by a thick yew hedge," my Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim surmount the difficulties of the siege of Namur.

"'Summer is coming on,' declares Trim; 'your honor might sit out of doors and give me the nography of the

town or citadel your honor was pleased to sit down before, and I 'll be shot by your honor upon the glacis of it, if I do not fortify it to your honor's mind.'

"'I dare say thou would'st, Trim,'" my uncle replies.

Farther along on the same shelf a row of faded volumes of De Quincey — faded? nay, rather let us say time-mellowed — exhale a breath from the Lake Country where their author lived. On what depths these volumes open, — depths of the visible heavens, depths of the skies of dreams!

Here is that exquisite twilight atmosphere through which the child De Quincey views for the first time the pale and silent pomp of Death; here the midnight skies of London loom with a shadowed radiance over that rare and tender idyl of Oxford Street; here, "in the broad light of the summer evening," we start from London to carry the news of Talavera to the waiting country-side. This is no opium mirage, but a glorious reality. "Dressed in laurels and flowers, oak leaves and ribbons," we thunder along, "kindling at every instant new successions of burning joy," every heart leaping at our approach. The pomp of the night goes with us, the heavens exult above our heads, and when we meet the poor mother whose son's regiment was all but annihilated in the fight, we lift for her no funeral banners, no laurels overshadowing the bloody trench, but we tell her "how these dear children of England, privates and officers, leaped their horses over all obstacles as gayly as hunters to the morning chase," how they rode into the mists of death as children to a mother's knee.

As we read the story the old thrill leaps into our pulses, — the thrill that woke at *our* moment of victory. It was not for Talavera, not even, perhaps, for Gettysburg or San Juan, but whether the triumph were a tangible or intangible one, the uplift that came with it marked an instant of supreme emotion, and from that upper shelf in the library bookcase the whole horizon of life widens toward eternal nobleness.

It was in the alcove where the elm and maple trees stand nearest the window that I chanced for the first time on Casimir Delavigne's Toilette de Constance. It happened on one of those dazzling summer mornings when all the landscape seems to sparkle with light. The tall trees waved their boughs like banners, and the procession of college willows marched down the slope toward the shining river reaches, as if they celebrated a triumph. The story began with all the joy of the gay morning. There was the sparkling young face in the mirror, decking itself into more radiant beauty, impatient for the adjustment of the necklace, the ribbon, that should make a fair form fairer still. She hastened the maid, —

"Vite, Anna, vite; au miroir
Plus vite, Anna!"

Then the dance music began to throb through the measure;

"L'heure s'avance,
Et je vais au bal ce soir
Chez l'ambassadeur de France."

Now Love entered, —

"Il y sera; Dieu, s'il pressait ma main
En y pensant, à peine je respire!"

The toilette of Constance was finished. (Hark! how just at that moment through the open alcove window the river plashed a liquid note of joy.) Just one more glance in the mirror — the last — "J'ai l'assurance," she cried, —

"Qu'on va m'adorer ce soir
Chez l'ambassadeur de France."

Then — and it seemed almost incredible amidst that laughing pageant of nature which surrounded me as I read — Death entered the scene. Constance, admiring herself, stepped near the hearth; a flying spark fell on her light robe; oh, how few those breathless moments till it was all ended!

"L'horrible feu rouge avec volupté
Ses bras, son sein, et l'entoure et s'élève,
Et sans pitie dévoure sa beauté,
Ses dix-huit ans, hélas, et son doux réve!"

That one untranslatable word *volupté* marked the crisis of the tragedy; then came the summing up: —

"Adieu, bal, plaisir, amour!
On disait, Pauvre Constance!
Et on dansait jusqu'au jour
Chez l'ambassadeur de France."

I stood this morning in the same library alcove, and the swaying boughs weaving quaint patterns on the springtime grass moved to and fro to that old strain of dance music. The college willows, which have looked down on so many generations of youth, seemed full of the echo, —

"Ses dix-huit ans, hélas, et son doux réve!"

for in those swift-moving stanzas, without one superfluous word or line, all was there, the philosophy and the tragedy of life.

When one mounts to the gallery of the library one finds a different world. Here are the curious old memoirs and biographies, the superfluous and unused driftwood of literature, the old editions that have served their time and passed into dignified retirement. In this shady nook dwell Evelina and Pamela, hobnobbing in stilted, ceremonious fashion with Sir Charles Grandison, and looking askance at Miss Edgeworth's heroes and heroines. Odd volumes of the minor poets congregate here, and musty smelling folios where long ſ's hold sway. Yet in the midst of these worthies one may chance upon a thumb-marked copy of Spare Hours, and, opening at random, find himself suddenly climbing to "high Minchmoor," along the same road where Montrose's troopers once fled. Past the great house of Traquair you go, where the bears of Bradwardine stand sentinel, and the path you tread is full of the lilt of song: —

"And what saw ye there
In the bush aboon Traquair,
Or what did ye hear that was worth your heed?
I heard the cushies croon
Through the gowden afternoon,
And the Quair burn singing down to the vale
o' Tweed."

And so, as you look from the high window, that silver loop of the Kennebec finds another transformation.

In the dim corner under the stairs, in a quiet, conservative, English-seeming atmosphere, long rows of Littell's magazines dwell in the shadow of decorum. He who browses here will enter many Old World homes and become acquainted with the dwellers therein. It was one of these quaint gentlewomen who first read to me — I sat on a Chippendale chair the while, and looked out upon the verdant stretches of an ancestral park — that exquisite poem of Moore's, —

"No wonder, Mary, that thy story
Touches all hearts."

Into that dark library corner she came, poor, sinning, beautiful Mary, and lighted all the dusk

"with those bright locks of gold,
(So oft the gaze of Bethany.)"

Here have I foregathered in the intimacy of home life with the Brownings, the Carlyles, and many another English writer of note, have darned stockings with Mrs. John Taylor of Norwich, and fallen in love with the seventh Lord Shaftesbury in an intimacy which began beside a humble grave in a quiet English churchyard.

VI.

Standing the other day before the shelves of another alcove in this Protean library, I took down one by one the bound volumes of the Atlantic Monthly during the war years from 1861 to 1865. The time was the 28th of May; another Memorial Day was soon to dawn, and here I found the whole intimate story of the civil war, from the time of Charleston Under Arms, and Washington As a Camp to The Death of Abraham Lincoln and the reconstruction period.

If I sought a garland to lay upon the graves of our unforgotten heroes, what a splendid bouquet of verse lay shut within these pages! Poems at first

hand, fresh-blooming, to be read by eyes that kindled with new and vivid emotions, —

"Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights!"

— here we begin with a whole shining parterre of blossoms. Place this deep-hued peony next, —

"The crimson flower of battle blooms
And solemn marches fill the nights."

Now Holmes gathers a handful of starry petals, —

"What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?"

Dew-washed, we find it "where lonely sentries tread," and touch its wreathing colors tenderly, —

"The Starry Flower of Liberty."

Here are the Biglow Papers where Lowell tells us, —

"I, country-born an' bred, know where to find
Some blooms to make the season suit the mind,"

and then he showers them upon us, wild flowers that never grow tame, —

"Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you oncurl,
Each on 'em 's cradle to a baby-pearl," —

stout dandelions, snapdragon, touch-me-not, fire-weed, deepening by and by where a scarlet king-cup shines, to —

"Wut 's words to them whose faith an' truth
On War's red techstone rung true metal,
Who ventered life an' love an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt o' men
That rived the Rebel line asunder?"

Now wreathe in a long spray of trumpet-flowers, —

"The flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow,"

and, —

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat."

Add a royal fleur-de-lis for the Washers of the Shroud, —

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win
Death's royal purple in the foeman's lines."

Next a handful of Brownell's tiger-lilies; cypress and rue for martyred Lincoln, to mark where

"The Dark Flower of Death
Blooms in the fadeless fields;"

then blood-stained chalices from the Ode to Freedom, —

"Whiter than moonshine upon snow
Her raiment is, but round the hem
Crimson-stained."

Last of all, before we lay our completed garland upon the graves that have been green with the verdure of many a returning springtime, let us pluck anew Whittier's olive bough of peace fair as when it was first gathered, —

"Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns
Who alone is God and Lord!"

This memorial wreath, which we have twined leaf by leaf from the printed leaves where it first blossomed, is not one which can be shut within four library walls. Its flowery chain links the green mounds on innumerable hillsides to the hearts of living men wherever hearts beat for sacrifice and honor.

VII.

We belong to a nation of "great readers." We devour popular novels with an unfailing appetite and a literary range which extends from the known to the unknown, and does not necessarily discriminate greatly between Mrs. Ward and Bertha M. Clay.

We are fast becoming an out of doors people. Not only our heroines and heroes of fiction, but our "real folks" sigh continually for "the open." Nature, to many of us, is a deity to be approached with bared head, thick shoes, and rolled-up sleeves; to be propitiated with golf clubs and fishing rods; to be entertained with athletic sports of varying kinds and degrees; and in return for our devotion she bestows on us a

hearty appetite for beefsteak, and lends increased zest to a soothing pipe in hours of meditation or stupor.

We are a practical people, much inclined to believe that there are few things in heaven or earth which cannot be reduced to a scientific formula.

Yet outside this world of superficiality and robustness and "common sense" there is another universe, whose meanings no formulas can ever express, whose bounds can never be measured by sea or star or space, a world of immortalities that differs from the other as "the consecration and the poet's dream" differ from the multiplication table, and it is as true of this world as of the other that "to him that hath shall be given."

Martha Baker Dunn.

REVEALMENT.

A SENSE of sadness in the golden air,
A dreaminess, that has no part in care, —
As if the Season, by some woodland pool,
Braiding the early blossoms in her hair,
Seeing her loveliness reflected there,
Had sighed to find herself so beautiful.

A pensiveness, a feeling as of fear,
Holy and dim as of a mystery near, —
As if the World about us listening went,
With lifted finger and hand-hollowed ear,
Hearkening a music that we cannot hear,
Haunting the quickening earth and firmament.

A yearning of the soul that has no name,
Expectancy that is both wild and tame, —
As if the Earth, from out its azure ring
Of heavens, looked to see, as white as flame —
As Perseus once to chained Andromeda came —
The swift, divine revealment of the Spring.

Madison Cawein.

HIS DAUGHTER FIRST.

XVIII.

The Argonaut mine, although a new property, had proved a remarkably successful one. The stock, however, had never reached the level justified by its earnings. There were several reasons for this discrepancy. The ore presented difficulties of treatment which had not yet been surmounted; the formation was one not admitting of any positive predictions for the future; and, above all, the management, of which little was known, made no adequate public statements. But, as is not infrequently the case, the declaration of the usual dividend was considered news enough, and, with the exception of an occasional outburst of criticism, distrust had never crystallized into concerted aggressive action. Men of good judgment and common sense unaccountably abandon all claims to either when they join to form a crowd.

At the time of the last assessment the statement appeared that the outlook was sufficiently encouraging to warrant the erection of a new mill, equipped with the modern copper-saving appliances indispensable to times of close margins and low percentages of mineral; but the assessment had hardly been paid in when the quality of the rock began to fall off, and the lode finally ran out below the margin of profit. Exploration followed, and for this the proceeds of the assessment were the only available asset. What was not known to the public was that the surplus had been thus exhausted without success, and that the management had been quietly disposing of its interests preparatory to the announcement of a shutdown.

When Mr. Heald opened the telegram which was the cause of his return to town he expected to read that operations had been abandoned. But the message, which was in cipher, read: —

"Struck richest formation ever discovered. Rock runs better than Shawnee."

The Shawnee was the adjoining property, and had been the foundation of great fortunes.

He had at once written two telegrams: one to his New York agent, directing him to inform the morning papers that for prudential reasons the mine would be temporarily shut down; and one to his broker, ordering him to sell "short" to an unlimited amount on the decline which would inevitably follow such an announcement. When the stock touched bottom he intended to gather in the wreckage, publish the news of the unexpected discovery, and sit quietly down to reap the harvest.

Having dispatched this business with the assurance of a general who has the enemy in his grasp, he went in search of Mabel, — from victory to defeat. In the elation of such unlooked-for good fortune defeat was bitter. But sitting in the cold gray light of the winter morning, as the train hurried through the still sleeping villages, he forgave her his defeat. She loved him! Defeat meant nothing. If he had been moved by the completeness and pitifulness of her confession, yet that was not the real reason for his forgiving mood. What she had uncovered in her own heart, if more than expected, had been hoped for. What she had uncovered in his was a revelation. *He* loved *her*. Not now for the things that had once attracted him, but for all these and vastly more, — the *why* which admits of no analysis or explanation, and which counts all reasons as nothing. The Mabel he saw now was not the Miss Temple of Gramercy Park, imperial with millions and beauty, who had fascinated

him by her alternating moods of graciousness and disdain, but the woman of the night before, a woman at bay with her own contending passions, broken in spirit yet not abased, the Mabel whose every word of self-mastery and repulse was a surrender, infinitely desirable because of self-mastery and denial. Everything else was blotted out in the blinding light of this discovery, — he loved her! This was the supreme fact. Helen counted for nothing. He reckoned with her hardly more than with the public which would singe its wings at the Argonaut candle. Both were incidents, not obstacles.

But as he sat thinking in the roar of the flying train while the sun came up over the Westford hills, one of these incidents became more and more an obstacle. It was not so easy to ignore Helen as it was to ignore the public. Of one thing he was sure, he did not wish to take either into his confidence for the present. As for returning to Cedar Hill, — well, he must wait and see.

What, after all, had he to complain of? He had forced an explanation with Mabel with the very result he had hoped for. But there was Helen again, — the glass of wine taken at the wrong moment. It was of no use wishing, regretting. What was done was done, and it was an infernal snarl.

The worst of it was that he felt the capacity, the desire, to be honest, to do something noble. It had always been a weakness of his, to make spasmodic excursions into the land of quixotic generosity and kindness. He had not cared a rap for the Bishop's church, and would have laughed at the praise the Bishop had awarded to his recognition of his obligations to society. But he had got a thousand dollars' worth of pleasure out of his subscription nevertheless, and that was what he made it for. Nor had he felt any very deep sense of indebtedness to Mr. Kensett for having once done him a good turn. The idea of repaying that debt had come to him suddenly, in a sentimental mood, when sitting with Mrs. Kensett in the moonlit corner of a piazza one evening after dinner at Lenox. He did not care in the least for Mrs. Kensett. But, indulging in reminiscences, she had awakened this silly propensity of his for playing the rôle of Prince. It was silly, unmitigatedly silly. He had forgotten all about Mr. Kensett, and Mrs. Kensett was no more to him than the poor students of Lemington. She was not even poor. *She* had had no sentiment about disposing of her stock at a profit. There had been absolutely no reason for doing what he had, except that he liked to do such things. He had been sorry afterwards, and thoroughly glad to get out of it. These impulsive acts of benevolence really cost him nothing. They were only forms of self-indulgence, of vanity, for which one is always ready to pay any price. What he felt now was different. He wanted to please some one else, — Mabel. He had begun by admiring her, as he might have admired an exquisite object of art in a Fifth Avenue shop window. He had returned to look at it again, finally had gone in, and found it was not for sale. He had admired her still more in the train. Nerve and pluck and character always attracted him. She had vastly more than violet eyes and a pretty form. She had been attractive, she became fascinating and provocative, and now she was necessary, — he loved her. Above all he wanted to be hers, to be her choice, to win her real love, to be to her eyes what she was to his as she sat in the chair under the palms of the conservatory, worth going through fire and flood for. And that was the worst of it! that, as often happens when we have found the will to dare fire and flood, there was no fire and flood to go through. To give her up was not within the bounds of reason. What good would that do? There are doors of life which, once shut, can never be opened again; steps which, once taken, can never be

retraced. He had not closed any such door, or taken any such step. He began to hate Helen. What business had she to love him any way!

He was roused by the porter's offer to brush his coat. The electric lights were on. They were already in the tunnel.

On leaving the station he crossed the street to a neighboring hotel and studied the tape carefully. Argonaut had opened at thirty-five, fallen to twenty, rallied to twenty-five, and then fallen again to twenty-one. It had closed the day before at thirty-eight. He went to the telephone and repeated his orders of the evening. Would he be down town today? No, he was going directly to the Carleton. If any one wanted to see him he was out of town.

A good many people wanted to see him, so the Carleton clerk told him.

"Well, I am not at home to any one," he said. But just as he was stepping into the elevator a beardless boy of twenty with a white face caught him.

"Mr. Heald, Mr. Heald, — just a word, please." He was trying to be offhand. "What 's all this row about Argonaut? There 's an item in the morning paper. Is there any truth in it?"

Mr. Heald turned and looked at the speaker. He remembered to have seen him at the Club, but he could not recall his name or anything about him.

"Is there?" he said.

"Yes, about closing down."

Mr. Heald thought a moment.

"I don't own a share of Argonaut," he said, stepping into the elevator. "If I did, I should sell it before I went to bed."

XIX.

The sun was just struggling through the fog and smoke as Jack stepped into the launch lying off the Battery. But the great city had not waited for the sun. A hoarse blast of disdainful warning rose from a big black liner slowly making its way out of the North River to catch the morning tide. Angry shrieks came quick after the white puffs of steam from a half-score of tugboats, up betimes like the early bird after worms. A line of black scows buffeted low down in the water, sullen and obstinate, with the waves of the upper bay, smothered under a long trail of black smoke from the speck of power dragging them seaward. A weather-beaten tramp, with patches of red paint on its dingy sides and a strong list to starboard, its top gear glistening with tons of frozen spray and a vomit of yellow smoke pouring from its short funnel, was making for its berth under Brooklyn Heights after waiting at anchor overnight outside the bar. From under the Bridge, coming down the river at half-speed, a Sound boat, with its tier upon tier of deck and cabin, swept its great curve of foam, rocking the little boats at their dock moorings, and leaving behind a train of curling waves that dashed among the green piles and slapped against the iron plates of loading steamers. Ferryboats were coming and going in every direction, their cavernous decks black with people, like so many mouths of sea monsters which might at any moment close their ponderous jaws and disappear under the waves. Over the thin web of the great bridge long black lines were creeping like snails. The note of a bugle rang clear from Governor's Island. The clang of gongs on lower Broadway, the short whistle of engines in mid-air, the wail of a siren up the river, all the speech man has put into the dumb lips of Nature greeted the rising sun.

Before the east wind coming in fresh from the sea the smoke and steam from a thousand chimneys were hurrying away in curling ribbons of white and brown, and the waters of the bay were beginning to talk and show their white teeth.

"It 's not going to blow, is it, Captain?" said Jack, buttoning up his fur coat and sitting down by the boiler to keep warm.

"No, sir, it 's just a slant of morning wind, sir. It will warm up afore noon. Good day for a bit of painting, sir."

The engineer touched his lever, and with a shiver and throb the launch shot out from the landing into the wake of the liner.

"White Star, sir," said the captain.

Jack nodded. He knew every funnel in the merchant marine.

As the launch receded from the shore the separate noises of the city blended into a deep, confused roar, and a wonderful outline of towering piles stood out against the sky. Other cities have their messages, sad messages of lamentation over a perished splendor, sweet messages of tender recollection for fair women and brave men, sombre messages of vast populations toiling and sweating in the failing fight for supremacy, gay messages of laughter and of pride as from queens on thrones, — but the message of this one was the message of a young giant, half-grown, uncouth, insolent with the joy of its strength and an invincible faith in its destiny. Jack looked back upon its fading outlines with quiet pride. Not kings had chosen its seat or laid its foundations, nor princes set its stones one upon the other, but the brains and hands of such men as he.

He turned his face to the fresh wind with a keen sense of enjoyment. This was his day off. Were the truth told, he would have liked to don a pair of overalls and exchange places for a day with the workman sitting on his plank slung over the stern of the Vixen and dipping his brush in the pot of black paint. There was no strain in that work, covering stroke by stroke the glistening surface, stopping to listen to his neighbor at the other end of the staging, slackening the rope for a fresh start below, — no perplexing problems to solve, no conflicting arguments to weigh, no instant decisions to make, no worry, and time enough to think, to think the thoughts he pleased. There was no wear and tear in painting or calking seams, no anxieties brought forward from the account of the day before.

The workman on the plank at two dollars a day thought the "old man" had a pretty comfortable berth.

"Two dollars a minute 's about his gait," he said to his companion as Jack went up the ladder.

"Every man has his gait," was the reply; "all I want 's a chance to strike mine."

"Guess you 'll get it in this country if anywhere."

"That 's so. I ain't whining."

The cabin was warm. A bright coal fire burned in the open grate. Everything was covered up for the winter and Mabel's piano was housed in oilcloth, but the table was laid, and savory smells could be detected coming from the galley. Jack felt his sea appetite gaining ground. He went into his stateroom, got out an old suit and slouch hat from the locker, and lit his pipe. The morning went in talk and inspection, and luncheon time came in the midst of a discussion over the new awnings. The skipper thought the old ones would do, but Jack said his daughter thought they were getting shabby. On this information the skipper immediately subsided.

Luncheon was scarcely over when, just as dessert was brought in, voices were heard on deck. The black cook, down for the day and serving also in the capacity of steward, went to the companionway.

"Gentleman wants to see you, sir."

"To see me?" said Jack in a tone of surprise. As he spoke a man came down the steps, and Jack turned to see Mr. Brown, Jr., followed by the skipper.

"Good-morning, Mr. Temple."

"Hullo, Brown! where did you come from?"

"Arizona, sir. I got in this morning. They told me at the office I should find you here, so I took the ferry and came over in a boat."

"Sit down. What 's up? "

"Well, sir, my report is ready. I put it in writing and thought you would wish me to deliver it to you personally." He took a long blue envelope from his inside pocket and laid it on the table. "But it is n't of much account now."

Jack put the envelope in his pocket. "Not of much account? Well, it does n't matter. I am not so much interested in Argonaut as I was awhile ago."

Mr. Brown fidgeted in his chair, but remained silent. Jack looked at the skipper, who put on his hat and went out.

"Well? " said Jack, turning to Brown.

"That report," said Mr. Brown, motioning to Mr. Temple's pocket, "was finished three days ago, just as they were getting ready to shut down."

"Not a very encouraging one, then."

"No, sir. But before the ink was dry something happened." Jack was feeling for his tobacco-pouch, and appeared disappointingly uninterested. "They struck the richest vein of conglomerate I ever laid my eyes on."

"Bulldog luck! " said Jack, lighting his pipe.

"Yes, sir, for those who know it."

Still Jack showed no interest. "Rather a difficult secret to keep, is n't it, Brown? "

"There 'll be a good deal of cold water thrown on it before it 's allowed to blaze up, Mr. Temple. Have you seen the morning papers? "

"No, they are in my overcoat pocket."

Mr. Brown unfolded one of his own and read the following paragraph: —

" ' It is stated on good authority that the mill on the Argonaut property will be closed for the present. No method seems to have been found to reduce the losses at the tail end of the mill, and present indications do not warrant the erection of a new one.' "

"It was the first thing I saw when I opened the paper," he said, "and it was about what I expected. I have n't lived with the Assistant Superintendent two weeks for nothing."

"I see. Tell me something about this new vein, Brown."

"It 's the Shawnee vein, which they have been looking for these last six months, sir. There is a good mile of it, and it runs from ten to fifteen thousand feet in depth on the adjoining property. There is n't any doubt about it, Mr. Temple. You know what Shawnee has done for its owners. I wanted to throw my report in the waste-basket the moment I saw it. You know I have n't much cash, but I am going back to New York to buy every share I can borrow money to buy."

"You have n't had your luncheon yet, Brown? "

"No, sir."

"Better have a little something before you go," said Jack, touching the bell.

While Mr. Brown was dispatching his luncheon Jack went into his stateroom, wrote a few words in pencil, and going on deck ordered the launch alongside.

"You are not going yet, Mr. Temple? " asked the skipper.

"Oh no," replied Jack. "But pay the gentleman's boatman. I 'll send him ashore in the launch. And, Captain," he added, giving him an envelope, "you may go yourself. I want to send a telegram. I suppose you are in a hurry to be off," he said to Brown, as the latter came up the companionway. "Did you come right through? "

"Yes, sir, without stopping."

"Well, get into the launch, it will save you half an hour."

"You are not going up yourself, Mr. Temple? "

"No. But I am alone to-night. You might come up after dinner, — say at nine o'clock."

"I will, sir," replied Mr. Brown, stepping into the launch.

"Always the way," growled the skip-

per, taking the wheel. "Never can get an hour to himself without some one a-bothering of him."

"I guess I did n't bother him much," remarked Brown. "That 's a telegram you have there, is n't it?"

The skipper nodded.

"I thought so," said Brown; and to himself, "He 'll make no mistake this time."

XX.

The gayety of the breakfast party at Cedar Hill on the morning of Mr. Heald's departure was marred by the arrival of Mr. Pearson with the information that an accident had occurred in the woods the day before. A woodcutter had been caught by a falling tree on the mountain side five miles away. He had been at work at some distance from his companions and had not been discovered till dusk, when his failure to appear had led to a search. With great difficulty he had been transported to Mr. Pearson's farm, where he had received such care as the local practitioner could give. The latter had decided that the crushed leg must be amputated, and Mr. Pearson had been sent to the nearest telephone to summon the assistance of the Lemington surgeon. He had also a list of articles necessary at the farmhouse, which he gave to Dolly while Paul was at the telephone.

"He 's a poor crittur," explained Mr. Pearson, "as has bin trampin' round after work. He ain't got no clothes to speak of, nor any friends, nor no name for that matter. Mrs. Pearson she 's that nervous she ain't no use. She allus did have to go down to the village killin' days. Jim 's bin for Mrs. Benton, but her baby 's got the cramps a-teethin', and she says she ain't goin' to leave her baby for no tramps."

"Do you mean you want some one to go back with you?" asked Margaret, who had left the table with Dolly when Mr. Pearson's errand was known.

"Waal," replied Mr. Pearson, "the doctor said a woman would be sorter handy."

Margaret decided at once that she would go with Paul, who had ordered the sleigh. Dolly remonstrated, but to no purpose.

"You must stay and look after your guests," said Margaret. "Some one must take charge of the toboggan party," and she went upstairs for her hat and jacket.

"I shall ride over with Mr. Pearson," said Paul, who came in while Dolly was collecting the needed supplies, after Margaret had gone. "I have telephoned for a doctor and nurse. You can send the things over in the sleigh. If there is no need for me to stay I shall be back in an hour."

Dolly said nothing of Margaret's intention. She thought she would change her mind when she found Paul had gone. But Margaret was firm, and after getting together the articles on the doctor's list, Dolly went back to the breakfast-room.

Everybody was sorry, but as no one could do anything the interruption was momentary, and Dolly made as light of it as she could. Mrs. Frazer, whose morning toilet was a momentous and protracted affair, never appeared at breakfast, and Mabel had slipped into Dolly's vacant place at the table and assumed charge. She was a little paler and more subdued than usual, like a person sobered by a sudden responsibility. She gave up her seat when Dolly reappeared and moved into the chair beside her. The young attaché, who had thought her stunning the night before, endeavored, apropos of tobogganing, to interest her in "luging" in Switzerland, but Mabel was abstracted, and he finally gave it up, especially as she insisted upon speaking in English, which was an effort for him.

When the talk flowed back into its natural channels Mabel began to question Mrs. Kensett, who had not dis-

missed the subject so easily as the others, and who told her, under cover of the general conversation, what she had learned of the accident from Mr. Pearson and of Margaret's determination. A little later when, after a momentary diversion, she turned to Mabel again, Mabel was gone.

She came out on the piazza just as the last parcel was being stowed away under the seat of the sleigh and the coachman was tucking the robe about Margaret.

"I am going with you," she said simply.

"There is not the slightest need of it, Miss Temple," objected Margaret, taken by surprise.

"I should like the ride. You don't mind?"

"Certainly not, but" —

"But what?" said Mabel, getting in and signing to the coachman to drive on.

She had passed a sleepless night. Neither she nor Helen had referred to the subject of their conversation before dinner. Helen did not know of Mr. Heald's departure. He had made his excuses quietly to Dolly, and his absence was remarked for the first time the following morning at breakfast, when Mabel listened to Dolly's explanation with affected surprise and polite indifference. From her state of exhilaration Helen had fallen into one of nervous uncertainty and apprehension. She endeavored to believe that she had herself only to blame. But the atmosphere had changed. Mr. Heald had danced with her twice before supper, but had given her no opportunity to relent. He was polite and friendly, that was all. He did not follow her, and she wanted to be followed. After supper he had disappeared. And then, when it was too late to put into execution any of the projects formed for lowering her flag, uncertainty and irresolution turned into fear. The whole subject seemed to have passed from Mabel's mind. She was kind, but uncommunicative, and Helen was too absorbed and, in the present unsatisfactory condition of her affairs, too anxious not to be probed to make conversation. All this Mabel knew. She understood every silence and every word, every effort after the lights were out to feign sleep, and, after sleep came, every restless movement, — herself too numb with the certainty of her knowledge for restlessness.

One night, in the early winter, she had seen with her father a French play in which, of two women, one had to efface herself. She remembered every detail distinctly. Jack, in his imperfect comprehension of French, had sat placidly through the five acts, and had seen unconcernedly the woman who was in the way solve her problem with a few tiny drops of poison. Lying motionless through that long unending night, her wide open eyes staring into the dark, Mabel recalled how, in her scorn for the melodramatic, the tragedy on the stage had seemed to her almost ludicrous. Both these women were lovesick fools. It would have been so easy for either to cease caring for that stage lover, to stop whimpering and walk out of their troubles into the wide world and forgetfulness. Then, too, to die was so stupid, so useless, so cowardly. Better a thousand times to take the joy, if it *was* a joy, bravely, and pay the cost, without making such a fuss about it. And now the one persistent thought which came back to her again and again was the thought of this stage fool, — that she was in the way, that there was no going on, no retreating, that she must disappear.

She dropped into sleep once, the half-sleep of the body, in which the reluctant brain refuses to share, and thought she was at the piano struggling with one of Chopin's nocturnes. Her music teacher was saying: "Put more feeling into that passage, Miss Mabel, — *expressivo, con passione.*" She woke trying hard to comply, with a little bitter cry.

At last it had come, — passion, love!

and it was not the sentimental, ridiculous emotion which had often excited her pity or scorn, nor the artificial storm of the stage, after whose passage audience and actors had tranquilly adjourned to supper, but something real, vital, revealing with the ruthless energy of a volcano the slumbering forces of sex. The stranger in her house of life had announced himself, and was master. Once she had looked into his face every tendency to trifle had vanished.

The promise she had given to Helen did not count for a feather's weight. It was made before she *knew*. In a desperate moment — a moment when she stood on the brink of a precipice, one look into which told her she no more belonged to herself — she had thrust it between herself and *him*, as a shield to keep him at bay. She had promised Helen that if Mr. Heald loved her she would be the first to rejoice. He did not love her. She was bound to nothing, she was free. Why then had she pretended she was not? Not from any idea of self-abnegation, or duty. She was not in the habit of looking at things from that point of view. It was not a question of principle, but of pure feeling, of what she preferred. If she should stand again on the brink of that happiness, she would take it. And she would stand there, inevitably. He would not have it otherwise, and she could not wish him to. She understood that woman in the play now, who disappeared not because it would do any good, but because it was the easiest thing to do. In anguish death may be the line of least resistance.

She began to think of her mother. If any one had ever dared to criticise Gladys, she would have defended her from pride. But she had always cherished secretly a little bitterness, as if a disgrace had fallen upon her through Gladys's fault. Now she understood. How she loved her, longed for her arms, her comprehension! Jack had always seemed to understand her best. But it was for her mother now she yearned, the mother she had discovered in herself, not for Jack's indulgence. And when at last exhaustion came to shut her eyes, it was in Gladys's arms she fell asleep with two shining tears upon her cheeks.

Her sleep was heavy and long. Helen, who had always been an early riser, was dressed and gone when she opened her eyes and saw Marie preparing her bath. There was a letter from her papa, the usual daily half-page she received when absent from home. It contained nothing important, and, like a regular money allowance, had become so entirely a matter of course that it had ceased to make any impression. Underneath Jack's envelope was another. The handwriting was not familiar, but she knew at once whose it was. Marie had learned never to offer explanations not asked for, and was never quite sure of the attitude she ought to assume until she had received her cue. She was ready to explain why the note bore no postmark if she were asked, but Mabel did not question her. She read it unconcernedly, Marie thought, as she had read Jack's. It hardly seemed worth the half-eagle in Marie's pocket. But after her mistress went into the bath-room Marie observed that both letters were gone, and that when Mabel went down to breakfast only Jack's was in the scrap-basket. It might be worth the half-eagle after all. She certainly would have thought so had she known it lay under the folds of the blue satin waist when Mabel stepped into the sleigh beside Margaret; although once read it was known by heart.

"Dearest, — I am not worthy of you, but love atones for everything, and I love you with all my soul and strength. And love has come to you, dear, — not too late, nor in vain. Think! if need were how I should fly to you! If the need came to me, would any barrier keep you away? Wait — do not blame yourself — wait, as I shall wait — a little while — forever, if need be."

Paul was surprised to see Margaret and annoyed at the presence of Mabel. It was like Margaret to come forward in an emergency. He was proud of her. But Mabel! what was she doing here in her blue satin waist and French hat! He hardly noticed her as he helped Margaret out and assisted in the transfer of the packages to the house.

Mabel was silent and asked no questions.

The sleigh was at the wide stone step before the door, and she could hear enough of the low conversation between Paul and Margaret just within to understand the condition of affairs. The doctor had decided that if life was to be saved the operation must be performed without further delay. He must do the best he could with Paul's aid. Margaret bravely offered to stay, but Paul would not hear of it. The doctor agreed with him. Whatever her courage, she might prove worse than useless; it was better that she should go at once for Mrs. Benton and take charge of her sick child. Jim could drive her over in Mr. Pearson's sleigh and bring Mrs. Benton back.

There was not a moment to lose, and Margaret set out immediately.

"Margaret is going over for Mrs. Benton," Paul explained to Mabel, "and will stay with her sick baby till the nurse from Lemington comes. You can drive Miss Temple home, James," he said to the coachman, "and then return for me. Tell Mrs. Kensett I shall be back as soon as possible."

"Don't you think it would be well for James to remain here until the other sleigh returns?" said Mabel; "you might need him."

"Perhaps so," replied Paul. It was what he would have done had Mabel not been there. He wanted to get rid of her.

"You need not mind me, I will sit here," she said.

"Very well," acquiesced Paul, disappearing in the house.

The minutes dragged by. The doctor had made all his preparations. He came to the door for the last time with Paul to listen for the sound of bells.

"We must manage by ourselves," he said, "and do the best we can. If we only had some one to administer the ether" — Then they went in and the door closed.

As they passed from the kitchen, which served all purposes in Mr. Pearson's ménage, into the adjoining bedroom a voice said, —

"I will do that."

The two men turned and saw Mabel standing in the doorway taking off her dogskin gloves. The doctor was a quiet man, of few words, and he was looking meditatively into the pale, resolute face confronting him.

"You need not fear for me," said Mabel, answering his look and removing her hat.

"I knew she could do it the moment I heard her speak and looked into her eyes," the doctor said to the Lemington surgeon an hour later when the latter was driving away.

"That 's my experience," was the reply. "Blood and education always tell."

"You are a brave girl and you have helped save a life," he said to Mabel, as he put her in the sleigh beside Paul.

She smiled faintly. Her face was white and she was trembling. The doctor had given her a drink of something before starting. She did not know what it was, but it steadied her, and the fresh air against her cheeks was refreshing. Yet it was all she could do to hold herself straight. Waves of nausea and dizziness made her hold fast to the robe. She felt that if she let go, or leaned back against the cushion, she would sink into the nothingness lying in wait for her. The consciousness that Paul was watching her as she swayed to the motion of the sleigh, though it was the watchfulness of solicitude, gave her the fictitious strength of pride. His voice sounded far away. She knew that

it was kind, that he was praising her and saying pleasant things, but she counted every tree and bush as they hurried by.

Mrs. Frazer saw them as they drove up the avenue, and was at the door.

"Where is Margaret?" she exclaimed.

"I am going for her now," said Paul, helping Mabel out. "Take Miss Temple to her room."

"What has happened, dear?" Mabel's pale face frightened her.

"Nothing," said Mabel. But the question was too much for her. A horrible odor of ether swept over her, and she pitched forward into Mrs. Frazer's arms.

XXI.

The Lemington surgeon, intercepted on his way to the station, stood at Mabel's bedside when she opened her eyes. He was smiling and saying she would be all right in an hour or two. For a moment she did not know where she was or what had happened. She tried to speak, and made an effort to sit up, but her limbs were like lead and her words incoherent. Then she remembered everything up to the moment when her feet touched the piazza. The rest was a blank, and she lay still, endeavoring to fill up the gap of unconsciousness and to get back to the point where her life seemed to have snapped off short.

The window opposite the bed was wide open, and Mrs. Frazer was sitting beside her, holding her hand. She saw Marie helping the doctor on with his coat. She heard him say something to Mrs. Frazer in a low voice, and then he came and touched her forehead soothingly with his hand.

"You will be yourself again in a little while, and a brave little self it is," he said, stroking her hair. He looked as if he were going to kiss her, and she shrank back; but it was only a professional caress, and he turned to go.

She felt her strength coming back fast, but she had not yet succeeded in tying the ends of the broken thread.

"Where am I? May I get up?" she said.

"You may do anything you wish," said the doctor at the door.

Marie had placed another pillow under her head.

"How perfectly silly I was! what did I do?"

"Mercy! child," exclaimed Mrs. Frazer, "more than I could."

"Don't speak of that, please;" she remembered now: "did I faint? I recollect feeling so queer."

"It was quite my fault," said Mrs. Frazer; "I should not have asked you that question. I fainted myself once on less provocation. We had been to the theatre and I got terribly wrought up. I was trembling all the way to the restaurant where we went for supper. Mr. Frazer asked me if I would have peas or asparagus tips with the pheasants, and I fainted dead away. It was the last straw."

Mabel smiled faintly.

"What made you run off on such dreadful business? We looked everywhere for you, until Marie told us you had gone with Margaret."

She did not know herself why she had gone. She had wanted to do something, anything, — she remembered that. All the rest was unforeseen, and as if some one had pushed her on without any volition of her own. Now it was pleasant to lie still, with all that had troubled her dulled and softened by the lassitude and weakness.

"Where is Mrs. Kensett?" she asked at length.

"They have not returned yet. Will you take a swallow of this beef tea now?"

She was feeling better every minute.

"I wish you would not say anything about this, Mrs. Frazer. I think I can go down to luncheon."

"You may go down to dinner, but

not to luncheon. You have had your own way quite enough for the present. I shall allow no one to see you till tea-time, and you must lie perfectly quiet till I return. I am going to prepare some arrowroot and port wine for you, and if you are good you shall have it in my silver porringer."

Mabel smiled and acquiesced, finding a new pleasure in obedience.

After Mrs. Frazer had gone she remembered the note she had fastened under her waist, and sitting up glanced about the room. Her watch was on the dressing-table and the note lay underneath it. On a chair by the window hung her blue satin waist.

"Take it away," she said to Marie; "burn it, — I never want to see it again. And bring me my watch, the mirror, and my comb."

In taking the watch from the table Marie touched the letter.

"Put it in the fire," said Mabel. She could see the grate in the parlor through the open door, and watched Marie fulfill her instructions. "Now shut the window."

"You did look like a dead person, Miss Mabel," said Marie, who had been waiting for her chance to talk. "I was that frightened" —

"Don't speak to me about it, Marie. I look like a ghost now" — laying down the glass. "I told you to take that waist away. I can smell it from here. I will ring if I want you. Perhaps I can sleep."

There were three persons — Margaret, Helen, and Dolly — who after hearing the recital of Mabel's morning adventures wished to go to her at once. But Mrs. Frazer held all three at bay. Not hearing Mabel's bell, and having gently opened her door and found her asleep, she posted Marie in the corridor and prescribed silence for the entire household.

"She is an extraordinary girl," she said to Dolly, as they sat together after luncheon waiting for Mabel to wake; "most extraordinary, — but badly brought up, very badly. A man with an only daughter always plays the fool."

"I suppose he feels as I do when I see the gardener among the rose-bushes in spring," Dolly answered, reflecting, without mentioning Jack's name; "it makes me shudder, the way he hacks and cuts."

"It 's either that or no roses," retorted Mrs. Frazer.

"What did Paul say?" Dolly asked after a pause. She wished to know all the details.

"That she was cooler than he was. He said she might have been made of ice, or stone. But she is not."

"She seems to have quite won your heart, Laurinda."

"Well, is n't that the way to win hers? You must have a little patience. She is very observant and very sensitive. I am very sure one false step would ruin everything. Above all, don't dig up her heart to see if the seeds are sprouting."

Mabel loved praise, but she wanted none of that which was waiting for her. She would not allow Helen to speak of the morning occurrences, and she begged Dolly to ask the others not to allude to them. She was quite herself again by tea-time, and wrote a letter to Jack in which she made no reference to the accident. For Margaret, with whom she had not been particularly sympathetic, she displayed a fondness as unexpected as it was sudden. Dolly herself felt nearer to her, though uncertain whether she or Mabel was the magnet. Mrs. Frazer especially she clung to, but she did not want to be left alone a moment with Helen. Everything connected with her familiar personality, from the rising inflections of her voice to the pose of her head when brushing her hair, was insupportable. The aversion was so unconquerable that she inquired of Mrs. Kensett if she might sleep in a room by herself that night.

"Would it be convenient, and not too

much trouble?" she asked. Dolly thought the wish a very natural one, and Paul was hurriedly moved into the wing, Mabel's possessions being transferred by Marie during dinner.

"I hope you don't think I am unreasonable. I am sorry to make such a commotion," she said to Paul when she learned she was the cause of his removal.

Paul thought it quite natural too.

"You need not be," he replied. "I don't wonder you are shaken up. I can camp anywhere." He was ready to do anything for her.

Mrs. Frazer's face wore a grim smile on hearing of these rearrangements. "That girl came into a house of sworn enemies yesterday," she remarked in conversation with herself. "To-morrow she will rule them all, and they will not know it." This aloud — and to herself, "Fortunately I am here."

XXII.

No one was more surprised by Mabel's exploit than Helen, and nothing connected with it surprised her more than Mabel's aversion to any allusion to it. Every direct reference to what had taken place at the farm was suppressed at once. Not that Helen had any desire to talk about it. She quite understood that after such an experience one would not care to revive its details. She had no morbid curiosity about them whatever. But she did feel a genuine admiration and the craving to express it, if only indirectly, by little acts of thoughtfulness and attention. She had an extra "dear" ready on her lips whenever she uttered Mabel's name. Moreover, what Mabel had said of Mr. Heald had been an immense relief, and had set flowing a well-spring of gratitude. Mabel was not to blame for his desertion. But while not absolutely rejecting these offerings, Mabel gave no sign of recognizing their significance. A very little sign would have been enough.

Helen put this down to capriciousness, to that inconsistency which had always baffled her, and which even now left her uncertain whether she was facing a new revelation of character or an old-time exhibition of impulse. Mabel had never been deceitful, although often artful. She did and said unexpected and perplexing things, but she had never resorted to lying, even as a little girl. So far as Mr. Heald was concerned, Helen believed her implicitly, — which was not difficult, for she wanted to, — and had not the slightest idea that the attitude which she ascribed to caprice or indifference was an heroic effort to conquer an absolute repulsion.

She made some futile attempts to break through Mabel's wall of resistance, and finally, finding to her surprise that the lane had no turning, began to suspect that there was something more than caprice behind Mabel's manner, and lapsed again into irresolution and timidity. She had abdicated authority so long ago that as a weapon it was too rusty from disuse even for defensive purposes. Affection was equally unavailing.

With one exception Mabel neither did nor said anything tangible enough for open complaint, but her behavior made Helen vaguely uncomfortable. She was sure it was deliberate, not accidental, and that it was directed only against herself. She was equally sure no one else noticed it, and this made her still more uncomfortable. When we see ghosts we do not like to be told we are dreaming.

The one exception was of so utterly unreasonable a nature that it completely upset her. Mabel had come down to dinner, charming, but with superb unconcern. The evening had been passed in the discussion and arrangement of some charades for the following day. Everybody was happy, so it seemed to Helen, except herself. She was not self-reliant, and she felt alone. That

Mr. Heald should be called away on business she told herself was entirely natural, and she struggled against the dull sense of desertion in her heart which her head pronounced utterly unjustifiable. Gramercy Park, while not estranging her from the Gaunt household, had made her life independent of it. When in college, and even afterwards when she had left the Boston nest for her flight to the New York boarding-school, she had taken all her trials and ambitions to the home council. But home and Gramercy Park belonged to different worlds. Together with a certain elation over her success went a certain disapproval of her new sphere which had gradually restricted confidences. Communications with the Boston home had grown less and less frequent, and in spite of her original pride in its modest respectability and dignity, it was so entirely ignored by Gramercy Park that with her expanding horizons she too had come to regard it as a far-away and unimportant factor. Just now, when there was no one to turn to in her new world, she realized keenly the loss of her old one. The family in Boston would have been immensely pleased by a successful marriage. It did not require much imagination to hear her mother tell her friends about it, or to see the little vanities to which such an event would give rise. On the other hand, disappointment or disaster incurred in the upper ether would, she knew, elicit a mournful chorus of "I told you so," and "I was always afraid" from the lower level. She had been lured away from the respectable commonplace into a frame of mind which would lead her now to open revolt against its displeasure.

She was in this restless and unhappy state when she slipped away from the drawing-room into the conservatory for a moment with herself. She sat down in the big chair under the palms, staring beyond the orchids at her problem with an aching heart. Would it have been better after all if she had never parted from the functions?

And just then Mabel came through the door, — Mabel, vastly more unhappy still, who in that chair had touched her lips to the cup of supreme happiness, and who could not overcome the longing for one more draught, though it were only the phantom one of recollection, — who had stolen away to sit for one second in that chair, *her* chair, to shut her eyes and give herself once more.

"What are you doing here!"

Helen sprang to her feet. She had never seen Mabel angry before. Vexed, petulant, yes, — a hundred times, but not like this, with hate in her eyes.

It was only for a second, like a flash of summer lightning, but it left her dazed.

"They want you in the drawing-room," said Mabel coldly, leading the way back.

Helen followed her, stunned and speechless. The outburst was so unaccountable that she could not frame an idea into words. If there had been time before reaching the door she would have forced an understanding, but courage and self-possession came too late, and she was in the drawing-room again before she had recovered her self-control. Mabel had joined the first group she had met, and was already discussing animatedly the choice of a subject for a tableau proposed by the Bishop who, at Dolly's invitation, was now regularly relieving the tedium of Lemington by passing his evenings at Cedar Hill. It seems that the theme of his next sermon had suggested the parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins as admirably suited to afford amusement combined with instruction. By common consent Mabel had been selected to represent the Foolish Virgin, and had turned the conversation from costumes to ethics by declaring that her wise sister in the parable had been abominably selfish. Helen stood listening, hot with indignation. She resented with all her soul the tran-

quil ease with which Mabel slipped, as from one garment into another, from one emotion to its opposite. She felt humiliated and outraged. If it had been any one but Mabel she would have found some excuse for dragging her back into the conservatory and demanding an explanation. It was always so with Helen, — to think she would do what she flinched at, if circumstances and persons were not what they were.

"I don't care," Mabel was saying to the Bishop, "she ought to have given her some of her oil."

"But my dear young lady," urged the Bishop, "think of the facts. I can well imagine how your father would state them. Let us suppose two men who have notes to pay on a certain day. One, by self-denial, by economy, by the hard surrender of his rightful pleasures to the claims of duty, is ready on the appointed day to meet his obligations. The other, thoughtless of his creditor's claims, heedless of the future, abandons himself to self-indulgence, and only when confronted by ruin hastens to borrow of his prudent neighbor. Remember it is not a question of generosity. *There is not enough oil for both lamps.*"

The Bishop concluded in triumphant complacency.

"I admire your logic," retorted Mabel, "but she ought to have given her some, — and I despise her!"

The Bishop joined in the general laugh with the indulgent smile of a man who sees the folly of serious argument with a child, and the conversation went back to costumes.

Helen crossed over and sat down by Margaret. She was resolved to see Mabel at bedtime, yet was relieved when, meeting Marie on the way to her room, she was told Mabel was already asleep. It happened that this was not true, but Marie was not to be blamed for carrying out her instructions.

Mrs. Frazer had sat with Dolly for a while after the company broke up. They talked of the events of the day, they spoke of Mabel, but tacitly avoided the subject of which they were both thinking. Dolly had been impressed by Mrs. Frazer's warning that she must make no mistakes. Her path did not appear to be quite so clear as at first. She was waiting, not a little perplexed, and conscious that her perplexity was shared. So true was this that Mrs. Frazer, who had intended to go to New York for a day to complete a transaction which had occasioned her previous visit, had given up the journey under the conviction that something was going to happen, that her hand was on the ship's helm, and that she must not abandon her post. She had announced her determination to deed the old home in New York to Margaret. Paul had remonstrated. He was entirely able to provide for Margaret. The war was likely to come to an end in the spring, when they would be married, and he should take her back with him to Pretoria. Her mother ought to keep the home for her declining years. He did not say this in so many words, but Mrs. Frazer showed that she divined his thought by declaring that she had no need of ten rooms to die in. With business-like dispatch she had made out a power of attorney and packed Paul off in the afternoon train, much against his will, to make the transfer. It was to be a surprise for Margaret on her coming birthday, — "in more senses than one," said Mrs. Frazer, "for she thinks me a selfish old woman. So I am. I do as I please."

Having talked with Dolly about everything except what they had at heart, she went to her room for the game of solitaire without which she never went to bed, and, after several defeats and successive resolves not to try again, was laying out the cards for one more game when some one knocked at her door. It was Mabel's maid.

"If you please," said Marie, "Miss Temple would like to speak with you."

Mrs. Frazer laid down her cards as

tranquilly as if she had been waiting for this very message. In reality she was much perturbed. The lights in the corridor were out, and Marie led the way with her candle. On reaching Mabel's room Mrs. Frazer took it from her hand without a word and went in, closing the door behind her, and leaving Marie in a state of poignant curiosity in the dark.

"Are you ill?" she asked, setting the candle on the table and bending over the bed.

"No, I wanted to speak to you."

Mrs. Frazer drew a chair to the bedside and sat down. An unwonted tenderness took possession of her. This was not the Mabel she had seen an hour ago in evening dress, but a child afraid of being left alone in the dark. Margaret, whom she really loved, had never crept in this way into her heart. It even embarrassed her a little to find that having begun with the desire to give Mabel a good shaking she could scarcely restrain herself now from taking her in her arms.

"You don't mind sitting here a little while, do you?"

"No, dear, I am very glad to." She did not know what else to say.

"I have been thinking of mamma," said Mabel. "That was all."

Mrs. Frazer took one of the hands lying on the coverlid and pressed it gently.

"You have had a great shock to-day. To-morrow you will feel better."

"Yes," said Mabel.

She said yes, not in assent, but absent-mindedly, as if it were not worth while to contradict. Mrs. Frazer looked at the face on the pillow with awakening alarm. Was she really ill, or was it the shadows from the candle?

"Mabel, my child, you are not deceiving me? You are not ill?"

"I love to have you call me 'my child.' No, really, I am quite well." And then, after a pause, "I wish mamma were alive."

Mrs. Frazer stooped and kissed her.

Mabel smiled faintly. "You were very good to come. Marie read to me a little while, — and then I wanted mamma to come and tell me a story" —

"As she used to when you were a child."

"No. I don't think she ever did. I was just imagining it."

"You must not imagine such things," said Mrs. Frazer abruptly. "You are nervous, and do not know what you want." It was not a very sympathetic answer, and she was aware of it, but the tears were close to her eyes.

"Oh yes I do," replied Mabel quietly.

"You want a good sleep, that's what you want. You are unstrung. A night's rest will put you all right."

"Yes, a good rest," assented Mabel.

Mrs. Frazer longed to ask what was troubling her. She was convinced that there was something besides the morning's episode. She thought of Dolly, but Dolly's grievance, which was in her mind when she followed Marie down the corridor, was quite inadequate to explain Mabel's condition.

Mabel saw her perplexity and sat up in bed.

"Now kiss me good-night, dear Mrs. Frazer. I am not ready to talk about myself. If I ever am it will be to you." She took Mrs. Frazer's hand in her own, making that lady feel that she was the one to be comforted. "You won't think me silly, will you? I can see that you don't. You are so good not to ask questions; I should not like you if you did." She put up her face to be kissed again. "A good sleep will not make everything right, Mrs. Frazer" —

"But my dear child," interrupted Mrs. Frazer, embracing her. The tears were in her eyes now, but Mabel's were dry and shining.

"I don't like pretending. I wanted my own mamma, — she would understand. I felt as if I *must* have her. That is why I sent for you. I know I shall be very different to-morrow. But you must not let that make you forget

to-night. And do not tell Mrs. Kensett what a troublesome guest she has. I am just upset, that 's all, — just upset," she repeated in a mechanical way, smiling again. "I want to tell you everything, but something says it would do no good. I think I love you," she said, with a real smile at last. "If you will love me a little that will be enough. I never knew I should want to be loved." She looked up with a shy expression on her face, and Mrs. Frazer, completely conquered, threw her arms about her.

"You will be a good girl now and go to sleep," she said, laying her back on the pillow

"Yes."

"And think of nothing."

"Yes."

"You promise me?"

"Yes."

Then she kissed her again, astonished at the sweetness of the caress, and, lest the tears should fall from her eyes on the smiling face, seized her candle and hurried away without even saying "good-night."

XXIII.

At the close of the first day's decline in Argonaut Mr. Heald had illustrated to his satisfaction the paradox of making money by selling what he did not have. It had become known to the interested through those mysterious channels which supply the public with information that he had sold his holdings and was out of the market. The financial columns of the evening papers contained no comment upon so insignificant an eddy on the broad stream of general prosperity, and the shrinkage of the Argonaut bubble was scarcely noticed outside the circle of its victims. The statement that the mine had shut down was confirmed, however, the following morning. Paul, having executed Mrs. Frazer's commission, was lunching down town when an item to this effect caught his eye. He turned to the stock list and saw the shares were quoted at two! Margaret and Dolly were safe, but the escape was so narrow that his indignation against Mr. Heald rose to fever heat. He was looking at his watch to see how much time he had before the afternoon train for Westford, and had just determined to run in and see Jack a moment on his way to the Elevated station, when the drawing of a cork at a table in the corner near him attracted his attention. He recognized Mr. Heald at once, and he further remembered now where he had seen him before. It needed just that fixed gaze at nothing to carry him back to an evening in Johannesburg when the turn of a card in the Colony Club set a man staring with the same fixed stare, as though the crowded room was empty and its silence the silence of the desert.

Mr. Heald had had an exciting morning. On the confirmation of the rumored closing of the mine Argonaut shares had opened weak at twelve, and the rout of timid holders became complete. The price fell to two before noon, then rallied to five on strong buying, from what source and for what reason was not apparent. He was still on the short side when he received a message from his broker that offerings had practically ceased, and that that particular pulse indicated on the floor of the Exchange by the word "Miscellaneous" was lifeless. He then had contracts for the delivery of ten thousand shares, but he was not especially disturbed. There was no leakage of news from Arizona. The secret of the discovery had been well kept, there was no reason for any advance, and it would require a very material rise to offset his winnings. Then came sudden and complete stagnation. After ransacking every corner in an unavailing effort to cover, he had succeeded in picking up only a few hundred shares, and realized that he had over-reached himself. Inquiry developed the additional fact that the principal buying had been by a brokerage firm

to which he was bound to deliver eight thousand shares before the closing hour. He asked at once for a conference with a view to settlement, and was informed by the broker that it would be necessary to consult his principal.

Who was his principal?

There was a hurried conversation over the telephone.

The principal was Mr. Temple.

Could he see Mr. Temple?

There was another consultation over the telephone.

Yes, Mr. Temple would see Mr. Heald at two o'clock.

It was then one. He had an hour to think it over. He was not yet anxious, only annoyed. Eight thousand shares at five was forty thousand dollars. Say ten even, — that was only eighty thousand, nothing to worry over. The whole transaction was insignificant as compared with Mabel. It cost him relatively little to part with money, but there were mistakes for which money could not atone. If he could only settle with Helen to Mabel's satisfaction as easily as he hoped to with Jack Temple!

He had ordered a small steak and a pint bottle of champagne and was spreading his napkin over his knee when he looked up and saw Paul approaching. There was a set expression on Paul's face which betokened anything but amiability, but Mr. Heald smiled pleasantly. He had been thinking of Mabel, and the thought of her would have made him gentle with his worst enemy.

Paul was still wrestling with his indignation. He was asking himself what the devil could induce a man to palm off worthless stocks on trusting women, and on seeing Mr. Heald he impulsively resolved to know.

"Do you object to my asking you a few questions?" he said abruptly.

Neither had exchanged a word after the first glance of recognition, and Paul was standing by the table with his hat and cane in his hand.

"Not in the least," replied Mr. Heald affably. "Sit down. You will let me go on with my luncheon? I have an appointment at two o'clock."

"You were in Johannesburg four years ago, I think," said Paul.

"Yes, four years ago this month, in December."

"I remember your losing five thousand pounds one evening at the Colony Club."

"More than that," said Mr. Heald tranquilly.

"Yes. You staked your cattle range — on the Bex River, in the Colony, was n't it? — and lost that too." Mr. Heald nodded assent.

"And left the room a beggar."

"Not quite so bad as that," said Mr. Heald, filling his glass. "I had a few pounds. I happen to recollect because they were so few."

Paul softened a little at the absence of resistance.

"I beg your pardon for recalling unpleasant facts" —

"Not at all, not at all," interrupted Mr. Heald. "I believe I made no complaint at the time, and am not likely to now. But you are telling me what you know. What is it you *don't* know?"

"I don't know how, if you were in Johannesburg in '98, you could have been intimately associated with Cecil Kensett, who never set foot in Africa and died in '99," blurted out Paul.

"Intimately associated?" repeated Mr. Heald.

"So you said to my cousin when you put sixty-five thousand dollars of hers into Argonaut."

"I believe I did. Well, I should n't have said so if it were not true. Now let me ask *you* a question. Are you speaking for Mrs. Kensett?"

"No."

"She has no reason to complain of her investment in Argonaut, I think?"

"She has n't you to thank for that."

"No?" said Mr. Heald, pushing away his plate and with both arms on the table looking into Paul's face.

"Because fortunately she acted under other advice," continued Paul, "and got out of her investment, as you call it, in time."

"As I call it? Now look here, Mr. Graham, I take you to be a man who would apologize if he were on the wrong track. Otherwise" — He stopped and smiled.

"Yes," said Paul, returning the steady gaze, "I would. You need n't answer my questions if they embarrass you. It 's past history. I ask because I don't understand how a man can" —

"You don't understand because you don't know. I advised Mrs. Kensett to get rid of her Argonaut the very day she sold it. Evidently that 's one thing you did n't know," said Mr. Heald, observing Paul's surprise. "And I advised her to buy it because I had faith in it. It is n't necessary to tell you how much I have made out of that mine myself. That 's my affair. Now I suppose you want to know why I put your cousin into it. That 's my affair too. But I don't mind telling you. I was dead broke when I left the Cape. I had just enough cash to get to England, and had to take a steerage passage to New York. Mr. Kensett sailed from Liverpool on the same steamer. Perhaps I did strain the meaning of words a little when I said we were associated in a business enterprise. The fact is he lent me five hundred dollars on the strength of a chance conversation one day off the Banks when he was talking with the emigrants. Did you ever borrow money yourself? It 's a common business transaction, is n't it? Borrowing now means paying later. I think I paid my debt. What did Mrs. Kensett sell her Argonaut for? About ninety thousand? I did n't care to go into the steerage details at a Lenox house party. Of course I gave my note to Mr. Kensett. Probably he did not take it very seriously. I never saw it again, — nor him. He was dead when I came back from the West. But I always had a bit of sentiment about that note." He stopped and laughed. "I wish it was the only paper my name was on."

Paul was a little ashamed of his hasty generalizations, yet did not feel at all like apologizing for them. As things had turned out there was nothing at which he could cavil. There was even something taking about the cool assurance and easy frankness of the man. But at the bottom of it all was the fact that for some not very definite reason he did not like him. It is unpleasant to distrust without knowing why. He was not one to refuse to shake hands with a man because he did not know who his grandfather was. If Mr. Heald had shown in any way that he regarded an apology as due him it would have been easier to offer it. His manner, however, put Paul on quite a different footing, — merely the footing of one whose attack had been parried. Mr. Heald seemed entirely content with that result, and careless of any further questions of honor or injustice involved. He had certainly made some very frank personal statements, but Paul did not know him any better than before. He had noticed that everybody spoke of him as "Mr. Heald." No one appeared to have got so far as "Heald," or "Reginald," as a form of address.

"Are you going back to Cedar Hill to-night?"

"Yes, right away," replied Paul, glad of the change of topic.

"I wish you would tell your cousin how badly I feel about running away so unceremoniously. I will write to-night, after I get some matters straightened out here. How did the tobogganing come off?"

"I really don't know," said Paul. "We had an accident" —

"An accident?" interrupted Mr. Heald.

Paul gave a brief account of it and of the part played by Mabel.

"The girl's nerve quite surprised us," he said.

Mr. Heald appeared uninterested and the conversation lagged.

"You must excuse me," he said, rising; "I have an appointment with Miss Temple's father for two o'clock, and it is ten minutes of that now." They shook hands, with some constraint on Paul's side, and parted. There was time enough to spare before the Westford train started, and Paul's intention to see Jack before leaving was confirmed. He wanted to tell him about Mabel, and he wondered too what Mr. Heald's business with Jack could be.

If any of the throng which caught a glimpse of Mr. Heald's face as he hurried along lower Broadway during the closing hour of the business day had known his errand they would have said he was weighing the chances of a favorable settlement. But his thoughts were not busy with the price of Argonaut shares. "Just like her, just like her," he kept saying to himself.

Unfortunately the thought of Mabel was so indissolubly connected with that of Helen that it was impossible for him to see one face — as he had seen it every hour since leaving Cedar Hill — without being confronted with the other. He could forget and ignore Helen if Mabel could. He loved Mabel the more because she could not, though he would have had no scruples whatever if she had had none. Mabel was both his desire and his stumbling-block. Yet he had no word of blame for her. She was all the dearer for her loyalty. He knew persuasion and argument would be futile with her, that she would scorn him for resorting to them. In the vain attempt to find some way out of his own folly he had thought of a direct appeal to Helen. The humiliation involved in such a confession was nothing to him, and there could be no doubt of its result. But what would Mabel think of it? Only that thought held him back. He was experiencing the new sensation of wishing to submit his every act to her judgment and approval. *She* had scruples and a conscience, and he had more respect for them than for his own.

The boy at the outer door took his card and disappeared down the vista of iron-guarded desks into the private office. Jack looked up as his visitor entered with "Just a moment, Mr. Heald," finished a signature for which a clerk was waiting, and when the door closed wheeled round in his chair. "They told me you wished to see me," he said.

Mr. Heald took the seat beside the desk and looked steadily into the speaker's face. He had an impression that Mr. Temple did not like him. It was not a hard face, but it wore its business mask. If he had thought of it as the face of Mabel's father that thought vanished the moment it turned toward him.

"You know, of course, the reason why I wished to see you," he said.

"I suppose so," replied Jack laconically.

"I have a delivery of something like eight thousand Argonaut to make before three o'clock. They are not to be had, as you know. I want your price of settlement."

"What do *you* think they are worth, Mr. Heald?"

"The last sale was at five. I thought them worth that then."

"Well, what do you think they are worth now?"

"That is for you to say," said Mr. Heald, smiling; "I am at your mercy."

Jack's face did not respond to the invitation to relax.

"It 's not a question of mercy," he replied. "I am asking you what you honestly think the shares are worth. That is the only basis on which a settlement can be made. I should prefer to take them and pay for them if you had them to deliver."

"I must admit that is quite impossible."

"Yes, I know that," said Jack. "They are in my safe."

Mr. Heald was silent. There was no doubt in his mind now that others knew the value of Argonaut as well as he did.

"It certainly is not my place to fix a price," he said at length.

"Why not?" asked Jack quietly. "I have no desire to drive a hard bargain. Until recently you owned a controlling interest in this mine. You ought to know all about it. I will make you this proposition, Mr. Heald: to settle on any figure you may name as fairly representing the value of the stock today."

Mr. Heald thought for a moment.

"There is no use beating about the bush, Mr. Temple" —

"I am not," interrupted Jack.

"I mean there is no use for *me* to do so," continued Mr. Heald imperturbably. "You control the stock, probably for good reasons."

"Yes, I bought it for investment. An estate in which I am interested held a small lot of it, and I sent an expert out to examine the property. I bought it for investment on the strength of his report. You probably know better than I do whether that report is trustworthy and — up to date."

"Will you name your price, then?" said Mr. Heald tersely. "I am not fond of squirming. You shall have your money to-morrow."

"I have no doubt of it whatever, Mr. Heald. I am not anxious about the money. I have the shares, which I consider the important thing. They may be worth fifty, or two hundred and fifty. A mine is an uncertain thing, as you doubtless know. But I think I have gone far enough in proposing to settle on your own figures. If you are not prepared to name them now I can wait. But I scarcely think that would be to your advantage. Or we can have a referee. Any one you name will suit me."

The wild thought of naming Mabel brought a smile to Mr. Heald's lips in spite of its absurdity. That was the way things were settled on the stage, but not in real life.

"I prefer you should name the referee," he said, rising; "if that is agreeable to you."

"Entirely so," said Jack.

At the door Mr. Heald turned again.

"If it is a proper question I would like to ask about how many shares you hold, Mr. Temple."

"About all, Mr. Heald. I would not have made the proposition I have if there were other interests."

"Would you be disposed to sell your entire interest at any figure — for cash?"

"No. I could better afford to give you a receipt in full for the consideration of one dollar. Would you wish me to do that?"

"No, I pay my debts, Mr. Temple. The office boy may have the dollar."

There was repressed passion in his abrupt "good-afternoon," and he closed the door with a snap as abrupt as his salutation. He did not notice Paul, who was waiting his turn in the outer office, and looking neither to the right nor to the left disappeared in the corridor.

"What 's up?" asked Paul, going in.

Jack, whose back was turned, and who was gazing meditatively out of the window, seemed unusually glad to see him.

"Why Paul!" he exclaimed; "what brings you down?"

"If it is n't a dead secret I should like to have you answer my question first. Your last visitor looked as if he had pretty nearly lost his temper."

"He *is* in bad shape, Paul, — very bad. Do you recollect my telling you I had sent out a man to look over that Argonaut property?"

"Certainly. I can imagine what he found out, too."

"No you can't," said Jack, "not if you try."

"Well, then, I won't try. I don't much care now that Dolly and Margaret are out of it."

"Margaret?" said Jack, looking up; "Margaret who?"

Paul blushed furiously.

"You have my secret if I have n't yours," he said, laughing.

Jack's face grew grave. There are circumstances under which the happiness of others makes us solemn.

"I congratulate you most heartily," he said. "Miss Frazer is a girl in a thousand. But we made a mistake in selling her Argonaut."

The statement was on the face of it so absurd that Paul's willingness to talk about Margaret was forgotten.

"What do you think the stock is worth, Paul?"

"The tape says nothing."

"Then you would n't accept a thousand shares for Miss Frazer as a gift. They give presents nowadays on engagements, don't they? You see," Jack went on, enjoying Paul's bewilderment, "this is a case where the tape lies. I have just been trying to settle on a price for that stock with Mr. Heald. We are like the girl who agreed to be married but would n't name the day. We agree that it is worth a good deal of money, but both of us are afraid to say exactly how much. I don't want to be hard on him."

Then he told the whole story.

"What are you going to do?" asked Paul when he had finished.

"Oh, I shall have to let him down easy. He played a sharp game and got caught. I don't like him, — but that 's no reason. I have the mine, I don't want the pound of flesh."

"It 's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of. It was n't an hour ago I was mentally congratulating Dolly on her escape. Are you going to return her thousand shares too?"

"No," said Jack, turning to his desk. "I have n't the same reason in Mrs. Kensett's case that I have in Miss Frazer's. By the way, I have got to name a referee. Will you act?"

"Not for worlds," objected Paul energetically.

"There 's got to be somebody," said Jack, who was looking out of the window again. "It is n't customary for a referee to receive instructions from the interested parties. But if I satisfy the other side, the referee ought to be satisfied too. Think it over. You can wire me to-morrow. When are you going back? Four o'clock! You have n't much time. How is Mabel?"

Paul told *his* story.

Jack listened without moving a muscle. "I am not surprised," was his only comment. "She generally gets where she starts for."

He rang the bell the moment Paul had gone.

"Make out a transfer of a thousand shares of Argonaut to Margaret Frazer and bring it to me at once," he said to the responding clerk.

He signed the transfer blank on the back of the certificate, slipping it into an envelope with some other papers.

"You know Mr. Graham who was just here?" he asked. "Well, get right on the Elevated and catch him at the Grand Central Station. He takes the four o'clock train for Westford. Be lively, or you will miss him."

When Paul opened the envelope he found with the certificate of stock Jack's card, addressed to Margaret, with "Heartiest congratulations" in pencil in the corner; a receipt in full, addressed to Mr. Heald, with which was folded a half-sheet containing this brief scrawl: —

DEAR PAUL, — If you consent to act, the inclosed will help you out in naming a price. J. T.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MULATTO FACTOR IN THE RACE PROBLEM.

[The author of this paper, Mr. Alfred H. Stone, of Greenville, Miss., has made valuable studies of the negro in the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta, and is a member of the Committee of the American Economic Association appointed to investigate the condition of the American negro. — THE EDITORS.]

IT is a matter of regret that in organizing the twelfth census it was determined to attempt no separate enumeration of the mulatto element of our population, — using the term in its popular sense, as denoting all persons having any admixture of white and negro blood. It will not do to say that the failure to do this will in any wise affect the solution of our race problem, for to do so would be to regard it as admitting of a sort of blackboard treatment, — the only essentials to success being an array of statistics and their proper handling. But any one who endeavors to go beyond the superficialities of the problem — to do something more than academically consider, from his particular standpoint, its external symptoms — must feel that such data would at least be of value, whatever ideas he may entertain as to its ultimate solution.

Any consideration which fails to reckon this mulatto element as an independent factor ignores what is possibly the most important feature of the problem, and is faulty in its premises, whatever the theoretical conclusion arrived at. Yet we see this constantly done, and of the hundreds of such discussions annually engaged in, it is safe to say that scarcely one is entirely free from this blunder. There appears in them but a single "problem," and every panacea proposed — education, voting, industrial training, or what not — is made to fit the same Procrustean bed. It is a primal postulate of these discussions that the negro is an undeveloped, not an inferior, race, and to this basic error may be attributed much of the confusion which surrounds the entire subject.

We have too long been guilty of the folly of trying to legislate the negro into a white man, and a pyramid of failures has apparently not yet convinced us of the futility of the undertaking. We have ignored the scientific truth of the ethnic differences among the human family, and have blindly disregarded the fact that the negro, in common with all other races, possesses certain persistent, ineradicable distinguishing characteristics. Foolishly attempting to evade the stubborn fact that the negro in Africa is to-day just what we know him to have been since he first appeared on that continent, we have sought in slavery an excuse for the natural and inevitable resemblance between the native and transplanted branches of the family, and have proceeded toward the American negro as though heredity could be overridden by constitutions and laws. Probably nothing has contributed more toward the persistence of this effort at creating an artificial being than the absolute elimination of the mulatto equation from all our considerations of the subject. It is this that has enabled those who have so long ignored the laws and operations of heredity to point, in proof of the correctness of their theory of race-problem treatment, to the achievements of men loosely accredited to the negro race. Unless through discussion the American people be able to reach a common ground, a century of polemical strife will accomplish no tangible good; and I know of no surer means of reaching a working agreement than by the frank acknowledgment of the mulatto factor in the race problem. I would not be guilty of complicating a situation already sufficiently complex through the introduction of a new fac-

tor; I rather hold to the hopeful belief that the consideration of one which already exists, though commonly ignored, may at least serve to simplify discussion, even though it fail to at once point a way out of existing difficulties. When we recognize the very simple and very patent fact that the intermixture of white and black races has given us a hybrid that is neither the one nor the other; when we get far enough along to separate this type from the negro masses in our efforts at determining what may be best for the latter; when the South is willing to lay at the white man's door many of the failings of this mulatto type and much of the meanness which he too frequently exhibits, and Northern opinion is sufficiently candid and honest to persist no longer in ascribing all his virtues and accomplishments to the negro, — I think we shall have made a distinct gain in race-problem discussion.

One of the greatest needs in the equipment of those who discuss the negro from a distance is a better knowledge of the real negro, and nothing would so promote this knowledge as a recognition of the fact that in crediting his race with the achievements of its mulatto element they but becloud the question. How may we reasonably hope to know what is best to be done for the negro until we first truly grasp the facts of his moral and intellectual possibilities and limitations, as well as needs? And how may we hope to do this under our present method of treating the subject? In reviewing the work of the most distinguished writer accredited to the negro race — though he has but one sixteenth negro blood in his veins — the foremost living American author has used this language: "They [referring to the mulattoes] need not be ashamed of the race from which they have sprung, and whose exile they share; for in many of the arts it has already shown, during a single generation of freedom, gifts which slavery apparently only obscured." This criticism develops the very foundation of the theory upon which all such discussions are based, and which we have referred to above, — that the negro is an undeveloped, not an inferior race, — that in all essential particulars the white man and the black are by nature equally endowed. Thus is placidly ignored the truth that the negro is one of the oldest races of which we have any knowledge, and that its very failure to develop itself in its own habitat, while the Caucasian, Mongolian, and others have gone forward, is in itself sufficient proof of inferiority. Conveniently disregarding the fact of the persistence of a racial status fixed several thousand years ago, they tell us that forty years of freedom are not enough to develop "gifts which slavery apparently only obscured." The years, both of slavery and of freedom, passed by the negro on this continent constitute but an insignificant span in the life of that people; yet if we blot out the achievements of the American negro, who has passed through slavery, what has the race left to boast of? And if we but go one step farther, and from the achievements of the "American negro" obliterate all that the American mulatto has accomplished, what ground indeed would be left to those whose sentiment and sympathy have apparently rendered them so forgetful of scientific truth?

A year ago a movement was inaugurated in Congress looking to the investigation of the suffrage laws of the various states. No attempt was made to conceal the real purpose of the movement, and even though we go so far as to credit the proponent of the measure with honesty of opinion as to its necessity, what must be thought of his wisdom, and of the point of view from which he would have the so-called "investigation" made, when he himself, in the face of the facts of history and the experiences of recent years, calmly affirms that "there is no doubt that the negro is capable of unlimited development," and declares his belief in the

virtue of "participation in politics" as a means of "uplifting the race"? Yet such is our looseness of expression in discussing this question, that to challenge either the wisdom or correctness of such views is to hear, as their sole support, a recital of the achievements of "famous men of the negro race," — while, as a matter of fact, the names brought forward are merely those of well-known mulattoes, — from Murillo's favorite pupil, down to Crispus Attucks, Benjamin Banneker, Douglass, Bruce, Lynch, the late Sir Conrad Reeves, Du Bois, Washington, Chesnutt, and others. I am well acquainted with the exceptions that may be urged here, but this is a plea for greater scientific precision in laying the foundations of race-problem study and treatment, and the student of negro ethnology knows that these exceptions are more apparent than real. The traffic which furnished slaves to the Americas and the West Indies was no respecter of ethnic distinctions, and, while the great majority of those brought over were pure negroes, through it a few of the higher types of Bantu and Fulah stock found their way into foreign servitude, and with their blood have occasionally transmitted some measure of their ability. Otman dan Fodio, the poet chief of the Fulahs, was no more a negro than was Othello, — nor was Abdul Rahaman, the Moorish chief, who was a Mississippi slave in the early part of the last century. Thus it will not answer to cite such sporadic examples as the revolutionary leadership of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the political cunning of Elliott, or the ballads of Dunbar.

Just as the crossing of the Spaniard upon the Indian has given us the mestizo of Central America and Mexico, so the blending of white and negro blood has given us a type which combines some of the racial characteristics — good and bad — of both its progenitors. But in a sane treatment of the race question this hybrid can no more be regarded as typical of the potentiality of the negro than can Porfirio Diaz be considered an index to the "undeveloped ability" of the native Mexican Indian whose blood he has in part inherited. It would certainly seem to be the part of wisdom to frankly recognize the negro's own racial characteristics, and honestly study them, but this cannot be done so long as in our consideration of the problem of what is best to be done for him we continue to confuse the great mass of American negroes with the exceptional mulatto types, and point to the accomplishments of the latter as evidence in support of crass and preconceived notions as to the capacity of the former.

When free from white or mulatto influence the negro is of a contented, happy disposition. He is docile, tractable, and unambitious, — with but few wants, and those easily satisfied. He inclines to idleness, and though having a tendency to the commission of petty crimes is not malicious, and rarely cherishes hatred. He cares nothing for "the sacred right of suffrage," and, when left to his own inclinations, will disfranchise himself by the thousand rather than pay an annual poll-tax. He infinitely prefers the freedom and privileges of a car of his own to the restraint of one in which he would be compelled to mingle with white people. Surrounded by larger possibilities for material betterment than have ever been possessed by any land-tilling people in the world, in the peaceful enjoyment of his church and lodge, he frets not himself because of evil-doers, nor troubles about "participation in politics," nor suffers dreams of social equality to mar the peaceful tenor of his care-free mind. No truer utterance was ever made, nor one which contains more of wise and helpful suggestiveness, if but taken to heart, than the declaration of Major-General N. P. Banks, made to a Boston audience in 1864, that "*the people of the North are much more disturbed and distressed at the condition of the negro than he is himself.*" This is the real negro,

the negro of the masses, — not the artificial product of vicious advice or ill-considered philanthropy. As such, he presents few, if any, serious problems, and none which he may not himself work out, if let alone and given time. But it will be an individual rather than a race solution: the industrious will, as children, acquire a common school education, and as adults will own property; those capable of higher things will find for themselves a field for the exercise of their talents, just as they are doing to-day; the vicious and shiftless will be as are the vicious and shiftless of other races.

If we will but study the true sources of the agitation over "negro disfranchisement," "negro cars," the deprivation of "the negro's rights," etc., it will be found that in it all the negro takes but an insignificant if any part. The cry that goes up over "the lack of opportunities under which the negro labors," and the "injustice of race distinctions," does not proceed from the negro. It is the voice of the mulatto, or that of the white politician, that is heard. If the statutes of those states which have been charged with discriminating against the negro were not in any wise enforceable against the mulatto, I strongly suspect that America's race problem would speedily resolve itself into exceedingly small and simple proportions.

Through the medium of race papers, and magazines, the pulpit, industrial and political gatherings and associations, the mulatto wields a tremendous influence over the negro. It is here that his importance as a factor in whatever problems may arise from the negro's presence in this country becomes manifest, — and the working out of such problems may be advanced or retarded, just as he wisely or unwisely plays the part which fate — or Providence — has assigned him. The negro, like the white man, responds more readily to bad influences than to good, and the example and precepts of an hundred men like Washington and Du Bois may be easily counteracted by the advice and influence of men of whom the mulatto type unfortunately furnishes too many examples. Booker Washington may in all sincerity preach the gospel of labor; he may teach his people, as a fundamental lesson, the cultivation of the friendship and esteem of the white man; he may point out the truth that for the negro the privilege of earning a dollar is of much greater importance than that of spending it at the white man's theatre or hotel; yet all these lessons must fail of their fullest and best results so long as the negro's mind is being constantly poisoned with the radical teachings and destructive doctrines of the mulatto of the other school.

The most prominent mulatto editor of the country is credited by the Washington Post with having declared that he was "tired of hearing about good niggers, — that what he wanted was to see bad niggers, with guns in their hands." One of the leading race papers in the country, published at the national capital, in enumerating certain things which it would like to see occur, as being beneficial to the negro, included "the death of a few more men like Charles Dudley Warner," and this merely because that good man and true friend of the negro had, shortly before his death, reached and expressed conclusions concerning negro higher education at variance with opinions he had formerly entertained. With Booker Washington crying from the housetops, "Peace! peace!" and the most widely read and influential of race magazines silently furnishing to the private precincts of the home and chimney corner stories revolving around themes of race prejudice, and appealing to passion and hate, together with articles which would inculcate lessons dangerous to even a stronger people, — which voice is in the end likely to prove most potent in its influence upon this childish race? The occurrence is too recent for the country

to have forgotten the shock of the horrible affair growing out of the murder of two New Orleans policemen by Robert Charles, — while the bloody affrays in Alabama and Georgia in which the negroes Henderson and Brewer, and several white men, lost their lives may be easily recalled. Yet in a recent number of this magazine is published a leading article demanding continued race agitation, and in these words glorifying these murderous criminals as martyred heroes, worthy of emulation: "We have produced a Bob Brewer in Georgia, a Robert Charles in Louisiana, and a Will Henderson in Alabama, and we have hopes of having similar exhibitions of courage in all of the Southern states." A few months since, this same magazine printed a biographical sketch of the editor whose inflammatory utterances have been quoted above, which, in speaking of his father, used this remarkable language: "Everybody in Jackson County not only knew that he was a dead shot, but that he would shoot. That is not a bad reputation for an Afro-American to have in the South even at this time." Such utterances might be indefinitely multiplied, but I have mentioned enough to illustrate the point I wish to emphasize, — the existence of a distinct mulatto factor in our race problem, and the fact that, while in some quarters its influence is being directed as wisely as may be possible, there is in it a large and most powerful element that is wholly bad.

The varied tragedy of human life furnishes few more pathetic spectacles than that of the educated mulatto who is honestly seeking the welfare of a race with which a baleful commingling of blood has inexorably identified him, — who is striving to uplift to his own level a people between whose ideals and ambitions and capabilities and his own a great gulf has been fixed by nature's laws. Frequently inheriting from the superior race talents and aspirations the full play of which is denied him by his kinship to the inferior, — through no fault of his own he is doomed to be an anachorism in American political and social life. A generous mind should not too sweepingly condemn his occasional outbursts of bitterness, but rather wonder that they are not more frequent than they are. Just in proportion as their numbers diminish or increase, and their great influence be potential for good or for evil, will the problem of the future become the problem of the color line. But that of the present, whatever it may be adjudged to be, is still the problem of the negro. While it so remains, let us treat it as such, by considering it in its simplest terms; and in seeking the real good of the real negro let us invoke the aid of the best and wisest of that class with which he has so long, and to so little purpose, been confused.

Alfred Holt Stone.

THE BEE SERMONS.

I.

When the Rev. Amos Hutchison assumed charge of the spiritual welfare of the Bethesda Methodist Church of "Honeyville," to give the place its familiar nickname, he was not long in discovering what it meant to have for a pastorate the centre of the most famous honey producing township of the Middle States. That first May morning, as the old man walked the few hundred yards which separated the parsonage from the church, the whole upper air seemed to be a-drone with the hum of bees. In every dooryard and kitchen

garden he could make out little gray rows and clusters of hives; and Deacon Snow assured him that the farmers of his congregation had fifty colonies to the townspeople's five.

The first pastoral visits made by the Rev. Amos revealed, in a dozen different parlor albums, little treasuries of red, blue, and yellow prize tickets for honey and wax shown at county and state fairs. Indeed, the tables of the "reception" sociable were themselves veritable exhibits of comb and "extracted." Yet among the exhibitors there was no first suspicion of cankerous rivalry. For it is proverbial what good nature, optimism, large-heartedness, and philosophy distinguish all the tribe of beemen; or, if it is not proverbial, it surely ought to be. Certainly among the bee-keepers of Honeyville there was such harmony in mutual good works as only the bees themselves could have taught. And every day the Rev. Amos realized more fully into what an atmosphere of honeyed amity kindly fortune had sent him.

Finally when H. C. Stevenson, owner of the six hundred colonies of "The Apiaries," following his custom with each new Honeyville pastor, formally presented him with two choice hives of "Italians," old Mr. Hutchison felt that truly he had been initiated into the happiest and most generous freemasonry in the world. And his reverend forerunner, Langstroth, sainted in the bee-man's calendar, took to his famous swarms little more ardently than did the Rev. Amos.

For whole afternoons he would sit before them in marveling contemplation. He peered into them at night by the hour, often too without first subduing them with the smoker, — for the old man had not an ounce of fear in him. And his bookish training set him to looking up the amazing insects in his library. The "B" volume of his encyclopædia was never closed, and he borrowed a double armful of volumes from Stevenson.

At every meal he had some new wonder of the hive to unfold to his spinster daughter Deborah, who blinked sourly through her glasses and paid no attention to him, — or oftener to Hannah Ann, the girl. As for *her* she hearkened to him open-mouthed, as well she might; for not a few of the Rev. Amos's wonders arose from his having in his zeal mightily misread his authorities; whereupon, he would go to her again next day, and while her pies burned or her irons grew cold he would satisfy his accusing conscience by minutely and circumstantially retracting it all.

Yet such small humiliations and setbacks could curb his enthusiasm but little. Indeed, it grew and grew, until by the end of the first week he was reading bee literature till midnight, and then getting up before sunrise to see the spies of his hives setting forth for the day's blossom survey. And it culminated, like all his enthusiasms, in his feeling an absolute compulsion to make a sermon, nay a series of sermons, of it. The manuscript volume of dog-eared discourses he had brought with him could very well stand over. He hated anything that smacked of the sensational, but here was a chance to speak to his flock from their immediate interests and experiences. And it would spring from him spontaneously, full of the breath of life. On the second Sunday morning of his ministrations he announced his intention; it was received with the most evident and general approval. He promised the first of the "Bee Sermons" by the first Sabbath in June. Monday afternoon he began work upon the *magnum opus;* and the labor would have been an altogether happy one, — but for his neighbor, Cyrus F. Gallinger.

In Honeyville Gallinger possessed two characters. He was the cleverest country lawyer in the township, for which he was held in an admiration which if it was what one might call "impersonal" was none the less intense;

and he was the village unbeliever, for which his admirers with much social prudence held very carefully aloof from him. He was a man of fifty. And old Mrs. Cruikshank, who for twenty years of that half century had been his housekeeper, was wont weakly to protest that he had a good, kind heart, and that it was only his head that had gone wrong. But Honeyville did not need to be told how obviously biased were such sentiments; and indeed Mrs. Cruikshank might well make the best she could of him, if only to cover her own very dubious conduct in working for him. As for the real truth about Gallinger, he was — both in himself and in what the attitude of the village had made him — a distinctly unlovable man. For he was crusty, contentious, razor-tongued, inordinately suspicious, and of a vengefulness almost satanic; when he found himself in a position to repay injury or insult, he reveled in it. In other things he was a Stoic; in "getting even," a very Epicurean. And all ministers of the Gospel he hated as if he had been Lucifer himself.

Now fate and a thoughtless exchange of Honeyville real estate had so brought it that the parsonage study windows looked down upon Gallinger's back garden and his ten hives of Italians (for, whatever he might *not* have faith in, he shared the village belief in bees), and thus, perforce spending much of his time under the very pastoral watch-tower as it were, he had been a soreness in the eyes of the spiritual guardians of the Bethesda congregation almost from the beginning. When old Mr. Hutchison's predecessor had handed over his flock to him, he had given him bitterly to know that in Honeyville there was one individual ingredient which had the power to turn all the sweets of that mellifluous pastorate to vinegar and gall.

Yet during those first weeks in May there had been no collision between Gallinger and the new minister. When "Cyrus F.," as he was familiarly known, was not in his office farther down the street, — and he spent all his mornings there, — he was hidden in his little back-shed shop, busy at such anticipatory carpentering as all growing bee-yards are, throughout the spring and summer, constantly demanding. And day after day, as the old clergyman sat ardently piling up and arranging his material for that bee series masterpiece, it seemed to him that Gallinger's Italians, their hives in a row almost beneath his window and a-hum like so many little factories, were a sort of ever present inspiration. With the sweet incense of warm, honey-filled wax came up to him a cloud of new thoughts, fancies, images. His brain was aglow as he had not felt it for twenty years, and his heart swelled full of love for all mankind. Then on Monday afternoon of the second week Gallinger emerged from his carpenter-shop and began to do outside work on his colonies, — and in that hour trouble commenced.

Strangely enough, too, it was the Rev. Mr. Hutchison who was, however innocently and unwittingly, the first causer of it. For in the full tide and fervor of sermon-making it was his wont, unconsciously, to let his inward arguments and declamations gradually find outward and audible voice; first it would be in whisperings and mutterings, and then — while he would begin to pace with waving arms up and down his study — his tones would grow louder and louder, till they were of a true pulpit pitch and strength. And thus it was with his labors of that afternoon. The astounded Cyrus F. suddenly began to find himself verily haled to church and preached at in his own back garden! Consumed with rage, he stood it for a splenetic half-hour. Then he proceeded to get back with merciless unction.

But Gallinger had not become a successful lawyer by chance; he was a man whose anger, however fiercely within him it might be blazing, found expression only in a kind of diabolically caustic

coolness. Since the Rev. Amos had chosen to sermonize him in that miserably skulking fashion that pretends to be impersonal he would reply in kind, and he would do it by a method which he had found was of exquisite power to torture the last occupant of the parsonage. Forthwith he began to let fall, solely for the edification of his bees he could have protested, a succession of rancorously heterodox observations, which if altogether general in nature were only too particular in application. The sermon-making came to a gasping full stop!

Then Gallinger, as he went with new "supers" from hive to hive, passed, too, by easy stages from his own impious reflections to citations and quotations from that famous, and more or less infamous, French school of unbelievers of the eighteenth century. He remembered that the effect they had had on Mr. Hutchison's predecessor left nothing to be desired.

The Rev. Amos sat listening in semi-stupefaction. He was as wholly oblivious of having given any provocation for Gallinger's remarks as he was wholly certain they were meant for him. The thing was incredible, — it was so absolutely uninvited, — malice going out of its way to be malignant! It made him sick for his race. But at last he pulled himself together, and with a final indignant shake of his heavy white mane, went down into his garden to re-sweeten his mind among his bees.

He willed to ignore and forget the incident. And Tuesday afternoon, when he had been at his desk for ten minutes, he *had* all but forgotten it. Once more his work enwrapped him. Once more the first half-hour found him striding his study's length and bursting forth in fervid homily. And once more Gallinger was his ferocious audience of one! If the day before Cyrus F. had had for a possible moment any saving doubt that he was being preached at, he had none now. And with a venom more burning than the barbed stings of his Italians, he began to impart to them fragments of opinion which in another age would have sent him to the stake and fagot on the next public holiday.

Again the venerable Amos stopped short. For a moment the impulse to thrust forth his head and give free blaze to his wrath and scorn was almost ungovernable. But this was a foolish impulse and he conquered it. Patience and forbearance had kept him in optimism for sixty years. And if Gallinger was roweling him with all his impish malevolence, the Rev. Amos was, in his charity, a very pachyderm; the lawyer's goadings were mere pin-pricks, too small to cry out upon. Yet the old minister still had in him the fires of the controversialist. For every feeble, miserable slander, he had at his tongue's end the crushing refutation, verse and chapter. He felt that in an hour's debate he could so confound this blasphemous neighbor that it would be a twelve-month before he could raise his head. But again he was wise, and restraining himself, a second time went forth to renew his serenity at his hives.

Yet the following afternoon Gallinger, all the spite in him thoroughly aroused, began his hateful monologue as soon as he heard the old minister taking his place at his desk. And he continued it the next day and the next. Mr. Hutchison bit his lips together, and made a trial of working in his daughter's room, and then in the front parlor. But he had constantly to go back and forth for books. And his desk and chair had become a part of his writing habit; he seemed not to be able to work away from them. And the latticed end of the veranda proved even worse, for he was not used to working in the open air.

From the beginning of his ministry he had made it his custom to give his mornings to his pastoral calls and general labors, and to change the order of a lifetime was not easy. Yet he resolved to do it. He held himself at his

desk as best he could during those forenoon hours which kept the lawyer in his office; and he was sometimes able to get in a half afternoon at his series in addition. But almost invariably if he grew absorbed enough to do work worth the doing, it would end in his arousing Gallinger afresh.

And now the old man could no longer listen to him in leonine contempt. It was almost a generation since he had known anger, but now he began to be taken by gusts and fits of rage. If Cyrus F., his own nerves growing every day more "rawed" and ragged, now alluded to his neighbor only as "that shouting old fool next door," the Rev. Amos found himself fiercely resolving that once he had finished his bee series, he would follow it with another which would compel either himself or Gallinger to leave the village. Indeed, to such a state of mind had he come that no longer was he even able to draw a soothing philosophy from his bees. He could not look at them, he could not *think* of them, without seeing Cyrus F. walking up and down before *his* colonies, filling them with shameless lies, tergiversations, blasphemies!

But as for the bees themselves, in the midst of war they were in peace. The Hutchison Italians and the Gallinger Italians together saluted the same glorious May dawnings. They spread themselves in joyous fellowship over that wide land of milk and honey, with its great fields of white clover and its orchards cloudy pink with bloom. To them the world was wholly good, was inexhaustibly bounteous. They bowed their heads together over the same blossoms in kindred blissful ecstasies. They stopped on petal edges for tremulous seconds of exulting felicitations. And side by side they winged in drowsy thankfulness homeward through the perfumed dusk. Of sermons written in bitterness and listened to in fury they took no heed, they had no care.

But ten days before the first of those tortured sermons was due Gallinger was suddenly called away. Hannah Ann had been forbidden to have any communications with Mrs. Cruikshank by Miss Deborah, who was careful of her father's reputation even to the distant and outlying skirts of it. But when wash is being hung out in neighboring back yards, there are established two wireless-telegraph stations which must communicate by the inevitable laws of nature itself. And thus the Rev. Mr. Hutchison learned that night that the lawyer had gone to Chicago on business, and would be absent for a week or more!

With a heart full of infinite relief the old man resumed his place at his study window. Once more Gallinger's bees stood to him only for inspiration. For hours from desk to bookcase and from bookcase back to desk he strode again in ardent declamation, and there was none to interrupt him. The series rose again phœnix-like. It was strong with eloquence and grace. He had come to Honeyville pitifully aware that many had thought him too old for the service. He would show them — to the greater glory of the service, he would show them — if power were not still in him!

Gallinger, not expected until Saturday, came back Thursday morning. But the last three days of the week were dark and rainy, and he was kept indoors. Old Mr. Hutchison, on the eve of the day which called for the first of them, saw his hard-wrought, but surpassing bee sermons in full completion.

II.

The story of that first bee sermon is soon told. Indeed it shall not here be told at all. After the three days of cloud and downpour, Sunday morning opened fair and hot; and by ten o'clock that thing was beginning to happen which almost any one in the Bethesda congregation could have told their

pastor would assuredly happen! For not only was it the Seventh Day, which for the last thousand years bees seem sacrilegiously to have set aside for their most riotously public celebrations, but, much more than that, it was the first fine morning since Wednesday, and this in swarming week! By church time, all over the village and throughout the country for leagues around, there was let loose such a pent-up, hundred-fold bacchanalia of emptied hives from half the bee-yards of the township as drowned all sound of church bells, and, for half the Bethesdans, completely precluded all thoughts of attending the morning service.

The Rev. Amos still kept his good old-fashioned notions as to a proper Sabbath deportment, and on the way from the parsonage to the vestry looked neither to the right nor to the left; *had* he done so, he might not have found himself gazing down from his pulpit upon a miserable expanse of half-empty benches, with no explanation whatever to salve his sorely injured feelings. His first bee sermon seemed likely to be most of all memorable for the number of bee-keeping Methodists who did not hear it. The Judsons were all away. Of the Tuppers, only the ten year old twins were in evidence. Not a McPherson had been able to come. Of the stout tribe of Harpers, the old grandmother and the little girls alone made their appearance. Indeed, one might have gone through the list of pews as Homer went through the heroic catalogue of Trojan ships, — only instead of telling who were in them, telling who were not.

But it was not long until Deacon Snow, firm in his accustomed place by the pile of collection plates in the front seat, marked the old man's trouble; and rising solemnly, he tiptoed up the pulpit stairs and whispered to him. In a moment the woeful knot on the face of the Rev. Amos relaxed into an expanding beam of relief and comprehension. And when he arose to make the announcements, he announced for his own part that "owing to the reprehensible conduct of the bees themselves, and the consequent absence of so many of the congregation, the first of the bee sermons would be postponed until the Sunday following." Then, with a perceptible, underlying anxiety, — for he could not think of all those scores of colonies that must everywhere be so anarchically misconducting themselves without certain worrying reflections of his own, — he began an old discourse upon the Prodigal Son.

He was just about to add his "lastly," when, framed in the open porch door, he caught sight of the wildly fluttered face of Hannah Ann! She ducked back, but a minute later showed herself again, — disappeared, — reappeared, — disappeared. She was not one of those who found it easy to profane the sanctuary. She did it indeed in fiery-visaged misery. But it was plain, too, that she was under the wretched necessity of continuing to do it until she had called forth her reverend master.

Mr. Hutchison stopped. He realized what had happened with quaking certainty, yet he yielded to the temptation to put it off on some unknown and greater trouble. "I, I fear there is immediate need of me at the parsonage," he gasped. Miss Deborah's mouth fell open with amazement. "Brother Snow, will you be so very good as to bring the service to a close for me? I regret — I regret exceedingly — if at all possible I shall return at once. I — I" —

Two minutes later he was breathlessly entering his back garden. The air was thick, vibrant, and singing with bees. One of his own colonies and one of Gallinger's had left the hive almost at the same moment. The former swarm had swayed uncertainly out of bounds as it rose, and the two whirling vortices of intoxicated Italians had spun inextricably together. A dwarf Astrakhan stood just inside the lawyer's fence. And now they were settling upon a lower

branch of it in one great, teeming, brown garland, like some instant and monstrous growth of Spanish moss.

Gallinger, too, had been away, taking his Sunday morning tramp down along the river; and Mrs. Cruikshank had rushed after him in a trepidation hardly less than that of Hannah Ann. She met him returning, and he arrived on the scene only a few seconds behind Mr. Hutchison. For minute after minute the latter stood, with ears deadened by that apian hurricane, gaping in blank hopelessness over the fence at the amazingly festooned Astrakhan. And when he lowered his eyes he found them looking into the lawyer's astonished but still sardonic countenance.

In the Rev. Amos it was as much an instinct to be unselfish as to be selfish would have been in the majority of mankind. "They 're yours, sir," he cried, forlornly desperate, — "they 're all yours! I don't dispute your right in the slightest!"

"*Mine!* Mine *for why?*" — such childlike simplicity and such uncalled-for generosity were alike new things to Cyrus F.; and, in spite of himself, no little of the crabbedness went from that testy, cross-examining voice of his. "Both swarms are there. I 'll take my own, but I don't want yours. It 's only a matter of separating them. Come in and help, — or, if you don't want to, I can do it alone."

"Only a matter of separating them!" The old man hurried around by the front way, and entered Gallinger's bee-yard dazedly wiping his temples. The lawyer's high, thick, locust hedge hid them from the street.

"Huh!" grunted Cyrus F., stooped over the swarming sheet he was spreading under the great, crawling "pear" of bees, — "huh! So you 're anxious to give away an A 1 swarm of Italians, are you?" But his crustiness might now almost have been called good-natured. He twisted about, and peered up darkly through the black silk "muffle" which dropped from hat brim to shoulders. "Why, where are your gloves and veil?"

"I — I did think of them, but it 's — it 's the Sabbath, and it seemed too much like deliberately making ready for a morning's work. If" —

"But, my Lord, you don't exactly hunger and thirst to be stung, do you?"

"No," said the old man, flushing. "No, I don't. But I 'd rather feel right with myself than not be." The bees were about him in hundreds; it was a wonder he had not been already attacked.

The lawyer shut his lips tight, but it was with the kind of hopeless exasperation which is ready to burst into a laugh. What was stranger than that, the Rev. Amos had just given utterance to a sentiment which should have been a red rag to him, and he found himself liking him for it! "All right," he growled, — "but I don't just see how you 're going to be able to help me much without them."

That gave old Mr. Hutchison pause. "Then, then I shall put them on," he said, "for a man's neighbor-duty comes before the Sabbath."

And this unexpected article of faith, too, had its own effect on Gallinger. Moreover, he had won his point. "Mrs. Cruikshank," he shouted ferociously, "when you 're ready with that smoker, bring out my other veil and gloves for Mr. Hutchison."

Then he hurried across the yard and into his carpenter-shop. When he came back again, bearing a new hive under each arm, the minister was in his bee clothes.

Gallinger set the clean little gray houses corner to corner at right angles on the end of the sheet. "You 'll have to take one of my hives," he said; he was not used to giving, and his awkwardness betrayed itself in a reddening return to crustiness. "It 's a home-made article, but if it suits you, you 're welcome to keep it."

The Rev. Amos was deprecating in a minute.

"Well, you 'll have to take it for the present, anyway; and I think you 'd better take it for good. I suppose your 'neighbor-duty' idea can work both ways, can't it?" Then a sudden, galling suspicion came to him. "But perhaps," — and all the old scornful viciousness came back into his voice, — "perhaps you 'd consider it polluted, contaminated, infected, eh? eh?"

"Why, *sir! Mr. Gallinger!*" The old minister's flaming tones were proof enough of his sincerity. "What right have you to think me such a bigot? Such a thought never for one moment" —

"All right, all right, all right! I apologize. Now let 's get to work."

The all-surrounding, rip-saw whizzing of the myriads of rampant Italians had gradually died down. For, thousand after thousand, they were adding themselves to the huge, fermenting mother-core. And it hung there with the slumberous hum of some gigantic, sleeping top.

Gallinger caught the smoker from Mrs. Cruikshank, and now on this side, now on that, began to pour into the swarm the cedar-bark bee chloroform. And he did it with such methodical thoroughness that it gave him time to talk. "You know," he ran on morosely, "we should n't have let this thing happen at all. It 's well enough for the villagers to go on allowing their hives to split up as the whim takes them, — indeed it 's only in the last few years that they 've got away from 'bee gums,' and sulphur massacres by way of 'extracting' in the fall. Controlled swarming is a century ahead of them yet." He had a smudge going now like a spring rubbish-burning. "What system did Stevenson give you?"

"What system? Why, really, I don't think I understand. Do you mean to say that you can make your bees swarm when you please?"

"Well, if I can't exactly do that, I can keep them from swarming when I *don't* please. So can any scientific beeman. I wonder Stevenson did n't think to explain the thing to you. Better let me show you to-morrow. It 'll save you a lot of trouble. If I 'd looked through my hives half carefully before I went to Chicago this bunch here would have been only half as big. But I reckon it 's about ripe for hiving, now." He abruptly handed the smoker over to the old minister. "Just keep that trained on them."

Nimbly catching up his swarming basket, he lifted it in the hollow of his left arm till the bottom of it was just beneath the tip of the huge brown cluster, and with his right hand took firm hold of the burdened branch. Then, with a sudden, powerful, downward jerk, he dropped the whole double swarm into the awaiting hamper, and as swiftly and surely lowered it to the ground.

The Rev. Amos, his hands shaking with an old man's nervous haste, instantly turned the stupefying smudge into it. But a legion of raging Italians poured out of it in a delirious cloud. It seemed to him that the basket was a crucible, full of some new kind of fused and molten metal. And now Gallinger with absolute steadiness of hands tilted the crucible and emptied its contents upon the swarming sheet!

From the seething central mound the hundred thousand bees flowed savagely out in all directions. Before the smoke could once more get the upper hand there had spun up a rabid dust-storm of them. About the heads of the two men it was a very typhoon. The whole garden was dun and swirling with the fierce, living spindrift. The clouded glare of the midday sun seemed only the heat from that burning frenzy. Yet, even so, the number on the canvas seemed in no wise diminished. And old Mr. Hutchison, half blinded, and with face a-steam under the stifling veil, kept the bellows

going like the piston of a record-breaking locomotive. As for Cyrus F., he was rapidly running his eyes back and forth over the sheet, and his breath came short in his smothered excitement. "If we can only find both queens, now," he said; and flinging off his gloves, he thrust both hands into the brothy, amber mat, and began to ferret and dig and plough through it, as if it had been so much warm sand!

If it had really been the molten metal the Rev. Amos had fancied it, he could not have been more astoundedly impressed. "God bless me!" he gasped, and turned pale. Then, grasped inexorably by his flint-hearted sense of duty, he mercilessly forced himself to follow. Pulling off his own gloves, with set teeth he let himself down beside the lawyer.

"Why — why," — the latter went into a raspy sputter, — "my heavens! I was n't asking *you* to do this. You 're not *used* to them. You 'll be" —

"Father! *Father!*" The agonized shrieking, subdued to a Sabbath Day pitch, but none the less horrified for that, came from Miss Deborah. She had that moment returned from church and mounted a chair by the parsonage fence. "Father, what are you thinking of? You 'll be stung to death! Come away this minute! I should think, Mr. Gallinger, *you 'd* make him come! Mrs. Cruikshank, you *pull* him away! And" — (as bitterly as tearfully) — "you 're setting a nice example for Sunday, I must say, or for any other day, either!"

The Rev. Mr. Hutchison straightened his back with a dignity that was full of wrath. "Daughter," he said, "daughter, go into the house. I may not be of much assistance to Mr. Gallinger, but I can at least show him that I appreciate kindness. It has been my loss not to have known such a neighbor before. He has done for me what few would do." And the Rev. Amos indignantly stooped again by Cyrus F.

Upon the latter his tribute had fallen with an effect of outward shame and inward glow. But he had little time for his emotions. For he had barely laid down the smoker with which, through the short family controversy, he had been busily "re-seasoning" the neglected bees than his eyes fell upon the first of the queens. Instantly and deftly he scooped the slender royal dame into his palm, "balled" her about protectingly with a handful of her subject-workers, and deposited them with all gentleness on the entrance board of one of the empty hives. For one moment of suspicion she hesitated, then started in. And the workers followed fast after her. Gallinger swiftly swept another handful along the sheet behind them, then another and another.

Had Cyrus F. been less intent upon the establishment of his "current" he would have seen the old man beside him wince and suck in his breath again and again; for bees are woefully quick to recognize and resent the touch of the novice. But the Rev. Amos was not made of the stuff that falters, and though all the fires of the Inferno seemed to be roasting his hands from wrists to finger-tips, he continued to rake and run them through the twisting, writhing swarm. And in five minutes more he had his reward; he found the second queen.

Gallinger pounced upon her in triumph, and on the moment caught sight of the old man's hands. "Why, good *Lord!* — Mrs. Cruikshank! No, *you* go in to *her!* She 'll ease the worst of it with ammonia. No, — *go on!* Our job 's all but done." He almost pushed him in.

As he went again to start the current into the second hive, he muttered, "The old boy must have learned his letters from Fox's Book of Martyrs! It beats me!"

When Mr. Hutchison issued from the Gallinger kitchen fifteen minutes later his neighbor was just reëntering the bee-yard. Hanging from his arm was a second swarming sheet, and one of the new hives had gone from the

first. "I thought I 'd better set it up for you," he said; "and now if you care to drop in on me to-morrow night I 'll show you how to avoid any further trouble."

"I shall, — I shall most gladly," and the Rev. Amos reached with a rush of eagerness for the lawyer's hand. His own aching fingers were shot through with pains at Gallinger's grip, as if from hot water after frost bite, but his heart was rejoicing in him.

The Rev. Mr. Hutchison spent Monday evening with Cyrus F. Gallinger, and he stayed late. For of bees the old minister still had much to learn; and, as they opened hive after hive together in the dusk by the lawyer's lantern, the latter taught him. Moreover, not only were many mysterious secret places of the hive made plain, but in the after frankness there was cleared up a certain matter of troubled and troublesome week-day discourses, — which the Rev. Amos heard of with amazement, and most contritely promised he should do no more offending in the future; and a slight mutual adjustment of bee and sermon hours was a guaranteeing supplement to his promise.

On Tuesday evening Gallinger called upon the Rev. Amos, and from the latter's first two hives all unnecessary queen-cells were removed. And, since all bee-keepers are brothers, — whether they learn it late or soon, — when long after eleven they said good-by, a number of other things had been removed as well.

They saw each other again Friday, and Mrs. Cruikshank, in her room above the kitchen, heard the last of their conversation that night. She had been with Cyrus F. for half his life, and what she heard him saying galvanized her to a sitting posture in one jerk. "And why should I not, pray?" he was arguing with his familiar fierce pugnacity. "It seems to me that in attempting to dissuade me from going to church you 're not exactly in character, sir. No, sir, you 've listened to me; now I 'm going to give myself the pleasure of listening to you. 'I 'm in a better position to preach bee sermons than you are?' Nonsense, fiddlesticks! I 've dealt with nothing but the science, the dry-bones of the matter. I 've ignored everything else, — like a bigot; for I tell you there 's as much bigotry in science as there is in — in religion. No, sir, I 'm for truth and light, sir, — all I can get of it, — and I 'm going to hear your series if I turn the whole village upside down over it!"

Thus it was that next Sunday morning there sat in a far corner of the Honeyville Methodist Church Cyrus F. Gallinger, — at whom the congregation gaped! But the Rev. Mr. Hutchison, though there was within him a certain nervousness which only Cyrus F. himself could have understood, preached that first sermon of the famous series, beaming upon him!

Arthur E. McFarlane.

THE ST. LOUIS CONGRESS OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE Universal Exposition at St. Louis constitutes, in the expansion of the grounds, in the plans of the buildings, in the stage of the preparation, in the eagerness of all countries to participate, and, above all, in the inner scope of the undertaking, a gigantic work of immeasurable value for the Southwest and of high importance for national and international progress. In the face of this broad development it was a most natural wish that where commerce and

industry, art and education, the products of all lands and callings, are exhibited, the work of the scientist should come also to a full presentation. To be sure, just as modern art will reign over every hall and beautify every corner in the mimic city, so science will penetrate the educational and hygienic exhibitions, will swing the wheels in the industrial halls, and will show its inventions under every roof. And yet, just as art demands its own unfolding in the gallery of paintings and sculptures, so science seeks to concentrate all its energies on one spot, and show the cross-section of human knowledge in our days. That, however, cannot be done for the eyes. The great work which grows day by day in quiet libraries and laboratories, and on a thousand university platforms, can be exhibited only by words. Every visible expression, like that of heaped-up printed volumes, would be dead to the World's Fair spectator. How to make such words living, how to make them helpful to the thinkers and scholars themselves, and, at the same time, to human progress, — this was the problem which burdened the responsible authorities of the Exposition.

The official history of the steps which followed is easily told. The directors of the Exposition appointed an Administrative Board to supervise the arrangements for a representative gathering of scholars. The chairman of that board is the president of Columbia University, Nicholas Murray Butler; Boston is represented by the president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Henry S. Pritchett; Washington, by the librarian of Congress, Herbert Putnam; Chicago, by the president of the University of Chicago, William R. Harper; the welcoming state of Missouri, by the president of its State University, Richard H. Jesse; the legal aspect is represented by Frederick William Holls, the member of the International Court of Arbitration at The Hague; and the World's Fair itself, by F. J. V. Skiff, director of the exhibits. Finally Mr. Howard J. Rogers, as chief of the department of education, took charge of the technical supervision of all the congresses held in connection with the World's Fair. The Administrative Board, immediately after its organization, appointed a scientific board of scholars to work as the Committee on Plan and Scope. Of this America's most famous scientist, Professor Simon Newcomb of Washington, was chairman. In this committee Newcomb himself represented the exact sciences; W. H. Welch of Johns Hopkins, medicine; George F. Moore of Harvard, theology; Albion Small of Chicago, the social sciences; John B. Moore of Columbia, jurisprudence; Elihu Thompson, the technical sciences; and the writer, the philosophical sciences. This committee met several times in New York, discussed several plans, and finally accepted one, recommended it to the Administrative Board, and then stepped out of existence. The Administrative Board approved the plan and recommended its realization to the directors of the World's Fair. The decisive step quickly followed. The World's Fair authorities accepted the plan, voted the necessary large sum of money, appointed Professor Newcomb as president, Professor Small and myself as vice presidents of the whole congress, and made us at the same time an organizing committee with power to prepare the whole undertaking, with the technical supervision of the Administrative Board. Since that time — that is, since February — the organizing committee has been steadily at work; and while its work must still be for a time a quiet one, it may lie not outside of the line of this work if one of its members steps up to the honored platform in Park Street and tells a wider circle what those plans are, and why they ask for interest and favor.

The whole plan has been controlled by one single definite purpose, and this pur-

pose itself has been marked out by the convergence of many reasons. I might approach the point best if I quote extensively at first from a letter which I wrote last fall, in reply to a private inquiry, to the World's Fair authorities, long before the official congress boards were appointed. I said there: —

"The traditional scheme of World's Fair congresses consists in a long list of unconnected meetings with a long programme of unconnected papers. I realize fully that such a routine scheme offers to the management the fewest possible difficulties: it needs hardly any preparation. But already at the last Paris Exposition, there was a general feeling that such an arrangement was on the whole useless, without any important value for science, and without any reason for being. And while the city of Paris, with its large body of scholars of first rank and its old traditions, and especially its convenient location, prevented the internal shortcomings of the congresses from being manifest, nothing of that kind holds for St. Louis. No scholar would feel attracted by a repetition of such meetings there; every one would feel that a World's Fair was the worst possible place for such an undertaking, and that there was no reason to do in St. Louis what each science is doing much more comfortably every year in quiet places of its own selection. In the meantime the aversion to international congresses, with their confusion of languages, has grown on all sides. On the other hand, the idea of overcoming this aversion of Europeans by paying them richly for coming would be most dangerous to the reputation of scholarly life in America. Real scholars are not used to being paid for attending the usual congresses and for reading papers in them. The Europeans would interpret such offers as a symptom of American inability to prepare good papers, and they would thus come in a missionary spirit; they would come to speak down to Americans, and the result would be a serious blow to the reputation of American intellectual life. Add to this all the growing feeling of a surfeit of over-specialization in the sciences of to-day, a feeling which would be forced on every one who should see such a list of a hundred congresses no one of which knows what its neighbors are doing; the American nation, with its instinctive desire for organization and unity in work, would especially dislike such disconnection.

"In my opinion, the St. Louis plan can be a success only if a way is found to do in every one of these respects exactly the opposite thing. Instead of heaping up once more the scattered specialistic researches, we must strive toward unity of thought; instead of artificially creating the missionary spirit in Europe, we must secure a plan of complete coöperation among the scholars of the world; and instead of arranging the usual programme with its traditional lack of purpose and lack of relation to the occasion, we must create something which has a clear, definite, and new purpose, something which has a mission, and which can fulfill its mission only by calling together the whole world.

"All these demands can be fulfilled by one change: instead of a hundred unconnected congresses, let us have *one* congress, — one congress with a hundred sections, to be sure, but one congress; and let us give to this one congress the definite purpose of working toward the unity of human knowledge. Let us give to it the mission, in this time of scattered specialized work, of bringing to the consciousness of the world the too much neglected idea of the unity of truth. Let the rush of the world's work stop for one moment for us to consider what are the underlying principles, what are their relations to one another and to the whole, what are their values and purposes; in short, let us for once give to the world's sciences a holiday. The workaday functions are much better fulfilled in separation, when each

science meets at its own place and time, or still better, when each scholar works in his own library or in his laboratory; but this holiday task to bring out the underlying unity, this synthetic work, — this demands really the coöperation of all, this demands that once at least all sciences come together in one place, at one time. Such an achievement and its printed record would make an epoch for our time, and would be welcomed by the best scholars of the whole world, making it a duty for them to do their share.

"The necessary condition would be a plan in which every possible striving for truth, every theoretical and practical science would find its exact place; as a matter of course, such a plan would have no similarity with chance combinations of the university catalogue. It must be really a plan which brings the inner relations of all branches of knowledge to light. The very existence of such a ground plan which would give to every section its definite position in the whole system would bring the unity of knowledge strongly to consciousness. Then a programme would have to be worked out for each of these sections, in which the chief papers would deal with the relations of each section to its neighbors and with its leading problems; then programmes for groups of sections, for departments, to consider their common fundamental methods and problems; then such for groups of departments, for divisions, till finally crowned by a reunion of all the divisions. The papers would thus form a network of intellectual relations in which every subject would be interrelated with every other.

"All this can be done only by the first men of the sciences, by men who have a view beyond the narrow limits of their special problems, and who have the authority to express the principles, to lay down the methods, to judge fairly of the fundamental problems of their sciences. But it will be easy to get the assistance of first-class men of all nations for such an end, because the scholars who are tired of the routine congresses, the papers of which do not offer more than any magazine issue, will be ready to work for such an unique undertaking, with an original and important task. And this scheme would also allow of attracting the Europeans over the ocean by a fair honorarium, because — while it would be unbecoming to pay for attendance on a regular congress where they would talk on their own special researches — it would be quite correct to offer full compensation if the speaker were invited to prepare a definite piece of work in the service of a complete plan; Europeans and Americans would in this case stand on the same level, receiving the same honorarium for the papers and differing sums merely for traveling expenses. If thus some hundred leading Europeans and some hundred leading Americans took part, there is no doubt that many hundred less known men would come over the ocean to the congress without any compensation, and that thousands of Americans would join. On the other hand, those interrelated addresses printed with a short abstract of the discussions would be a gigantic monument of the intellectual work of the St. Louis Exposition; it would be a lasting work which no private association could perform. The libraries of our specialistic work to-day form one big encyclopædia where one thing stands beside the other. This record would become at last a real system; the whole would be a real 'Congress of the United Sciences.' Such a congress might meet in the second half of September, thus being completed before our universities opened. It would be easy to arrange for hospitality in connection with a visit to Chicago, Niagara, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, for the foreign guests, giving them a chance to see in October the large universities at work, and allowing them to reach home at the

end of October, when the European universities open."

Enough of my letter, which was quickly followed by the administrative development that I have sketched step by step, and now, since the whole machinery of boards and committees has worked through a season, the tentative idea has grown into a full-fledged plan, the classifications are completed, the programmes of the meetings are worked out, the honorary list of speakers is sketched, the coöperation of all countries is invited, and it can be foreseen that before the year comes to an end many hundred scholars all over the world will be at work in their libraries to prepare their part in an undertaking which seemed a vague dream so few months ago. We may consider at first the internal plan, the classification of human knowledge, the principles of grouping and differentiating the sciences; and then the external plan, the technique of the congress, the outer devices for the realization of unity within the chaos. And finally, a word of the obstacles and difficulties, of our fears, which are not small, and of our hopes, which are greater.

We have divided human knowledge into two parts; into seven divisions; into twenty-five departments; into one hundred and thirty sections, with the possibility of an unlimited number of sub-sections; and the preliminary list of the sections has come in printed form, probably, already into many a scholar's hand. But such a mere list is not an argument for its principles of classification. An alphabetical programme which runs from Anthropology to Zoölogy may have no smaller number of parts. The real interest lies in the logic of the arrangement. The logical problem how to bring order into the wilderness of scientific efforts has fascinated the philosophers from Aristotle and Bacon to Comte and Spencer. The way in which a special time groups its efforts toward truth becomes therefore also a most significant expression of the deeper energies of its civilization, and not the least claim which our coming congress will make is that the programme of its work stands out as a realization of principles which characterize the deepest strivings and the inmost energies of our own time as over against the popular classifications of the nineteenth century.

The positivism which controlled human thought at the height of the naturalistic thinking of the nineteenth century settled the problems in a simple manner. All mental and moral sciences, history and philology, jurisprudence and theology, ethics and æsthetics, economics and politics, deal clearly with human phenomena, with functions of men; but man is a living organism, biology is the science of living organisms: all those branches of knowledge, from history to ethics, from jurisprudence to æsthetics, are thus ramifications of biology. The living organism, on the other hand, is merely one type of physical bodies on earth, and the science of these physical bodies is physics. Biology is thus itself merely a department of physics. But the earthly bodies are merely a part of the cosmic totality; the science of the universe is astronomy; physics is thus merely a part of astronomy. And the whole universe is controlled by mathematical laws; astronomy is thus again subordinated to mathematics. This Comtian speculation was a conscious or subconscious fundamental thought for the anti-philosophic period that lies behind us.

Then came a time which knew better, and which overcame this thinly disguised example of materialism. It was a time when the categories of the physiologist lost slightly in credit, and the categories of the psychologist won repute. This newer time held that it is artificial to consider ethical and logical life, historic and legal action, literary and religious emotion, merely as a physiological function of the living organism; the mental life, however ne-

cessarily connected with brain processes, has a positive reality for itself. The psychical facts represent a world of phenomena which in its nature is absolutely different from that of material phenomena, and, while it is true that every ethical action and every logical thought can, from the standpoint of the biologist, be considered as a property of matter, it is not less true that the sciences of mental phenomena, considered impartially, form a sphere of knowledge closed in itself, and thus coördinated, not subordinated, to the knowledge of the physical world. We would say thus: all knowledge belongs to two classes, the physical sciences and the mental sciences. In the circle of physical sciences we have the general sciences, like physics and chemistry, the particular sciences of special objects, like astronomy, geology, mineralogy, biology, and the formal sciences, like mathematics. In the circle of mental sciences we have correspondingly, as a general science, psychology, and as the particular sciences all those special mental and moral sciences in which man's inner life is dealt with, like history or jurisprudence, logic or ethics, and all the rest. Such classification, which had its philosophical backing about twenty years ago, penetrated the popular thought as fully as the positivism of the foregoing generation, and it was certainly superior to its materialistic forerunner.

Of course it was not the first time in the history of civilization that materialism was replaced by dualism, that biologism was replaced by psychologism; and it was also not the first time that the natural development of civilization led again beyond this point: that is, led beyond the psychologizing period. There is no doubt that our time presses on, with all its powerful internal energies, away from this world's view of yesterday. The materialism was anti-philosophic, the psychological dualism was unphilosophic. To-day the philosophical movement has set in. The one-sidedness of the nineteenth-century creed is felt in the deeper thought all over the world · the popular movements and scholarly efforts alike show the signs of a coming idealism, which has something better and deeper to say than merely that our life is a series of causal phenomena. Our time longs for a new interpretation of reality; from the midst of every science wherein for decades philosophizing was despised, the best scholars turn again to a discussion of fundamental conceptions and general principles. Historical thinking begins to take again the leadership which for half a century belonged to naturalistic thinking; specialistic research demands increasingly from day to day the readjustment toward higher unities, and the technical progress which fascinated the world becomes more and more simply a factor in an ideal progress. The appearance of this unifying congress itself is merely one of the thousand symptoms appearing in our public life, and if the scientific philosophy produces to-day suddenly books upon books to prove that the world of phenomena must be supplemented by the world of values, that description must yield to interpretation, and that explanation must be harmonized with appreciation; they echo in technical terms the one great emotion of our time.

This certainly does not mean that any step of the gigantic materialistic, technical, and psychological development will be reversed, or that progress in any of these directions ought to cease; on the contrary, no time was ever more ready to put its immense energies into the service of naturalistic work; but it does mean that our time recognizes the one-sidedness of these movements, recognizes that they belong only to one aspect of reality, and that another aspect is possible; yes, that the other aspect is the one of our immediate life with its purposes and its ideals, its historical relations and its logical aims.

The claim of materialism, that all psychical facts are merely functions of the organism, was no argument against psychology, because the biological aspect was possible, and yet the other aspect is certainly a necessary supplement; in the same way it is no argument against the newer view that all purposes and ideals, all historical actions and logical thoughts, can be considered as psychological phenomena. Of course we can consider it as such, and we must go on to do so in the service of the psychological and sociological sciences; but we ought not to imagine that we have expressed and understood the real character of our historical or moral, our logical or religious life when we have described and explained it as a series of phenomena. Its immediate reality expresses itself above all in the fact that it has a meaning, that it is a purpose which we want to understand, not by considering its causes and effects, but by interpreting its aims and appreciating its ideals. We should say therefore to-day that it is most interesting and important for the scientist to consider human life with all its strivings and creations from a biological, psychological, sociological point of view; that is, to consider it as a system of causal phenomena; and many problems worthy of the highest energies have still to be solved in these sciences. But that which the jurist or the theologian, the student of art or of history, of literature or of politics, of education or of morality, is dealing with refers to the other aspect in which inner life is not a phenomenon but a system of purposes, not to be explained but to be interpreted, not to be approached by causal but by teleological methods. In this case the historical sciences are no longer sub-sections of psychological or of sociological sciences; the conception of science is no longer identical with the conception of the science of phenomena; there exist sciences which do not deal with the description or explanation of phenomena at all, but with the internal relation and connection, the interpretation and appreciation of purpose. In this way the modern thought demands that sciences of purposes become coördinated to sciences of phenomena.

But at the very threshold it is clear that purposes and phenomena alike can be of two kinds. We have physical phenomena and we have mental phenomena. Their only difference is that the mental phenomena with which psychology deals are individual phenomena given to one subject only, while the physical phenomena are objects for every possible subject. In the same way there are purposes that are individual purposes, and other purposes which have a more than individual meaning, which are intended as purposes valuable for every one whom we acknowledge as a subject: the logical, the ethical, the æsthetic purposes. These purposes of more than individual value are called our norms; the sciences which deal with them are thus the normative sciences, which interpret our absolute intentions. On the other side stand the sciences of the individual intentions; their totality represents the system of historical purposes in its endless ramifications of political, legal, educational, literary, and religious activities. They form the historical sciences, and we come thus necessarily to a fourfold division of all theoretical knowledge: we have the normative sciences, the historical sciences, the physical sciences, and the mental sciences. That is indeed the chief grouping of theoretical knowledge which our International Congress has definitely accepted, thus leaving far behind it the one-sidedness of materialism and of phenomenalism.

But we are fully aware of another one-sidedness of which we should be guilty if these four divisions of knowledge should be declared as the only ones. That would mean that science is considered to be identical with theoretical science. Positivism takes that

for granted too. The conception of practical science was not seldom declared to be a contradiction in itself, and all the technical sciences, for instance, were considered as a mixture of theoretical science and art. But as soon as we understand that the different sciences do not mean different material only, but first of all different aspects, then we must see also that a really new science enters into existence when the task is to understand the relations between physical or mental, normative or historical facts on the one side, and practical ends of ours on the other. The study of these relations between the facts and our ends constitutes indeed a whole group, which as practical sciences must be coördinated to the theoretical sciences. But there arises at once another interesting problem of classification. If the practical sciences link facts and ends, we can group them either with reference to the facts which we want to apply or with reference to the ends which we want to reach. Both ways are logically correct. Every one of the normative or historical, physical or mental, sciences can have, according to the first scheme, its practical counterpart. The engineer applies physical or chemical knowledge, the physician biological knowledge, and in the same way the jurist applies the knowledge of the legal purposes as they have formed themselves in historical development, and so on. But if we enter into the details of the applied sciences, we notice soon that most of them are not confined in their real work to the application of one special theoretical science. Most of them bring about a synthesis of various theoretical sciences for a certain end. Not seldom do we see that normative and historical, physical and psychical sciences converge and become united in one practical discipline, and for this reason it is clearly the simplest scheme to group them not with reference to the applied facts, but with reference to the ends which they are serving. Three large divisions separate themselves in this way. Practical sciences may work toward the material welfare, or they may work toward a harmonization of human interests, or, finally, they may work toward the ideal development of man. It is difficult to select words which express exactly the characteristics of these three groups. For our purpose it may be sufficient to call those sciences which serve material welfare, the utilitarian sciences; those which harmonize the interests of man, regulative sciences; and those which work toward his perfection, cultural sciences. And we have now reached the first level of our classification; we have divided human knowledge into theoretical knowledge and practical knowledge; the theoretical knowledge into the four divisions of normative, historical, physical, and mental sciences; the practical into the three divisions of utilitarian, regulative, and cultural sciences. The question of the logical principle of classification is settled by this determination. The further branching of these seven divisions into departments, and that of the departments into sections, offers much less difficulty and fewer reasons for disagreement.

Nevertheless, even the departmental sub-division may involve at once logical disputes. Our first division was the normative sciences, and the congress proposes to divide this division into two departments, the philosophical sciences and the mathematical sciences. That the philosophical sciences, like logic, ethics, æsthetics, with all their affiliations, belong here no one will doubt, and no serious student of the profounder problems of philosophy will hesitate to acknowledge finally, perhaps after some initial resistance, that all metaphysics is at bottom the general theory of the ultimate values of our logical, ethical, and æsthetic purposes, and thus belongs too under the normative sciences. But it may be different with our second department, mathematics. Many mathe-

maticians would say that the mathematical objects are independent realities whose properties we study like those of nature, whose relations we "observe," whose existence we "discover," and in which we are interested because they belong to the real world. All that is true, and yet the objects of the mathematician are objects made by the will, created in the service of logical purposes, and thus different from all phenomena into which sensation enters. The mathematician of course does not reflect upon the purely logical origin of the objects which he studies, but the system of knowledge must give to the study of the mathematical object its place in that group where the more than individual — that is, the normative — purposes are classified. No doubt the purpose of the mathematical object is the application of the arithmetical or geometrical creation in the world of phenomena, and the mathematical concept must thus fit the world so absolutely that it can be conceived as a description of the world after abstracting from the content; mathematics would then be the phenomenalistic science of the form and order of the world. In this way mathematics has a claim to a place in both fields: among the sciences of phenomena, if we emphasize its applicability to the world; and among the teleological sciences of purposes, if we emphasize the free creation of its objects by the logical normative will. It was clearly more in harmony with the whole plan of the congress to prefer the latter emphasis, as it brings out more clearly the real roots of the sciences. Mathematics thus stands as a second department beside philosophy, in the normative division.

No other department offers similar difficulties. We have sub-divided the division of historical sciences into the departments of political sciences, economic sciences, legal sciences, educational sciences, philologic sciences, æsthetic sciences, and religious sciences; the division of physical sciences into the departments of general physical sciences, astronomical sciences, geological sciences, biological sciences, and anthropological sciences; and the division of mental sciences into the departments of psychological sciences and sociological sciences. We have thus sixteen departments in the theoretical work. The division of utilitarian sciences was carried out into medical sciences, practical economic sciences, and technological sciences; the division of regulative sciences into practical political sciences, practical legal sciences, and practical social sciences; and, finally, the division of cultural sciences into practical educational sciences, practical æsthetic sciences, and practical religious sciences; making thus nine departments in the practical field. These twenty-five departments have been divided further into one hundred and thirty sections. Questions of logical principle were to a less degree involved here, and it was not seldom merely a problem of practical fitness, whether a special branch of knowledge ought to be instituted as an independent section or to be considered as a sub-section only, which joins fellow sciences to form a whole section. As we divided the department of astronomy into astrometry and astrophysics, the department of psychology into the sections of general psychology, experimental psychology, child psychology, comparative psychology, and abnormal psychology; the department of medicine into the sections of hygiene, sanitation, contagious diseases, internal medicine, psychiatry, surgery, gynæcology, ophthalmology, otology, dentistry, therapeutics; the department of practical and social sciences into the sections of treatment of the poor, treatment of the defective, treatment of the dependent, prevention of vice and crime, problems of labor, problems of the family, and so on, seventy-one in the theoretical departments and fifty-nine in the practical ones, it is evident that a certain arbitrariness of the

separation lines was unavoidable, and that many a compromise and adjustment to wider interests must come into play. Many of the sections may appear inexcusably large, as, for instance, the section on the history of modern languages, or on the history of the common law, or on the history of modern Europe, and it would certainly have been easier to provide from the first for three times the number of sections; but on the one side the plan gives full opportunity for the forming of smaller sub-sections, and, above all, the chief accent has to lie on the coöperation of those whose special fields lie by principle near together.

We have as yet merely the plan of sciences before us, not the plan of the congress, an empty outline which must be filled with a programme for real work. To fulfill our purpose the dry logical scheme must transform itself into a dramatic action, and only star players will be able to do justice to its meaning. The first procedure necessary to translate our classification into life will be the transformation of the logical order into a temporal order, while the methodological branching out of the sciences must appear in a corresponding differentiation and succession of meetings. The congress must thus open with an assemblage of all its members, must then divide itself into its divisions; after that, into its departments; then into its sections; and finally, into its last ramifications. The concrete plan is this: We begin on Monday, the 19th of September, 1904, late enough to avoid the tropical summer heat of St. Louis, and early enough still to make use of the university vacations. On Monday morning the subject for the whole congress is knowledge as a whole, and its marking off into theoretical and practical knowledge. Monday afternoon the seven divisions meet in seven different halls; Tuesday the seven divisional groups divide themselves into the twenty-five departments, of which the sixteen theoretical ones meet in sixteen different halls on Tuesday morning, and the nine practical, on Tuesday afternoon. In the following four days the departments are split up into the sections; the seventy-one theoretical sections meeting on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, about eighteen each morning in eighteen halls, and the fifty-nine practical sections on the same days in the afternoons, the arrangement being so made that sections of the same department meet as far as possible on different days, every one thus being able to attend in the last four days of the first week the meetings of eight different sections, four theoretical and four practical ones, in the narrower circle of his interests. In the second week a free sub-division of the sections is expected, and, moreover, a number of important independent congresses, as, for instance, an international medical congress, an international legal congress, and others, are foreseen for the following days. These independent congresses will highly profit from the presence of all the leading American and foreign scholars, whose coming to St. Louis will be secured by the liberal arrangements of the official congress in the first week; on the other hand, these free congresses represent indeed the logical continuation of the set work of the first seven days, as they most clearly indicate the further branching out of our official sections, leading over to the specialized work of the individual scholars. And yet this second week's work must be, as viewed from the standpoint of our official congress, an external addition, inasmuch as its papers and discussions will be free independent contributions not included in the one complete plan of the first week, in which every paper will correspond to a definite request. The official congress will thus come to an end with the first week, and we shall indicate it by putting the last section of the last department, a section on religious influence in civilization, on

Sunday morning, when it will not be, like all the others on the foregoing days, in competition with fifteen other sections, and may thus again combine the widest interests. In this section there will be room also for the closing exercises of the official occasion.

The arrangement of the sciences in days and halls is however merely an external aspect. We must finally ask for the definite content. Our purpose was to bring out the unity of all this scattered scientific work of our time, to make living in the world the consciousness of inner unity in the specialized work of the millions spread over the globe. The purpose was not to do over again what is daily done in the regular work at home. We desired an hour of repose, an introspective thought, a holiday sentiment, to give new strength and courage, and, above all, new dignity to the plodding toil of the scientist. Superficial repetitions for popular information in the Chautauqua style and specialistic contributions like the papers in the issues of the latest scientific magazines would be thus alike unfit for our task. The topics which we need must be those which bring out the interrelation of the sciences as parts of the whole; the organic development out of the past; the necessary tendencies of to-day; the different aspects of the common conceptions; and the result is the following plan: —

We start with the three introductory addresses on Scientific Work, on the Unity of Theoretical Knowledge, and on the Unity of Practical Knowledge, delivered by the president and the two vice presidents. After that the real work of the congress begins with a branching out of the seven divisions. In each one of them the topic is fundamental conceptions. Then we resolve ourselves into the twenty-five departments, and in each one the same two leading addresses will be delivered; one on the development of the department during the last hundred years, and one on its methods. From here the twenty-five departments pass to their sectional work, and in each of the one hundred and thirty sections again two set addresses will be provided; one on the relations of the section to the other sciences, one on the problems of to-day; and only from here does the work move during the second week into the usual channels of special discussions. We have thus during the first week a system of two hundred and sixty sectional, fifty departmental, seven divisional, three congressional addresses which belong internally together, and are merely parts of the one great thought which the world needs, the unity of knowledge.

One thing is clear from the beginning, — that there is no place in this plan for second-rate men with second-hand knowledge. We need the men who stand high enough to see the whole field. That must not be misunderstood. We do not need and we do not want there philosophers who enter into metaphysical speculations, and still less do we want vague spirits which generalize about facts of which they have no concrete substantial knowledge. No; the first-class man in every science is to-day a specialist, but the time is gone by when it was the pride of the specialist to lack the wider view and the understanding of the relations of his specialty to his neighbor's work. We want the men who combine the concentration on productive specialized work with the inspiration that comes from looking over wide regions. We are seeking them in all countries. Only the first two days' work will be essentially the welcome gift of the hosts, the contribution of American scholarship. In every one of the hundred and thirty sections, however, at least one of the leading addresses will be offered by a leading foreign scholar, and all countries will be represented. Every address will be followed by a discussion, but our work will not be really completed when the president delivers on

Sunday his closing address on the Harmonization of Practical Sciences. The spoken word is then still to be transformed into its lasting expression. The Exposition has voted the funds not only to remunerate liberally all those who take their share in the work, but also to print and publish in a dignified form those three hundred and twenty addresses as a gigantic monument of modern thought, a work which might set the standard for a period, and will do by the unique combination of contributors, by its plan and its topics, by its completeness and its depth, what in no private way could be accomplished. Hundreds of colleagues are helping us to select those men for the departments whose word may be most helpful to the whole. Thousands will listen to the word when it is spoken, and the printed proceedings will, we hope, reach the widest circles, and become a new force in civilization, a real victory of science.

We know very well that there will be some, and there may be many, who will not care, and who will make a demonstration of their disapproval. They boast of their contempt for "generalities," and are convinced that "methodology" is the unpardonable sin of the scientist. Those scholars, they say, who are worth hearing have authority through their specialistic work; you would do better to give them a chance to speak on a special point of their latest research rather than about unproductive commonplaces. And if the scholars are willing to indulge in such fancies, nobody, they add, will care to make a journey to listen to them. Of course no one is in doubt that such arguments will flourish. To rebut them, we may at first recall the most external, the most trivial side of the matter. It can be taken almost for granted that hardly any foreign scholar of repute would care to cross the ocean for the purpose of reading a paper at the St. Louis Exposition if his expenses were not paid; and yet it would give a pitiable impression of American scholarship if, contrary to all usage, honorariums were offered for attending a regulation congress with arbitrarily chosen communications. Payments which cover the whole expedition from England or France or Germany are certainly admissible only when every one is requested to do a definite piece of work as part of a systematic whole comparable to a contribution for a cyclopædia. But moreover, would it really be so much more worth while to invite the speakers for the freeing of their minds from their latest discovery? Would it be really more attractive to the hearers, would it be more productive for human knowledge in every direction? The contrary seems true. Such an invitation to the leading scholars would remain without profit for their own work, because it would not stimulate them to do anything that they would not be doing just as well without the external occasion of the congress. In the best case they would read a paper which would have appeared a few weeks later in their professional archives in any case; and a greater probability even than this is that it has appeared in some archive in a similar form weeks or years before. But the address which the congress will request will be something which probably would have remained unwritten without this fortunate stimulus, because the holiday hours for reposeful considerations of principles do not come to the busy scholar if they are not almost forced upon him. Therefore the congress will be able to become a positive gain to human knowledge and not a mere recapitulation. It will be more than an echo.

And is it really more attractive to listen to a contribution of special research? It is just the true productive scholar who will shake his head here. He knows too well that the detailed new discovery needs that careful examination which is possible only by reading and re-reading a scientific paper in the seclusion of one's own library. To hear

a paper by a great man is valuable: it may become an inspiration for our whole life, if he has the genius of the true thinker, if he opens before us the wide stretch of land to a far horizon, but not when he comes with a bit of detailed information for which we might much better wait for the next number of the scientific magazine. And only through such wide-reaching outlook can he really hold the attention of a large number of scholarly minds. As soon as he enters into a special problem, he will too easily either popularize it, and thus remove it from the higher interests of scientific thinkers, or demand such an amount of special knowledge that the circle of attentive listeners is narrowed down to a round-table colloquium. This the experiences of a hundred previous congresses, national and international, have proved beyond doubt. Scholars attend them to meet their colleagues personally, but not to listen to papers, and seldom does one hear a paper for which it is worth while to make a journey. And is it really necessary to eliminate in the least the personal differences and personal interests of our speakers? Does not the character of our topics give fullest freedom to the personal preferences and specialistic achievements of every scholar? If we demand in every section one leading address on the relation of that science to other sciences, we do not prescribe beforehand what relations ought to be emphasized; we leave that fully to the choice of the speaker. If in the section on American political history the relations to other sciences are to be sketched, we leave it to our scholar whether he wants to emphasize more the relation of American politics to European politics, or to economic life, or to legal life, or to American physiography; or in the section of electricity, we leave it to the scholar to emphasize its relations to optics, or to chemistry, or to the theory of nature, if he but points to the totality of possible relations, and determines thus the exact geographical position of his science on the intellectual globe, and thus helps by his address to weave the network of scientific interrelations. In a still higher degree is all this true for those who speak on the problems of to-day. Certainly we do not want an address on the problems of a whole science to become merely an account of the one problem to which our speaker has devoted his last pamphlet; but we surely do not mean that he must first forget his own writings and neutralize his mind till every specific interest is lost. He ought to see the whole, but he ought to see it from his particular standpoint. If finally the value of such general addresses is looked upon with a skeptical eye, because it seems a waste to spend energy on such general problems when so many special problems are still unsolved, the complainants do not understand the real meaning of their own work, and do not learn from the history of scholarship, which shows that just such generalities have made the world. It is quite true that too many by their long training instinctively shrink away from every comprehensive abstraction; but the immense educational value of a great unifying undertaking like ours lies just in the opportunity to overcome such latent resistance. If we did not want to offer anything but that which those specialists, who wish to be specialists only, do every day in the year, and if we were thus willing merely to follow the path of least resistance, then it would be certainly a wasted effort to attempt anything beyond an imitation of earlier congresses, which few scientific participants consider models for imitation.

Nearly connected with all this is a misunderstanding which seems easily to arise even among those who are in sympathy with our plan. They have the instinctive feeling that the whole undertaking is after all one of logic and methodology, and thus the immediate concern of the philosopher. It seems to them

as if philosophy had here swallowed the totality of special sciences. There would be some who might answer that even if this were true, the misfortune would not be great, inasmuch as the desire for philosophical foundation awakens in our day everywhere in the midst of the work of research. But it is not true; it is the part of logic to map out the classification of sciences; but as soon as they are classified it is no longer the province of logic to discuss the logically arranged scientific problems and methods and conceptions. It belongs to methodology, and thus to philosophy, to determine the topics whose discussion is profitable for the interrelation of sciences; but the discussion of these problems concerns no more the philosopher but the special scientist. With the exception of those few most general addresses, which might be said to belong to the philosophical theory of knowledge, the philosopher has no greater share in it than the physician or the jurist, the historian or the theologian, the astronomer or the sociologist. A discussion on logically grouped subjects is decidedly not a discussion from the standpoint of logic.

And finally, there are some who would say that it is not the philosopher who oversteps his rights here, but the scientist in general. The whole plan which puts science at the head, and makes all those hundreds of human functions which constitute human progress only sections and sub-sections thereof, stands out as mere arrogance of self-adoring scholasticism. Inflated science once again wants to be bigger than the totality of civilization, instead of seeing that all this scientific thinking and discovery is only one of the many functions in which the progress of mankind realizes itself. The time has passed when a Hegelian construction could assert that the world is the product of logical thought; for us to-day progress is the widest conception, and thought and science only the special case; let us not fall back to the overestimation of academical work in proclaiming a scheme which makes knowledge the ruler of all. The fallacy of this fear is evident. Let us concede that human progress is the wide conception, and scientific thought the narrow, included in the wider; but can it be the purpose of a congress to exhibit progress? Whatever may be done in such a congress in addresses or in discussions, it must go on in words, in sentences, in judgments, and is therefore a part of science. Progress itself is exhibited in all those noble buildings for commerce and industry, for art and education. It is a function of our congress to exhibit that one feature of progress which needs the spoken form, — scientific thought. As soon as that is granted it is evident that the totality of scientific thoughts must be grouped according to their own inherent characteristics. Scientific thought concerning human progress is then merely one of many parts in the scientific whole; coordinated perhaps with the scientific thought concerning the stars, or the chemicals, or the mathematical forms, or God. While science in general is thus subordinated to progress, the science of progress is subordinated to science in general, and it is thus really not academic lack of modesty if the congress considers the conception of knowledge as the widest possible of all conceptions in its realm. The congress does not, cannot, seek to maintain that knowledge as such embraces the totality of human functions; it knows very well that it will be lodged only in a corner of the immense exhibition grounds, where many other functions of human progress will show their vigorous life in more imposing palaces. Its only ambition is that its systematic exhibition of scholarship may become worthy of its fellow exhibitions all over the ground, and at the same time really helpful to the serious thought of the twentieth century.

Hugo Münsterberg.

UNDER THE TREES.

THE wonderful, strong, angelic trees,
With their blowing locks and their bared great knees,
And nourishing bosoms, shout all together,
And rush and rock through the glad wild weather.

They are so old they teach me,
With their strong hands they reach me,
Into their breast my soul they take,
And keep me there for wisdom's sake;
They teach me little prayers!
To-day I am their child,
The sweet breath of their innocent airs
Blows through me strange and wild.

So many things they know;
So learnéd with the ebb and flow
By which the seasons come and go!
Still the Forefather stands
With unforgetting eyes,
Forever holding in his tranquil hands
The fruit that makes us wise.

So many things they hear:
Whisperings small and dear!
The little lizard has a voice clear
Squirrel and mole!
A wild and pleasant speech
Our Lord has given to each.
Dear masters, pray you teach
The language of the chipmunk in his hole.

So many things they praise
In earnest, worshipful ways —
The Little Moment and the Ancient of Days.
To one they yield a flower
That blossoms for an hour.
The other they praise with all their singing blood
That they so long have stood.

So many things they love!
The frail ecstatic gnats that move
Like planets whirling in a sky,
These do they lean above
Even like Heaven, while they flame and die!
Here are their neighbors, the good weeds;
And look you, all the brown industrious seeds

With busy workmanship achieve green citadels of grass
And minarets and domes of shining flowers;
Absorbed and radiant, perpetually they pass.
The little workers with their subtle powers
Lay their foundations in the sod,
While the tree, that knows all from so long ago
Watches the busy weaving to and fro
And smiles on them like God.

Now I am brave again,
Strong again and pure.
I have washed my spirit clean of men,
I am established, sure.
I have drunk the waters of delight
From fountains that endure.
Yes, I have bathed my soul
Where the rushing leaves carouse.
I have drunk the air that freely flows
And washes their green boughs.

I never feel afraid
Among the trees;
Of trees are houses made;
And even with these,
Unsought, unhewn, unseen,
Is something homelike in the safe, sweet green,
Intimate in the shade
Something remembered haunts me;
A familiar aspect suddenly enchants me,
These things were so
When I was here, hundreds of years ago.

Oh not to-day have I the first time seen
This pool of sunshine, this bending green,
This knotted soil, and underneath the stone
A small gray water singing all alone.
But when my naked soul came wandering down
On the Pilgrimage, kind hands did succor me
And clothéd me in guise of grass or soil —
Or a gnat, maybe! Making me a shelter
Of root or stone! For surely in their eyes
I see a look of query and surmise,
A begging for love,
As humble parents look upon a child
Returned more wise than they,
And strive with all they know to please him so
That he will stay.
Ah, he has traveled far, and many years been gone,
Yet still he is their son, their son, their son!

My wistful kinsfolk, I will not forget
Your simple patois! Oh 't were shame on me
To grow oblivious to my father's speech!
But I will go
With men, even with the angels, slipping so
Into the old vernacular! They will smile
To hear the sweet provincialisms come
With tender thoughts of home.
And God Himself,
When I am praising Him with the great mirth
And radiant ceremonials, will be kind,
That even His Heaven has not rid my mind
Of the quaint customs of my native earth.

We are all brothers! Come, let 's rest awhile
In the great kinship. Underneath the trees
Let 's be at home once more, with birds and bees
And gnats and soil and stone. With these I must
Acknowledge family ties.
Our Mother, the Dust,
With wistful and investigating eyes
Searches my soul for the old sturdiness,
Valor, simplicity; stout virtues these,
We learned at her dear knees.
Friend, you and I
Once played together in the good old days —
Do you remember? Why, Brother! down what wild ways
We traveled when —
That 's right! draw close to me!
Come now — let 's tell the tale beneath the old roof-tree.

Anna Hempstead Branch.

LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER: THE NOVELS OF MR. NORRIS.

It is perhaps fortunate for Mrs. Humphry Ward that her latest romance,[1] Lady Rose's Daughter, should have appeared first in numbers; for up to a certain point, near the end of the story, it undoubtedly maintains its prestige as one of the most admirable and delightful of her justly popular works.

Very early, indeed, in the average twelve months' life of the serial, the more sophisticated of her readers perceived, with sudden animation, that the accomplished author of Robert Elsmere and Eleanor had hit upon something very like a *nouveauté* in the novelist's trade; and soon the Ladies' Clubs of the remotest provinces of universal Anglo-Saxondom were buzzing with the tidings that Lady Rose's Daughter was what the children call "a true story," and that Lady Henry Delafield and Julie Le Breton were simply Madame du Deffand and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse

[1] *Lady Rose's Daughter.* By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1903.

advanced, in time, by more than a century, and conducted across the Channel from their Parisian home, into the sacred heart of Mayfair.

"Simply," people said — as if it were the easiest thing in the world to do! — and grave debates were held and earnest questions asked as to whether Mrs. Ward were justified in thus availing herself of the written record, only too full and ingenuous, of a veritable situation; and whether she had intended to deceive her public anent the originality of her *donnée*. The general opinion seemed to be that she had proposed in the beginning to carry it off as all her own, but had been arrested by the spectre that confronts us all, at so many turnings, in these days — the General Diffusion of Unimportant Knowledge.

For my own part, I make haste to avow that I was altogether charmed at first by Mrs. Ward's clever idea, and much interested in the masterly manner in which she went on, for a time, to develop and adapt it. This brilliant hybrid between the historical and the society novel seemed in a fair way to outshine all recent feats of literary floriculture; and having myself, at one period, a long while ago, sat awkwardly, though reverently, at the feet of the prince of critics, I perceived, with a thrill, to how splendid a repertory of kindred subjects the Causeries du Lundi alone would furnish a complete guide. Indeed the "famous *amoureuse* of the eighteenth century," whom Mrs. Ward herself has the address to cite near the end of her story, and her obligations to whom have now been publicly acknowledged, — the woman of subtle and beautiful intelligence and all the culture of her age, who still is ready, when her hour strikes, to fling herself totally, — mind, body and soul, — without resistance or reserve, into the fire of a consuming personal passion, — this flaming, fascinating, piteous being was, in some sort, the discovery of Sainte-Beuve. He advertised her pathetic letters far and wide; and no one, we may be sure, will ever observe the hectic symptoms of her constitutional malady more delicately, follow its fatal course with truer sympathy, or defend the too often shadowed name of the sufferer with a zeal more chivalric than his. If Mrs. Ward had indeed found the secret of the Frenchman's delicate analysis, — well and good! One only hoped that her antecedent rights in the new *Pays du Tendre* would be respected, and that no sweet girl graduate of 1902 would have undertaken to interpret to the world the soul-rending emotions or reset in the *cadre* of Boston or Chicago the sorrowful destinies of Mademoiselle Aïssé or Madame de Krüdener.

Between Paris and London there is, however, no such disparity, — manners and customs, and human varieties being much the same from age to age in the uppermost social circles and in all the capital seats of a fully ripened civilization. The clever, caustic, imperious old *mondaine*, for example, the wealth of whose long experience invests her, even to decrepitude, with a certain frosty glamour, is a curiously constant type. Thackeray doted on her, and we all admire; and Lady Henry is a no less natural and necessary figure in Bruton Street than was Madame du Deffand at Saint Joseph. If she cannot endure disabling physical infirmity with quite the gay intrepidity of her prototype, that is a mere matter of climate and race, and furnishes one more illustration of her historian's discernment. On the other hand, she would not have been human or credible for an instant, had she been one whit less outraged than was her model by the constructive treachery of a paid companion, of personal distinction and irregular *provenance*, who had taken advantage of her blindness to "corrupt" both the servants and the *habitués* of the household, and make her own social running, at least in part, out of the renown of an historic salon.

The group of highly distinguished

Englishmen who frequent the drawing-room in Bruton Street, — cabinet ministers, famous generals, diplomatists in their sixties and seventies who have given check to the stealthy moves of Russia on the Afghan frontier, or known Byron and Shelley and "seen Harriet," — all these are beautifully drawn and discriminated by Mrs. Ward. If they have not quite the plain manhood and slippered ease of Trollope's old premiers and parliamentarians, their manners are still of a pluperfect simplicity, and their seemingly unstudied talk is almost always on a level with their fame. There is a pretty touch of patriotic pride in such a rapid sketch as the following, — recognizable of course at a glance, — of the great warrior whom she calls General Fergus: —

"What a frank and soldierly countenance! — a little roughly cut, with a strong mouth slightly underhung, and a dogged chin, — the whole lit by eyes that were the chosen homes of truth, humanity, and will. . . . Few men had done sterner or more daring feats in the field. Yet here he sat, relaxed, courteous, kind, trusting his companion simply, as it was his instinct to trust all women."

And in this — of the finished public servant, Sir Wilfred Bury, home for a breath of English air, after the hard service of many years in Persia, — and who commands our special respect by his loyalty to the old love, and the old woman, amid a perfect stampede of apostasy to the shrine of the amoureuse: —

"As for him, dried and wilted by long years of cloudless heat, — he drank up the moisture and the mists [of London] with a kind of physical passion — the noises and the lights no less. . . . The question buzzed within him whether he must indeed go back to his exile, either at Teheran or nearer home in some more exalted post. . . . Only a few more years after all: why not spend them here in one's own world, among one's own kind? . . . It was the weariness of the governing Englishman, — and it was answered immediately by that other instinct, partly physical, partly moral, which keeps the elderly man of affairs to his task. Idleness? No. That way lies the end. To slacken the rush of life for men of his sort is to call on death . . . the secret pursuer who is not far from any one of us. No, No! Fight on!"

So too the autocratic editor of a great daily journal — the "square-headed, spectacled," infinitely able Dr. Meredith, who represents D'Alembert in Mrs. Ward's adaptation — is a very real figure; and quite sufficiently so to account for the devoted heroine's infatuation is the handsome and showy but conceited and rather hard young officer, who plays, under the name of Harry Warkworth, the part of the Comte de Guibert.

Only one figure among those who go to Bruton Street principally for Julie's sake strikes us as out of place in that gracefully Frenchified *galère;* but he, unluckily, is the man to whom the beau rôle of all is assigned. He corresponds to no one in the real story. He is Lady Henry's nephew, and his name is Jacob. He is an aristocratic ascetic, an earnest philanthropist, a creedless mystic; and there are but two bad lives between him and the inevitable dukedom. He taxes the reader's patience not a little by his mild obstinacy in a kind of remote virtue; nor can we ever bring ourselves fully to believe in his fanciful objection to a great inheritance. The truth is that Jacob Delafield belongs to Mrs. Ward's earlier period, — to the days before she had abandoned the novel of tendency for the novel of manners. He is an obvious survival from the school of Robert Elsmere and David Grieve, and his permanent address would be London E. He would assuredly not long have remained, even if he had once inadvertently fallen under the spell of the exotic, exalted, impenitent and *impayable* Julie! He would hardly have asked

her a second time to be his wife, still less a third; while she, had she been all that Mrs. Ward would have us believe, would either have surrendered at the first blush, — if any! — through sheer despair of a painful and humiliating position, or she would literally have died sooner than accept him in the end.

On the other hand, it is perfectly in character for this brilliant heroine to have lavished the treasure of her temperament on a conspicuously unworthy, not to say vulgar object. The woman of feeling who is too clever by even less than half, who halts between instinct and reason, almost always chooses ill. It was a mistake, I think, to have made Lady Rose's daughter of English descent on both sides. She ought, at least, to have had a French father; and since her parents never appear upon the scene, it might easily have been managed. I doubt if there is an instance on record of an authentic amoureuse without a strong dash of Latin, or possibly Slavic blood. The rosy little German romanticist of the early nineteenth century does not count. Her case was ever a comparatively light one. But it is no mere figure of speech to describe the living amoureuse as one foredoomed to tragedy. "When lovely woman stoops to folly." The victim has inhaled flame, and she must die. The woman of high station who loves *éperdument* has risked her all upon a hapless throw. Like Mademoiselle de Lespinasse herself, and the whole of her sad sisterhood, she remains *perdue* to the hedonistic world, however that world's verdict may be reversed by the *quia multum amavit* of a more august tribunal. Were there any reasonable hope of her escape into the safe and prosperous ways of life, any remaining chance at its plums and coronets, she never would have melted the cynic's heart in Sainte-Beuve, or moved him to so compassionate a defense.

Let it be admitted that the story of Julie Le Breton's adventures in England is movingly and even convincingly told up to the time when she follows her lover to France. It falls away from this point with startling rapidity. The moment Mrs. Ward abandons the guidance of historic precedent her art fails her. It passes even her skill to strike a successful bargain with Fate, and plausibly to substitute a conventionally happy ending for the operation of a ruthless law. The "rescue" of Julie by Jacob; his decorous third wooing of her amid the Italian lakes, and their hurried marriage in Florence; her very transient sorrow over Warkworth's death in Africa and complete subsequent conversion to serious views at her husband's hands, — through a series of catechisings and instructions as perfunctory as those furnished by a great priest to a great princess, who must change her religion for political reasons before marrying; in fine, the incredibly obliging suicide of the reigning Duke of Chudleigh and the ease with which the wedded pair dismiss all scruples about accepting their vast inheritance, — there is a bland and self-righteous kind of Philistinism about all this that leaves one very cold. Let it but be compared with the stern pathos of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse's own end, in the comparatively humble rooms where she had reigned so long; sheltered in her swift decline by the fatherly constancy of D'Alembert!

It is a besetting foible of Mrs. Ward's to imagine that the only fit compensation for a young woman of beauty and refinement, who has had a hard fight with fortune in her early days, is to marry her to the prince and give her money to burn. The regulation ending of the nursery fairy-tale is endeared by old association and always tickles the fancy. The objection to it in a study of contemporary life is that *queste cose*, as the Italians say, *non si fanno*. It is not the Roses and Marcellas and Julies of life who are elected to these over-coveted honors, but those who can replenish the exhausted coffers of the magnate;

and I find that my own sympathies, as I close this clever but disappointing book, return definitively to fierce old Lady Henry, forced to drop her fine curtsy of the *ancien régime* to the lithe adventuress who has outwitted a mighty clan, and to hail her as queen-consort of the head of the Delafield family!

It seems odd indeed to turn from the staid elegance and essential artificiality of the novel of patrician manners (which hath its perennial charms, no less, for the savage republican breast, and which Mrs. Ward manages about as well, after all, as any other living writer) to the two most impressive and memorable works of fiction recently published in America; I mean The Octopus and The Pit [1] by the late lamented Frank Norris. The very names of these books are boldly sensational, chosen deliberately, as it would seem, to attract the democracy of the reading world. Their action takes place far down, — at the very roots of organized society. They deal with the most primitive, humble, and universal of human needs, — the production of that daily bread which is the staff of man's life in the body. How the grain on which our common sustenance depends is planted in hope and harvested in fear, only to be exploited far away, at great commercial centres, by speculators who supply or deny it, for their own selfish gain, to the multitudes who toil at the base of the social pyramid, — such was the broad theme which Mr. Norris proposed to himself in his Epic of the Wheat.

For a good while after the first appearance of The Octopus, not much was said aloud about the book. It was a thing painful to read and disquieting to remember; moreover, it was confessedly but the fragment of a more comprehensive scheme. I am not sure that The Octopus can in any proper sense of the term be called a romance. It is a vision, a revelation, an eruption of the subliminal verities, a peep into the red crater over which we lightly walk. It is also, in some sense, a manifesto and a prophecy. It has no central plot, although it quivers from end to end with the throes of human tragedy, like the soil of a volcanic region, in an unquiet time. I may record my own impression — based on some personal acquaintance with the scene of the drama — that the tremendous indictment which it brings against one among the monster monopolies at whose aggrandizement we all tremble, is absolutely just; and that there is no case of cruelest oppression, no phase of the mournful and manifold ruin so passionately portrayed that has not its grim parallel in contemporary experience. But the San Joaquin valley is, after all, only a small corner of earth, — a secluded spot fenced in by mountain walls, — and it seemed that allowance ought to be made for the fact that Mr. Norris had dreamed an epic, and had in him, beyond a doubt, the makings of no mean poet. For all his unflinching grasp of ugly fact, his candor of spirit, and the controlled quietude of his prevailing tone, one felt that the first number of his trilogy had been conceived upon heroic lines, and invested with a more or less colored atmosphere. Moreover, the final catastrophe of the tale, so daringly imagined, so novel in its horror, and yet so fit, — the doom of the coarse villain, who was, after all, but the instrument of a securely defended syndicate of iniquity, — appeared to exemplify a justice more poetic than probable.

But when, after the silence of a year or two, Mr. Norris took up his pen again in The Pit, and resumed his gallant crusade, one saw, at a glance, how the youthful paladin had altered and matured. He had dropped the dithyrambic note, and in this which was destined to remain the last word of his grave parable he speaks as a seer no longer, but as a man of the Western world, —

[1] *The Octopus:* A Story of California. *The Pit:* A Story of Chicago. By Frank Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

alert, collected, fearless, and with powers fully ripe.

The Pit is the Chicago wheat-pit; and the sometime dreamer of the far Californian valley with its fathomless fecundity and the daze of its perpetual sunshine holds his own without effort amid the din of our biggest market-place, and evinces a nervous grasp of its most complex affairs. And it is not the victim of the monopolist for whom he is pleading now so much as for the monopolist himself whom he warns of his own soul's peril.

The Pit is a better constructed and more efficiently handled narrative than its predecessor, but it is also more like other books. The love story that runs through it seems a deplorably common one, until we come, at the very end, to the unexpectedly sane and hopeful resolution of the trite intrigue. The actors in the piece are all rather vulgar, — at best but half taught and superficially civilized. Nevertheless — and it is to my mind one of Mr. Norris's chief points of distinction as a writer — there is nothing vulgar in his manner of portraying them. He does not gloat or smack his lips — as how few of our native novelists can wholly refrain from doing! — over the inordinate splendors of their new found luxury. He reports the faulty grammar of their loose though graphic speech quite simply, — with no airs of patronizing apology, or affected appeal to remote academic tribunals. These are his own kindred whom he sees attacked by a strange madness, and in peril of a deeper than the wheat-pit through their overmastering greed for anyhow-gotten riches. What matters it how they dress or talk if only they be rescued and rehabilitated? The solemnity of the issues involved and his own concentrated moral conviction make all questions of mere taste appear trivial in the author's eyes; and he moves through the lake-side palaces of Chicago with a detachment as complete and a *ton* as admirable as were ever Mrs. Ward's in any ducal mansion of them all!

For to those piercing young eyes of the great writer we have lost it was given for one moment, before their light went out, to see this teeming and formless American life of ours "steadily" and to "see it whole." It lay bare to his brief clairvoyance with all its vast resources and capacities in flux, its immense potentiality for both good and evil; above all with those heavy obligations to the race and the future, attaching to the focal place from which it can move no more, in the intricately woven web of the world's unified fate. The vision faded and the *Illuminé* passed on, even before he could render intelligible to his countrymen the whole of what he saw. But his broken message remains full of import, and it is idle to indulge in unavailing regret over the part that was never spoken.

A fitting motto for the unfinished trilogy might be found in those ringing lines, familiar to us all of the elder generation, — the manliest perhaps ever penned by the cloistered sage from whom the author of Lady Rose's Daughter derived by natural inheritance her first, and her best inspiration: —

> "Charge once more then, and be dumb!
> Let thy comrades when they come,
> When the forts of folly fall
> Find thy body by the wall."

Harriet Waters Preston.

THE TWO APPLES.

When the morning of the sixteenth day broke out from the gray battlements to the east'ard, only two live men remained on the raft which more than two weeks before had left the splintered side of the barkentine; besides, there was one dead man, and his body counted three out of a dozen who had clung to the raft until ten starved to death because they could not live on red apples and brine.

Zadoc roused as much as a man can when every morning he wakens less and less until some day he does not waken at all. Jeems lay staring toward the sun as at a stranger's face.

"Turn out, Jeems," said Zadoc, when he had worked some life back into his thickening tongue, "till we put him over."

They rolled the body into the sea with no words or ceremonials to mark the end, except that Jeems, when some part of the splash stung his face, struck off the drops with trembling, horrified hands.

"Two apples left," said Zadoc, not in any tentative sounding of possibilities, but with finality forced home by a fact so plain and near as to render evasion needless.

"One for to-day," said Jeems, "the — the other one for to-morrow."

"The *last* one for to-morrow!" returned Zadoc, bold as ever. "Let us wait as long as we can before breakfast!"

The raft drifted many hours, following the sun around the fatal, empty bowl. Jeems broke that vast silence:

"Zadoc, I must eat something. My head is — you know — my head!"

"So does mine," said Zadoc. "Cut the first apple in two."

It takes so little to satisfy, when one is starving, and that little goes so very fast! When Zadoc put his furred teeth into half the first apple, it was as if he had not tasted such since he left Cape Cod a dozen years before. His mind, strained with a long, unrealized hope, forgot the timbers on which his bent muscles clung, and went back to an orchard he had known, — where such apples always grew. The cool air from the shadows underneath the tree-rows seemed interlaid with waves of heat and the loved odors of the sunlit seaside farm, — that long slope from the meadow land up, up and up beneath the slant uncertain fence to where the white top-sides of the house were vividly set off in green, — till Zadoc came to himself and understood that the smell was only the damp breath of the Atlantic, and the heat the plunging agony which flowed from his own tense heart. The first apple was gone.

The two men's eyes conversed in brief. Then Zadoc said: —

"I 'm going to sleep again, if it *is* sleep. Anyway, I 'm tired. Can you stay up awhile?"

"It 's my trick," consented Jeems.

Neither spoke of the approaching end, but when they had sat staring at each other a time, — for mad men's minds move with but a mock agility, Zadoc said: —

"Put the second apple under the tin cup in the middle of the raft, and keep it there."

When the apple was safe, Zadoc held out his right hand.

"Until I wake, Jeems!" he said.

"It is safe there," was the answer, and Zadoc lay down on the soggy timbers satisfied with faith in the honor of his starving mate.

To Jeems, who watched, the sea looked as never in his life before. For years he had enslaved it. As a tough Mount Desert fisher boy he had bound it to his childish will, and in many later years afloat had thrown back its innu-

merable challenges with all contempt until The Last Time. In sailors' lives, birth and the marriage day bow down to The Last Time. It always comes, when Fortune or the years have made them blindly bold.

His courage fled before the onslaught of these terrible seas which, high above the level of his blurring eyes, swept up in a torturous parade, as if Death maddened his victims by passing his grand divisions in review.

Besides, the pain of hunger so outgrew all reason! It cut through the man's thin body like the blade of a great and sudden sorrow in one's heart, through and through, ever returning, never going!

A greater sea than the others rolled underneath the raft and shook the loose boards so that the tin dipper rolled on its inverted rim, and then fell tinkling back again. Jeems crawled to where he could lift the dipper and see beneath. The second apple lay secure, its plump sides a shocking contrast to the terrors of the raft. Jeems looked hard. A cruel pain shot from his throat to his heels in a tearing red-hot spiral. The first apple had so cooled his mouth! Water began running off Jeems's chin. If he could only run his fingers down those rounding sides, maybe they would catch some of the orchard smell.

Jeems clapped the dipper down with a sudden muscular fury, and kicked Zadoc into sense with such vigor that he fell exhausted from the effort.

"I was so lonesome, I thought I might go off," he explained, adding: —

"Zadoc, what 's your family?"

"Five and the wife, God help 'em," said Zadoc, not dramatically either, but just dully, as if it was what his mind had grown to know very much better than anything else. "Have you?"

"No," said Jeems. "Years ago, I called on a pretty girl over to Somesville, but nothing came of it."

"Just as well now," said Zadoc coldly, adding half in dream, "I recollect *all* them Somesville girls was pretty. 'Lizabeth come from there."

"Who?" asked Jeems.

"'Lizabeth, — the wife, — why, she was your sister, Jeems!"

"So she was! I forgot!"

Many madmen speak in the past tense at the stage where they seem to look back on their proper selves.

The sun neared the west.

"Lie down again," said Jeems, "I 'll watch."

"Any sail, — that time before?"

"No sail, Zadoc."

The wind dropped near night, and Jeems lay on the raft with eyes that glowed back the red reflection of the setting sun. As it moved toward the liquid line of sea, its brilliance fell into the smother of a cloud through which its sides shone with the softened, satin polish of the second apple as Jeems last saw it. The thought struck him in the middle of his heart, which began leaping like when, at nineteen, a girl's smooth fingers lingered on his own. He hungered for sight of the second apple as for nothing else in the whole of the world before. He wished the raft might roll so violently as to throw off the dipper, and then, before he realized, his own foot had kicked it into the ocean and the apple smiled before him, securely laid between two great planks at the bottom of the raft. Zadoc slept. Jeems was alone with the second apple!

He looked at it between caked lids and let his eyes rove over and over its rare beauties. For the first time since he was born, his whole being — the knotted body whose abundant energies had been quite absorbed by the arduous doings of his roving life, and the big heart of him where the rich red of the blood was pent and packed with never a bit of an outlet for relief — thrilled with the keen, delicious mystery of Desire. His meagre lips, crackling like snake-skin, repeated in monotone as if to hold his conscience under some mesmeric charm: "I must! I must!"

The mere thought of the cool heart of the fruit made his pulse spring as if whipped. To imagine the exquisite satisfaction which would follow his teeth as they sank slowly, slowly, — sank farther and farther through those moistening walls until at the very acme of delight they met! Christ! He was on it in an instant, holding it with both hands and not lifting it, but just putting his face down and keeping it so in a passionate embrace. He *would* eat, if he died for it. He *must* —

"'Lizabeth!" It was Zadoc, dreaming.

"'Lizabeth! Good old girl. Good girl. Bye-bye, home at sundown. Good old, good — ah-h-h-h!"

The voice fell away in an idiotic sigh. Jeems sprang to his feet and stood swaying with the raft, the image of his sister in his eyes. Off east, where the gray shades grew, he saw her walking on the sea, her long hair blown before like a cloud of jet-black flame and her face all lovely.

"'Lizabeth!" Jeems spread his arms, but she did not see him, for she looked at Zadoc as he lay there at her brother's feet, and her eyes rained love, which calmed the sea like oil.

And then Jeems saw himself as if from far. "'Lizabeth!" he cried, but she did not hear, so he held his two arms up toward the sky and whispered:

"God, God, *God!* Forgive Jeems Harbutt, a wicked sinner, — and take him," — his voice sank to a low, unhuman key, — "and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever — O God!"

And with arms still raised in suppliance for his great unselfish soul, he sprang out backward to the darkening sea.

James Edmund Dunning.

AN UTOPIA ATTRIBUTED TO MILTON.

In 1648 when the reverberations of civil strife were still rolling through England, and literature and learning were cloistered in the halls of universities and remote rectories, there fell quietly from a London press an octavo volume of Latin verse and prose with the simple title-page, Novæ Solymæ Libri Sex. Now, after two centuries of Stygian obscurity, it has been piously translated and edited in two dignified, parchment-backed volumes, and attributed by its present sponsor, the Rev. Walter Begley, to no less a person than John Milton.[1] Of course the urgent question is Did Milton write it? It bears no external mark of authorship save an "autocriticon" at the end, wherein the writer deposes that, like Apelles, he would work darkling, the better to note the effectiveness of his art. It must be confessed that Mr. Begley holds a strikingly efficient brief for his theory of Miltonic authorship. One begins to read in a mood of skepticism, case-hardened by memories of Phalaris and Ossian; one's mind boggles and balks at many a piece of sophistical argument or excessive protestation; yet when one comes to the last excursus, after the diligent perusal of Introduction, text, and notes, the cumulative inference — chronological, analogical, psychological — is almost quite inevitable.

[1] *Nova Solyma the Ideal City;* or Jerusalem Regained. An anonymous romance written in the time of Charles I., now first drawn from obscurity and attributed to the illustrious John Milton. With Introduction, Translation, Literary Essays, and a Bibliography, by the Rev. Walter Begley. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

Unless strong external evidence is forthcoming, we can never be wholly justified in shelving Nova Solyma beside Paradise Lost, yet the case is so probable that the book must hereafter be reckoned with by all thorough-going students of Milton; and — *pace* the occupant of the Easy Chair — we believe there are still such. Certain it is, that in that age of complex fertility and large orders in literature there was no man known to fame, or to Anthony à Wood, who was conspicuously capable of composing a book revealing such varied and opulent power. There were scores of men in that age who were, like Joseph Beaumont, Henry More, or Sir Kenelm Digby, ripe for any extravagant bookish adventure. Externally, or even intellectually considered, the first two named might conceivably have written Nova Solyma. Yet when we look deeper into the qualities of taste and imagination there displayed, we can but conclude that the book was the work, either of Milton in his youth, or of some otherwise mute and inglorious contemporary of his, some FitzGerald of the seventeenth century, who, retired among his books, lived in a world of romance and Platonic reverie, and wrote prose and verse whose mellow, harmonious music has been equaled by few neo-Latinists, and is not unworthy of the great Buchanan himself.

The representative interest of Nova Solyma, as well as its Miltonic bearing, will perhaps appear most clearly through an account of its contents. If in this a tincture of Latinity is in evidence, it must be forgiven; for admirable as are Mr. Begley's versions, both in prose and metre, it is in the copious specimens of the Latin original that the Miltonic flavor is most clearly discernible.

The scheme of Nova Solyma shows the tracing of that tool of ripened and humane classicism, the *ultimus calamus* or "last pen," which is supposed to turn all literary types and traditions to its own end and use. Nova Solyma is at once a romance of love and adventure, and an ideal Utopia. It contains episodes and diversions of multifarious sorts. "Exemplary novels" in the manner of Cervantes are relieved by lyrics, both mildly Anacreontic and sacred; there are Platonic discourses on education and poetry, and rather Puritanical expositions of theology; lastly, there is a "divine pastoral drama," and a series of extended fragments of an epic on the turning back of the Armada.

The poetry of these volumes leads in interest, but passing notice must be given to its prose. The edifying discourses which Joseph and his father deliver to their two English guests in the rehabilitated Jerusalem are full of soaring philosophy and shrewd remark, yet they are likely to be less attractive to most readers than the love passages. These, though of a general type that was almost endemic in late Renaissance romance, are informed and set apart by a Spenserian exaltation of beauty. There is a fervor in them that seems to prove that if they are from the pen of Milton, it was not the Milton who was Latin secretary to the Commonwealth, whose soul was soon to be pinnacled afar, but that younger Milton who was not ignorant that there were tangles in Neæra's hair, who, as he tells us, awoke one May morning to

> "Mirth, and youth, and warm desire."

Whoever was the author of the episodic tale of Philander and Antonia, it is not out of place to observe that it betrays a distrust of the temperament of widows, which is quite in accord with Milton's remarks on that subject in the tractate on Divorce, as well as with his familiar practice in marrying three wives from the virgin state. And, finally, in the writer's keen delight in bringing the loves of the young Cantabrigians to happy fruition, there is, at least to an analogically minded person, an adumbration of that idyllic affair which passed in the bowery loneliness of Eden.

It is in the passage to which reference has just been made that we find the divine pastoral drama in the manner of the Song of Solomon, though somewhat less frankly amorous. Despite the complicated structure of this piece, which Mr. Begley has cleverly disentangled, it is full of simple, sensuous, and passionate poetry. There is a chorus of maidens in the rippling measure of the Pervigilium Veneris, — known to many by its refrain breathing the light loves of Old-World Mays,

"Cras amet qui numquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet;" —

which is pretty near the high water mark of neo-Latinity. No one who has not "lost his ear by laying it down on the low and swampy places" of modern metrification can fail to delight in this deep-mouthed music. From the beautiful opening line, —

"O beata surge tandem, linque lectum conjugis,"

down to the last sonorous cadence,

"Et sopore blanda sero somniemus somnia,"

it is a masterpiece of harmony.

Still more interesting than this bridal song, or than any of the varied lyrics, are the fragments of the Armada epic. It has long been known that at one time Milton contemplated an English epic other than the Arthurian story mentioned in his Epitaphium Damonis. Whether the few hundred rolling hexameters here preserved are flotsam from that venture, or not, they are of very considerable intrinsic importance. The advantages of the Armada as an epical subject are obvious. There has seldom been a better opportunity for a poet to trace the large plan of Providence beneath the crisis of a nation's history; and it is certain that our poet, whoever he was, was perfectly clear-sighted as to the possibilities of his theme. The supernatural forces so essential to epic poetry are handled with unusual discretion and effectiveness. There is one particularly striking passage describing the assenting laugh of the King of Terrors when invoked to disperse the Spanish fleet, which is equal to the best in its kind. In Mr. Begley's vigorous, but rather artificially Miltonic, English it runs thus: —

"Then overjoyed to take
His share in such wild deeds, that awful Shape,
As answer, raised a peal most horrible
Of echoing laughter long and loud, far worse
Than rumbling roar of twin-contending seas,
Or when the pregnant thunder-clouds displode
From hill to hill. A tremor ran along
The Arctic ground; the mountain tops were rent
By that dread peal; it flawed the eternal ice
Thick as it lay upon the Cronian Sea;
E'en Heaven itself did tremble to the pole."

There is still another quality, equally noticeable in these epic fragments, which makes for Milton's authorship. It is mentioned here for what it is worth and presented to Mr. Begley with the subscriber's compliments. In epics of the first rank, with all their sublimity and massiveness of structure, there goes a lyrical beauty of phrase which never appears at all in your Henriads, and but faintly in your Lusiads and Messiahs. In Homer the dark splendor of the sea and the pathos of Achaian wives widowed of their joy take us more than the wrath of Achilles. In Virgil it is "the sense of tears in mortal things" which makes his mighty measure sometimes tremble with romantic tenderness; in Tasso it is his "io non so che" of wistful beauty; and among readers of Paradise Lost there are many who remember Eden-bower, or the brooks of Vallombrosa, or the revels which

"some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees,"

longer than the justification of the ways of God to man. So here in the Latin of the Armada epic there are an opulence of imagination and a vigor and vibrancy of phrase which seem utterly to forsake all but poets of the very first order when they address themselves to epical composition. One has but to peruse the Davideis of Cowley, an excellent poet in his way, to feel the force of such an argument.

Whether in the last account Nova Solyma shall be held to be the work of Milton or of another, Mr. Begley deserves well of the Commonwealth of Letters for the genial enthusiasm and close scholarship which he has brought to an arduous and trying task. Should it prove after all that he has not given us the chief product of Milton's quiet years in his father's house at Horton, he has at any rate made accessible to English readers a remarkable book, of unique historic interest and value. The man who wrote Nova Solyma was an idealist living in a contentious and centrifugal age; it was the principle of his nature to seek truth in every byway of literature; yet he was never ready to rest content in the relativities of scholarship or of human experience; his quest was ever for the absolute verity, even though it lead him, as in his Ecstasy of Joseph, beyond the flaming ramparts of the World. *F. G.*

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

"FOR THE YOUNG."

It was only a century ago, as everybody remembers, that literary sucklings were nurtured on the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Paradise Lost, and Fox's Book of Martyrs. This was not in all respects an admirable diet for readers of any age, but it had its good points. There is a chance that an imaginative child may be helped toward a taste for good literature by having to amuse himself with that or nothing; he may delight in the rhythm of great poetry or the stately march of great prose before he can get an inkling as to what it is all about. But the situation is hardly imaginable nowadays, since children have plenty of reading to amuse themselves with besides the best. They are no longer required to be seen and not heard, or to put up with the scraps of literature which may fall from the wholesome (that is, tiresome) table of their elders. A much pleasanter bill of fare is being provided for them, and it is confidently expected that the early courses of sugar-water and lollipop will gently and kindergartenly induce an appetite for the ensuing roast. The fact is, our guilt has come home to us. We have not been treating the child properly for the past ten thousand years or so, and we are in a creditable hurry to make it up to him, at the expense of our own rights if necessary; and we do books, among other things, in his honor, by way of propitiating him.

I.

Our earlier attempts were pretty clumsy, we must admit. When it occurred to us that the child was a person, we perceived first that he must be worth preaching to. We hastened to provide him with Guides for the Young Christian, and Maiden Monitors, and such; and later, relenting a little, we declined to the secular frivolity of the Rollo books and Sandford and Merton. There is no doubt that the child, or a considerable part of him, enjoyed this concession, paltry as it now seems; and presently his dutifulness was rewarded by such books as Water Babies, Tom Brown at Rugby, and Alice in Wonderland, which perfectly established his right to be amused as well as instructed. Since then affairs have gone very smoothly for him; the rill of literature for children has grown to a torrent, and there is no saying that it may not soon develop into

a deluge. The number and character of current books advertised to be for the young is a little appalling; but there is no use in grumbling about such a condition; probably the wisest course for the observer is to cultivate an attitude of resigned and friendly speculation.

What are collectively known as books for the young appear to be pretty easily classifiable. There are books for urchins and books for striplings, to begin with; there are, further, books about adults for the young, books about the young for the young, books about the young for adults, and books which, whatever they are about, are equally good for readers of all ages. Most of the best books nominally awarded to childish readers evidently belong to this final class. Grimm's Fairy Tales, Robinson Crusoe, the wonder tales of Hans Andersen and Hawthorne, the Child's Garden of Verses, Alice in Wonderland,— books like these obviously belong not simply to the nursery but to literature, and are not made worthless by the addition even of a cubit to the stature of the reader. It must be an object of interest in judging current books for the young to hazard a guess as to their eligibility for this class.

Mr. Kipling's Just So Stories [1] is the only recent original book for children whose standing in this connection appears to be fairly sure. It does for very little children much what the Jungle Books did for older ones. It is artfully artless, in its themes, in its repetitions, in its habitual limitation, and occasional abeyance, of adult humor. It strikes a child as the kind of yarn his father or uncle might have spun if he had just happened to think of it; and it has, like all good fairy-business, a sound core of philosophy. Children might like the book just as well, at first, if it lacked this mellowness of tone, but grown people would not like it at all; and when a book for children bores grown people, its days are numbered. One of the dangerous things about giving children unguided indulgence in child-books is that they are prepared to relish, for the moment, such inferior stuff. A normal child has no difficulty in making what seem to him to be bricks out of the scantiest and mouldiest of straw-heaps. He will listen to some maudlin rambling mammy's tale with the same rapture which a proud father may have fancied could be produced only by his own ingenious and imaginative fictions. All stories are grist to the mill of infancy; but it is true, nevertheless, that very few of them are worth grinding.

There is, in short, no separate standard of taste by which to determine the value of books written for children. To be of permanent use, they must possess literary quality; that is, they must be whole-souled, broad, mature in temper, however simple they may need to be in theme or manner. This truth is not always observed by the fond adult buyer. The given book seems, he admits, rather silly, but he supposes that to be a part of its character as a "juvenile." A theory seems to be building up that the attribute of ripe humor which is wisdom is rather wasted upon a book for children; that a boy knows a parson and recognizes a clown, but is only puzzled by the betwixts and betweens of the class to which most of humanity belongs. It is often asserted that a child's sense of humor is mainly confined to a sense of the ridiculous. That is true of his sense of a joke; but children have never been proved insusceptible to the warmth of true humor, though they may have been quite unconscious of susceptibility. In the meantime, they are ready enough to put up with its absence; and they find at hand a type of fiction built upon an artificial code of sentiment and morals. Children's magazines and libraries are full of stories written according to this code, the beginning and the end of which is the prescription of certain things to do and not to do: never to cheat in ex-

[1] *The Just So Stories.* By RUDYARD KIPLING. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1902.

amination, always to be grateful to your parents, never to pretend to have money when you have n't, and always to knock under to authority. By way of making up for all these deprivations, you are (if you are a genuine school hero or heroine) allowed to make precocious love to the prettiest girl or the handsomest boy in school. It cannot be denied that there is something of this in Miss Alcott, though her successors and imitators have, according to the habit of imitators, exaggerated the defects of her method and her work. Her books are, in the main, not only interesting to girls, but wholesome, and deserve to be handsomely reprinted, as two of them have just been,[1] for the benefit of the rising generation of Beths and Megs and Pollies. Those old little heroines have had their own literary descendants, — Emmy Lou,[2] for example, who might be a granddaughter of any one of them. This is a delightful little story, a sympathetic (because humorous) interpretation of childhood merging into girlhood; and if it interests daughters and mothers rather than fathers and sons, that will be the fault of the theme rather than of the treatment.

II.

It is odd, by the way, that we should now have not only books for children and books for grown-ups, but books for boys and books for girls. Why not, by the same token, novels for men and novels for women? The truth is, there is a sad season, between "the codling and the apple," when the interests of youths and maidens do so diverge that they prefer to go, for a time, their several ways. If a boy of twelve, for instance, is going to read about persons of his own age, he wants to hear about interesting persons, — that is, other boys. Moreover, he will wish it understood that they are to be real boys, — boys' boys. When Miss Alcott wrote Eight Cousins, she spoiled the whole thing from the masculine point of view by making the one girl-cousin the leader of "the bunch." It is pleasant, doubtless, to behold seven able-bodied boys dancing attendance upon one slender red-cheeked girl; but any boy can imagine a hundred pleasanter things than that. What 's the matter with war, or life on the plains, or getting after buried treasure? Those are the things a fellow would like to do, while the red-cheeked girls are playing with their paper dolls and making eyes at each other, for practice.

With this bias lingering in their minds, those who have not been boys too long ago must note with satisfaction that the story of daring adventure and hair-breadth escape continues to be written and read. They will wonder fondly, too, whether the latest book of the prolific Henty[3] compares favorably with the Oliver Optic yarn of twenty years ago: —

"Two men were sitting in the smoking-room of a London club. The room was almost empty, and as they occupied armchairs in one corner of it, they were able to talk freely without fear of being overheard. One of them was a man of sixty, the other some five or six and twenty.

"'I must do something,' the younger man said, 'for I have been kicking my heels about London ever since my ship was paid off two years ago. At first, of course, it did n't matter, for I have enough to live upon; but recently I have been fool enough to fall in love with a girl whose parents would never dream of allowing her to marry a half-pay lieutenant,'" etc. From this pro-

[1] *Little Women.* By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1902.

An Old-Fashioned Girl. By Louisa M. Alcott. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1902.

[2] *Emmy Lou: Her Book and Heart.* By George Madden Martin. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

[3] *The Treasure of the Incas.* By G. A. Henty. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

mising, if somewhat familiar, beginning, it is only a step to Peru, the hidden treasure of the Incas, and "a wedding in Bedford Square." Mr. Henty lived long enough to produce something like forty tales of this type. They are said to be historically correct, but they possess not the slightest literary merit. Yet so responsible a journal as the London Academy is quoted as saying, "Among writers of stories of adventures for boys Mr. Henty stands in the very first rank;" and an American reviewer remarks, with unconscious irony, "Mr. Henty might with entire propriety be called the boys' Sir Walter Scott," — a conception which might fitly be capped by defining Sir Walter (surely greatest of all writers for boys) as the adult's Mr. Henty. It is reassuring to know that Scott and Cooper are still read in the sitting-room in spite of the fact that they have to be "studied" in the classroom, and in spite of all the modern "Restaurateurs," as Carlyle would have called them.

Three great favorites of the boy of twenty years ago, Captain Mayne Reid, Oliver Optic, and Jules Verne, are now, for whatever reason, no longer writing stories (the first two, we suspect, were of the direct Henty ancestry). A fourth has just published a new volume [1] which takes us back to the pre-Stanley days when the Dark Continent was a name of mystery that rhymed somehow with Du Chaillu. It is pleasant to find that the veteran story-teller has still a savage king or two up his sleeve. This narrative, like the older ones by the same author, is simple and direct, and has the advantage of possessing some foundation in the actual experience of a probable man, instead of being constructed to display the mythical exploits of an impossible boy.

[1] *King Mombo.* By Paul Du Chaillu. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

[2] *Border Fights and Fighters.* By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

Outside of fiction, a great deal of valuable work has been done recently in the way of providing simple biography and historical narrative for boys. Ambition is a form of selfishness, no doubt, and war is a curse, or whatever; but we like to have our sons know about Achilles and Nelson and Ethan Allen, for all that. An excellent book of tales of real danger and daring is Border Fights and Fighters,[2] a series of "stories of the pioneers between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi and in the Texan Republic." In style it is not picturesque or eloquent, but simple and vigorous and likely to wear well. Altogether, these books go to show that the strenuous taste of boyhood is being quite as conscientiously catered to as the sentimental taste of girlhood. It is awkward to be a miss or a hobbledehoy, for all concerned, but these are experiences of the moment; a little while, and one has become more strenuous and the other more sentimental, and lo! they are man and woman, ready to accept life and art upon approximately equal terms.

III.

If among books for the young some are unpalatable to grown people on account of their total lack of humor, others (and there are many of them) are too sharply humorous or too subtly sentimental to appeal to children. Their only claim to classification among children's books consists in the fact that they are about children. This of course does not really qualify them. There are many grown-ups who will be able to heave a sigh and may be able to drop a tear over certain verses in The Book of Joyous Children.[3] It is a characteristic product of Mr. Riley's favorite mood, not exactly a joyous mood, for he may

[3] *The Book of Joyous Children.* By James Whitcomb Riley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

fairly be called the threnodist of departed childhood. One grows, perhaps, a little tired of this mourning for lost joys; manhood has its compensations, after all, and the state of innocence is an excellent point of departure, rather than a goal, to "such a being as man, in such a world as the present." Of course there is humor as well as sentiment in these reminiscences: —

> "Calf was in the back-lot;
> Clover in the red;
> Bluebird in the pear-tree;
> Pigeons on the shed;
> Tom a-chargin' twenty pins
> At the barn; and Dan
> Spraddled out just like 'The
> Injarubber-Man!'"

Most of this verse is written in the peculiar child dialect which Mr. Riley discovered, or evolved, long ago; a speech in which "just" becomes "ist," "that" becomes "'at," "was" becomes "wuz," and so on. Experiment does not indicate that either the form or the mood of such verse appeals strongly to children. A similar exception must be taken to much of Eugene Field's poetry about children, though in a few of his songs he does really speak directly to the young, and not merely to lovers of the young.

The classic book of English verse for children is of course the Child's Garden, probably the purest and ripest expression of Stevenson's genius. No one has written so like a child or more like a man; and consequently no book about children (except Alice in Wonderland) is so acceptable to all ages. It is curious to see how a child feels the gentle irony of many of these verses, though he listens with a serious face; what a clear sense he has of the delicious priggishness of The Whole Duty of Children: —

> "A child should always say what 's true,
> And speak when he is spoken to,
> And behave mannerly at table:
> At least, as far as he is able;"

or of the whimsical vagueness of the Happy Thought: —

> "The world is so full of a number of things,
> I 'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

There is hardly a poem in the collection which does not express some true childish mood, as the child himself feels it, and not as it looks in retrospect. A dainty and cheap illustrated edition of the book has been published recently, which it is a pleasure to name here.[1]

Some of the best verses in A Pocketful of Posies[2] are in the Stevensonian manner: —

> "A candy Lion 's very good,
> Because he cannot bite,
> Nor wander roaring for his food,
> Nor eat up folks at night.
>
> "But though it 's very nice for me,
> It 's not so nice for him;
> For every day he seems to be
> More shapeless and more slim.
>
> "And first, there 's no tail any more;
> And next, there is no head;
> And then, — he 's just a candy Roar,
> And might as well be dead."

The verse is accompanied by a few good pictures by Miss Cory, and an amusing marginal gloss — amusing, that is, to the adult reader.

Happily not even the best of juvenile poetry can do for children everything which poetry can do. Several admirable collections of great verse which is intelligible to young people have been made in the past, collections like Mr. Henley's Lyra Heroica and the Heart of Oak Series edited by Professor Norton. Last year appeared Golden Numbers,[3] a remarkably good collection of poetry for youth, and now comes The Posy Ring,[4]

[1] *A Child's Garden of Verses.* By Robert Louis Stevenson. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 1902.

[2] *A Pocketful of Posies.* By Abbie Farwell Brown. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

[3] *Golden Numbers.* A Book of Verse for Youth. Chosen and Classified by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

[4] *The Posy Ring.* A Book of Verse for Children. Chosen and Classified by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1903.

by the same editors, an equally good book for younger children. Some work of most of the great English poets will be found in the collection, and a cursory examination of the volume has discovered nothing which is either trifling or merely edifying; it contains poetry that is and will be used gratefully by many people who have believed in reading good verse to children, but have distrusted their own judgment in selecting the right thing.

IV.

One is surprised in looking over the most popular books about children to see how few of them are really capable of being enjoyed by children. There, to be sure, was Little Lord Fauntleroy, which was fit for the enjoyment of the sentimental and the humorless of any age; perhaps we had better speak of the best rather than the most popular books. Mrs. Ewing in Jackanapes and The Story of a Short Life, and Mrs. Wiggin in Timothy's Quest and The Birds' Christmas Carol, seem to have achieved the better sort of balance. Miss Daskam has solved, or avoided, the problem of her audience by producing two kinds of story about children, a variety like The Madness of Philip for grown-ups, and a variety like The Imp and the Angel for babes.

Elsewhere the question has been decided frankly in favor of the adult reader, though there are cases in which children manage to enjoy in some manner what was meant for their elders. A boy, for instance, will devour tales like Tom Sawyer or Huckleberry Finn, though he cannot understand their real merit as studies of boy-character. As narratives of delightfully meaningless depravity they have been excluded, not unreasonably, from more than one public library. The adult intelligence is necessary to understand them, far more necessary than with many books commonly read by adults which have nothing whatever to do with children. In the Huck Finn class one might include Mr. Kipling's Stalky, if one were sure that the disagreeable little rascals who figure in that tale can be supposed to mean anything even to the full-grown intelligence.

There is no doubt on this score as to the value of Mr. Howells's books about boys. In his A Boy's Town he registered, professedly for young readers, a series of minute and sharply defined after-impressions of boyhood as he had in his own person experienced it. His latest book [1] is the story of a particular boy in the Boy's Town. It has an admirable moral (if that were important), but I doubt if an ordinary boy would be quite sure what it is. He would enjoy the book, but the very subtlest, finest merit of it would be beyond him. The writer, in short, employs his favorite instrument of cool and dry irony to excellent effect, for grown-up readers. The style is happily colloquial, now and then slipping into boy syntax and vocabulary. A brief quotation will illustrate both the simplicity and the subtlety of the narrative. It is taken from the chapter called The Right Pony Had to Run Off: —

"As soon as they sat down at the table his father began to ask what the trouble was. Pony answered very haughtily, and said that old Archer had put him back into the second reader, and he was not going to stand it, and he had left school.

" 'Then,' said his father, 'you expect to stay in the second reader the rest of your life?'

"This was something that Pony had never thought of before; but he said he did not care, and he was not going to have old Archer put him back, anyway, and he began to cry.

"It was then that his mother showed herself a good mother, if ever she was one, and said she thought it was a shame

[1] *The Flight of Pony Baker.* By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1902.

to put Pony back and mortify him before the other boys, and she knew that it must just have happened that he did not read very well that afternoon because he was sick, or something, for usually he read perfectly.

"His father said, 'My dear girl, my dear girl!' and his mother hushed up and did not say anything more; but Pony could see what she thought, and he accused old Archer of always putting on him and always trying to mortify him.

"'That 's all very well,' said his father, 'but I think we ought to give him one more trial; and I advise you to take your books back to school this afternoon, and read so well that he will put you into the fourth reader to-morrow morning.'"

It would be hard to find elsewhere so veracious a picture of the whimsical contrarieties and unwilling compunctions of boy-nature, unless in that remarkable and, it is to be hoped, unforgotten series of boy-studies, The Court of Boyville. The books of Mr. Kenneth Grahame, which have now been given what might well be their final form,[1] are in a different vein. Mr. Grahame has the advantage of writing confessedly for his contemporaries. His style is rather ornate than simple, and he remembers his childhood with a tenderness of personal association which he does not try to hide. His memory has more subtlety than that of Mr. Riley, and more warmth than that of Mr. Howells. In Dream Days the amusing, and better than amusing, group of children who figured in The Golden Age reappear, a little older, a little nearer in sympathy to the grown-up people whom they feel themselves to be perilously approaching, while still incapable of fancying for themselves so dull a future as appears to have fallen to the lot of the men and women they know best. Mr. Grahame's work is imaginatively rather than literally true, and is in various moods, now romantic as in Its Walls Were as of Jasper, now whimsical as in The Magic Ring: —

"We gripped the red cloth in front of us, and our souls sped round and round with Coralie, leaping with her, prone with her, swung by mane or tail with her. It was not only the ravishment of her delirious feats, nor her cream-colored horse of fairy breed, long-tailed, roe-footed, an enchanted prince surely, if ever there was one! It was her more than mortal beauty — displayed, too, under conditions never vouchsafed to us before — that held us spellbound. What princess had arms so dazzlingly white, or went delicately clothed in such pink and spangles? Hitherto we had known the outward woman as but a drab thing, hour-glass shaped, nearly legless, bunched here, constricted there; slow of movement and given to deprecating lusty action of limb. Here was a revelation! From henceforth our imaginations would have to be revised and corrected up to date. In one of those swift rushes the mind makes in high-strung moments, I saw myself and Coralie, close enfolded, facing the world together, o'er hill and plain, through storied cities, past rows of applauding relations, — I in my Sunday knickerbockers, she in her pink and spangles."

If this is the writing of a man for men, so much the better for men, and, indirectly at least, for the children of men.

H. W. Boynton.

[1] *The Golden Age.* By Kenneth Grahame. London and New York: John Lane. 1902. *Dream Days.* By Kenneth Grahame. London and New York: John Lane. 1902.

New Garden Books.

At the present day an interest in gardening seems to have sprung up like Jonah's gourd, and if the appearance of garden books be a sign of the times there are no symptoms of its abatement. Ever since Elizabeth spied out the land, claims in the forgotten fields of garden-lore have been staked thick and fast. Among the recent arrivals are Miss Nichols, with her

English Pleasure Gardens,[1] and Mrs. Earle, whose Sun-dials and Roses of Yesterday[2] follows hard on the track of her Old Time Gardens.

English Pleasure Gardens is a large, handsome octavo, portly and imposing, enjoying the leisurely comforts of large type and a placid breadth of margin; a book which stands like a solid and substantial dowager among the lighter and more frivolous garden-sisterhood, — charming but sometimes irresponsible.

The reader turns the pages at first, delighting in glimpses of the old gardens, reproductions from tapestries; but if he thinks to take Miss Nichols's hand and saunter carelessly down the flowery by-paths of garden-chat, or linger in the garden-seats of old orchards ("roosting places," as the Duke of Buckingham happily terms them), and dream over Elizabethan gardens, he will find himself mistaken: Miss Nichols is not given to dreaming, she does not even incline to roosting places, — except historically considered, — and the layman, instead of such pleasing loitering, will find himself walking briskly along the harder paths of learning.

The book is a careful, detailed setting forth of the formal garden, from its first development on British soil, during the Roman occupation, to the present time. Although the first chapter is devoted to the classic villa gardens, and there is later in the book a résumé of Italian garden-art, of the French system — these are introduced solely in regard to their influence on English garden-craft, for Miss Nichols wanders no farther from her subject than the flower-beds stray beyond the tall yew hedges.

The subject is naturally taken up historically. There are the monastic gardens of the twelfth century when religion and horticulture fared peacefully hand in hand. As to the mediæval garden, direct sources of information are few: —

> "We must revert to the proper channels,
> Workings in tapestry, paintings on panels."

So with Chaucer and Lydgate and the Roman de la Rose, with illuminations of old manuscript and the tapestry (as Browning advises) Miss Nichols makes an excellent reconstruction of the mediæval pleasaunce; although, of course, some allowance must be made for the inventiveness of poet as well as painter, — "Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done," said Sir Philip Sidney, and, after all, these old gardens with their fruit trees, their beds of medicinal herbs and pot-herbs, partook chiefly of the nature of the kitchen garden. It was long before beauty for beauty's sake was frankly sought; with the early English garden as with Gilpin's wife, —

> "Though on pleasure she was bent,
> She had a frugal mind."

The idea of utility was always present.

Under the Tudors, we find the garden coming more into its own. It is a pity that the "flowery orchard" of these early days is not oftener reproduced with its gay borders of flowers and the violets and crocuses coming up happily from the turf under the blossomed trees. Then follows the Elizabethan garden, — "the blossom of English genius at one of its sunniest moments," — when certainly, as never before, perhaps as never since, was understood the art of "making," in Sidney's words, "this too-much loved earth more lovely."

But this is only half the book, though the more interesting half. The gardens under the Stuarts are treated in detail, also the seventeenth-century work when the brilliant and polished art of Le Nôtre largely influenced English taste — this Miss Nichols enters into more fully than one would think necessary — the Italian influence, the eigh-

[1] *English Pleasure Gardens.* By Rose Standish Nichols. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

[2] *Sun-dials and Roses of Yesterday.* By Alice Morse Earle. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

teenth-century devastations under poor Brown, whose shade must weary of the execrations of more than a hundred years of garden-lovers. Modern garden-craft is but slightly touched upon.

The work is very beautifully illustrated; not only are the representative gardens of the different periods Penshurst, Levens, Hatfield, Wilton, and many others there in charming photographs, but the text is full of sketches, by the author, of arbors and garden-houses, gateways, terraces, garden-seats, and Greek *exedrae*, statues and bits of topiary work, patterns of "knots," — the intricate raised flower-beds, plans as well as photographs of the well-known gardens; Miss Nichols is even kind enough in some cases to name the inmates of the various flower-beds that he who cares to "follow in their train" may have no difficulty.

As a careful and detailed study of the different periods of garden-craft, English Pleasure Gardens will be of value to the student, of much interest to the garden-lover; it is clearly and even pleasantly written; one could wish that beside the plans and descriptions more of the spirit and poetry of the old gardens had infused Miss Nichols's text, some of the fragrance and freshness of the outdoor world of which John Muir's writings are as full as a mountain brook is of music; yet charm and analysis are not boon companions; although the author has been careful about many things, one might say of her as it was said of Martha, "but one thing is needful," — the charm which is to a book what fragrance is to a flower.

Although not a garden-book strictly speaking it is to garden-lovers that Sun-dials and Roses of Yesterday will chiefly commend itself, for the garden and the sundial are old intimates, — "Adam could scarce have missed it in Paradise," quotes Mrs. Earle.

There is indeed much of the Charm and Sentiment of Sun-dials in her first chapter, and the reader is loath to leave the fellowship of Elia and Dante Rossetti for the classification of dials, or even the dimensions of the dial of Glamis, to go on from the poetry of the dial to its prose; not so Mrs. Earle; she goes into her subject with all the enthusiasm of zeal and knowledge, — in fact, the profusion of photographs would suffice to show the zeal were the text wholly lacking. There is the dial of Ahaz, and of John Knox, historic dials and dials of American country places, Harriet Martineau's and "E. V. B's," vertical dials, ceiling dials, cross-dials, dials on corbels, and lectern-headed dials, as well as the more familiar horizontal dials. There is also a remarkably complete chapter on portable dials, admirably illustrated.

To one who has purposed in his heart to set up a dial, Sun-dials and Roses of Yesterday will be most valuable. Mrs. Earle gives just the details of which the amateur enthusiast stands in sore need; not only simpler rules even than Chaucer made for his "litle son . . . naked words in Englissh, for Latyn he kanstow yet but smal, my litle son," but also chapters on gnomons and pedestals, on sundial-mottoes, on the setting of dials, which will be suggestive. No doubt some reader, hitherto happy, will find his life and his garden incomplete until blessed with a dial.

As far as the roses are concerned, however, except for illustrations, the title is a delusion and a snare, for the sundials are many and the roses are few. Although the Rosicrucians are present, and the rose as an emblem and the rose in English history are there, but one chapter is devoted to our grandmothers' roses, the Velvets, the Damasks, — roses which have a certain graciousness and charm, an endearing quality which many of the newer ones lack, sumptuous and brilliant as they are. It is a pleasure to find Mrs. Earle speaking a word for the tiny clustered roses, and for the older climbers, in these days when size seems to be the first require-

ment, and the Crimson-Rambler, like Aaron's rod, has swallowed up all other climbing roses; it is a pleasure also to notice the protest against the sacrifice of everything for the individual bloom, while the garden presents an "expanse of tall, thickly set sticks and scant, low growing foliage." It may be a nursery or a sanitarium for roses, but it is not a garden in the sense that the poet meant when he wrote of "a garden-full of rose-trees and a soul-full of comforts" as if the two were synonymous.

Mrs. Earle has accumulated much information concerning her subjects which is agreeably "bodied forth," but as a book Sun-dials and Roses of Yesterday lacks a backbone, — it is disconnected. While relating in a measure to gardening, there is in it altogether too much solid discussion of dialing to give the author the gardener's license to ramble, "led by the hops and skips, turnings and windings of his brain," as old Markham says. One suspects Mrs. Earle of a housewifely thrift in making use of odds and ends of a literary cupboard. The chapter on Rural Saints and Prophets, for instance, although interesting, has but the barest connection with the book, and the seeker after truth in the matter of sundials will find himself brought up against Mary Stuart's tapestry or recipes for Rosa Solis, — interesting doubtless, but not what he "went out for to see."

In a garden the sundial requires a certain formality of setting, however slight; the shrubs or flower-beds which surround it, the old garden-masters taught, must be carefully placed with reference to the dial as the centre of the design; so in a book; this "garden-god of Christian gardens," as Charles Lamb calls it, deserves in its literary setting a symmetry, an ordered beauty, — which Mrs. Earle does not give it.

Frances Duncan.

Ardelia.[1]

THE Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago, which have included many interesting and substantial contributions to the circle of the sciences and arts, have numbered no more excellent volume than Miss Reynolds's piously careful edition of the poems of the Countess of Winchilsea, better known to her few true-lovers under the fragrant name of Ardelia. Some ungentlemanly gibes by Swift and Pope, an admiring paragraph or two in Wordsworth and Leigh Hunt, a pleasant essay by Mr. Gosse, a slender selection from her work in Ward's English Poets, a brief notice in the Dictionary of National Biography, — the bibliography of Ardelia is complete. Hence the curious student, and even more the reader, who cares for whatever in literature is delightful and significant, must be grateful to Miss Reynolds for this portly volume in which the complete poetical works of a notable woman — reproduced from a rare octavo and two manuscript volumes — are preceded by a lively and thorough account of her career and character.

Ardelia — who, when off the bi-forked hill, was Mrs. Anne Finch — was a lady poetess of a singularly wholesome type. A clever and charming girl, she served as maid of honor to Mary of Modena, and walked the devious ways of the corrupt courts of the second Charles and James without reproach. By her own showing she disdained the

> "Sudden starts of fancy'd passion,
> Such as move the Gallick nation;"

yet her pen can treat tenderly of love as the most worthy of all the excursions and transports of the mind. Later, when married to Heneage Finch, a talented gentleman with a "nice relish" of antiquity, she can write bravely and poetically of her happiness, in an age when such happiness was hopelessly unfashionable. As with Cowley and the other poets who were passing from the

[1] *The Poems of Anne, Countess of Winchilsea.* Edited by MYRA REYNOLDS. [The Decennial Publications of the University of Chicago.] Chicago: The University Press. 1903.

stage when she was a young girl, the country-side delighted her more than London: of the citified pose of Mrs. Behn she was as impatient as of her amorous flights. She stoutly affirms that "Women are Education's and not Nature's fools," yet there is little in her writing to suggest the *femme savante* who has contributed so much of depression and gayety to our later literature. There are, indeed, but two notes of pathos in the record of a life exceptionally happy and well ordered: she was, alas, afflicted with the spleen, and — a keener sorrow! — she was childless.

It might have been well had Miss Reynolds added to her firm if somewhat academic examination of the traits of Ardelia's poetry a sharper discrimination of its relation to some of the subtlest and most pervasive intellectual currents of the time. Wordsworth's praise of Ardelia as the only poet between Milton and Thomson, to use a new image from external nature, is misleading. Despite a certain natural and unaffected note in her singing, her mind was receptive rather than energetic, and few poets are likely to be more profitable to the earnest seeker after *Einfluss*.

All things considered, it was Cowley who had the greatest part in shaping the form of her work. Cowley's imitations of "Pindar his enthusiastical manner" were the model poems of the age, and Ardelia was easily the best of the crowd of bad and indifferent poets who were "sequacious of his lyre." If Ardelia never has quite the flood of song which

> ". . . ruit profundo
> Pindarus ore,"

or never quite equals Cowley at his best in forging such unforgettable mouth-fillers as

> "Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
> In the Salonian garden's noble shade,"

at least her demurer Muse is never guilty of such turgidities as most of those fell into who adventured the "enthusiastical manner." Yet there is much, not only in her Pindaric flights, but in all her vigorous versified rhetoric, which goes to show her admiring study of the poet whom men were only just beginning to suspect might be a little lower than Homer and Virgil. Miss Reynolds will have it that Ardelia was not given to the Cowleyesque pursuit of conceits. Her metaphors and similitudes are indeed rarely as tall as those which inspired Dr. Johnson's famous charge against the "metaphysical" poets, but her verses are compact of analogical curiosities akin to theirs, and when she makes a lover lamenting the charms and cruelty of his mistress cry out that he has

> "No safe Umbrella 'gainst her eyes,"

Donne himself might yield his bays.

Another of Ardelia's admired poets was Denham, the author of one of the noblest nature-poems in the language, and much of her own descriptive writing is obviously patterned after Cooper's Hill. There is more of it, however, which is quite artless, the poetic and sentimental reaction of a sensitive mind upon a beautiful environment. The reader of such writers as Temple is not likely to believe that the love of nature was ever, even in the last decade of the seventeenth century, so nearly dead in English hearts as Wordsworth would wish us to believe. Nowhere is the persistence of a sensitiveness to natural beauty seen more clearly than in such poems as Ardelia's To a Nightingale and her Nocturnal Reverie. On the other hand, it is quite true that in most of the poets of her age nature is seen under the malign light of an artificial "pathetic fallacy," widely removed from the poetic effectiveness of the real pathetic fallacy which was to appear within the next half century. It is to Ardelia's everlasting credit that either by the clarity of her temperament, or by a specially emergent Providence, her Muse escaped this contagion. The greater portion of her imagery drawn from nature carries with

it a singular conviction of actual observation and delight. It is still more remarkable that in some passages, such as the invocation to Peace

> "On some mountain dost thou lie
> Serenely near the ambient sky,"

she partakes of the impressiveness without the disturbance of that Ossianic sublimity, sometimes supposed to be an invention of a later generation.

The heat of Ardelia's poetic flame was fitful rather than constant, and she is seen at her best in fortunate couplets rather than in passages and poems. Many of her best couplets are marked by that crisp, adversative turn so essentially an English gift, as in the lines to Sleep, —

> "Thou 'lt stay 'till kinder Death supplies thy place,
> The surer Friend though with the harsher face."

Sometimes, again, she shows traces of the high, Pythagorean reverie to which the more generous spirits, even of that age of prose, were addicted. When she tells us that the Soul may

> "From a rightly governed frame
> View the Height from whence she came,"

we seem to be listening to the persistent voice of that gentle idealist John Norris, who, in those very years at Bemerton, was composing his amiable, ample, and curiously popular works in verse and prose.

In short, Ardelia was neither the solitary survivor of the old order of poetry nor the lonely herald of the new. She was a charming and clever woman with a flexible, sympathetic, chameleon-like mind. She read poetry and wrote it for her own and her friends' pleasure, yet by the very sensitiveness of her nature she contrived to produce many vague adumbrations of moods and thoughts that were already, always indeed, alive in men's minds, but which were repressed by an artificial and accidental convention in literature, and were not to appear conspicuously therein for another fifty years. *F. G.*

The Dawn of Day.

Those who wish to approach Nietzsche's personality through the medium of English cannot but welcome a translation so satisfactory as this of Morgenröthe.[1] A few puzzles of punctuation, a few lapses from idiomatic English, rarely an error, but in the main an effective rendering with the poetic passages seemingly the better done. The work belongs to the earlier years of Nietzsche's matured thought, and represents him at his best. It is divided into five books, into nearly four hundred paragraphs and aphorisms, coordinated by the vaguest threads of suggestion, yet throughout bearing the author's characteristic challenge.

It is not likely that Nietzsche can arouse in the English-thinking world more than a shadow of the interest which he has called forth in Germany. For apart from the fact that receptivity to his appeal implies a German omnivorousness of speculative appetite, one may now fairly affirm that he is a figure in the literary rather than in the philosophical life of his nation. He invented for German a new style, giving it compactness combined with suggestiveness and form, and conquering the paragraph in a manner new to the tongue. Skill with the paragraph is no novelty in French and English; and it is by this that Nietzsche often achieves the semblance of vigor and originality in thought where these are really wanting.

For Nietzsche was not an original thinker. His ideas are current property of his age. Kant, Schopenhauer, Darwin, Comte, — all these appear in the medley, fantastic, fragmentary, and interlarded with innumerable trivialities; there is never any real reconstruction of elements, never any congruity. True, there are flashes of keen psychology and occasional sublimities of bitterness, all Nietzsche's own; but for the most part

[1] *The Dawn of Day.* By Fridrich Nietzsche. Translated by Johanna Volz. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

what he adds is merely the striking aspect, the harsh humanization of the idea.

Possibly the essence of his service to German thought lies just in the fact that the humanization is both vivid and harsh. His was a tormented soul with the ethical conscience ever on the rack. He could not accept speculation in the orthodox German way, as distantly ideal, abstruse, beyond the ken of practical interest; he felt that its meaning is very near human life. And however awry his conceptions, the intensity of his interest in moral significances emphasizes, as it is needful to emphasize, that the *raison d'être* of philosophy is its application to human conduct and desire.

But for us, interest is less in Nietzsche's thought than in his personality. His is in many respects the characteristic case of the malady of the age. He began his speculative life as a disciple of Schopenhauer, that is, as a romantic pessimist. But he lacked the massiveness of temperament necessary to endure the pessimism after the romance was gone. The terror of it wrought revulsion and a struggling for the light in life. Perhaps the very desperation of his effort defeated its end, for he was never able to free himself from the strife. The bitterness of his attacks upon moral convention shows how gallingly that convention held him bound; his exaltations of prowess and power reveal his own sense of exasperated impotence; his adorations of freedom tell only the hopelessness of his servitude. Nietzsche's was a brilliant intellect, but he lacked the strength to hold it to the set task; he could only struggle on, desperately, till lost in mental darkness.

The Dawn of Day should not be read by those whose moral sensibility is easily offended, nor by those who care for thought wholly for the thought's sake; but the student of life and of the times, if he be endowed with a certain catholicity of sentiment, will not read it without reward. *H. B. A.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

One-Passage Books.

THERE is a great deal to be said about the fashionable school of biography. The pensive but ingenious Mr. Andrew Lang has already said some of it, and I myself hope, on one of our days, to say a little more; but meanwhile I turn aside upon the thought suggested by a passage in the very able and interesting Life of Huxley by his son. All who have read this biography will remember the abrupt exclamation in one of Thomas Huxley's letters, dated some time, I think, in the eighteen-eighties, and piercing as the involuntary cry of one who has received a stinging blow in the dark, where his revolt from the idea of annihilation finds a startling vent. "To think," he says, or words to that effect, for I have not the book by me, — "To think that I shall probably know no more about what is going on in this interesting world in 1900 than I did in 1800!" Then he rallies his intrepid wit and protests that he would a great deal rather *go to hell*, — "especially if I might be in one of the upper circles, where the society is comparatively good, and the climate not too trying!"

Every one who has read the book, I say, will remember this passage; many of its titular critics have already quoted it, — and I venture to predict, furthermore, that a considerable number of its readers will permanently and distinctly remember no other. For this is my

thought, — that of the higher class of books extensively read in these democratic days, the larger part hold on to the memory of mankind at large by a single passage only. Let me give a few instances, just as they occur at random to memory.

There was the Life of Darwin, which thousands of the laity — I mean the unscientific — labored through, with deep respect for the great savant's heroic industry and single-minded devotion to truth, and an ever growing affection for the transparently beautiful and blameless character of the man. But the thing that gripped the general reader, and recurs often, even now, to the popular mind, — as we see, again, by its frequent quotation, — was the passage near the end where he confesses to having wholly lost through his exclusive devotion to experimental science the power, which he once possessed in a rather high degree, of enjoying music, poetry, and the plastic arts. He says, with a simplicity and humility all his own, — though perhaps a little wistfully, — that his "æsthetic faculties have long been *atrophied.*"

Here is another instance, curiously like the one from Huxley, out of a somewhat older and decidedly more recondite work, — John Stuart Mill's Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy. The main argument of the Examination turned upon Sir William's assumption that goodness in a Supreme Being must needs be something so different from goodness in a limited human being, that we have no right to bring it to the same tests, or attempt measuring it by the same rule. Up to a certain point, in attacking the nicely jointed ethical system of which this postulate formed a part, Mill had preserved a cold and academic decorum, and employed only the driest and most technical phraseology. But suddenly there is a shiver of the sentient being, and the personal reaction of all this frigid argumentation sweeps over him, like a spring flood over a broken dam. The critic rises, and, at the pitch of his voice, in words palpitant with human passion declares that he does not and never will believe a doctrine, which to his mind and conscience destroys every conceivable sanction of human morality. "And if an Almighty Being can sentence me to hell for not so believing, *to hell I will go.*"

The "psychological" word had been spoken, the wireless message went home. Some of those who read were inexpressibly shocked, and some were mysteriously exhilarated; but the dauntless challenge thus delivered to Omnipotence became *the book* henceforth to by far the larger proportion of those who knew it at all, and it has remained so for the thirty odd years during which the very expensive logical scaffolding of either disputant has been tranquilly rotting away: —

> "One day still fierce, 'mid many a day struck calm."

Another instance of a similar character was furnished by FitzGerald's Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, — in those early days, already so long gone by, when the book was in the hands of those only whom it really concerned. The fit but few read the Rubáiyát first in the late sixties or early seventies, either in a now priceless little blue-covered brochure, or in the late Bernard Quaritch's thin red volume. I well remember what an epoch it made with me, and that I diffidently proposed to the then editor of a magazine which shall be nameless to say a few words about the new star that had arisen, in that fine critical print, which was so very fine in those remote days, and accommodated such an astonishing number of words to a page. I was tenderly but decisively told, in reply, that such a notice could have no general interest. But only a few years later the Rubáiyát got a long body article over a worthy name; and since then, — Heaven help us all! — there have been Omar socie-

ties and clubs; and almost as much vapid exploitation, and superfluous, not to say impertinent, commentary, as has been lavished on In Memoriam. Yet is it not true that both these poems mark their influence on their generation, and retain their vital hold, — the one by the thunderous passage, —

> "What, out of senseless nothing to provoke
> A sentient something," etc.

and the other by the three numbers LIV, LV, and LVI, beginning with the lines — almost as well known, now, as the opening of the Burial Service —

> "Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,"

and ending with the "sad mechanic" refrain, —

> "Behind the veil, behind the veil."

Of the instances I have thus far enumerated, three — Huxley's, Mill's, and FitzGerald's (for we all know, by this time, how much and how little Omar had to do with it) — strike almost the same Promethean chord. They are essentially *seditious*, — a ringing call — mad at the moment perhaps, as the majority of such calls must ever seem — to insurrection against an invisible and supernatural tyranny. But all of them, even Darwin's, indirectly and obscurely, touch the individual man to the quick concerning his own final destiny; as the Puritan divines would have said, they make him "anxiety about his soul." More hopeful than either of the foregoing extracts, yet almost more awful than any of them in its convincing solemnity, is the most frequently cited, — is it not the only frequently cited page from the Confessions of St. Augustine? — the one in which the Bishop that was to be describes the last talk he had with his mother, the sainted Monica, before that more than "magic casement," the open window at Ostia.

There can be, I think, but one reason why this particular passage out of a book all palpitant with personal feeling and interest — "the most *human* of all religious books," as the late Master of Balliol rightly called it — should have escaped from the keeping of the learned, to live in the heart of average humanity; and that is because it comes nearer than any other known collocation of merely human words, except perhaps one or two of St. Paul and of Dante, to penetrating the beyond, capturing the transcendent, expressing the inexpressible: —

"If life eternal were to be forever what that one moment of high insight was, would not this be, in very truth, to *enter into the joy of our Lord?*"

But a truce to translation! There is a very beautiful one of the whole scene, in the inconsequent Mr. Mallock's most unaccountable book, Is Life Worth Living? But I would most earnestly beg those whom it may really concern to turn to the tenth chapter of the ninth Book of the Confessions and read it all in the strange and soul-subduing *agro-dolce* of Augustine's own "converted" Latin.

Almost anything will seem like an anti-climax after it; still I am moved to inquire, as I pass, how many of the unprofessional and comparatively illiterate there are to whom the casual mention of Kant means anything more than the familiar remark of the astronomical prophet about the two things which fill him with equal wonder, the starry heaven above, and the moral law within; or to whom Plotinus is not comprised in that solitary, yet curiously uplifting expression, — "the flight of the one to the One." *Cætera desiderantur.*

The Passing of the Parlor.

Some months ago there appeared in these columns of pleasant protest an honest masculine lament for the disappearance of the woodshed. It seems that it was in the woodshed, that darling chaos, that sacred solitude of muss, that the master best knew his soul his own, — his soul and his house. In the process of architectural atrophy that has removed our spare rooms, our woodsheds, and our woodshed chambers, and that threatens

some day to unhome us all, there is another room being filched from us: that room wherein the heart of the mistress swelled fullest with sense of householdership, — I mean the parlor.

Our grandmothers had parlors. We had a parlor, too, when I was a little girl. The folding-doors by which it was separated from the rest of the house — from our home — moved jerkily, being not often opened. The shades were always drawn. It was not a room for children. We went there only to practice, and returned glad of escape from that dusk and great cleanliness into the dust-flecked sunshine of the sitting-room. We must not enter the parlor except with washen hands and well-wiped feet. Of all abominations, the utterest would have been to *eat* in the parlor; not even at Christmas when the folding-doors stood wide all day, and the mistletoe hung between, not even then; and not even sour-balls, surely of all possible messiness the most innocuous. The parlor was not for us; it was for company, and it belonged to the mother. I don't know when we lost our parlor. The going must have been gradual. I fancy that as we turned our teens and needed more growing room, we spread and spread, until the parlor was pushed clean out of doors. I wonder if the mother misses it?

The grandmother parlors were never lost, never while the grandmothers lived in the houses that had grown about them, and expressed them as the dress does its wearer. In these parlors were carpets abloom with bouquets of green and vermilion, under the bell glass were the wax flowers wrought when grandmother's fingers were white and soft, and there were the portraits and the slippery haircloth and the antimacassars and the faint mustiness of the straw under the carpet, — all so ugly, and so precious to grandmother! Our parlor was not like this, but it had chairs on which one must not sit, and table legs one must not kick, and curios one must not handle; it was not of our home at all. Yet was any room so cherished of the home-maker? No matter how noisy or cluttered the rest of the house, there is one scrubbed and silent room, forever orderly, ready. Here husband and children do not corrupt, here household care does not break through. No matter that she enters it only to dust, — the blessed peace of it she feels always, — the parlor is there, the door-bell stirs not her heart-strings. Here you may enter, O Stranger, you Polite Impertinence who dare to tirl our pin and demand that we deliver up to you the privacy of our homes. Here we receive you, here is our best and our tidiest; we are not afraid of you.

But where are these parlors of yesterday? Who of us now confesses to a parlor? True they still have parlors in Philadelphia; they keep them done up in mosquito netting and gray linen; but, even in Philadelphia, the parlor shall surely pass. It is going now, and the sign is this: so soon as Philadelphians accept you, even ever so little, just so soon as they believe that one day they may like you, they hurry you past the parlor door, first-floor front, upstairs to the second story back, into the room where they live. Fewer and fewer will be the guests entertained below, more and more they will be taken above, until, even in Philadelphia, the parlor of desuetude will have faded away.

Do not tell me that the change is anything so slight as mere nomenclature; it is the thing that is going from us. There is much magic in the names of rooms, but that is because they are little labels for places spiritual. Unhappy the home that holds not somewhere, by what name soever known, a "sitting-room," place for the mother's darning-basket, the father's smoking-tray, the children's pastepot and scrap-books; place to lounge, work, play, to be glad, sad, cross, for we are closest kin, and who cares? Here in the sitting-room we have divine right to be *we;* but you,

the outsider? No, I am old-fashioned, I had rather there were a parlor for you, — stay there!

Names do not make rooms: for instance, it is impossible to have a parlor in a flat. We cannot have the feeling of parlor in a room that can never be locked apart, — held sacred to guests; that can be, and frequently is, metamorphosed into sleeping-room at night. The sensation of parlor is impossible when we know that the couch on which we sit is a deceit, and that very likely you, O Caller, know this, too. The consciousness of our best, reserved for you alone, — no, this is impossible in a flat. The flat — poor hybrid, poor no-home, that it is — has done much to drive out of our homes, out of our hearts, the peace of the parlor.

Names do not make rooms, and drawing-room is not the equivalent of parlor. Drawing-room has an official, unhomey sound. The picture suggested to my mind by the word is always a long stretch of velvet carpet, high gilded mirrors on every wall, ranged in front of them rows of squat, over-upholstered chairs, and in the centre of the room, under a great chandelier, a circular sofa. I never saw a drawing-room like this; I don't know where the vision comes from, — probably from a picture, seen in childhood, of some dowdy English palace. There is to my mind something un-American in the word drawing-room. I speak as one obscure, one belonging to the Most. There is in the word parlor something agreeably American, pleasantly bourgeois, pleasantly Philistine. Besides, it is not only the name I plead for, it is the thing; I do not want you anywhere and everywhere in my house, you Stranger. For this is what the passing of the parlor means for us who belong to the Most. Architecture provides us now no place apart, no parlor. Why, half of us live in the hall, and receive you there, we, the little people who live in little houses.

Yet how many of us care? The parlor belongs to the things that are effete, to the days when children did not, without being pulled from behind the maternal crinoline, speak to grown-up visitors, when parsons golfed not, and old ladies wore caps, and company was spelled with seven capital letters.

What does it mean, this passing of the parlor? Are we growing more indifferent to what people think, that we now do not fence them up, but let them in, where we live? Are we growing more gracious and more careless-friendly? Whither do these things tend? With the passing of the parlor will other things also some day pass away, Company and Calls, and all the religion of pasteboard?

Yet I mourn for the parlor, that darkened and dustless room where we may be sure that all is tidy, and that no secret of soil or wear will be betrayed to eyes we do not quite trust. Is it entirely lost to us, that room where we may receive you with newly arranged hair, and fresh whiteness at the throat, where we may have the right to speak a little mincingly? For, see, in this room we keep our best, — what we think our best; perhaps not our sweet and homey best at all.

Must we then take you straight into our living-rooms, our loving-rooms, where you stumble over the children's blocks, and are rumpled and crumpled by the father's dogs? Must you see our homes and our hearts, O ye Strangers that break through our gates?

The Decadence of Proverbial Philosophy.

WHETHER the love of virtue and the practice of virtue can be instilled in the young by any system of education is a question which Socrates found it worth his while to ponder, but on which we wiser moderns have had little time to waste. We have perforce assumed that moral excellence can be induced by the proper training, yet we have hardly realized that our ideas of what constitutes the proper training must be radically readjusted.

The rod, it is true, has long had its day. No reputable scientific authority on the moral training of children has longer a good word to say for Solomon's panacea. The precocity of modern children in developing a sacred and inviolable sense of personal dignity precludes its employment, while their failure to develop *pari passu* the inhibitive tendencies which make for the comfort of others has thrown a dreadful burden on what is facetiously described as moral suasion.

But whether this residual doctrine is to prove any more tenable than the now defunct birch-and-rod theory remains to be seen. For upon what in the last resort does the exercise of moral suasion rest? Is it not upon certain indisputable axioms of conduct with which we are wont in season and out of season to bestrew the pathway of the young? Ever since the time of Benjamin Franklin, to go no farther back, we have acted as though under the persuasion that the pregnant proverb was the "guide of life." Each tale in the school reader had its moral; each accident in the household its lesson; every occurrence in the parish its warning; and universal history its terrible examples. Some fairly intelligent observers of their kind have been so imposed upon by this method as to attribute to it the whole difference between masculine and feminine codes of morality. Thus Stevenson tells us that "Man is a creature who lives not upon bread alone, but principally on catchwords; and the little rift between the sexes is astonishingly widened by simply teaching one set of catchwords to the girls and another to the boys."

Now it is against this didactic use of a proverbial philosophy that a violent reaction has set in. To the children of this generation "the words of the wise are as goads," in a very literal, yet a very unscriptural sense. I suppose no one but a very old-fashioned individual, and one singularly ignorant of this present evil world and its devices, would close an address even to a Sunday-school with the once widely current, "Be good, and you will be happy." Travesty and parody have blighted that aphorism beyond hope of rehabilitation. It is by no means the only proverb that engenders disdain on the part of youthful auditors. Such aversion to the improving watchword is all but universal.

Nor is this youthful repugnance to edifying generalizations the most disheartening feature of the situation. As usual, infantile depravity is justified by what parades as scientific pedagogy. The pedagogical expert now tells us that the moral maxim or proverb is commonly false, or at least fallacious; and that where reliable as a recipe for individual success, it is commonly though disguisedly selfish or anti-social.

It must, I think, be conceded that the naïvely pietized imagination of earlier days has been somewhat undiscriminating in its application of these instructive watchwords. The uniform recommendation of piety as a specific for success both in this life and in that which is to come accounts in some degree perhaps for the unmerited disrepute into which that seemingly excellent saying has fallen. But the rising tide of skepticism has overflowed not merely the proverbial dikes that have protected the frontiers of the moral life, but is sweeping away those time-worn secular adages that for generations have been the supposed breakwaters behind which commercial integrity has been sheltered. I do not find that any very general assent is longer given to the dictum that "honesty is the best policy." One discriminating observer has informed me that it applies only to retail trade. Even the group of proverbs that focus in prescribing unflagging industry as the road to worldly success is being undermined. It is true that unctuous homage is frequently and publicly paid to some reading of this proverb, but it fails longer to carry conviction. The now common spectacle of some famous millionaire pe-

riodically disclosing to gaping auditors the secret of his worldly success has become something to jeer at. The hardly concealed incredulity of the public has put a terrible strain on the rhetoric of these preachers of perseverance. "England," said Nelson, "expects every man to do his duty;" yet Mr. Schwab, president of the Steel Trust, is very bold and says: "Everybody is expected to do his duty, but the boy who does his duty, and a little more than his duty, is the boy who is going to succeed in this world." To this one cynic replies that "this much belauded industry theory of success can be true only so long as most people don't act on it." If each does more than his duty, the standard will ere long be so much raised and so exacting that all will be worse off than before. Hence such supererogatory virtue can redound only to the success of the few, and presupposes the failure of the many. And from this point of view there is another argument adduced against the industry theory of commercial success, namely, that the acceptance of this theory screens from scrutiny and attack the many who have amassed wealth by far other and less laudable means. To the same Limbo are consigned such obviously anti-social maxims as "There 's always room at the top." This might be preached to the basket of vipers each trying to raise his head above his neighbors, — a description of the modern industrial world which we owe to Ruskin and Carlyle. Even the excellent Samuel Smiles's admonition that in this country any boy may be president is condemned by our new masters on the same grounds.

Now what is to be done in this state of affairs is another question. But we may as well make up our minds to the fact that to the rising generation a pious fraud is *not* as good as a miracle. Whether our proper course is to sift our remaining stock of moral maxims, and to use in future only those that have not been reversed in the higher court of juvenile criticism, I do not know. I am concerned here merely to point out the indubitable decay into which our time-honored proverbial philosophy has fallen. "If the foundations be destroyed what can the righteous do?"

The Franklin Fund.

I HAVE a distant relative who glories in the possession of some silver spoons that once belonged to Benjamin Franklin's mother and sister. She has also some cheese that was made about the time of the Revolutionary War. Its value if its cost at compound interest were computed would be absurdly disproportionate to its flavor, for its quality, whatever it may have been one hundred and thirty years ago, is somewhat like an ancient joke. Still, my cousin occasionally on great occasions carefully pares off a tiny shaving, and allows sympathetic friends to imagine that there is some saving grace connected with its antiquity. That, and a bit of tea rescued from the famous "Boston Tea Party," and likewise bereft of its flavor, but sipped from cups that came over in the Mayflower, and stirred with spoons which once kissed Franklin's own lips, certainly carry the imagination back to the strenuous days when "Georgius Secundus was still alive."

This dignified ceremony took place on last Forefathers' Day. Alas, not many times more to be repeated, for the preciously guarded loaf and the much reverenced fund of tea leaves are becoming homœopathic in quantity. On this occasion, several of us, having partaken with due solemnity, felt very strongly that Franklin was near us, as if he hovered in almost visible form over the table where the priceless relics stood. A day or two later, my wife had a professional masseuse as a relief for a slight attack of neuralgia. This woman does not claim to be a spiritual medium, and yet she always relapses into a sort of trance. Her voice changes and becomes

decidedly masculine, and, under the guise of a certain Dr. Throgmorton, she treats simple ailments, and by the specifics which she prescribes often, so my wife thinks, dispels troubles that baffle our regular family physician. I take no stock in it, and laugh when I am told of future events which this wise and mysterious visitant sometimes prophesies. On this occasion I chanced to be present, and I was somewhat electrified when Mrs. —— in the deep bass voice of an old-school practitioner announced that Dr. Benjamin Franklin was in the room, and would like to communicate with me. Of course I was flattered, and expressed my willingness to listen.

"Here he is," said Dr. Throgmorton; "I will let him speak for himself."

And indeed a curious change instantly took place in the voice of the speaker: it became thinner and finer, it had a wheedling quality with the peculiar timbre of old age. He said: —

"On the 22d you were at the house of my kinswoman, Mrs. ——, and you drank tea from a cup that had descended to my mother, and you stirred it with a spoon that belonged to my sister."

I acknowledged that such was the case. The spirit of Franklin proceeded:

"I have been long desirous of sending a message to the chief persons both of my native and of my adopted city. I have watched eagerly for such an opportunity as this. Your contact with my family relics brought a strong influence to bear upon me, and the chance has at last come. You will do me the favor to take accurate note of my words, and report them to the proper parties. Listen: in a codicil to my will, dated June 23, 1789, I left Boston and Philadelphia each the sum of £1000 to let out at interest at five per cent to young married artificers. I expected that each principal would in the course of a hundred years amount to £131,000, and I explicitly directed that £100,000 of it should be laid out in public works, fortifications, bridges, aqueducts, roads, public buildings, baths, pavements, or whatever would make living in the town more convenient to its people, and render it more agreeable to strangers resorting thither for health or temporary residence. I directed that the residue — £31,000 — should be again let out for another space of a hundred years, when, according to my best calculations, it would amount to £4,061,000."

I here ventured to inform Franklin that in Boston, at least, the fund had been faithfully nurtured, and that the purchase of the large tract of land forming the beautiful park that bears his name was in exact accordance with his will.

"Very good, very good," he replied, "I have watched with great pleasure the transformation of that tract of land, and while I feel that the money could not have been more wisely expended, I have viewed with much solicitude the way in which further large sums have been borrowed in order to construct roads, build overlooks, gird it with costly walls, and, especially of late, undo what it had cost largely to perform. It would have been much better if the Park Commissioners had with a few proper exceptions made it a rule to pay as they proceeded instead of loading a vast debt on their descendants. You may remember my advice about borrowing. Poor Richard uttered many wise saws, if I do say it who should not. But that is not what I wanted to say. I believe the residue amounts to nearly $400,000."

"Yes," I said, "it was more than $365,000 three years ago."

"Well," continued Franklin, "that proves that there has been careful husbandry."

I assured him that though at first the legacy was neglected by the selectmen, it afterwards fell into good hands, and "is now managed by the Board of Aldermen, assisted or corrected by the ministers of the oldest Episcopal, Congregationalist, and Presbyterian churches

of the city. They have been long deliberating how best to expend the sum. Some wanted a trade school but" —

"Yes, I know," interrupted Franklin, "the trades unions antagonized that distribution of it, and it is in regard to this very thing that I wish to express an opinion. Naturally, though I am in another world, I have taken the keenest interest in the development of electricity on earth. I flatter myself that if I could be reincarnated I should have a hand in the electrical inventions that make your age memorable. I have been a constant observer of the progress made each year, and occasionally I have been led to make suggestions to Edison, Tesla, Marconi, as indeed I did to the earlier pioneers in telegraphy, and electric lighting, and other industries, thereby causing several improvements over my original epoch-making discovery. They did not know it, but I communicated these suggestions to them while they were asleep. That is one way in which the few of us that are allowed to be in touch with terrestrial affairs can influence the living, — understand me, I mean living in the flesh, for if the word living is to be applied, it is to us who have shaken off the shackles of the body. This method of communication is very unsatisfactory, for sleep is akin to death, and when the spirit is partially loosened from the body, the memory generally fails to carry any true impression of what has happened. — But my message is in danger of being not delivered. It would be a serious loss. Listen: I frequently travel back and forth in your electric cars, especially in the new elevated lines. I am delighted with that mode of locomotion when I compare it with the slow and tedious ways we had of getting about when I was Postmaster-General, and had to go by stagecoach from Philadelphia to New York. Of course it is all very crude compared with my present facilities."

I was filled with desire to learn more of them, but he proceeded: —

"I will tell you frankly that the noisy, unsatisfactory, and often dangerous trolley, and even the third rail, will some time be supplanted by a still better mode of locomotion, for electric travel is as yet only in its infancy. But again I wander. It troubles me greatly to see that the spaces around the cornices of the cars in all the American cities, and also those abroad, are sold for advertisements of the most heterogeneous sort. It is certainly unfortunate that such despicable doggerel and such hideous illustrations should be allowed to attract attention to such things as spirits — I mean liquors — and corsets and medicines. Now this is what I wish done with my unexpended fund: Let the trustees take possession of all the advertising space in the electric cars in Boston and Philadelphia, and devote it to a sort of traveling library or university. I see that each unit of space costs only two cents a day for each car. Let the President of Harvard, and other capable persons, lay out such a course of instruction as could be fitted to such an object. Let the great lessons of literature — inspiring poems, apothegms from Poor Richard, wise sayings from the Bible and the Koran, memorable passages from philosophy and political economy — be clearly printed and changed about from time to time. Suitable engravings and even beautiful and helpful paintings might be distributed at proper intervals, and the preparation of these paintings and the composition of appropriate poems might well serve as a stimulus to painters and poets, — both of which classes of your citizens seem to be sadly neglected at the present time. The notable events of history could be thus placed before the young; moral maxims would elevate and encourage, and I am certain that in an incredibly short space of time there would be a vast improvement in the culture and morale of the two cities. This would be particularly desirable in Philadelphia, which, I am sorry to say, is in a Quaker state."

I was not certain that I had heard correctly, or was it merely the old-fashioned pronunciation? I thought Franklin had fallen into his bad habit of uttering puns. At all events I forgot myself and coughed, for the whole conversation was so real that I forgot that I was talking with a spirit. The noise I made disturbed the medium. She awoke with a start, rubbed her eyes, and, in her own delicately modulated voice, inquired of me if she had been asleep!

As for Franklin, he was cut off as inexorably as if he had been using a telephone. I simply record his message as I received it. It strikes me that it is marked by much of Franklin's sound common sense, and deserves to be heeded.

The Apparel and the Man.

It is generally assumed that there is some kind of correspondence between a man's appearance and his character. With this idea I have no quarrel. But the language in which it is usually expressed seems to imply that the character is always the cause and the appearance the consequence. Yet very frequently the reverse is the case. Instead of the appearance being the expression of the character, the character may be the impression of the appearance, as the design of the casting is the impression of the mould.

I once knew a man who was by nature and in youth modest and unobtrusive. As he grew up, however, he became excessively large in body, so that his meekness of demeanor was ridiculously incongruous, and he was positively forced to adopt a robustious tone. Later he grew to fit the part that an accident of physique had compelled him to play, and when we ceased to be friends he had become an intolerable bully. A pose arranged by a photographer with an eye for the picturesque has been known to lead the subject to abandon a profitable but prosaic vocation, and seek a career more appropriate to a young man whose picture was said to be "so like Keats." Sentimentalists have courted illness because a passing ailment has shown them their faces refined by an interesting pallor.

The ignoring of the tendency exhibited in such cases has led to the comparative neglect of an important means of moral education. Give a pig a clean sty, and he will pretend to cleanliness as long as he plausibly can. Most boys are reluctant to make mud pies the first day they wear a new suit. We are all finer gentlemen in evening dress. Contrariwise, it is a just resentment that we feel at the sign of malice in a beautiful girl; and the ignominy of an aristocrat jars our better nature, however it may please the dog in us, for we are pained at the wanton abandonment of a vantage ground for nobleness.

The principle hinted at in all this lurks in a variety of familiar precepts and customs. "Assume a virtue if you have it not" need not lead to hypocrisy, but may be the device of a laudable aspiration. Affectation, the most tiresome of petty vices, may be gloriously transformed if the sinner can only see that it is more worth while to be than to seem the fulfillment of his ideal. The wearing of a uniform is no small incentive to the conduct of a soldier and a gentleman, for the uniform symbolizes a standard by which the wearer challenges the world to judge him. A freshman at college has already begun to undergo a modification of his whole character in the direction of the type which he supposes himself to represent.

Thus the accident of a man's exterior takes its place among the symbols of a particular ideal. We crave distinction in character as in everything else, and the endless differentiation of human beings makes the ambition a lawful one, so that a man need never be emulous of his neighbor, but only of the ideal. This ideal he supposes to be of his own choice. And indeed it is for him to act well or ill, but the play has been cast before he comes upon the stage, and it is not seldom by the costume assigned him that he recognizes his rôle.

Enclosed find Check.

BELIEVE me, gentle writer, it is far better for posterity that your manuscripts should be rejected than that they should be accepted. I make this remark not as one of the glittering generalities to which writer folk are prone. I draw it out of the deep well of my own experience. I was sitting the other morning, looking into the depths of this well and admiring some of the pretty things I saw there; and I was just on the point of getting a hook and line to fish one of them up for purposes of literature, when the door-bell rang. The postman had brought me — not the usual returned manuscript — but a brief note of acceptance and a check. Could anything be more disconcerting! Had it been a refusal my mind would not have been perturbed. It was used to refusals. But an acceptance! The imagination took a wild leap and was off. "Why?" it demanded, "Wherefore?" I had not remembered that that particular article was worth being accepted. I had sent it off a month ago and more, for the fifth time — not because I had active hope, but from principle. And here was the check. I looked at it fondly, and turned it over. I read the name of the firm and the matter in small print — dates and dollar marks. Then I indorsed it and put it in the left-hand corner of my desk. I returned blinkingly to my morning's work. What was it I was thinking of when the door-bell rang? — Oh, the well! I looked once more into its depths. But the surface was troubled. Shining dollar marks danced above it. I tried to focus my gaze and wait till they should disappear, and the depths subside; but little questions crept up behind and tugged at my *medulla oblongata*. How did the article begin? Was it really long enough to warrant the check? I opened the drawer and looked at the check again. Then I hunted up the rough draft of the article and tried to estimate the number of words. — Six thousand? — They must pay two cents a word. How very pleasant! I read a page or two in the middle to see whether it was worth accepting and to discover what the editor liked in it. . . . It certainly was good! My phrases rose up to greet me, and smiled complacently as I patted them on the back. . . . I had no idea it was so good! . . . I turned my back to the well and gloated over success. All the little shining truths that lay at the bottom of it seemed but idle bubbles hardly worth gathering by one who had articles accepted. . . . I really must tell somebody. The family were away. No one in the house but Mary. I strolled out through the kitchen to the apple barrel. On my way back I made an offhand, casual remark about my good fortune. Mary smiled — her broad, patronizing, Irish smile — and said, "That 's nice, now, ain't it?" I returned to the study and ate the apple and re-read the editor's note. "We take pleasure in accepting" — When the apple was finished I hunted up pen and paper and sat down by the well again. But some one had been in in my absence, apparently, and put a cover over it and fastened it down. I tried to lift the cover off; yet every time I raised it, so much as the width of a finger, little mocking phrases flew out and gibed at me, "We take pleasure in accepting" — "Enclosed find check" — "Yours very truly" — I spare you, dear reader. I will not drag you through that miserable morning as I was dragged. I gave over, at last, trying to find out what lay at the bottom of the well — beautiful, shining things that I shall never see again, that you will never see again, gentle writer, and that the world will never see. As for the accepted article — it has not been printed yet, and the check was spent long since. Gladly would I give the article, gladly would I give the check — if I had it again — for one glimpse, just one glimpse, of those pretty shining things I saw that morning, lying deep on the bottom of a well.

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THE NEGRO IN THE REGULAR ARMY.

When the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment stormed Fort Wagner July 18, 1863, only to be driven back with the loss of its colonel, Robert Gould Shaw, and many of its rank and file, it established for all time the fact that the colored soldier would fight and fight well. This had already been demonstrated in Louisiana by colored regiments under the command of General Godfrey Weitzel in the attack upon Port Hudson on May 27 of the same year. On that occasion regiments composed for the greater part of raw recruits, plantation hands with centuries of servitude under the lash behind them, stormed trenches and dashed upon cold steel in the hands of their former masters and oppressors. After that there was no more talk in that portion of the country of the "natural cowardice" of the negro. But the heroic qualities of Colonel Shaw, his social prominence and that of his officers, and the comparative nearness of their battlefield to the North, attracted greater and more lasting attention to the daring and bravery of their exploit, until it finally became fixed in many minds as the first real baptism of fire of colored American soldiers.

After Wagner the recruiting of colored regiments, originally opposed by both North and South, went on apace, particularly under the Federal government, which organized no less than one hundred and fifty-four, designated as "United States Colored Troops." Colonel Shaw's raising of a colored regiment aroused quite as much comment in the North because of the race prejudice it defied, as because of the novelty of the new organization. General Weitzel tendered his resignation the instant General B. F. Butler assigned black soldiers to his brigade, and was with difficulty induced to serve on. His change of mind was a wise one, and not only because these colored soldiers covered him with glory at Port Hudson. It was his good fortune to be the central figure in one of the dramatic incidents of a war that must ever rank among the most thrilling and tragic the world has seen. The black cavalrymen who rode into Richmond, the first of the Northern troops to enter the Southern capital, went in waving their sabres and crying to the negroes on the sidewalks, "We have come to set you free!" They were from the division of Godfrey Weitzel, and American history has no more stirring moment.

In the South, notwithstanding the raising in 1861 of a colored Confederate regiment by Governor Moore of Louisiana (a magnificent body of educated colored men which afterwards became the First Louisiana National Guards of General Weitzel's brigade and the first colored regiment in the Federal Army), the feeling against negro troops was insurmountable until the last days of the struggle. Then no straw could be overlooked. When, in December, 1863, Major-General Patrick R. Cleburne, who commanded a division in Hardee's Corps of the Confederate Army of the Tennes-

see, sent in a paper in which the employment of the slaves as soldiers of the South was vigorously advocated, Jefferson Davis indorsed it with the statement, "I deem it inexpedient at this time to give publicity to this paper, and request that it be suppressed." General Cleburne urged that "freedom within a reasonable time" be granted to every slave remaining true to the Confederacy, and was moved to this action by the valor of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, saying, "If they [the negroes] can be made to face and fight bravely against their former masters, how much more probable is it that with the allurement of a higher reward, and led by those masters, they would submit to discipline and face dangers?"

With the ending of the civil war the regular army of the United States was reorganized upon a peace footing by an act of Congress dated July 28, 1866. In just recognition of the bravery of the colored volunteers six regiments, the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry and the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, and Forty-first Infantry, were designated as colored regiments. When the army was again reduced in 1869, the Thirty-eighth and Forty-first became the Twenty-fourth Infantry, and the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth became the Twenty-fifth. This left four colored regiments in the regular army as it was constituted from 1870 until 1901. There has never been a colored artillery organization in the regular service.

To these new regiments came a motley mixture of veterans of volunteer organizations, newly released slaves, and some freedmen of several years' standing but without military experience. They were eager to learn, and soon showed the same traits which distinguish the black regiments to-day, — loyalty to their officers and to their colors, sobriety and courage, and a notable pride in the efficiency of their corps. But if ever officers had to "father and mother" their soldiers they were the company officers of these regiments. The captains in particular had to be bankers, secretaries, advisers, and judges for their men. As Lieutenant Grote Hutcheson has stated it, "The men knew nothing, and the non-commissioned officers but little more. From the very circumstances of their preceding life it could not be otherwise. They had no independence, no self-reliance, not a thought except for the present, and were filled with superstition." Yet the officers were determined to prove the wisdom of the experiment. To do this they were forced to give their own attention to the minutest details of military administration, and to act as non-commissioned officers. The total lack of education among the men necessitated an enormous amount of writing by the officers. In the Ninth Cavalry only one man was found able to write well enough to be sergeant-major, and not for several years was it possible to obtain troop clerks. When the Tenth Cavalry was being recruited an officer was sent to Philadelphia with the express purpose of picking up educated colored men for the non-commissioned positions. Difficult as the tasks of the officers thus were, most of them felt well repaid for their unusual labors by the affectionate regard in which they were held by their soldiers, and by the never-failing good humor with which the latter went about their duties.

As the years passed the character of the colored soldiers naturally changed. In place of the war veterans, and of the men whose chains of servitude had just been struck off, came young men from the North and East with more education and more self-reliance. They depended less upon their officers, both in the barracks and in the field, yet they reverenced and cared for them as much as did their predecessors. Their greatest faults then as now were gambling and quarreling. On the other hand, the negro regiments speedily became favorably known because of greater sobriety and of

fewer desertions than among the white soldiers. It was the Ninth Cavalry which a few years ago astonished the army by reporting not a single desertion in twelve months, an unheard-of and perhaps undreamed-of record. In all that goes to make a good soldier, in drill, fidelity, and smartness, the negro regular from the first took front rank.

Nor was there ever any lack of the fighting quality which had gratified the nation at Fort Wagner, or at Fort Blakely, Ala., where the Seventy-third Colored Infantry, under Colonel Henry C. Merriam, stormed the enemy's works, in advance of orders, in one of the last actions of the war. It soon fell to the lot of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry to prove that the negroes could do as well under fire in the Indian wars as they had when fighting for the freedom of their race. While the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry had merely garrison work to do, the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry scouted for years against hostile Indians in Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, and Kansas, always acquitting themselves honorably. In September, 1868, a little over two years after their organization, three troops of the Ninth Cavalry did well in an action against Indians at Horsehead Hills, Texas. When General George A. Forsyth and his detachment of fifty scouts were surrounded and "corralled" by seven hundred Indians on an island in the Republican River, it was the troop of Captain Louis H. Carpenter, of the Tenth Cavalry, which first came to their rescue. Similarly when Major T. T. Thornburg's command was nearly wiped out by Utes in 1879, it was Captain F. S. Dodge's Troop D of the Ninth which succeeded in reaching it in time, losing all its horses in so doing. This regiment alone took part in sixty Indian fights between 1868 and 1890, during which time it lost three officers and twenty-seven men killed, and had three officers and thirty-four men wounded. The Tenth Cavalry's casualties were also heavy during this same period, and it fought for many years over a most difficult country in New Mexico and Arizona, taking a conspicuous part in running to earth Geronimo's and Victoria's bands of Apaches.

On one of these campaigns Lieutenant Powhatan H. Clarke gave effective proof of the affection which the officers of colored regiments have for their men. In the fight in the Pineto Mountains with a portion of Geronimo's forces this young Southerner risked his life to save a colored sergeant who had fallen wounded in an open space where both he and his rescuer were easy marks for the Apaches. For this gallant act Lieutenant Clarke rightly received a medal of honor. The Twenty-fourth Infantry, on the other hand, has contributed a striking instance of the devotion of colored soldiers to their officers. When Major Joseph W. Wham, paymaster, was attacked by robbers on May 11, 1889, his colored escort fought with such gallantry that every one of the soldiers was awarded a medal of honor or a certificate of merit. Some of them stood their ground although badly wounded, notably Sergeant Benjamin Brown, who continued to fight and to encourage his men until shot through both arms. In a fight against Apaches in the Cuchilo Negro Mountains of New Mexico on August 16, 1881, Moses Williams, First Sergeant of Troop I, Ninth Cavalry, displayed such gallantry that he was given a medal of honor by common consent. When the only officer with the detachment, Lieutenant Gustavus Valois, had his horse shot under him, and was cut off from his men, Sergeant Williams promptly rallied the detachment, and conducted the right flank in a running fight for several hours with such coolness, bravery, and unflinching devotion to duty that he undoubtedly saved the lives of at least three comrades. His action in standing by and rescuing Lieutenant Valois was the more noteworthy because he and his men were subjected, in an exposed position, to a heavy fire

from a large number of Indians. For splendid gallantry against Indians, while serving as sergeant of Troop K, Ninth Cavalry, on May 14, 1880, and August 12, 1881, George Jordan was also given a medal of honor. Five of the medal of honor men now in the service are colored soldiers, while fifteen others have "certificates of merit" also awarded for conspicuous deeds of bravery.

It was not until the battle of Santiago, however, that the bulk of the American people realized that the standing army comprised regiments composed wholly of black men. Up to that time only one company of colored soldiers had served at a post east of the Mississippi. Even Major, later Brigadier-General, Guy V. Henry's gallop to the rescue of the Seventh Cavalry on December 30, 1890, with four troops of the Ninth Cavalry, attracted but little attention. This feat was the more remarkable because Major Henry's command had just completed a march of more than one hundred miles in twenty-four hours. But in the battle at Santiago, the four colored regiments won praise from all sides, particularly for their advance upon Kettle Hill, in which the Rough Riders also figured. From the very beginning of the movement of the army after its landing, the negro troops were in the front of the fighting, and contributed largely to the successful result. Although they suffered heavy losses, especially in officers, the men fought with the same gallantry they had displayed on the plains, as is attested by the honors awarded. In every company there were instances of personal gallantry. The first sergeants especially lived up to the responsibilities placed upon them. The color sergeant of the Tenth Cavalry, Adam Houston, bore to the front not only his own flags, but those of the Third Cavalry when the latter's color sergeant was shot down. In several emergencies where troops or companies lost their white officers, the senior sergeants took command and handled their men in a faultless manner, notably in the Tenth Cavalry.

Indeed, the conduct of these men has done much to dispel the old belief that colored soldiers will fight only when they have efficient white officers. This may well have been true at one period of the civil war when the colored race as a whole had never even had the responsibilities attaching to free men. It is growing less and less true as time passes and better educated men enter the ranks. In recognition of their achievements at Santiago a number of these black non-commissioned officers were made commissioned officers in several of the so-called "immune" regiments of United States Volunteers raised in July, 1898. None of these organizations were in service long enough to become really efficient, and a few were never properly disciplined. Nevertheless, a majority of the officers promoted from the colored regulars bore themselves well under exceedingly trying circumstances. Some of them, and a number of regular sergeants and corporals who had succeeded to their former places, were made lieutenants and captains in the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Volunteer Infantry, which served in the Philippines for two years, and to which we shall recur later.

At Santiago the characteristic cheerfulness of the negro soldiers was as striking as their bravery. In his little book called The Nth Foot In War, Lieutenant M. B. Stewart says of them: —

"The negro troops were in a high good humor. They had made the charge of the day; they had fought with a dash and vigor which forever established their reputation as fighters, and which would carry them down in the pages of history. To have heard them that night no one would have ever thought that they had lived for twelve mortal hours under a galling fire. They were laughing and joking over the events of the day, in the same manner they would have done had they been returning from a picnic.

"'Golly,' laughed a six-foot sergeant, 'dere was music in de air sho' nuff. Dat lead was flying around in sheets, I tell you. I seen a buzzard flying around in front of our line, and I says to myself, "Buzzard, you is in a mighty dangerous position. You better git out uf dat, 'cause dey ain't room out dar for a muskeeter."' Another remarked, 'Say, did you see dat man Brown; pity dat man been killed. He 'd a been a corporal, sho.'

"In the utter exhaustion of the moment all race and social distinctions were forgotten. Officers lay down among their men and slept like logs. The negro troops sought out soft places along the sides of the road and lay down with their white comrades. There was a little commotion among the latter, and an officer was heard to yell: 'Here, you man, take your feet off my stomach. Well, I'll be damned if it ain't a nigger. Get out, you black rascal.' As the commotion subsided, the negro was heard to remark, 'Well, if dat ain't de mos' particler man I ever see.'"

Characteristic also is a story of the negro cavalryman who, returning to the rear, said to some troops anxious to get to the front: "Dat 's all right, gemmen; don't git in a sweat; dere 's lots of it lef' for you. You wants to look out for dese yere sharpshooters, for dey is mighty careless with dere weapons, and dey is specially careless when dey is officers aroun'."

As soon as the army settled down in the trenches before Santiago, smuggled musical instruments — guitars, banjos, mouth organs, and what not — appeared among the negro troops as if by magic, and they were ever in use. It was at once a scene of cheerfulness and gayety, and the officers had their usual trouble in making the men go to sleep instead of spending the night in talking, singing, and gaming. In the peaceful camp of the Third Alabama, in that state, the scenes were similar. There was always "a steady hum of laughter and talk, dance, song, shout, and the twang of musical instruments." It was "a scene full of life and fun, of jostling, scuffling, and racing, of clown performances and cake-walks, of impromptu minstrelsy, speech-making, and preaching, of deviling, guying, and fighting, both real and mimic." The colonel found great difficulty in getting men to work alone. Two would volunteer for any service. "Colonel," said a visitor to the camp, "your sentinels are sociable fellows. I saw No. 5 over at the end of his beat entertaining No. 6 with some fancy manual of arms. Afterwards, with equal amiability, No. 6 executed a most artistic cake-walk for his friend." It must be remembered here that this colonel's men were typical Southern negroes, literate and illiterate, and all new to military life.

In addition to the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Volunteers, the four regular colored regiments have served in the Philippines. Here the work was particularly trying and the temptations to misconduct many. The Filipino women were especially attractive to the men because of their color, and it is on record that several soldiers were tempted from their allegiance to the United States. Two of these, whose sympathy and liking for the Filipinos overcame their judgment, paid the full penalty of desertion, being hanged by their former comrades. Both belonged to the Ninth Cavalry. On the other hand, in a remarkable order issued by General A. S. Burt in relinquishing command of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, on April 17, 1902, on his promotion to brigadier-general, he was able to quote the Inspector-General of the army as saying: "The Twenty-fifth Infantry is the best regiment I have seen in the Philippines." General Burt praised highly the excellent conduct of the enlisted men while in the Archipelago, which proved to his mind that the American negroes are "as law-abiding as any race in the world."

Three of General Burt's sergeants,

Russell, McBryar, and Hoffman, were promoted to the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Volunteers, and served, as lieutenants, for several months with their old regiment, the Twenty-fifth, until the arrival of their new regiments in Manila. During this time they were frequently under fire. General Burt bore high testimony to their soldierly bearing, their capacity and ability, and expressed great regret when he was forced to let them go. McBryar had won a medal of honor for gallantry against Indians in Arizona in 1890. In the Forty-ninth Volunteers, Company L, composed wholly of colored men, and commanded by Captain Edward L. Baker, a colored veteran of Santiago, who had served for seventeen years in the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry and in the Tenth "Immunes," made a wonderful record. According to a statement which was widely published at the time and never denied, this company had on its rolls during a period of twelve months one hundred and six men who were fit for duty at all times and never lost a day on account of sickness. No white company remotely approached this record. More extraordinary still is the fact that during this same period not one of these men ever went before a court-martial. This is surely a striking illustration of what can be done by colored officers. It is noticeable, too, that neither the officers nor the men of any colored regiment have figured in the charges and counter-charges arising out of the use of the water torture, except one man who at the time of his offense was not with his regiment. The Forty-ninth Volunteers was a very unhappy regiment during its brief life, but its troubles were largely due to its white officers. One of these, a major, was dismissed for misconduct, and his place was filled by the senior captain, a colored man. Several other white officers and one colored captain got into serious trouble, the last being dismissed. The Forty-eighth was, on the contrary, a contented organization in which the colored officers were treated in a kindly and courteous manner by their white associates and superiors. The two regiments afford a striking illustration of Napoleon's saying, "There are no such things as poor regiments, — only poor colonels."

The negro regiment unquestionably calls for different treatment from that which would be accorded to white troops, just as the Indian troops of King Edward's army require different handling from that called for in the case of the King's Royal Rifles. Yet as fighting machines, the Indian soldiers may be the equals if not the superiors of the Englishmen. Major Robert L. Bullard, Twenty-eighth United States Infantry, who commanded the colored Third Alabama Volunteers, already referred to, during the war with Spain, discusses in a remarkable paper published in the United Service Magazine for July, 1901, the differences between negro and white soldiers. They are so great, he says, as to require the military commander to treat the negro as a different species. He must fit his methods of instruction and discipline to the characteristics of the race. Major Bullard adds that "mistakes, injustices, and failures would result from his making the same rules and methods apply to the two races without regard to how far apart set by nature or separated by evolution." But Major Bullard would unquestionably concede that these differences in no way require a treatment of the negro soldier which implies that he is an inferior being and which ever impresses upon him his inferiority. Yet this seems to have been the case in the Forty-ninth United States Volunteers.

In the regular army, as well as in the volunteers, officers have frequently appealed with success to the negroes' pride of race, and have urged them on to greater efficiency and better behavior by reminding them that they have the honor of their people in their hands. To

such appeals there is ever a prompt response. One of the most effective ways of disciplining an offender is by holding him up to the ridicule of his fellows. The desire of the colored soldiers to amuse and to be amused gives the officers an easy way of obtaining a hold upon them and their affections. The regimental rifle team, the baseball nine, the minstrel troupe, and the regimental band offer positions of importance for which the competition is much keener than in the white regiments. There is also a friendly rivalry between companies, which is much missed elsewhere in the service. The negroes are natural horsemen and riders. It is a pleasure to them to take care of their mounts, and a matter of pride to keep their animals in good condition. Personally they are clean and neat, and they take the greatest possible pride in their uniforms. In no white regiment is there a similar feeling. With the negroes the canteen question is of comparatively slight importance, not only because the men can be more easily amused within their barracks, but because their appetite for drink is by no means as strong as that of the white men. Their sociability is astonishing. They would rather sit up and tell stories and crack jokes than go to bed, no matter how hard the day has been.

The dark sides are, that the negro soldiers easily turn merited punishment into martyrdom, that their gambling propensities are almost beyond control, that their habit of carrying concealed weapons is incurable, and that there is danger of serious fighting when they fall out with one another. Frequent failure to act honorably toward a comrade in some trifling matter is apt to cause scuffling and fighting until the men are well disciplined. Women are another cause of quarrels, and are at all times a potent temptation to misconduct and neglect of duty. It is very difficult to impress upon the men the value of government property, and duty which requires memorizing of orders is always the most difficult to teach. For the study of guard duty manuals or of tactics they have no natural aptitude. The non-commissioned officers are of very great importance, and in the regulars are looked up to and obeyed implicitly, much more so than is the case with white troops. It is necessary, however, for the officers to back up the sergeants and corporals very vigorously, even when they are slightly in the wrong. Then colored men are more easily "rattled" by poor officers than are their white comrades. There was a striking instance of this two or three years ago when a newly appointed and wholly untrained white officer lost his head at a post in Texas. His black subordinates, largely recruits, followed suit, and in carrying out his hysterical orders imperiled many lives in the neighboring town. Selections for service with colored troops should therefore be most carefully made. Major Bullard declares that the officer of negro troops "must not only be an officer and a gentleman, but he must be considerate, patient, laborious, self-sacrificing, a man of affairs, and he must have knowledge and wisdom in a great lot of things not really military."

If the position of a white officer is a difficult one, that of the colored officer is still more so. He has not the self-assumed superiority of the white man, naturally feels that he is on trial, and must worry himself incessantly about his relations to his white comrades of the shoulder straps. While the United States Navy has hitherto been closed to negroes who aspire to be officers, the army has pursued a wiser and more just policy. The contrast between the two services is really remarkable. On almost every war vessel white and black sailors sleep and live together in crowded quarters without protest or friction. But the negro naval officer is kept out of the service by hook or by crook for

the avowed reason that the cramped quarters of the wardroom would make association with him intolerable. In the army, on the other hand, the experiment of mixed regiments has never been tried. A good colored soldier can nevertheless obtain a commission by going through West Point, or by rising from the ranks, or by being appointed directly from civil life.

Since the foundation of the Military Academy there have been eighteen colored boys appointed to West Point, of whom fifteen failed in their preliminary examinations, or were discharged after entering because of deficiency in studies. Three were graduated and commissioned as second lieutenants of cavalry, Henry Ossian Flipper, John Hanks Alexander, and Charles Young. Of these, Lieutenant Flipper was dismissed June 30, 1882, for "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." The other two proved themselves excellent officers, notably Young, who is at this writing a captain, and a most efficient one, in the Ninth Cavalry, with which he recently served in the Philippines. Lieutenant Alexander died suddenly in 1894. In announcing his death in a regimental order his colonel spoke of him in terms of high praise, and did not use the customary stereotyped phrases of regret. His fellow white officers all had good words for him. There never was more striking testimony to the discipline and spirit of fairness at West Point than was afforded by the sight of Cadet Charles Young, who is of very dark complexion, commanding white cadets. Nothing else has impressed foreign visitors at West Point half so much.

An equally remarkable happening, and one which speaks even more for the democratic spirit in the army, was the commissioning in 1901 of Sergeant-Major Benjamin O. Davis, Ninth Cavalry, and of Corporal John E. Green, Twenty-fourth Infantry. Both these men were examined by boards of white officers, who might easily have excluded them because of color prejudice, in which case there would have been no appeal from their findings. Lieutenant Davis's former troop commander, a West Pointer, openly rejoiced at his success, and predicted that he would make an excellent officer. These are the first two colored men to rise from the ranks, but there will be many more if the same admirable spirit of fair play continues to rule in the army and is not altered by outside prejudice. It was thought that there would be a severe strain upon discipline when a colored officer rose to the rank of captain and to the command of white officers. But in Captain Young's case his white subordinates seem to have realized that it is the position and rank that they are compelled to salute and obey, and not the individual. This principle is at the bottom of all discipline. Only too frequently do subordinates throughout the army have to remind themselves of this when obeying men for whose social qualities and character they have neither regard nor respect. During the war with Spain Captain Young commanded a negro battalion from Ohio, which was pronounced the best drilled organization in the large army assembled at Camp Alger near Washington. In addition to these officers, Captain John R. Lynch, formerly a Congressman from Mississippi, and four colored chaplains represent their race on the commissioned rolls of the army. All of these men are doing well. One colored chaplain was dismissed for drunkenness in 1894. Beyond this their record is unblemished.

Despite the fairness shown in these appointments, there has been considerable very just criticism of the War Department for its failure to appoint to the regulars any of the colored officers who did well in the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Volunteers. Every colonel of volunteers was allowed to designate for examination for appointment to the regular army the best officers in his regiment

Hundréds of white officers were selected in this way, but not a single colored officer was given an examination, — not even Lieutenant McBryar, with his medal of honor, or Captain Baker. Similarly fault has been found with Secretary Root because no new colored regiments were established under the law of February 2, 1901, increasing the army by five regiments of infantry, five of cavalry, and a large number of companies of artillery. The excuse most often heard is that the negroes already have sufficient representation in comparison with the percentage of negroes to white persons within the borders of the United States. But the sterling characteristics of the colored soldiers, their loyalty to the service as shown by the statistics of desertion, and, above all, their splendid service in Cuba, should have entitled them to additional organizations. To say the least, the decision of the War Department smacks considerably of ingratitude. Nevertheless, the negro regiments have come to stay, both in the regulars and in the volunteers. The hostilities of the last five years have dispelled any doubt which may have existed upon this point.

Oswald Garrison Villard.

"THE BOSTON RELIGION."

THE horns of a dilemma are weapons upon which the controversialist places a high value. Early in the nineteenth century the thoughtful citizens of Boston found themselves confronted with two pairs of these dangerous implements. In successive pamphlets they were called upon to choose either between "the Boston religion" and the Christian religion, on the one hand, or, on the other, between Christianity and Calvinism. The call would fall upon deafer ears to-day. When it came, and for some years thereafter, it was a twofold challenge to which the need of some response could not be ignored. What did it mean, and how was it answered?

It is a fact worth noticing that the Boston minister who in 1750 preached a political sermon which has frequently been called "the morning gun of the Revolution" was, after Roger Williams, the first prominent dissenter from the established church of New England. Both the Unitarians and the Universalists claim the Rev. Jonathan Mayhew as their first representative in the Boston ministry. A person is often the best illustration of a tendency; and that which the minister of the West Church illustrates is the parallelism of freedom in political and in religious thought. The American revolt from the established civil authority began and amazingly throve in Boston. It was but natural, therefore, that the first and most conspicuous departure from the accepted order of things in religion should have the same local background. The fact that the severity of the Puritan order of New England gave wider room for reaction than could be found elsewhere only enhances the fitness of the scene. Local in its causes and conditions, the ecclesiastical revolution which followed the political belongs yet more intimately to local history. But it is so intermingled with the history of religious progress in the last century that once again the local records take on a broader significance.

How truly the Calvinistic congregationalism of New England was the established church we hardly need remind ourselves. It was the faith once delivered to the saints, the Puritan fathers,

and duly received from them; it was guarded by civil laws taxing the whole community for church support, and dealing with ecclesiastical affairs as they are treated only where church and state are one. Into the ministry of this order gradually crept during the closing years of the eighteenth century many doubts regarding doctrines hitherto accepted without question, — especially the doctrines of the Trinity and of human depravity. From the "Great Awakening" before the middle of the century there must needs have been a reawakening, with revulsions of feeling. Free political inquiry doubtless played its own part in the change. Perhaps, too, the general emancipation of thought which the first burst of sympathy with the French Revolution brought to many Americans had its indirect influence. The similar change of sentiment in Salem has been said to have come "through its navigators even more than through its critics and theologians. As soon as they came into those warm latitudes, their crusts of prejudice melted and cracked from them like films of ice; and in place of the narrow tradition they carried out with them they brought home the germs of a broad religion of humanity." The conservatism of the inland towns as compared with the seaports — Boston even more than Salem — lends some color to this theory of a Unitarian writer. Whatever the total influences may have been, it is declared that by the year 1800 there was hardly a single occupant of a Congregational pulpit in Boston whose orthodoxy would have stood unchallenged fifty years later. The zeal of the minority in the open division soon to come between the old and the new theology is the more remarkable when these unequal numbers are remembered.

When the nineteenth century began there was but one church in Boston avowedly Unitarian. That was King's Chapel, and its case was anomalous. The mere statement that "the first Episcopal Church in New England became the first Unitarian Church in America" sums up the strange situation. With the departure of the Tories, who before the Revolution had formed a large part of its congregation, its use for the services of the Church of England seemed to come to a natural end. Even its name of King's Chapel was changed by the people of Boston — though never by vote of the parish — to "the Stone Chapel;" and so it was commonly called well into the nineteenth century. For five years before 1782 it was used by the Old South congregation. Then the young James Freeman took charge of the reassembled flock as "reader." But the strong Unitarian influences of the time rendered many formulæ of the Book of Common Prayer difficult for him and his people to repeat with sincerity. Accordingly they authorized him to revise the Prayer-book.

Revision was in the air. Only a few years later a minister vigilant for the ancient faith discovered in a Boston bookstore a version of the Divine and Moral Songs of Dr. Watts, out of which the doctrines of the Trinity and of the divinity of Christ had been carefully edited. The good man promptly exposed it in a newspaper article under the title Beware of Counterfeits.

Of the Prayer-book revision it may be said that the Protestant Episcopal Church of America had as yet no definite organization, and the King's Chapel congregation — always in dissent from the established church of New England — felt itself under no obligation to wait till the new Episcopal Church adapted the English Prayer-book to American use. This was not accomplished till 1789. Mr. Freeman, however, did wish to remain in the Anglican communion, and applied for episcopal ordination both to Bishop Seabury of Connecticut and to Bishop Provoost of New York. Their only course was to refuse his application; for revising the Trinity out of the liturgy which they were sworn to support was not

atoned for even by so commendable an addition to the Catechism as the question, "In what manner should we treat the inferior animals?" Denied episcopal ordination, Mr. Freeman did not find it difficult to persuade himself and his congregation that laymen could ordain him with equal validity. Whereupon, in 1787, certain members of the Chapel congregation handed him a Bible, with appropriate words, and he became their minister, — the first professedly Unitarian minister in America. There were protests from Episcopal clergymen and from some of the proprietors of the church; protests in which a sense of loss and defeat, not yet entirely removed, made itself clearly felt. Later on, there were complications, both serious and amusing, in the administering of moneys bequeathed by loyal churchmen before the Revolution. But Mr. Freeman's step was never retraced: indeed, subsequent revisions have removed the Chapel liturgy even farther than he carried it from that of the King.

What the constant use of a liturgy, with a fixed form of words, obliged Mr. Freeman to do openly, the other ministers of Boston, left to their own devices in the conduct of public worship, could and did achieve almost unnoticed. Instead of denying the doctrine of the Trinity and other tenets of Calvinism, it became their practice to ignore such matters. There were still many points upon which teachers of Christianity were agreed, and on them the emphasis was laid. So it might have gone on in peace and quietness for years to come — but for the fatal propensity of small causes to lead to great effects.

The filling of the vacant Hollis Professorship of Divinity at Harvard in 1805 was one of these causes. The election of the Rev. Henry Ware, whose spoken and written words had shown him a pronounced Unitarian, was bitterly contested, but without avail. The Orthodox Overseers and friends of the college saw in Mr. Ware's appointment nothing but danger and disaster. Their spokesman was the Rev. Jedidiah Morse of Charlestown, father of the inventor of the Morse alphabet of telegraphy. His pamphlet on The True Reasons for opposing Mr. Ware's Election set forth the undoubted Calvinistic orthodoxy of Mr. Hollis, the London merchant whose bequest supported the professorship, and the particular pains he took, even to receiving a bond from the Corporation, to insure the administration of the fund in accordance with his views. Dr. Morse further complained that he was not permitted to present these reasons to the Overseers, and that, in spite of Mr. Ware's known antagonism to the theology specified in the Hollis bequest, the college did not trouble itself to examine into his views.

The pamphlet was the first of many trumpet calls ringing with the question, "Who is on the Lord's side?" Thenceforth it was hard for the neutral-minded to escape taking some definite position. Ten years after the pamphlet was written, Dr. Morse wrote of it: "It was then, and has been ever since, considered by one class of people as my unpardonable offense, and by another class as the best thing I ever did. One of the former party is said to have declared soon after its publication that it was so bad a thing that it would more than counterbalance all the good I had done or should do if I lived ever so long; and one of the other party said, if I had never done any good before I made that publication nor should do any afterward, that single deed would of itself produce effects of sufficient importance and utility to mankind to be worth living for."

When an atmosphere is charged with opposing convictions of such positiveness, the next disturbance is merely a question of time. Meanwhile, in natural sequence from the Hollis Professorship dispute, came the founding of the Andover Seminary (1808) and of the Park Street Church (1809) as strong pillars of Ortho-

doxy. The explosion that soon followed, in 1815, was due in large measure, again, to the hand of Dr. Morse. In Belsham's Life of the English Unitarian Lindsey appeared a chapter on American Unitarianism, containing letters from Boston which showed how many of the ministers outwardly Orthodox were at heart Unitarian, — and in this word, as used by an Englishman, there was implied a much lower conception of the divine nature of Christ than that which really prevailed in Boston. Here, thought Dr. Morse, was damaging testimony. He caused the chapter to be reprinted in Boston as a pamphlet, which he proceeded to review in his magazine, The Panoplist. The upshot of his contention was that the time had come for calling things by their right names: if the Boston ministers were Unitarian, let them be known as such, and let the Orthodox deny them Christian fellowship, which up to this time had expressed itself chiefly in pulpit exchanges. Then came the pamphlets to which allusion has already been made. "Are you of the Boston religion or of the Christian religion?" was Dr. Morse's crucial question; to which, after the Yankee fashion, a Boston layman, John Lowell, made answer by a counter-question in the pamphlet, "Are you a Christian or a Calvinist?"

Thus the dividing lines were clearly drawn at last, and those who most wished to avoid partisanship and controversy found themselves involved in both. To the Unitarians, especially, a controversy was unwelcome. They objected to the very name of Unitarian. As Dr. G. E. Ellis has expressed their feeling: "The term Orthodoxy covers the whole faith of one party; the term Unitarian is at best but a definition of one of the doctrinal tenets of the other party." There were those who preferred and used the name of "Liberal Christians." Against this term stood the feeling of those for whom Dr. N. L. Frothingham said: "To insinuate that others are illiberal is certainly a strange way of proving one's generosity." To set themselves off as a sect at all was indeed the last thing they wanted. Their very pride was in individual judgment, — the protestant's right to everlasting protest. "If any two of us, walking arm in arm on one side of a street," said their historian, "should find that we perfectly accorded in opinion, we should feel bound to separate instantly, and the strife would be as to which should get the start in crossing." If these differing brothers were drawn into controversy against their will, our sympathy must not be all with them; the more united body which had to contend with so elusive a foe is also to be remembered. To them, the sermon which William Ellery Channing, the recognized leader of the "liberals," preached at the ordination of Jared Sparks in Baltimore in 1819 must have been a welcome production. It gave them something definite to attack. Under the characteristic text, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," it stated clearly the beliefs and disbeliefs of Unitarian Christianity; — though it does not appear that the name by which his sect was to be known once passed the preacher's lips.

None had been more reluctant than Dr. Channing to see a new sect founded. As Wesley at first would have kept Methodism within the Church of England, so Channing would have preferred to see the Congregational body undivided, but leavened by Unitarianism. To his opponents, on the other hand, the Baltimore sermon served as the signal gun of a pamphlet war. The Andover professors Leonard Woods and Moses Stuart came briskly on the field with Letters to Unitarians and Letters to Dr. Channing. To Dr. Woods, the Rev. Henry Ware made prompt reply, and typical of the persistency of the combatants stand the titles in Dr. Woods's collected works of a Reply to Dr. Ware's Letters (1821) and Remarks on Dr. Ware's Answer (1822). To follow the warfare — even in such lists of battlefields — would be

no small task. Of its rancorous temper on both sides there is too abundant testimony. As in most religious disputes, there was no initial agreement upon the terms of controversy. Each side maintained that the other misrepresented its views, and treated as its own peculiar attributes beliefs and merits common to all Christians. The Unitarians complained especially that the Calvinists refused to interpret fairly or abide by the words of Calvin. On the other hand, a Unitarian historian has written even of the gentle, honest Channing's Baltimore sermon: "No believer in the Trinity that ever lived, it may be, would admit his statement of it to be correct." Still another historian, Dr. Ellis, admits with regret "the superciliousness and effrontery, even, with which some Unitarians took for granted that the great change in religious opinions and methods advocated by them could perfect and establish itself in this community as a matter of course. . . . The most assured and confident of the new party did not scruple to declare that Orthodoxy was past apologizing for, and ought to retire gracefully with the bats and owls."

All this was disturbing enough to a town in which the church, the clergy, and religious matters had been from the first of paramount importance. But to the theological odium and ill-temper were added the complications of the civil law. If there was ground for Orthodox complaint in the administration of the Hollis legacy, there was ample provocation to action at law when the conservatives saw the church buildings, lands, and plate pass into the hands of the liberals. The process of change from the old to the new faith came about in various ways, — frequently through the death or retirement of the old and more conservative minister, and the election of a young apostle of the new school from Cambridge. Thus Lyman Beecher saw and described the means by which the Unitarians won their ends: "They have sowed tares while men slept, and grafted heretical churches on orthodox stumps, and this is still their favorite plan. Everywhere, when the minister dies, some society's committee will be cut and dried, ready to call in a Cambridge student, split the church, get a majority of the society, and take house, funds and all." The minority defeated in such divisions resisted and sometimes established a new parish. To this they felt that the property of the church should pass. But the courts of Massachusetts thought otherwise. In the test case of the Dedham parish (1820), which provided precedents for future decisions, the Supreme Court put itself on record with a ruling highly favorable to the claims generally made by the Unitarian party in such disputes. In 1830 Chief Justice Shaw handed down a decision, in the case of a country parish, that although only two church members remained with the church when the Orthodox minister and all the rest of his people seceded, those two were the church, and retained all its property. Thus Harriet Beecher Stowe, writing of the period of Lyman Beecher's Boston ministry, regarded such verdicts: "The judges on the bench were Unitarian, giving decisions by which the peculiar features of church organization, so carefully ordained by the Pilgrim Fathers, had been nullified." Even after the middle of the century an Orthodox critic of the controversy wrote: "Church after church was plundered of its property, even to its communion furniture and records. We called this proceeding *plunder* thirty years ago. We call it by the same hard name now. And we solemnly call upon those Unitarian churches which are still in possession of this plunder to restore it. They cannot prosper with it. And we call upon the courts of Massachusetts to revoke these unrighteous decisions, and put the Congregational churches of the state upon their original and proper basis."

In 1833 the Massachusetts law for-

mally separated the functions of church and town. Thus the disestablishment which had already been virtually accomplished in Boston became a fact throughout the commonwealth. Of course the believers in the old order regarded the whole change with genuine pain and sorrow. How could it be otherwise? In every process of evolution it is the fate of the minority to suffer something at the hands of the greater number. Here the simple fact — in Boston and the towns most directly under its influence, rather than in the state at large — was that the majority of those who inherited the best traditions of Puritanism had come to prefer a less rigid system of faith, which took its form natural to the time and place, in Unitarianism. It was not through any infusion of new blood into the community that the change came about. In the straitest sect of New Englanders the liberals found their best strength. From whatever cause, they "looked about them," as Professor Wendell has said, "and honestly found human nature reassuring." It was not in their Calvinistic neighbors that they discovered any such encouragement. Dr. Channing in his Baltimore sermon delivered the following opinion of the Orthodox theology: "By shocking, as it does, the fundamental principles of morality, and by exhibiting a severe and partial Deity, it tends strongly to pervert the moral faculty, to form a gloomy, forbidding, and servile religion, and to lead men to substitute consciousness, bitterness, and persecution for a tender and impartial charity." Nearly forty years later we find Dr. Ellis making what he justly calls a "frank assertion:" "We do not like the strictly Orthodox type of character, certainly not till it has been modified, humanized, and liberalized. We deem it harsh, ungenial, narrow, repulsive, not winning, gracious, expansive, or attractive. It is in our view but an inadequate expression of our ideal of a Christian character." Here are words as uncompromising as the Orthodox attitude toward "plunder." They are worth recalling if only as evidences of the honest conviction held by each party, that the other was hopelessly in the wrong. Furthermore, by learning where the reassuring qualities of human nature were not found, we may readily infer where they were.

There is no doubt that as the Boston Unitarians — say of the third decade of the century — looked upon their clergy, they beheld admirable types of Christian gentlemen. They were in an important sense leaders in the community, men of that personal distinction which is due both to breeding and to scholarship, carrying names long identified with the best things of New England life, — Channing, Frothingham, Palfrey, Lothrop, Parkman, Gannett, Pierpont, Lowell, Ripley, — true representatives of Dr. Holmes's "Brahmin caste." In Josiah Quincy's Figures of the Past it is said: "On the topmost round of the social ladder stood the clergy; for although the lines of theological separation among themselves were deeply cut, the void between them and the laity was even more impassable." From the same source we learn that Dr. Channing deeply regretted this obstacle to familiar intercourse, and envied those who could know men just as they are. "My profession," he said, "requires me to deal with such men as actually exist, yet I can never see them except in disguise."

It was this very desire to get at the essential man which found its expression in the Unitarian sermons of the time. The ministers are described as "absorbed in the endeavor to apply Christianity to personal conduct, taking men and women one by one and trusting to their influence for the regeneration of society." The preaching, therefore, was strongly ethical rather than doctrinal; the dignity, not the depravity, of human nature was — as it has since more generally become — the quality which every listener must be taught to recognize in himself, to the end

that individual excellence might by degrees redeem the world. Withal, a supernatural element in religion, a divine revelation of Christian truth, were by no means discarded.

Under such teaching — to which the laity really gave attention — a definite type of character was produced. It is described by Dr. O. B. Frothingham in his Boston Unitarianism, and, making all allowance for the fact that he wrote of the men who shared most intimately the influences of his own training, it would probably be hard to frame a more accurate description: "In meditating on the characters of these men, one is reminded of the good Samuel Sewall. Of course, the softening influence of one hundred and fifty years had produced its effect. There was less reference to divine interposition, less literalism in interpreting Scripture, less bluntness, less superstition, if we may use so harsh a word in speaking of that sweet soul. But there was the same integrity, the same conscientiousness, the same directness of dealing, the same respect for learning, the same reverence for piety, the same punctiliousness of demeanor, the same urbanity. They were not reformers, or ascetics, or devotees. All idealists were visionaries, in their esteem. Those who looked for a 'Kingdom of heaven' were dreamers. They went to church; they had family prayers as a rule, though by no means universally. It was customary to say grace at meat. They wished they were holy enough to adorn the communion; they believed the narratives in the Bible, Old Testament and New."

That these nineteenth century Samuel Sewalls and their spiritual teachers believed they had attained the best and ultimate form of religion is perhaps not surprising. The most respectable local opinion did everything to confirm this belief. Harvard College and nearly all the influences of wealth and fashion in Boston were powerful allies of the new faith. "When Dr. Beecher came to Boston," wrote his daughter, Mrs. Stowe, "Calvinism or Orthodoxy was the despised and persecuted form of faith. It was the dethroned royal family wandering like a permitted mendicant in the city where once it had held court, and Unitarianism reigned in its stead." The ministry of Lyman Beecher at the Hanover Street Church, from 1826 to 1832, during the first half of which time his son Edward had charge of the Park Street Church, may be taken to mark the end of the active controversy between the conservatives and the liberals. The spirit with which this "Philistine giant" came out of Connecticut to fight for the old order is best expressed in his own words: "It is here," he wrote of Boston in 1826, "that New England is to be regenerated, the enemy driven out of the temple they have usurped and polluted, the college to be rescued, the public sentiment to be revolutionized and restored to the evangelical tone." It was a difficult task he set himself. "The Unitarians," he declared, "with all their principles of toleration, were as really a persecuting power while they had the ascendency as ever existed. Wives and daughters were forbidden to attend our meetings; and the whole weight of political, literary, and social influence was turned against us, and the lash of ridicule laid on without stint." Against these obstacles he labored manfully, with sermons, writings, and revival meetings. How terribly vital was the faith for which he contended, one may realize by reading the letters which passed between him and his children struggling toward a full acceptance of that faith. Yet with all his zeal and brilliant gifts it was beyond his power to stem the tide, — to expel the enemy, save the college, and turn public sentiment into its old channels. No single man, or band of men, could have accomplished such results. Even before he came to Boston, the Unitarians, many of them reluctantly, had set up the machinery of a sect, — a name, periodicals of their own, and

a definite organization. Less than ten years after his departure Dr. Channing is found lamenting the fact that the denomination, pledged originally to progress, had grown stationary, that at last there was a Unitarian orthodoxy.

The discovery that one set of opinions is orthodox and another not is never made till some new protestant arises with his fresh protest. So the "Unitarian controversy" had begun; so the second controversy — this time within the denomination itself — was introduced by Emerson and Theodore Parker. In 1838 Emerson delivered his Divinity School Address at Harvard, — a declaration of individualism which was held heretical even at the headquarters of heterodoxy. A year later the Rev. Andrews Norton, the interpreter of Scripture whose scholarly word was almost authoritative in the Unitarian body, deplored, in a discourse on The Latest Form of Infidelity, the current tendencies of theological thought. But Emerson, by reason of an imperfect sympathy with his Boston parishioners regarding the administration of the Lord's Supper, had already separated himself from the Unitarian ministry. He could speak, therefore, as one somewhat outside the fold. Not so Theodore Parker, in 1841 minister of the First Church in West Roxbury. In this year he delivered his South Boston sermon on The Transient and Permanent in Christianity. Parker had been known hitherto chiefly as the most practical and ethical of preachers. He had even taken for his theme on one occasion the Duties, Temptations, and Trials peculiar to Milkmen. In the South Boston sermon, fairly entering the field of doctrinal controversy, he startled all conservative Unitarians by the bold declaration that Christianity needed no support from miracles, and that it could still stand firm, as the absolute religion, even if it could be proved that its founder had never lived.

The disestablishment of the Puritan church in Boston was of course a thing of the past at the time of Theodore Parker's South Boston sermon. Yet the treatment his radicalism received presents so close a parallel to the effects of the original dissent from Calvinism as to afford a significant sequel to the earlier story. Indeed the very phrases of the outcry of twenty and thirty years before repeat themselves. Channing doubted whether Parker could even be called a Christian. "Without miracles," he declared, "the historical Christ is gone." From Dr. Frothingham came the complaint: "The difference between Trinitarians and Unitarians is a difference in Christianity; the difference between Mr. Parker and the Association [of Unitarian ministers] is a difference between no Christianity and Christianity." A Unitarian layman wrote to a secular paper: "I would rather see every Unitarian congregation in our land dissolved and every one of our churches occupied by other denominations or razed to the ground than to assist in placing a man entertaining the sentiments of Theodore Parker in one of our pulpits." The Orthodox looked on, no doubt with a certain natural satisfaction, and asked, "What could you expect?" Some of his fellow ministers raised the question of expelling Parker from their local Association. This was not carried, but, forced to recognize the strong feeling within the Association that he should withdraw, Parker absented himself from the meetings. Meanwhile the old familiar method of "denying Christian fellowship," and refusing pulpit exchanges, came into play, and Parker found himself standing practically alone. When James Freeman Clarke showed the independence to exchange pulpits with him, it was with the result that fifteen of his most influential parishioners, with their families, joined themselves to another church.

The Orthodox question, What could you expect? had more reason behind it than the conservative Unitarians, in the security of what they believed an ultimate

faith, would have been willing to admit. Theodore Parker, with his indifference to all bonds of tradition and his inability to hold a strong belief without uttering it, needed only the atmosphere in which he lived to make him just what he was. The same conditions which made him, in the telling local phrase, a "come-outer," had prepared a very considerable body of come-outers eager to hear and follow him. If the Unitarian movement in Boston stood for any one thing above all others, it was for liberty of thought and speech, the "dissidence of dissent" carried over from the time of Burke into the nineteenth century. So it was that Theodore Parker was an entirely characteristic local figure, adding freedom of political thought, when the slavery question became paramount, to his freedom of religious discussion. So it was that the independent Sunday services which he held in Music Hall filled an important place in the lives of the large radical following drawn by his fervid personality to desert the orthodox Unitarianism. Heretic of heretics as he was in his day, his latest biographer, the Rev. John White Chadwick, who may be held to speak as authoritatively as any individual can for his denomination, declares: "From then till now Unitarian progress has been along the line illuminated by his beacon-light."

To follow that line would be to depart far from the chief theme of this paper, — the disestablishment of the Puritan church. A full treatment of that theme alone would demand a volume. Here it has seemed sufficient to point out some of its most significant facts and aspects. They belong peculiarly to Boston history. The whole Unitarian movement, in its outward manifestations, has meant much more to Boston than to any other community, in America or elsewhere. With Boston must be reckoned also the eastern part of Massachusetts: much that has been said about the disestablishment applies to the surrounding towns quite as truly as to the city itself. In the remoter parts of Massachusetts, as in the country at large, the movement, judged by outward results, has gone on rather as an eddy by the side of the stream than as the main action of the tide.

The Unitarian controversy itself is now far enough in the past for men to ask and answer the question, Which party won? If to win means to persuade your antagonist that he is wrong, then we must call it a drawn battle; for it is certain that those who argued for and against the Calvinistic faith ended practically where they began. The very process of arguments served to strengthen their convictions. If Channing could have had his way, to let the liberal leaven work within the established fold, we may well imagine that there never would have been that stiffening of Orthodoxy which only in recent years has begun to relax. How far, on the other hand, the progress of liberalism would have been checked, no man can say.

If victory or defeat is to be measured by denominational growth — a development which had only a secondary interest for those who formed the Unitarian denomination — our later view must differ from that which the middle of the nineteenth century would have presented. In 1850 there were within the limits of what is now Boston thirty-two Unitarian churches; there are in this year (1903) twenty-seven. In 1850 there were within the same limits twenty-one Congregational Trinitarian churches; to-day there are thirty-three. The rapid growth of the Episcopal and other Trinitarian Protestant churches might also fairly be added to the reckoning. Thus it appears that the Unitarian body was no richer in the seeds of outward growth than its opponents and some of its friends predicted.

But these are all external and arbitrary methods of counting success or failure. Mrs. Stowe herself suggested a truer way of regarding the matter when she wrote: "This party, called for convenience Unitarian, was, in fact, a whole generation

in the process of reaction." The process has been one in which all Protestant denominations have, in greater and less degree, shared. From the Unitarians few will now withhold the credit of framing the concrete form in which this influence had made itself most effectively felt. Their early claim that Calvinism soon showed signs of modifying itself was duly resented by the Orthodox. In the Commemorative Discourse at the fiftieth anniversary of the Andover Seminary, Dr. Leonard Bacon, looking back upon the divisions which had rent the church, expressed pity for the comfort the Unitarians took in the changes of Calvinistic belief. "Orthodoxy," they say, "has become liberal and has renounced the horrid dogmas which it was charged with holding; and therefore Unitarianism may be regarded as having accomplished its mission. Well, if they are satisfied with this result, let us be thankful for them that they are so easily satisfied. . . . If now, at last, our Unitarian friends have really learned, to their own satisfaction, that the New England Orthodoxy does not hold the obnoxious and oft repudiated dogmas which they have so long imputed to it, we may thankfully accept that fact as one more proof that the world moves." It is in quite a different spirit that the present minister of the New Old South speaks, nearly fifty years later, of "the vast service that Unitarianism has rendered to the Christian belief of the century;" and he writes: "This overdone sense of depravity, hardened into dogma, stood for centuries against the truth that the morality of God in Christ is the morality for mankind. The truth has at last prevailed, and at this point of belief Christian people everywhere are under an immense debt to the great Unitarian leaders." It is in admissions, or rather in hearty acknowledgments, of this sort that the true outcome of the Unitarian controversy may be said to lie. And to those who are glad to associate Boston with the progress of mankind, there is satisfaction in the thought that these great Unitarian leaders were eminently the product of local conditions.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

CHRYSTAL'S CENTURY.

It really began in the pavilion up at Lord's, since it was off Tuthill that most of the runs were made, and during an Eton and Harrow match that the little parson begged him to play. They had been in the same Harrow eleven many years before. The Rev. Gerald Osborne had afterwards touched the hem of first-class cricket, while Tuthill, who captained a minor county, was still the very finest second-class bowler in England.

"Who's it against?" asked Tuthill, with a suspicious glint in his clear eye; for if he was not good enough for first-class cricket, third-class was not good enough for him.

"A man who's made his pile and bought himself a place near Elstree; they let him have a week in August on the school ground, and I run the side against him for the last match."

"Decent wicket, then," said Tuthill, with a critical eye upon the Eton bowling.

"I should n't wonder if you found it a bit fiery," said the crafty priest, with a timely memory of Tuthill's happiest hunting-ground. "And they 'll put you up and do you like a Coronation guest."

"I don't care twopence about that," said Tuthill. "Will they keep my bowling analysis?"

"I 'll guarantee it, Tuttles," said the

little parson. And Tuthill consulted the diary of a conscientious cricketer.

"I can," said he, "and I don't see why I should n't. I was coming up for the Oval Test in any case. It will only mean taking another day or two while I am about it. You can put me down."

"And rely on you?" added the other, as one whose fortune was too good to be true.

"My dear Jerry," cried Tuttles, with characteristic emphasis, "I never chucked a match in all my life! It 's a promise, and I 'll be there if no one else is. But who is this sporting pal of yours? I suppose he has a name?"

Osborne went out of his way to applaud a somewhat inferior stroke by the Harrow boy who was making all the runs.

"As a matter of fact," he finally confessed, "he was at school with us, though you probably don't remember him. His name 's Chrystal."

"Not old 'Ginger' Chrystal?"

"I believe they did call him 'Ginger.' I don't remember him at school."

"But I do! He was in our house until they sacked him because he could n't do Latin verses. Ginger Chrystal! Why on earth did n't you tell me who it was before?"

"You 've named one of my reasons, Tuttles. He 's a bit shy about his Harrow days. Then he says himself that he was no more use at cricket than he was at work, and I thought it might put you off."

"No more he was," said Tuttles reflectively. "Do you mean to say he 's any good now?"

"No earthly," replied the little parson, with his cherub's smile; "only just about the keenest rabbit in the whole cricket-warren!"

The finest second-class bowler in England displayed a readiness of appreciation doubly refreshing in an obviously critical temperament.

"And yet you say he has done himself well!" he added incredulously, as his mirth subsided.

"Only made a hundred thousand in South America, Tuttles."

"Nonsense!"

"It might be double by the way he does things."

"That utter, old, all-round rabbit?"

"He 's not one now, Tuttles, at anything but cricket. That 's his only weak point. At everything else Chrystal 's one of the smartest chaps you ever met, though he does weigh you and me put together, and quite one of the best. But he 's so mad-keen on cricket that he keeps a pro. for himself and his son of seven, and by practicing more than any man in England he scores his ten runs in all matches every season. However, when this boy runs into three figures, or gets out, you must come and meet the modern Chrystal in the flesh: there 's plenty of it, though not too much for the heart inside, and at the present moment he 's spreading every ounce of himself in a coach he 's got here in my name."

It was a fair enough picture that the parson drew, for Chrystal was really corpulent, though tall and finely built. He wore a stubby mustache of the hue which had earned him his school nickname, but underneath were the mouth of a strong man and the smile of a sweet woman. It was a beaming, honest, unassuming face; but the womanly quality reappeared in a pair of very shapely, well-kept hands, one of which could yet come down with virile force on Tuthill's shoulder, while the other injured the most cunning bunch of fingers in second-class cricket. Then a shyness overcame the great fellow, and the others all saw that he was thinking of the one inglorious stage of his career. And his wife, a beautiful woman, took charge of little Osborne; and Tuthill, who had sense and tact, congratulated Chrystal point-blank and at once upon his great success in life. But for an instant Chrystal looked quite depressed, as though success

at school was the only sort worth achieving; then his smile came out like the sun, and his big body began to shake.

"Yet," he whispered, "they promised me a dog's life and a felon's death because I could n't make Latin verses! Do you remember my second half of a pentameter?"

"*Laomedontiaden!*" cried Tuthill, convulsed with laughter at the sudden reminiscence.

"I never could see where the laugh came in," confessed Chrystal, like the man he was. "But I've no doubt that was what cooked my goose."

Tuthill was much impressed.

"And the dear old chap never said it did n't matter," as he afterwards put it to the parson, "or changed the subject to the things he has done, or took out a big gold watch, or drowned us in champagne, or did or said a single thing that would n't have done honor to the bluest blood on the ground. All he did say, at the end of the innings, was that he 'd give half he 'd got to have been in the eleven himself! Oh yes, I 've promised to play in his all right; who could refuse a chap like that? I 'm going for the whole week; let 's only hope he won't drop all his catches off my stuff."

"You must forgive him his trespasses, Tuttles," the clergyman said, with some gravity, and no irreverence at all.

"I can't forgive that one," replied the candid demon of second-class cricket. "I never could and never shall."

But it was not for Tuthill to forgive when the great week came, or, at all events, before the week was at an end. It is true that the catches followed the non-cricketer to every position in the field, as catches will, and equally true that a large majority of them were duly "put on the floor." But as good luck and his own accuracy would have it, the great bowler was not usually the sufferer. Once, indeed, when it was otherwise, he did tell his host, with unpremeditated emphasis, that the ball would n't bite him; but that was the only contretemps of the kind, and an ample apology followed when the wicket fell. But a more ample revenge was in store for the moving spirit of the week.

It had gone like wedding-bells from the first over of the first match; even the most hardened country-house cricketer of the party could not look back upon a better time. Mrs. Chrystal proved a charming hostess, and Chrystal a "heavenly host," according to one of the many mushroom humorists who shot up in the genial atmosphere of his house. The house itself was old and red and mellow, but none the worse for the electric light and the porcelain baths which Chrystal had put in. The place, like so many in that neighborhood, was a mass of roses, and a stroll in the garden after dinner was like swimming in scent. There was a wagonette to take the players to the ground, a daily sweepstake on the highest scorer, a billiard handicap for the evenings. Creature comforts were provided on a scale which fell deliberately short of plutocratic display, but of no other standard applicable to the case. Then the weather was such as an English summer can still produce in penitent mood; and the only cloud of any sort that brooded over the week was the secret cloud in Robert Chrystal's heart; for it was half-broken by a sequence of failures most abject even for him.

"Four runs all the week, and they were an overthrow," said he, with a rueful humor which but partially disguised the tremendous tragedy of the thing. "Three times first ball! I 'll tell you what I 'll do before next August: I 'll lay out a ground of my own, and it shall have a subterranean passage from the wicket to the pavilion. Either that, or let me be translated like Enoch when it happens to me again!"

There was one who whispered that it would be the first translation he had ever achieved, but even that wag would have

made Chrystal a present of his highest score, and they all felt the same. None more sympathetic than Tuttles when it was merely a batting misfortune; up to the Friday night he had twenty-nine wickets for two hundred and thirty-one, and but for Chrystal it would have been twenty-eight for two hundred and thirty. Little Jerry Osborne was also full of sympathy, though he expressed it rather often, and gave Chrystal more advice than he was likely to have the least opportunity of following. One excellent fellow happened to have played in a match, some seasons before, in which Chrystal had actually made runs; and he talked about that. He reminded Chrystal of it every day. "They were all from the middle of the bat. The man who took thirty-six like that may take a century any day. You 've struck a bad patch, as we all do, and you 've lost confidence; you should n't take it so seriously." A tall Quidnunc, who said little but made his hundred most days, did declare after Chrystal's congratulations (in the hour of his own disaster) upon one of them, that he was "absolutely the best sportsman in Europe;" the grave Indian major treated him with silent respect; and the young schoolmasters, who made up the team and did the deep-field business, agreed most piously with the Quidnunc.

The poor devil was a cricketer at the core. That was the hard part. And he knew the game as many a real cricketer does not; you never heard Chrystal disparage the ball that had just bowled him; neither was it ever "a ball that might have beaten Charles Fry." He always knew, none better, exactly what he had done. If he had made a half-volley into a yorker, he was the first to tell you so. He knew when he had played across a plain straight one, when he had failed to swing his left foot far enough over, or played at the pitch of a long-hop. Even as the wicket rattled he was playing the stroke again, and with academic correctness, in his own mind. That was Chrystal's cricket. Then he would walk back swinging his glove, and beginning to smile where the maker of centuries begins to run, — to smile all over a face that felt like a death's head. And that was the stuff of which the man was made.

It was the Friday night, and all the others were so pleased with themselves! Everybody else had at least one little achievement of his own to form a gratifying reflection, and to justify his place in the team. Chrystal could hear them in the billiard room, and at the piano, as for a few minutes he walked up and down outside, with the wife from whom he could not conceal his consuming chagrin.

"They 're in great spirits!" Chrystal had exclaimed, with no bitterness in his voice, but with a whole tone of mortification. And his wife had pressed his arm; she had not made the mistake of going on to remind him that cricket was only a game, and that he could afford to fail at games.

"I believe you 'll do better to-morrow," was what she did say, with a quiet conviction not unjustified by the doctrine of chances in the mind of a lady who declined to regard cricket as a game of skill.

"To-morrow!" Chrystal laughed outright. "Why, if one could score a minus, that 's what I should make to-morrow!"

"Is there any special reason for saying that?"

"There is," said Chrystal grimly. "There 's good old Tuttles against us, for a change. He 'll bowl me neck and crop first ball!"

They took another turn in silence.

"I 'm not sure," said Mrs. Chrystal, "that I quite like Mr. Tuthill."

"Not like old Tuttles? Why on earth not?"

"He has such a good opinion of himself."

"He has reason!" cried Chrystal, with hardly ten per cent of envy in his loyal tone.

"Then I do think he's rather spiteful. To go and bowl you out first ball — if he did."

"He'd bowl me out if I was his long-lost brother! He's so keen; and quite right, too. You've got to play the game, dear." If it had been the game of battle, murder, and sudden death, Chrystal's manner could not possibly have been more serious.

But a silence had fallen on piano and billiard room; and Chrystal hurried indoors, as he said, "to keep the ball rolling if I can't hit it." They were only talking about the final match, however, in which Chrystal played his gardeners and grooms, while little Osborne took the field against him with the like raw material from his own parish near Ware.

"It's all very well," said Chrystal, joining in the cricket talk that was beginning to get on his nerves; "but I ought really to object to Tuttles, you know. He has neither the birth qualification nor the residential; he isn't even your deputy assistant secretary, Jerry!"

"I suppose you don't really object?" said Tuttles himself, in the nicest way, the first time he and Chrystal were more or less alone.

"My dear fellow!" was all Chrystal said in reply. "I want to see you take all ten wickets," he added. "I promise you mine."

Tuthill smiled at the superfluous concession.

"I'll have to do my best," said he, as the hangman might of his painful duty. "But as a matter of fact I'm not sure that my best will amount to much to-morrow. I've been bowling a bit too much, and a bit too well. My off day's about due, and on my off day I'm a penny treat. Full-pitches to leg and long-hops into the slips!"

Chrystal's mouth watered; the second sort of ball was often fatal to him, but the first was the one delivery with which he was almost as much at home in practice as in theory. He had seldom run into double figures without the aid of the repeated full-pitch to leg.

It so happened that there was rain in the night, but only enough to improve a pitch which had quite fulfilled little Osborne's promise of fire; and an absence of sun next day averted an even more insidious state of things. The last match was thus played on the worst day and the best wicket of the week. The ball came along stump-high without any tricks at all. Yet Osborne's side was out shortly after lunch for something under a hundred runs, of which Osborne himself made more than half. Tuthill, who did not take his batting seriously, but hit hard and clean as long as he was there, was beginning to look as though he never need get out when Chrystal, of all people, held him low down at point. It was a noble effort in a stout, slow man, but Tuthill walked away without a word. He was keen enough on his innings while it lasted; but at luncheon he was the first to compliment Chrystal, who had not been so happy all the week. Chrystal had written himself last in the order, yet, thus encouraged, he was persuaded to give himself one more chance, and finally went in fourth wicket down.

It was then 3.20 by the clock on the little pavilion, and one of those gray, mild days which are neither close nor cold, and far from unpleasant on the cricket-field. The four wickets had fallen for less than forty runs, but Tuthill had only one victim, and it really did appear to be his off day; but he looked grim and inexorable enough as he waited by the umpire while Chrystal took centre and noted that it was now 3.21; at 3.22 he would be safe back in the pavilion, and his cricket troubles would be over for the season, if not for his life.

But the first ball was that wide long-hop of which Tuthill himself had spoken;

down it skimmed, small as a racket-ball to Chrystal's miserable eye; he felt for it with half his heart, but luckily heard nothing before the dull impact of the ball in the gloves of an agile wicket-keeper standing back.

"No!" cried the tall Quidnunc at the opposite end; and Chrystal began to feel that he was playing an innings.

The second ball was the other infallible sign of Tuthill's off day; it was a knee-high full-pitch just wide of Chrystal's pads; and he succeeded in flicking it late and fine, so that it skimmed to the boundary at its own pace. For one wretched moment Chrystal watched the umpire, who happened to be the man that had advised him not to take his cricket so seriously, and who now read his anxiety in a flash.

"That was a hit!" the unorthodox official shouted toward the scorer's table.

"And a jolly good one!" added the tall Quidnunc, while more distant applause reached the striker's trembling ears, and the ardent Tuttles waited for the ball with the face of a handsome fiend. Yet his next was nothing deadlier than a slow half-volley outside the off-stump, which Chrystal played gently but firmly as a delicate stroke at billiards, but with the air of Greek meeting Greek. Already the ball was growing larger, and the time was 3.25.

Osborne was bowling at the other end; he always was either batting, bowling, or keeping wicket; but the bowler's was the only department of the game at which he exposed a definite inferiority. He was, however, very fond of bowling, and as he could claim two of the four wickets which had already fallen (one having been run out) it was extremely unlikely that he would spare himself until the tenth one fell. Osborne's first over after Chrystal's arrival was one of his least expensive. The Quid drove him for a languid single, while Chrystal, after keeping out of mischief for four balls, sent the fifth high and dry through the slips for three. The stroke was a possible chance to none other than Tuthill, but it was not off his own bowling, and the impression upon the observant spectator must have been a bad one.

"Don't begin by running yourself off your legs," Chrystal's partner crossed over to advise him between the overs. "There 's the whole afternoon before us, and you won't have many to run for me. I 'm as limp as a wet rag, and my only chance of staying here is to sit on the splice while you punch 'em. But don't you be in any hurry; play yourself in."

If Chrystal had made a respectable score every day, the tone of the best batsman on the side could not have betrayed more confidence in him; he began to feel confident, the ball swelled to its usual size, and Tuttles's next long-hop went to third man for another sharp single. Chrystal apologized, but his partner had called him in response to an appealing look; evidently he was not too limp to run his captain's hits; it was only Chrystal himself who puffed and blew and leaned upon his bat.

And even by the half-hour he was within a run of that two-figure Rubicon which he had not passed for two seasons; his face showed the pale determination of a grave endeavor; it would hurt him more to get out now than to fall as usual to his only ball.

Yet what did happen? It was Tuthill's slow yorker, and Chrystal was in many minds from the time it left the bowler's hand; his good blade wagged irresolutely, and the odious projectile was under it in a twinkling. But at that instant the umpire threw up his arm with a yell, and Chrystal never heard the havoc behind him; he was only instinctively aware of it as he watched Tuthill turn upon a comrade who had donned the long white coat over his flannels.

"No *what?*" demanded the best bowler in second-class cricket.

"I said 'no ball'!"

"You 're the first man who ever said

it to me in my life," remarked Tuttles, deadly calm, while he looked the other up and down as a new specimen of cricket curiosity. Then he held up his hands for the ball.

"There 's a man still in," he cried; and proceeded to send down a perfectly vicious full-pitcher upon Chrystal's legs, which the captain, who had the single virtue of never running away, promptly dispatched for another four.

He had now made thirteen runs in less than thirteen minutes, and already the whole world was a different place, and that part of it a part of Paradise. He was emboldened to glance toward the seats: there was his dear wife strolling restlessly with her parasol, and their tiny boy clapping his hands. Chrystal could see how excited they were at a hundred yards; it only had the effect of making him perversely calm.

"I 'm all right — I 've got going at last!" he felt tempted to sing out to them; for he felt all right. He had even passed the stage of anticipating the imminent delivery and playing at the ball he expected, instead of at the ball that came along. This had been one of Chrystal's many methods of getting rid of himself in the first over. And he had more suicidal strokes than an Indian Prince has scoring ones. But now he looked from his family in the long-field to the noble trees to square-leg, and from the trees downhill to the reservoir gleaming through third-man's legs; it was hardly credible that he had wished to drown himself in its depths both yesterday and the day before.

The worst player in the world, with his eye in, may resist indefinitely the attack of the best bowler; after all, a ball is a ball and a bat is a bat; and if you once begin getting the one continually in the middle of the other, and keeping it out of harm's way, there is no more to be said and but little to be done. Chrystal was soon meeting every ball in the middle of a bat which responded to the unparalleled experience by driving deliciously. The majority of his strokes were not ideal, though even a critical Cambridge Quid was able to add a stimulating "Good shot!" to not a few, while some were really quite hard and clean. Never before had this batsman felt the bat leap in his hands, and the ball spring from the blade beyond the confines of his wildest hopes, at an unimagined velocity, half so often as he experienced these great sensations now. Great! What is there in the sensual world to put on the same page with them? And let your real batsman bear in mind that these divine moments, and their blessed memory, are greatest of all where they are most rare, in his heart who never had the makings of a real batsman, but who once in his life has played a decent game.

Chrystal was in heaven. No small boy succeeding in his first little match, no international paragon compiling his cool hundred before fifty thousand eyes, was ever granted the joy of the game in fuller or in sweeter measure than was Robert Chrystal's that afternoon. Think of his failures! Think of his years! Think of his unathletic figure! Think of ball after ball — big as a football to him now — yet instantly diminishing into thin air, or down the hill, or under the trees!

"Thank God there 's a boundary," murmured Chrystal, wiping his face while they fetched it. Yet he was cool enough in the way that mattered. His mind was entirely concentrated on the coming ball; but it was an open mind until the ball arrived. If his thoughts wandered between the overs, it was back to Harrow, and to the pleasing persuasion that he might have been in the eleven but for his infernal ineptitude for Latin verses. Meanwhile every ball brought its own anxiety and delight, and for several overs there was really very little to criticise except the batsman's style; then came an awful moment.

It was a half-volley on his legs, and Chrystal hit it even higher than he in-

tended, but not quite so hard. One of those vigorous young schoolmasters was keeping himself hard and fit at deep-mid-on; he had to run like a greyhound, and to judge a cross flight as he ran; but the apparent impossibility of the catch was simply a challenge to the young schoolmaster's calibre as a field; the ground was just covered, and the ball just held with extended hand. It was a supreme effort; — or would have been. There are those catches which are held almost, but not quite, long enough to count. This was an exaggerated instance. Unable to check himself, the young schoolmaster must have covered at least a yard with the ball in his hand. Then it rolled out, and he even kicked it far in front of him in his headlong stride.

"Got him! No he has n't. Put him on the floor!" Chrystal heard the little parson say, as he himself charged down the pitch in his second run. He saw nothing. His partner was calling him for a third, and Tuttles was stamping and railing at the bowler's end.

"Was that a chance?" gasped Chrystal, as he grounded his bat.

"A chance?" snorted Tuttles. "My dear fellow, he only held it about twenty minutes."

"Am I out, then?" asked Chrystal of the umpire, his hot blood running cold.

"Not out!" declared that friendly functionary without an instant's indecision.

The incident, however, had a disturbing effect upon Chrystal's nerves. He shuddered to think of his escape. He became self-conscious, and began to think about his score. It was quite a long time since they clapped him for his fifty. He must be in the eighties at the very least. On his own ground he would have the public scoring apparatus that they have at Lord's; then you would always know when you were near your century. Chrystal, however, was well aware that he must be pretty near his. He had hit another four, not one of his best, and had given a stumping chance to little Osborne, who had more than once exchanged the ball for the gloves during the past two hours.

Yes, it was a quarter past five. Chrystal saw that, and pulled himself together, for his passive experience of the game reminded him that the average century is scored in a couple of hours. No doubt he must be somewhere about the nineties. Everybody seemed very still in the pavilion. The scorer's table was certainly surrounded. Chrystal set his teeth, and smothered a half-volley in his earlier no-you-don't manner. But the next ball could only have bowled him round the legs, and Tuttles hardly ever broke that way, besides which this one was too fast, and, in short, away it went skimming toward the trees. And there and then arose the sweetest uproar that Robert Chrystal had ever heard in all his life.

They were shouting themselves hoarse in front of the little pavilion. The group about the scoring table was dispersing with much hat-waving. The scorer might have been seen leaning back in his chair like a man who had been given air at last. Mrs. Chrystal was embracing the boy, probably (and in fact) to hide her joyous tears. Chrystal himself felt almost overcome, and quite abashed. Should he take his cap off, or should he not? He would know better another time; meanwhile he meant to look modest, and did look depressed; and half the field closed in upon him, clapping their unselfish hands, while a pair of wicket-keeping gloves belabored his back with ostentatious thuds.

More magnanimous than the rest, Tuttles had been the first to clap, but he was also the first to stop clapping, and there was a business air about the way in which he signaled for the ball. He carried it back to the spot where he started his run with as much deliberation as though measuring the distance for an opening over. There was a peculiar care also in the way in which he

grasped the leather, rolling it affectionately in his hand, as though wiping off the sawdust which it had not been necessary to use since the morning. There was a grim light in his eye as he stood waiting to begin his run, a subtle something in the run itself, the whole reminding one, with a sudden and characteristic emphasis, that this really was the first bowler in second-class cricket. A few steps, firm and precise; a couple of long ones, a beautiful swing, a lovely length, and Chrystal's middle stump lay stretched upon the grass.

It was a great end to a great innings, a magnificent finale to a week of weeks; but on the charming excesses on the field one need touch no more than on the inevitable speeches that night at dinner. Field and house alike were full of good hearts, of hearts good enough to appreciate a still better one. Tuthill's was the least expansive; but he had the critical temperament, and he had been hit for many fours, and his week's analysis had been ruined in an afternoon.

"I was n't worth a sick headache," he told Chrystal himself, with his own delightful mixture of frankness and contempt. "I could n't have outed the biggest sitter in Christendom."

"But you did send down some pretty good ones, you know!" replied Chrystal, with a rather wistful intonation.

"A few," Tuttles allowed charily. "The one that bowled you was all right. But it was a very good innings, and I congratulate you again."

Now Chrystal had some marvelous old brandy; how it had come into his possession, and how much it was worth, were, respectively, a very long and rather a tall story. He only broached a bottle upon very great occasions; but this was obviously one, even though the bottle had been the last in the cellar, and its contents liquid gold. The only question was whether they should have it on the table with dessert or with their coffee in the library.

Chrystal debated the point with some verbosity; the fact was that he had been put to shame by hearing of nothing but his century from the soup to the speeches; and he resolutely introduced and conscientiously engaged upon the topic of the brandy in order to throw a deliberate haze over his own lustre. His character shone the more brilliantly through it; but that could be said of each successive incident since his great achievement. He beamed more than ever. In a sudden silence you would have expected to catch him purring. And Mrs. Chrystal had at last agreed to his giving her those particular diamonds which she had over and over again dissuaded him from buying: if he must make some offering to his earthly gods it might as well be to the goddess on the hearth. But none but themselves knew of this, and it was of the Chrystal known to men as well that all sat talking when he had left the dining-room with his bunch of keys. Mrs. Chrystal felt the tears coming back into her eyes; they were every one so fond of him, and yet he was all and only hers! It was she who made the move, and for this reason, though she said she fancied he must be expecting them to follow him to the library, for he had been several minutes gone. But Mrs. Chrystal led the other ladies to the drawing-room, merely pausing to say generally to the men: —

"If you don't find him there he must have gone to the cellar himself, and I 'm afraid he 's having a hunt."

Now the Chrystals, like a sensible couple, never meddled with each other's definite departments in the house, and of course Mrs. Chrystal knew no more about her husband's cellar arrangements than he did of the inside of her storeroom. Otherwise she would have known that he very seldom entered his own cellar, and that he did not require to go there for his precious brandy.

Yet he did seem to have gone there now, for there was no sign of him in the library when the cricketers trooped in.

Osborne was saying something in a lowered voice to Tuthill, who, looking round the empty room, replied as emphatically as usual: —

"I 'm glad you think I did it well. Man and boy, I never took on such a job in all my days, and I never will another. The old sitter!" And he chuckled good-humoredly enough.

"Steady!" said the major of the Indian regiment.

"It 's all right, he 's down in the cellar," the little clergyman explained. "Trust us not to give the show away."

"And me," added the scholastic hero of the all-but-gallery catch.

"You precious near did," Osborne remonstrated. "You held it just one second too long."

"But fancy holding it at all! I never thought I could get near the thing. I thought a bit of a dash would contribute to the general verisimilitude. Then to make the catch of a lifetime, and to have to drop it like a hot potato!"

"It showed the promising quality of self-restraint," the clerical humorist allowed. "You will be an upper usher yet."

"Or a husher upper?" suggested a wag of baser mould, to wit, the sympathetic umpire of the afternoon. "But your side-show was n't a patch on mine. Even Osborne admits that you had a second to think about it. I had n't the fifth of one. Tuttles, old man, I thought you were going to knock me down!"

"I very nearly did," the candid bowler owned. "I never was no-balled in my life before, and for the moment I forgot."

"Then it was n't all acting?"

"Half and half."

"I thought it was too good to be untrue."

"But," continued Tuttles, with his virile vanity, "you fellows buck about what you did, as though you 'd done a thousandth part of what I did between you. You had your moment apiece. I had one every ball of every over. Great Lord! if I 'd known how hard it would be to bowl consistent tosh! Full-pitches on the pads! That 's a nice length to have to live up to through a summer afternoon. I would n't do it again for five-and-twenty golden sovereigns!"

"And I," put in the quiet Quidnunc. "It 's the first time I ever sat on the splice while the other man punched them, and I hope it 's the last." He had been tried as a bat for an exceptionally strong Cambridge eleven.

"Come, come," said the grave major. "I was n't in this myself. I distinctly disapproved. But he played quite well when he got his eye in. I don't believe you could have bowled him then if you tried, Tuttles."

If the irascible Tuthill had been a stout old man he would have turned purple in the face; being a lean young one, at least in effect, his complexion gained a glorious bronze.

"My good sir," said he, "what about the ball after the one which ran him into three figures?"

"Where *is* the dear old rabbit?" the ex-umpire exclaimed.

"Well, not in the hutch," said the little parson. "He 's come right out of that, and I should n't be surprised if he stopped out. I only wish it was the beginning of the week."

"I 'm going to look for him," the other rejoined with the blank eye that has not seen a point. He stepped through a French window out into the night. The young schoolmasters followed him. The Indian major detained Osborne.

"We ought all to make a rule not to speak of this again, either here or anywhere else. It would be too horrible if it leaked out!"

"I suppose it would." The little parson had become more like one. Though full of cricket and of chaff, and gifted with a peculiarly lay vocabulary for the due ventilation of his favorite topic, he was yet no discredit to the cloth. A certain superficial insincerity was his worst fault; the conspiracy, indeed, had origi-

nated in his nimble mind; but its execution had far exceeded his conception. On the deeper issues the man was sound.

"Can there be any doubt?" the major pursued.

"About the momentary bitter disappointment, no, I 'm afraid not; about the ultimate good all round, no again; but there I don't fear, I hope."

"I don't quite follow you," said the major.

"Old Bob Chrystal," continued Osborne, "is absolutely the best sportsman in the world, and absolutely the dearest good chap. But until this afternoon I never thought he would get within a hundred miles of decent cricket; and now I almost think he might, even at his age. He has had the best practice he ever had in his life. His shots improved as he went on. You saw for yourself how he put on the wood. It is a liberal cricket education to make runs, even against the worst bowling in the world. Like most other feats, you find it 's not half so formidable as it looks, once you get going; every ten runs come easier than the last. Chrystal got a hundred this afternoon because we let him. I said just now I wished it was the beginning of the week. Don't you see my point?"

"You think he might get another!"

"I don't mind betting he does," said the little parson, "if he sticks to country cricket long enough. *Possunt quia posse videntur!*"

They went out in their turn; and last of all Chrystal himself stole forth from the deep cupboard in which he kept his cigars and his priceless brandy. An aged bottle still trembled in his hand; but a little while ago his lip had been trembling also, and now it was not. Of course he had not understood a word of the little clergyman's classical tag; but all that immediately preceded it had made, or may make, nearly all the difference to the rest of even Robert Chrystal's successful life.

His character had been in the balance during much of what had passed in his hearing and yet behind his back; whether it would have emerged triumphant, even without Gerald Osborne's final pronouncement, is for others to judge from what they have seen of it in this little record.

"It was most awfully awkward," so Chrystal told his wife. "I was in there getting at the brandy — I 'd gone and crowded it up with all sorts of tackle — when you let all those fellows into the study and they began talking about me before I could give the alarm. Then it was too late. It would have made them so uncomfortable, and I should have looked so mean."

"I hope they were saying nice things?"

"Oh, rather; that was just it; but don't you let them know I overheard them, mind."

Mrs. Chrystal seemed the least bit suspicious.

"About your century, darling?"

"Well, partly. It was little Osborne, you know. He knows more about cricket than any of them. Tuttles is only a bowler."

"I *don't* like Mr. Tuthill," said Mrs. Chrystal. "I 've quite made up my mind. He was trying to bowl you out the whole time!"

"Little Osborne," her husband continued, rather hastily, "says I ought to make a hundred — another hundred — if I stick to it."

"But of course you will," said Mrs. Chrystal, who just then would have taken Chrystal's selection for England as a matter of course.

Her husband was blushing a little, but glowing more. It was one of those moments when you would have understood his making so much money and winning such a wife. Never was a mouth so determined, and yet so good.

"I don't know about that, dear," he opened it to say. "But I mean to try!"

E. W. Hornung.

CHANGES IN COLLEGE LIFE.

THE last half of the nineteenth century was marked by exceedingly rapid social changes, especially in the United States. The more immediate causes of this movement were the discoveries and inventions which preceded and accompanied this period, and gave to men an entirely new mastery over material agents. This power was the occasion of a great increase in production, which, in turn, gave rise to a wholly unprecedented concentration of capital. Industrial processes have taken on immense magnitude, and events push forward with proportionate rapidity. Changes in social conditions which have been accustomed to creep slowly forward now begin to walk, and those which were wont to walk have fallen into a run. Good and evil overtake us before we are hardly aware of their presence. Snow which has been frozen immovably to the mountain side begins to loosen, and may at any moment precipitate itself into an avalanche.

Men are bewildered and excited by events which they only partially control — not less those who seem to lead them than those who are led by them. This rapid movement has made men giddy with the sense of power, and has seemed to open up new conditions and promises of prosperity. While the world is apparently bending to the service of men, men are, in fact, bending to the service of the world, and are hurried on by it to efforts of seeming value, but of fearful risk and frequent failure. They have neither time nor inclination to analyze action, and suit it to accepted principles and familiar ideals. New events have made all things new and discredited old philosophy.

This sudden giving way of the familiar relations of society, this taking on of a liquid form and an almost tempestuous movement, could not fail to modify education, and especially college education — peculiarly flexible and adjustable in method. There have been great gains in connection with these changes in college life, and not a few losses and threatened losses. A large amount of theory as to courses of study and as to elections in these courses has entered our higher institutions, broken up traditions, and swept away well-worn methods. It is, therefore, in order to examine this pulling down and building up, and see what waste is incident to it as well as what profit.

The most conspicuous gain is a greatly increased amount of instruction in science. The world of things, which gives footing to human labor and foundations to social interests, is coming to be known with a completeness and an accuracy of which the education of fifty years ago gave little promise. Associated with this gain came at once a pressure upon older forms of knowledge — language, philosophy, government — to which they were not only compelled to give ground, but to suffer somewhat the disparagement of neglect. A feeling found entrance that the new knowledge was the only knowledge substantial and serviceable in human life.

In connection with this pressure for time, distinct courses, with wide elections within those courses, came in vogue, and apparently relieved the difficulty. It is the fruit of this very fruitful change that we have occasion to consider. That some movement in this direction was inevitable would seem plain. The field of knowledge had become all at once too large for the student to cover it, even in the old superficial way. That this movement may easily become excessive is also plain; since knowledge may readily be so remote and restricted as to find its roots no longer spreading out in the soil of

all truth. The very superficiality for which the early instruction was censured may be revived in another form. Little patches of bright color, like lichens on a rock, may make their appearance; some things may be minutely known and deftly handled, and yet there may be no free movement in the large territory of knowledge. Not only may intellectual ideas escape the ardent specialist, even closely allied physical facts may be beyond his horizon.

An immediate result of this narrowness of instruction is that the very notion of wisdom is abridged. It is no longer made up of the wide correlations of truth, — correlations which ultimately bind all things and events in a universe that takes on a spiritual as truly as a physical character, — but sinks into a close study of a limited range of phenomena which can be put to immediate uses. The mind attains these facts with little expansion of powers and no propulsion in the realm of truth. Convictions as narrow, and as much to one side the highways of experience, as are the facts with which they are associated take the place of sound judgments. Education is crippled in its essential idea of intellectual life.

Studies in which the vigorous minds of many centuries have been bred are discovered, all at once, to be of little worth; whose pursuit is not so much to be improved in method as to be reformed out of being. Or still worse, they are travestied by some relatively indifferent, physical facts associated with them. Thus in place of philosophy we have physiological psychology, and instead of the tension of the mind in grasping fundamental truth, the tension of the fingers in the deft performance of laboratory work. The one lesson which the world has been from the beginning beating into the minds of men is again lost, that the thing seen is of little moment except as it becomes the symbol of that which is not seen. We may educate the reflective powers without securing a firm, sensuous foothold for thought; therein we err. We may educate the senses with slight discipline of the reflective powers; and our failure becomes still more absolute. The central bud of our pyramidal life is aborted, and all goes amiss, as in a fir which has lost its leader. We may show much ingenuity in expressing our intellectual life "in terms of matter and motion;" but we only attain profound insight in translating physical facts into correlative ideas. There has been, on the whole, in this extended displacement of intellectual inquiry by physical inquiry, this sudden passage from the open fields of speculation to an observation of microscopic facts, a substitution of sensuous for spiritual apprehension, a taking of events at short range instead of contemplating them in those wide relations in which they make up a universe.

The inside conditions of college life have also been much modified by the new methods which have been put upon them. There has been a great increase in the size of institutions. The feeling has gained ground of the many things to be done in education, of the possible studies to be pursued, of the accomplishments to be acquired, and of the skill to be secured in execution. It is the collective power which occupies the mind rather than individual excellence. A great city stirs the imagination and overawes the judgment. We cease to remember what a cloak of failure and folly and vice its splendor of architecture may be. A large university confuses the neophyte and fills him with a vague sense of magnitude. In the one case as in the other, when the transplanted life tries to root itself, it finds that the impression of isolation and solitude has gained ground; that fellowship must be achieved under new and difficult circumstances. In the university, as in all great combinations, there is more vigor in breaking up old relations than in forming fresh ones; and the stu-

dent, when at length he adjusts himself to his surroundings, discovers that he has substituted a narrow place in a wide field for a wider place in a more restricted one. Human fellowship is the truly educating force, and that fellowship rejects as certainly too much as too little. The body and the life which inhabits it must have the same circumference.

Great teachers are always rare, and instruction which gives impulse seeks close contact. It is a silent, continuous induction of life into life which is essential. The manifold departments of science tend to exclude each other almost as much as they exclude other forms of intellectual activity. There is no end to the details of knowledge in any physical inquiry. The circumference of the circle is constantly enlarging, and present methods do not so much contemplate a change of centre as the gathering of more and more material about the same centre. With this utterly insatiable demand for more facts, and more time in which to acquire them, the sciences lose fellowship with knowledge and with each other. Thoroughness means an increase in one dimension with a reduction in every other dimension. In a college, whose curriculum is necessarily short, a struggle for life is established which drives to the wall the less dominant claims. Even the great Darwin was compelled to confess that all but one set of faculties had suffered atrophy, and that the mind had become an instrument of inquiry rather than a medium of life.

The drill of the laboratory, while it is not strictly mechanical, is more so than that of the recitation room; and the discursive processes of thought are far less congenital to it. The intellectual manhood is less recognizable in the drill of doing than in that of thinking. The scientist has fortunately been often willing to add some stroke of philosophy to his physical inquiries, but his theories of the world have had but one foot to rest upon, and so have been inadequate and insecure.

The specialist, even in his own department, is frequently unable to give a collective view of truth, and is a less apt demonstrator of knowledge than one who, with inferior information, has been accustomed to group facts broadly in systems. A specialist despairs of wisdom, and is content to add something to the already appalling accumulation of its data. Not only does he not rise to the height of all knowledge, he does not rise to the height of his own knowledge. He confines himself to his solitary eminence, and, grubbing away at its problems, neither sees the beauty of surrounding peaks, nor feels the glory which they fling back on his own position.

It matters little how numerous and varied the attendance in a large university may be, if the individual student has not the freedom of the university. It is the close contact of daily intercourse that is educative. The more narrow the course chosen, the more isolated the inquiry, the less become the force and variety of the influences which young men exert upon one another. A variety of topics as well as a variety of persons are requisite that the special endowments and affinities of young men may be disclosed. Different purposes divide and subdivide the members of a large institution, much as do diverse pursuits the citizens of a city. To catch the flavor of human thought is not only educative, but so supremely educative that, without it, simple information loses most of its value. Text-books that marshal facts, with little suggestion of the part they play in world building, become as dry as dust, and choke the life they were intended to nourish. The largest share of the stimulus of college life is found in the contact of young men with one another, working at the same tasks, approaching the same problems, and made aware of the many quarters from which the fitful light falls upon them. They thus escape the stolidity of knowing one thing exactly. The intercourse which

promotes this dispersion and reflection of light acts like sunshine on opening buds. The seclusion of unvaried work, in remote lines of inquiry, is in arrest of this fellowship of thought. Extremes meet and baffle each other. We strove to escape the superficiality of a crowded curriculum by attention to a few topics, and we now encounter the superficiality of trying to know things separately. We sought to accumulate influences in large institutions, and our units drop apart as in no way annealed to one another.

The disintegration in a college course incident to extended electives is very marked. The faculty, having laid aside the function of guidance, leave it to be taken up by the student himself. In making his choices, he first encounters an extended chapter of accidents. A large list of electives means that many of them are in progress at the same hours. If eight are thus pursued, in choosing one of the eight he excludes seven, some of which at least may seem to him desirable. Hours are not arranged in reference to the wishes of any one man, and he finds, like a surveyor running a line in a forest, constant obstructions. The accidents and obstacles of a system of electives are innumerable and unavoidable.

This chapter disposed of, there comes the chapter of caprices. Pleasure in a given branch, personal likes and dislikes, the different degrees of work demanded in different departments, may one or all determine his election. Not the end to be gained, but the ease of immediate movement, defines his path.

Then comes the notion of practicality, so strong in immature and inexperienced minds. The choice of occupation, which may itself have been prematurely made, leads to a narrow adaptation of studies to its demands.

The inadequacy of the results reached under such a system is hidden for a variety of reasons. The catalogue is full and comprehensive, and this is accepted as an expression of the work done under it. How can such opportunities fail to be fruitful? The bright pupil enjoys his liberty, and makes something of it. He is not aware of the fact of important omissions till much later. The dull student is indisposed to complain. Complaint will be a reflection on his dullness. Instructors escape general responsibility, and are left to follow their own bent and magnify their own work. An institution whose ostensible purpose is to teach a young man anything which he may wish to know may mean an institution a large per cent of whose members learn very little to any purpose.

The amusements of college life have undergone a change akin to this division of intellectual interests. They have become professional amusements, like those of the circus or theatre; something to be seen rather than to be shared, something labored for on the one side and paid for on the other. Crowded life, the life of cities, which is at once near and remote, inevitably tends to professional amusements. They call for no participation in the spectators, and no social sympathy between them. Those idly waiting to be amused become ever more critical and exacting, less resourceful in themselves and more dependent on others. They must be pleased, and the task becomes an increasingly difficult one. The commands of the amphitheatre lay as an absolute law on those whose lives were held cheap in ministering to popular pleasure. A scrub game of ball, no matter how recreative to the participants, gives no satisfaction as a spectacle. Football demands severe training, a sacrifice of every competing purpose, and incurs serious risk, simply that those who play may give sufficient excitement to those who do not play.

Young men have only about so much enthusiasm to spend, and if it is squandered in amusement, it is necessarily lost to productive labor. Enthusiasm ought to run in the channels of their own

lives, and so buoy up and bear forward their own achievements, like well-freighted vessels. If this enthusiasm makes claims on others, it leaves those who generate it, like the Roman youth who crowded the coliseum, an ignoble band. Professional amusements mean the breaking up of free, personal, communal effort, and putting in its place the strained efforts and strong passions which sway men backward and forward as mobs. The passion for sport which prevails in our universities is to be explained, in part, as an effort to regain that unity which has been lost in the dispersion of academic work.

The reduction of interest in debate — the natural intellectual arena of vigorous minds as they gain fresh views in a variety of directions — is another result of the limitation of knowledge and interest which attends on special courses. Differences of opinion in these narrow relations may be discussed between two or three students in conversation, they cannot be debated as fundamental principles of action. Science, moreover, tends to sharp empirical proof, lying in a narrow field of experiment, and does not admit of the changeable interpretation which comes to us in the general and diversified fields of experience.

Those of us who have lived long in the educational world will hardly have failed to observe how restricted its enthusiasms have become; how difficult they are to arouse, and how small a part they play in the mass of instruction. A large number of persons in transient intercourse always impart new vigor to conventional methods, and in the same degree restrain spontaneous expression. Courtesies prevent collision, but they at the same time restrain expression. Students are more easily controlled than in earlier days, but they are awakened with more difficulty to any genuine effort. College conventionalisms become a supreme consciousness.

Commencement exercises, as an exhibition of students, are more and more distasteful, and faculties are increasingly disposed to become august, if possible, by means of gowns and prizes and degrees. As the substance gives way, the form is made more conspicuous.

A considerable annual prize — prizes are bids for enthusiasm which does not otherwise exist — was recently given to a New England college for the best essay on the duties of Christian men to Government. The faculty found difficulty in securing a discussion of sufficient breadth and earnestness to justify the publicity of publication. An influential journal sharply criticised this result as involving a reflection on the instruction. It may have done so, but if that same journal had looked to its own columns, it would have seen that it devoted far more space to baseball games in colleges than to their educational work. This is doubtless good journalism, but it shows that the world from which students come, the world which gives color to their thought and direction to their ambitions, is one in which amusements are far more sensational facts than the opinions of young men on social and civic questions. No effort within a college can exclude or correct wholly this outside atmosphere.

President Andrews is credited with saying, "Our New England students know little and care less about social questions." Having congratulated ourselves as a people beyond measure on physical prosperity, having directed our attention assiduously to physical pursuits, the loss of conviction on social questions ought not to surprise us. Our college literature has the daintiness of fastidious taste, and little of the virile quality of an immediate moral purpose.

Colleges have been passing into universities under the strong pressure of outside claims. The results of this pressure are plainly visible. The omnipotence of productive labor in the world has been felt, and the need of shaping all education to it. When one is thus being trained to a definite task, the mind

is carried forward to its fulfillment; is impatient of any effort that obstructs or delays the movement, and thinks slightingly of knowledge which does not directly contribute to it. The argument gathers weight that so much time cannot be spared for study, that study means preparation, and must accept this subordinate relation; that the business world is exacting, and that time lost to it cannot be recovered; that its opportunities are few and evasive, and that beyond its own gifts of shrewdness, experience, and a callous hand, all acquirements are of slight value. The predominant feeling that comes pushing in from the outside is, we must make haste, and in making haste a portion of college work is thrown backward into preparatory training, a portion is omitted, and a portion is carried forward as special or professional work. In these many and extreme changes the integrity of the college course is broken up and lost. The world of action, which rests on acquisition as a centre, becomes all in all, seizes the mind in advance, and draws it into a swirl of narrow pursuits from which it never again emerges. This certainly is a result inimical to education, to true mental poise, to being possessed of knowledge and by knowledge. Without the least abatement of the value of service, we cannot fail to see that service rendered under a dominant wealth-getting temper sinks into servitude, and loses much of its value for the man who renders it, and for the community which receives it. There is a reservation of purpose, a qualification of obedience, in high service, which wholly distinguish it from day-service. The professions and the arts are liable to become the thrall of commerce, and this servitude strikes back into education. The civil engineers, the mechanical engineers, or the electric engineers can spare no time for psychology or history, for these add nothing to their skill. The engineer is to be a master artisan. He is in training for that, not for citizenship, or manhood. The feeling is that manhood will come with power, but power may not come with manhood. The prize coveted is productive power, and that is accepted as covering intellectual wealth. There is a profound reversal of the divine principle, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." If these things are attained, it is thought, the Kingdom of Heaven can do no otherwise than come as the sequence of such success.

There is no other period and no other place so congenial to the ideal and the practical as college life. If we miss the uplift which comes to us as we enter this porch of the temple, we shall be slow to recover it at any later stage. The chilly atmosphere of conventionalism, the low temperature of our glacial age, will settle down on us in commerce, in society, in religion. College life is the one morning in which light and beauty and inspiration are inseparable.

It is astonishing what a change thirty years have wrought in the United States. In the middle of the last century the placid surface of democracy, girded about by constitutional barriers, seemed as little exposed to disturbing winds as a land-locked lake. Now, wealth in crested waves and poverty in yawning chasms are the most conspicuous features. The cyclone of prosperity which follows the sultry day is upon us, and threatens once more to sweep the world.

There has long been, and is increasingly in our Eastern institutions, a percentage of young men who take little interest in study, who are present in college for conventional reasons. Though these young men are the product of a social system that has already gone astray, and are not easily regenerated, this looking forward to business as the only real life is especially unfavorable for them. They therewith justify their present indifference, and make to themselves foolish promises of what they will

do when the real crisis comes. In the mean time, they acquire a lazy, loitering gait under the impression that the march has not begun. These young men are the world's servants, and the quicker they are put into its workshops the better for them. The most fatal mistake of the so-called kings of commerce is, that they are providing no heirs. The kings themselves have come from the severe school of democracy, and yet they expect to continue the breed under the relaxing conditions of wealth. Colleges can easily be made the dishonored instruments of this failure.

Training in the uses of physical things — a kind of knowledge which is disposed to adopt the designation of science as the synonym of substantial truth — is far more expensive than instruction in the humanities. The appliances are innumerable, changeable, and costly. Large endowments are necessary for this instruction. It makes for wealth and must be fed by wealth. The claims of our colleges have passed from tens of thousands to hundreds of thousands, from hundreds of thousands to millions. We have a right to take pride in this growth, but we have no less occasion to understand the changes which go with it. In all severe climbing, each new position has its own perils. The borrower is servant to the lender wherever they meet. Institutions which eagerly seek their resources from the commercial world must be lenient critics of its methods. Ethical, social, and economic truths cannot be urged in antagonism to the source of supply. The men are rare who quarrel with their bread and butter. This may seem an ignoble fact to apply to colleges, but if colleges make themselves hungry, caution and cunning will follow on. Of this we have already had experience. No matter how adroitly we may reason, and in how many ways we may cover our steps, here is a connection beyond the wit of man to break. Waters, though they be the waters of life and seem to come from Shiloh's fountain and pour into Shiloh's basins, cannot rise higher than their source. The men who feed these streams furnish the social faith of the world. The champions of truth must not be afraid of a mendicant's habit.

Education must be brought to the world quite as much as brought out of the world. It is a growth within the mind of man for the guidance of men, not a coarse induction of experience wherewith the practical man strengthens himself in his folly. Our colleges must be saved for themselves in order that they may be saved for others; in order that they may withstand these headstrong, conflicting, and merciless forces that are asserting themselves in the passionate competition of the world. There is an aloofness from current events as well as a nearness to them which our education must maintain, if it is to have any spiritual power, any guidance upward of men and communities.

The growth of expenses, the increase of salaries, the magnitude of endowments, all tend to make educators pensioners of the money power, and so to place them on the wrong side in that struggle which is upon us to revivify the principles of democracy, and make the world our common inheritance. The true citadel of democracy is the college. It is here that the mind renews its hold on those principles which underlie economic and social life. If there is no clear light in these speculative regions, we shall search for it in vain where men are in the heat, confusion, and passion of labor. Though the attack of the commercial on the educational world is not made with bugle note, constant indications are given of its presence and immediate power. Presidents of colleges are sought who are men of affairs, furnished with business instincts and standards, rather than men of intellectual inspiration. Half-hearted servants of intellectual liberty are put in command of the gates. It is certainly not

easy, under these conditions, to secure in our colleges a clear sense of the use of wealth, of its just methods of attainment, and of the subtle social dangers which attend upon it.

Preparatory as opposed to collegiate work, graduate as distinguished from undergraduate instruction, special and professional training in contrast with general discipline, call for a different temper, for different teachers and methods. They cannot be united advantageously in the same institution, unless the institution is so large as to become a group of distinct schools. Graduate work is undertaken in forecast of coming labor, and shapes itself unreservedly to it. Its methods are thorough and minute, and look to a complete and immediate command of the required resources. The instructor is equally practical in his bent of mind with the pupil, and comes from the ranks of those who have succeeded, or who are able to succeed, in commerce, or engineering, or in professional services. Teacher and pupil are narrowed down to their particular task, and manipulation, explanation, and application are the order of the day. Such methods cannot be united successfully with undergraduate work, nor does undergraduate instruction need to possess the resources which will enable it to run parallel with the applied work of the world. Its purposes are to awaken the mind, give it just impressions, and a synthetic hold on all forms of truth. It takes a preliminary survey of the vineyard, some portion of which is to be cultivated.

The physical knowledge which is now provided for us so liberally may well modify the New England college, but should not be the means of superseding it. There is no more fitting link between preparatory and professional work than college life. In the preparatory period, the associations of childhood, home discipline, and the strong sense of being cared for still rest on the mind. In professional study, the hand of the world begins to be felt. The forecast of service, competitive labor, the hope of success, the fear of failure, are ready to push, if not to oppress, the mind. Between these two, four years of free, rangeful, and joyous activity and unrestrained personal fellowship may well be placed. They constitute a strengthening node accustoming the thoughts to self-guidance and self-mastery, and binding them together with inherent affinities before the growth pushes forward into that long internode which must sustain the flower and fruitage of life. They help by many insights and anticipatory revelations to guard the too flexible mind against being beaten down by sudden temptation, or broken down by premature burdens. Life is already too hurried, too much crowded with work that ripens into nothing, too careful and anxious about many things, too much cumbered with the processes of living. Its pace is set by the machine. It is denied that breathing space so normal to the open, fresh hours of youth. What can be more unkind than to fling the boy at once into the gusty, buffeting winds of the world. This may often be necessary, yet it is one of those sore cases of compulsion, under narrow and severe conditions, which we ought to resist rather than accept. The morning hours that return no more are not to be dealt with in this heedless way under demands of commerce that give no sufficient account of themselves.

If we set any store by knowledge as knowledge, if we wish to secure that inner illumination which alone can interpret experience and treasure its wealth, we shall not let this opportunity pass of a wide outlook over life before we begin to thread its thickets. One of the most difficult things to escape is the superficiality of sagacity, the confidence which comes with money-making, the elation of knowledge which is accurate, effective, yet narrow. The things which have not been dreamed of in our philosophy, yet fill all spiritual spaces,

are the things which will ultimately overwhelm our prosperity. The reverent temper is true wisdom; the temper aware of what lies below the horizon as well as of what has come within it.

We are in no way disposed to underrate science. It is the chart of the field in which our labors are to be expended, unrolling before us in a wonderful way. And yet we are impressed with the superficiality of science as we actually attain it. We are so pleased with outlines, with full and delicate tracings, that we forget that they are but outlines, to be read thoughtfully, if their suggestions are to be made spiritually effective. It is not the colors on the retina that make the sunrise, but the brood of poetic sensibilities that wake up with them into activity.

Knowledge accumulates so rapidly that all acquisition seems to be and is very partial. This deepened sense of the infinity of truth is the highest possession to which we can attain. There are two forms of limitation which stand in very different relations to spiritual manhood, a limitation in general outlook, and a limitation in exact definition. If we must have superficiality, let it be the superficiality associated with wide surfaces, and not that of a minute knowledge of patches of territory of little worth till they are taken up in one comprehensive picture.

Art is not simply creative, it leads to creation. The painter relies on a few bold strokes which lack all resemblance, but which, seen at a fitting distance, indicate the true relations and give the constructive mind suitable suggestions. The normal eye is neither microscopic nor telescopic; it deals with wide yet intermediate spaces. It loses the minute, both near at hand and far off, but it sinks it in the landscape, a composite vision of all.

One is not prepared to work in the physical world till he has made some measurements in the spiritual world, nor to devote himself to spiritual truth till he has some apprehension of that fixed framework of things which give it distinction, definition, and permanence. We must have a base line in both worlds before we can make safe measurements in either. Especially is this true if our later work is to be directed chiefly to one of them. The sense of correlative truth which lies over against the truth of immediate observation must be with the mind as a constantly corrective term. We do not regret that physical science has wrought an immense change in instruction, but that in our eagerness we have made the new movement partial and one-sided like the old, and added to an opinion already extreme the momentum incident to change.

Science should be to us the occasion on which we come into possession of our bilateral life, and are made more fully aware of the right and the left, the upward and the downward, the inner and the outer, in our complex being, built up between two worlds, a synthesis of both. College gives the suitable period and place in which to achieve this self-possession, the preliminary sense of what the world is, this planting of the feet, one upon the sea and one upon the land. Finding the world before we are found of it is the very substance of rational life.

Philosophy is as certainly the centre of the humanities — the things which pertain to man — as science of physical relations. Mastery means an even-handed hold on both. College life is the period in which the mind awakens most readily to its own constructive power, accepts idealism as an inseparable element in a spiritual universe, and brings its own ideals out of the realm of hope to the stubborn, limping world in which it is inclosed. Vital forces take on direction early. If one's energy goes to muscular activity, or to brain action, diversion soon becomes difficult.

The present determination of thought in education toward physical facts is

weakening its hold on higher relations. The fundamental principles of freedom are losing power with us. The disposition to give a first position to physical force gains ground with us; in amusements as strength, in politics as war. We wage a faltering fight with that brutal temper, vivisection; and we make our appeal to the ethical reason with increasing difficulty.

Our education should regain a balance which it has partially lost. Once in possession of the forecast of reason, we shall correct the drudgery of a special calling by systematic sallies into the region of correlative impressions. We shall neither allow things in their fixed sequence to rule our thoughts, nor our thoughts, in fantastic freedom, to escape the restraint of things. If it falls to us to unfold and enforce spiritual relations, we shall deepen the sense of causation by a recreative pursuit of some science; or if an art is our primary purpose, we shall unloosen the wings of thought in philosophy, poetry, and politics.

We may well cease to have patience with restricted thinking and one-sided development. It is time that we pruned our education into symmetry. The catholicity of the mind is to be won in college life, and is the true mastery of the world. It is there that we come to our first vision of things, and make ready for wise and well-proportioned pursuit.

College life is also the rallying point of friendship, the centre to which returning, we can see into how many forms of spiritual wealth different paths are diverging. Those who are near us in active life, with whom we are running the competitive race, meet us with our own restricted sentiments. Hustling events, we are hustled by them. It is wholesome to return to a point from which our well-known companions have scattered all over the world, and through them win their part in it as well as our own.

The catholic temper which a genuine college life begets, it nourishes in us all our life through. College life may thus stand for wider knowledge, for the ever renewed and redirected processes of thought, for a sympathy as comprehensive as the Kingdom of Heaven, — a Kingdom in which every phase of power is to be gathered, and every germ of truth to find reconciliation, inexhaustible parts taking position in an immeasurable whole. The changes in college life should not be allowed to drag us down from the mount of vision and fling us, mere waifs, into the turmoil of events, a stream that hushes its own roar by a final plunge into the gulf of oblivion.

John Bascom.

A FORGOTTEN PATRIOT.

THE world regards success and ignores failure, first setting up its own standard of the one and making its own definition of the other. In innumerable cases it may be in the right, but in some at least the standard may prove defective and the definition too narrow. There is an unwritten philosophy of failure full of a pathetic and curious interest. "Who knows," said Sir Thomas Browne, "whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot, than any that stand remembered in the known account of time?" The great host of failure includes men of extraordinary endowments, indeed it seems as though genius itself were given no indefeasible power of accomplishment, but that it rather resembles some elemental force in na-

ture, which may be utilized in man's service, or, comparatively speaking, be suffered to go to waste. Something, trifling perhaps at first sight, may yet prove strong enough to nullify its power, or divert it into an unprofitable channel: some fatal weakness of the will, some insuperable bodily disorder, some constitutional inability of the man to understand and comply with the temper and requirements of his time. So there is a slight but fatal lack of adjustment between the power and the machinery; the stream goes by the mill, but the wheel stands idle. Hamlet and Don Quixote are world-types of this imperfect adaptation to the machinery of things. Both men rise above the average, and both fall short in situations where the average man might have succeeded. The very gift for which each is remarkable, — an intellect of more than ordinary depth and subtilty, a nature too nobly credulous of the heroic, — this gift becomes in each case the appointed instrument of failure.

Yet we instinctively shrink from accepting the world's verdict upon a man of the Don Quixote type. Life may "succeed in that it seems to fail." If it is true that fame grows not on mortal soil, nor lies in the verdict of majorities, the apparent discrepancy between a man's power and his accomplishment may, in many cases, be only apparent. History, like rumor, must be at best a compromise with the secret truth of things. It must often pass over obscure men whose unregarded influence may be the moving power behind the events which it records. It is often profitable to study, in the lives of these obscure men, the correlation and conservation of those spiritual forces which are known in general only through their more obvious results.

Such reflections are familiar enough, yet when they are suggested and enforced by example, by contact with some actual human experience, they come home to us almost as a new truth. I recently found a fresh meaning and depth in them, when I became interested, almost by chance, in that obscure Don Quixote of the eighteenth century, Thomas Day. Here is a man who achieved but a very moderate worldly success in his lifetime, and held but a minor place in the esteem of his more immediate successors. Ridiculed by his contemporaries and almost forgotten by posterity, he has suffered the penalty of superiority, but missed its reward. His very name is growing unfamiliar; his work as a patriot and philanthropist is forgotten. His more ambitious writings have been long submerged, and now the waters seem to be fast closing over his Sandford and Merton. Yet whether we recognize it or not, Sandford and Merton has a part and place in the social and literary history of England which no student of either can afford to ignore. And back of this book is a man of singularly noble character and lofty aims, who helped, if obscurely enough and in ways now little regarded, to make history.

Day is notable, first of all, because in a truly remarkable way he anticipated and exemplified those ideals of social life and conduct which a generation or two later were to change the history of Europe. He was born in 1748: just midway in the progress of that extraordinary century which proclaimed in its age what it had denied in its youth; which began life a cynic and left it an enthusiast; which despised at its latter end nearly all those things it delighted in at its beginning. Such a profound change of nature cannot well be effected in so short a time without suffering the pains of growth. If we look at England alone, it is clear that a naturally conservative nation cannot pass within about a hundred years from The Rape of the Lock to the Ode to Duty, from Robert Walpole to the Reform Bill, from John Toland and the Tale of a Tub to Newman and the Tractarian Movement, without that in-

ternal conflict between the new and the old incidental to so complete a revolution. Born only four years after the death of Pope, Day felt the first stress of this conflict. He fought almost single-handed against the coarse materialism and blind prejudice which surrounded him; an innovator, a man in advance of his time, he died before he saw his labors justified by the event, just as the mightiest spirits in England were about to be enlisted in his cause.

Three things combined to form Day's character and influence his career: the nature of his early training, the teachings of Rousseau, and the friendship of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, the father of the novelist. Day belonged by birth to that wealthier stratum of society, the luxury and selfishness of which it became one of the main objects of his life to reform. An only child, he was left fatherless when about a year old, the heir to a comfortable though not a great fortune, which proved more than sufficient for his needs. To enter upon life with good health, an excellent social position, and independent means, is to have the world at your feet, — and we know what the world meant then in England. But from the first the child was remote from that world in a wholesome and bracing air. Day's mother was a woman of unusual strength of character and soundness of judgment. Distinguished herself by a remarkable capacity for endurance, she was disposed to give the power of self-control a high place among the virtues. Day seems to have inherited her strength of character, and his natural fortitude and self-command were trained and developed by his mother's teachings and example. Here is the real beginning of much that is memorable in his story. It is probable that in Sandford and Merton Day merely handed on to innumerable children that manly and invigorating spirit he had gained in his own childish years. In the contrast between Merton, the gentleman's son, feeble, selfish, and tyrannical, through parental indulgence, and Sandford, the farmer's boy, made manly, hardy, and independent by the discipline of plain living, — in this contrast, and in the austere and heroic quality of the whole book, we feel the spirit of the mother alive in the work of her son.

Day's strong traits of character declared themselves early. At school he gave his money to the poor; at Oxford he turned away from books to study man and moralize on the problems of society. There was already a stirring in him of that deep human sympathy which was to be the best and strongest feature of his life. He wanted to meet men face to face, especially the men whose lot was harder or humbler than his own. Accordingly we find him making short trips, on the Continent or here and there in the British Isles, watching with his own eyes, studying for himself, the daily life of man. Many of these journeys were taken on foot, for Day felt that this unpretentious mode of traveling brought him into closer and more direct contact with the humbler classes. The sympathetic insight into the lives of farmers, artisans, and day-laborers, gained in these early wanderings, must have done much to strengthen the young student of man in that admiration for a life of simplicity, that antagonism to the idleness, pride, and selfishness of the wealthy, which were to dominate his career. His friend and biographer, Mr. Keir, says that on these expeditions Day mixed with "people of all descriptions; sometimes going into the parlour of an Inn, and at other times into the kitchen, where he generally found most of the amusement and instruction he was in search of;" adapting himself to the uncultivated, and treating them "rather as less fortunate brothers of the same family, than as beings of a different and inferior order." There is surely something very memorable in this. To realize its full significance we must go back in imagination to those middle

years of the eighteenth century when Day began these democratic wanderings. Men like Thomson and Gray had indeed struck notes that we now look back to as preludes to modern democracy, but the ideal of human brotherhood had not taken hold of men. France was yet feudal; Jefferson had not yet declared that all men were born free and equal; Paris had not yet murdered her thousands in the name of fraternity. In Britain, nearly all of those generous young enthusiasts who were to march in the van of democracy, the *avant-courriers* of Utopia, were unborn or in their cradles. The work of Crabbe, Cowper, Blake, and Burns, of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, lay in the future. Day treated all men as brothers in the great family of man, when the ministries of Rockingham and of North were taxing the American colonists; when Johnson, Tory and radical-hater, was the leviathan of British letters, and Horace Walpole was playing at book-making at Strawberry Hill. Yet somehow in this England, in which Lord Chesterfield wrote his Letters to his son, in which the elder Fox deliberately instructed his boy in the gentlemanly art of gambling, in the midst of this depraved and corrupt society Day's boyish eyes turned toward that high ideal which was to be the hope of those that came after.

It was during these years at the University that Day came under the spell of the extraordinary iconoclast whose strange doctrines were to be one of the strongest influences in his life. Émile was published in 1764, the very year in which Day entered Corpus Christi College; early in 1767 Rousseau, hunted from the Continent, took refuge in England on the invitation of Hume. In spite of Dr. Johnson's denunciation of him as "a rascal who ought to be hunted out of society," Rousseau turned the head of many a generous youth, for already indefinite desires, half-instinctive movements toward an impending change, were hurrying the world to the brink of a new era. Leslie Stephen has emphasized the underlying affinity that exists between Rousseau and Cowper, singularly uniting two men opposed at almost every point; there is a similar affinity between Rousseau and Day, apparent in spite of innumerable elements of difference, for, with all his errors, Rousseau marshaled the makers of history in the way they were already going, and back of him and of them was the pressure of the same force.

The third of the important influences on Day's life, the friendship with Edgeworth, dates from about the close of Day's stay at Oxford. In the brilliant, versatile, and impressionable young Irishman, Day found one who was in many respects a kindred spirit. Both men were keenly alive to new ideas; both were enthusiastic disciples of Rousseau; but it was Edgeworth who first attempted to apply the great Frenchman's theories of education; Edgeworth who first wrote stories for children; Edgeworth to whose example and suggestion we owe Sandford and Merton. About the time the acquaintance began, Edgeworth, fascinated by the charm and eloquence of Émile, resolved to bring up his son according to Rousseau's system; and assuming the result of the experiment to be fairly stated, it must have confirmed Day's belief in the methods employed. According to his father, the boy acquired under this training "all the virtues of a child bred in the hut of a savage, and all the knowledge of *things* which could be acquired at an early age by a boy bred in civilized society." He grew, moreover, "fearless of danger, and . . . capable of bearing privations of every sort." We cannot avoid seeing in such a character the embodiment of that ideal of manliness which the author of Sandford and Merton loved to depict. To gain all that is admirable in the freedom and hardiness of a natural life, and yet lose none of the advantages of civilization,

this was the goal — the *mirage* if you will — that both friends sought.

But Edgeworth did more than encourage Day in his admiration for Rousseau. Through Edgeworth, Day entered the charmed circle of the Muses at Lichfield, over which that portly Apollo, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, presided. One is tempted to linger over this chapter of Day's life, for surely none of the great English novelists, not even the chroniclers of Cranford, Barchester, Carlingford, or Middlemarch, has created a provincial society so fascinating and so extraordinary as that which then actually flirted and poetized, talked sentiment, gossip, and philosophy, under the shadow of Lichfield Cathedral. There was the beautiful Miss Eleanora Sneyd, for whom Major André felt an unrequited and "inextinguishable passion;" there was James Kier, the chemist, Day's friend and future biographer; James Watt, "the celebrated improver of the steam engine;" above all there was as corypheus Dr. Darwin himself, the heavy-footed and corpulent minstrel of The Loves of the Plants, who — in the characteristic words of Miss Seward — had bound himself with the wisdom of Ulysses for twenty years to "the medical mast," that he might not follow "those delusive sirens the Muses," but who at last permitted himself "to entwine the Parnassian laurel with the balm of Pharmacy." And there not the least was Miss Anna Seward herself, "the Swan of Lichfield," effervescing with sentiment even in her prose, a masterpiece who in her own person surpasses the most striking creations of fiction.

It is with this "Darwinian sphere" of Lichfield, as Miss Seward calls it, that Day's memory has come to be chiefly associated. Here many of his warmest friendships were formed; here, having taken a cottage "in the little green valley of the Stow," he tested by actual experiment the efficacy of Rousseau's ideas of education, as Edgeworth had done before him. The story has been charmingly told elsewhere, and need only be alluded to here for the light it throws on one side of Day's character. A born idealist, he confidently expected to find a beautiful being who, for his sake, would gladly resign all the luxuries and vanities of the world, and live with him in some rose-embowered cottage a life of antique simplicity and self-denying benevolence. He held fast the loftiest ideal of womanhood in an age of coarse manners and low morals; he longed for a woman's love and sympathy, and yet disdained to conform to the ordinary requirements of society, or to use any of those aids of dress or manner by which men sought to make themselves acceptable. For a time he thought that he had found his ideal in Edgeworth's sister, but Philosophy and Fashion were soon parted by a mutual incompatibility. After this disappointment Day resolved to make his ideal woman for himself. He accordingly adopted two foundlings, girls of eleven and twelve, and brought them up according to Rousseau. He strove to teach them to endure pain "with the fortitude of a Spartan virgin;" to keep a secret; to live simply and think nobly; to despise dress and love philosophy. One of them soon gave way under the trial, and Day, with an exquisite recognition of the irony of things, apprenticed her to a milliner; the other was brought to Lichfield. Day had called her Sabrina Sidney, after the nymph of the Severn and the republican patriot, but apparently (although she was an excellent girl) he could not exalt her to the high level of her name.

It cannot be denied that in this farcical affair, Day showed all the generous weakness of the idealist; that he is here a veritable Don Quixote, obscuring the hard facts of life in the hues of romance. Yet even this story is not merely ludicrous. Day's conduct throughout was scrupulously honorable, testifying to his lofty purity as well as to the unpractical and visionary side of his char-

acter. After all, his only errors were noble ones: a too exalted opinion of average human nature, and a belief, natural to inexperience, that education, like the Great Elixir, has a magical power of converting dross into fine gold.

Unfortunately for Day's fame, the irresistible humor of this episode has forced it into a prominence which its real importance does not justify. Day was but twenty-two or twenty-three years old at this time, yet this piece of youthful folly has been dwelt upon almost to the exclusion of the really notable things in his career. The result of this false perspective has been an unintentional but regrettable injustice. We have been content to see him as he appeared to his contemporaries, forgetting that they neither understood his ideals nor saw his life in its true proportion. Accepting this traditional view without question, a recent English critic describes Day as "a perfect type of the mad Englishman with whom foreign caricatures have familiarized us." A little later he calls him "a philanthropist of the most bigoted sincerity." Now what are the facts? It must be admitted that Day's manners were unconventional; that he neglected to brush his hair; that his dress did not always combine neatness with simplicity. He could not learn to dance; he disapproved of powdered wigs; so far the indictment must be sustained. But those who remember these things should remember further that on nearly every great issue of his day this "mad Englishman" was saner than almost any other man of his generation. It was his distinction to differ from the average man on these great issues, and he has paid the penalty even to our own day; nevertheless, he was right, and the average man was wrong.

The first of these great questions was the slave-trade. Judged solely as a contribution to poetical literature, Day's first published work, The Dying Negro, has but little claim to be remembered. But while it may justify us in forgetting Day the poet, it should compel us to honor Day the philanthropist. By its theme and its intention, it lifts its author to a plane with Thomson, Shenstone, Dyer, Cowper, and with those others who quickened the conscience of England, and prepared a way for Clarkson and Wilberforce.

The second great cause in which Day interested himself was the reform of Parliament. In a speech on this subject at Cambridge in 1780, he denounced the existing system of representation as a "mockery," and passionately pleaded for reform. This was about two years before Pitt made his unsuccessful attempt in the House of Commons to accomplish the same end, and more than half a century before the passage of the Reform Bill.

The third great cause which found a champion in Day was the cause of the American colonists. Day supported the colonies from the first in both prose and verse. In a pamphlet on The Present State of England and the Independence of America (which ran through four editions in little more than a year) he strongly urged that the independence of America should be acknowledged and the war brought to a close.

These are three of the great causes for which this "mad Englishman" labored. In the first he stands with Clarkson and Wilberforce; in the second with William Pitt and Lord John Russell; in the third with Burke and Chatham. This is surely a remarkable record for any one man; it is all the more remarkable when we reflect that the relation which Day occupies to these great leaders is often rather that of a pioneer than a follower. Day is of course an insignificant figure beside the great men with whom these historic issues are associated; but we are not now considering the amount of ability he brought to their support. We are going to the facts to find whether he was indeed the

"mad Englishman" of caricature, and we find that on these three great questions at least, he was more than ordinarily sane.

The truth is that our opinion of Day will largely depend upon what we consider important and what we may regard as trivial. We may assign a high place to an enlightened patriotism and a clear judgment in the vexed questions of the state; or, like M. Jourdain's dancing-master, we may think that the art of dancing is of all things the most necessary to men. The contemporary misconception of Day, which we have inherited, was due in part to his "passion for reforming the world;" it was due, most of all, to the fact that his life was lived according to principles which those about him could not understand. In a bewigged and powdered generation, coarse in thought and action, yet formal in manner and phrase, he chose to live simply and nobly. Having money, he yet worked with his own hands. He disliked and shunned towns; he believed that it was good for every man to earn his own bread. He had in him a touch of the visionary, yet those who call him a dreamer should add that his dreams have come true. America *is* independent; the slave-trade abolished; Parliament reformed. His ideal of a simpler life, if not yet realized, has been the hope and inspiration of Cowper, Wordsworth, Ruskin, and many of the noblest spirits of modern times. Even that other youthful dream, which seemed to Edgeworth the height of folly and presumption, even that came true. A woman of wealth, position, unusual abilities, and a wide knowledge of literature, turned away from twenty suitors to live Day's ideal life of simplicity and benevolence with this uncouth and dogmatic philosopher. Finally the facts show that this man, who has been sneered at as a philanthropist of "bigoted sincerity," anticipated at last the methods of modern scientific charity. Toward the close of his short life he wrote to Edgeworth: "The result of all my speculations about humanity is, that the only way of benefiting mankind is to give them employment, and make them *earn* their money." Day's last years were spent in an effort to apply this theory. He took a farm in Surrey; here he lived simply, tilling the ground, thinking high thoughts, conversing on high themes, striving, above all, to be a brother to all men. He gave work to those out of employment, welcomed "common farmers" to his table, and chatted with the laborer in the fields; he fed the hungry; clothed the naked; gave medicine to the sick, and comfort to those who were in trouble. Here again our opinion of Day depends upon our sense of relative values. Some have ridiculed him because his farm did not pay; they mean by this that he lost money through his manner of conducting it. This is perfectly true.

I have not attempted to consider Day's work as a man of letters. He was before all a patriot and a social reformer; he did not aim at literary distinction for its own sake, but looked upon all that he wrote as merely a means to an end. He was often a vigorous and effective writer, but the men who, like Burke, can contribute at the same time both to political controversy and to literature are indeed few, and Day is not among them. Among that early group of writers for children to which Mrs. Barbauld and Hannah More belonged, Day is probably second to Maria Edgeworth alone; and it is but just that his reputation as a writer should rest chiefly on Sandford and Merton and the History of Little Jack. But I have tried to show that Day's chief claim on our grateful remembrance is not as a man of letters at all, but as a man whose life and aims and labors have a significance commonly overlooked, a man whose share in the spiritual emancipation of England was doubtless far greater than we can now determine.

It is more than a century since Day,

Cowper, Burns, and Wordsworth saw visions and dreamed dreams. Since then Democracy, whose approach they heralded, has had its chance to transform the world. What has it done for us? Do we really believe in it any longer? Does not the enthusiasm of a man like Day seem unreal and fantastic, even to us who live in a nation originally set apart to proclaim and exemplify his principles? After a century, have we gained confidence in the rule of majorities; have we developed the antique virtues of a Cincinnatus, a Cato, or an Epictetus; have we come to despise the world's shibboleths of rank and fashion, and grown in the power to live simply, work honestly, and think nobly? Above all, have we realized that the fact of a common humanity dwarfs or wipes out all lesser or adventitious distinctions? Has Democracy failed? Was it after all but a quack panacea, impotent to heal the chronic and deep-seated diseases of mankind,— or have we failed, have we indeed held the *elixir vitæ* in our hands, and then, like willful children, thrown it away?

Henry S. Pancoast.

SUMMONS.

I FEEL it call me as no human voices
Have ever done: — the music deep and strong,
Born of the forest when the wind rejoices
With tumult of forgotten, ancient song.

Naught draws me like the smell of the marsh places
In the hot noontide, in the quivering noon,
When sunlight overflows the blue air spaces,
And motion fails into a magic swoon.

My spirit sweeps aloft with the great mountains
And finds in mighty storms a mystic calm.
I know the song sung by the hidden fountains,
I long for the deep valley's scented balm.

Deserts grown gray beneath the sun's long shining,
Creating loneliness from morn to morn.
Forgotten paths through dim, lush meadows twining;
Shores where the Sea forever moves forlorn.

Earth voices, sun and moon and shadow, calling;
Growth of the Spring and Summer's dreaming peace;
Tempest and evening hush and soft snow falling —
Immortal voices! never will ye cease

To lead me by strange ways, half-comprehending —
Oh, half-rememb'ring what I do not know!
Beyond all Life and Beauty that hath ending
Unto that Mystery, whence yourselves ye flow.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

HIS DAUGHTER FIRST.

XXIV.

Mr. Heald had chosen the Carleton as a place of residence because he objected to the inhospitable atmosphere of the apartment house whose entrance is distinguished by a self-acting elevator and a pneumatic tube. The Carleton possessed a generous hall with an obliging clerk behind its desk and a boy in buttons at the elevator. There was also a newspaper and flower stand in the corner, a quiet billiard-room and bar adjacent, and, beside the ticker, a mahogany inclosure, in which a young woman with a rose in her hair attended to telephone calls. Of most of these adjuncts Mr. Heald made no use, but he liked to have them around. He liked the greeting which awaited him when he entered the Carleton door. He liked the smile of the telephone girl and the bit of color in her hair. He liked the "Good-day, Mr. Heald," from behind the desk, the folded paper when he came down to breakfast, and the extra energy born of hope in the legs of the bell-boy. All these indicated appreciation of his fees rather than of himself, but they imparted a home atmosphere to the place, and gave him a sense of proprietorship. They were his "comforts of home."

He responded to none of these signs of affection, however, on returning from his interview with Jack. This was no unusual occurrence. He paid for civility in cash, and would certainly have lost consideration had he paid only in kind.

The clerk handed him some letters as he came in, and said that a gentleman had called twice that afternoon, leaving no name, and received a nod in reply. Going up to his room Mr. Heald threw open the window, and without even taking off his hat sat down before it, his hands in his pockets, his head thrown back, plunged in thought. The roar of the street came in from the window with the winter fog. It was a dark, dismal afternoon, and the lights of the city were beginning to tinge the heavy overhanging mist with a dull red glare. The events of the day filed before him as gloomy as the drifting fog. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he would have succeeded. It was sheer hard luck, coupled with his own sentimental folly. Why could n't he keep to business principles? He ought to have sent Mrs. Kensett a check for five hundred dollars and interest, with a fitting acknowledgment of her husband's loan. Instead of which he had chosen to pose in the rôle of benefactor, with the result that just at the turning of the tide Temple sent his damned expert to Arizona. It was always the way, — the incredible, the unexpected, the little stray fox that ate the vines.

Of the future he refused to think. What was the good of figuring up assets? It all depended on Temple. If he set a decently fair price on the stock he was all right. If he was bound to exact the pound of flesh he was ruined. There was nothing to be gained by worrying over that now. He preferred to think of Mabel. He had made a fool of himself there too. The bitter kernel in these reflections was that though he had himself only to blame, the effects were out of all proportion to the causes. His transaction with Mrs. Kensett was founded on a generous impulse, and it was hounding him now like a cur! There were no words to express the folly of his entanglement with Helen, but he had really loved Mabel all the time! Perhaps he had not known it. He knew it now. He might have been a little more civil to her father in parting; he had nearly lost his temper —

Then he was conscious that some one was in the room. In the noise from the street he had not heard the door open, and he turned expecting to see his man. Instead he saw a slight figure standing in the middle of the floor, a white, haggard face, and a hand with something in it. In the failing light he could not distinguish what the hand held, but he recognized the boyish face of the day before, and knew instantly what was coming.

Simultaneously with the words "Take that, damn you!" came a flash and a stinging sensation which was not pain, but which brought an "Ah!" from his lips. Then he sprang forward and wrenched the smoking weapon from his assailant's grasp.

He could have thrown the boy out of the window, but there was no need to do that. The desperate hate which had supplied the courage died with the act.

"Are you hurt, Mr. Heald?"

The voice was the voice of a man bordering on collapse.

"I have n't you to thank if I am not! What the devil" —

"You 've ruined me" — the words ended in a hoarse whisper, and the eyes tried in vain to get away from the dripping hand.

Mr. Heald did not do what he thought he would have done under the circumstances.

"Pick up your hat," he said.

The boy obeyed tremblingly.

"How much have you lost?" There was no answer, and the question was repeated angrily. "Do you want me to give you a dose of your own medicine? If you don't, do as I tell you. Open that drawer. Now bring that check-book here." He sat down at the desk by the window and took a pen in his unwounded hand. "Spread it open — that 's it. Now, will five thousand dollars make you whole? will *ten?* Why did n't you say so at once," he said, leaning on the open book and filling out the check. "You can fill in the name yourself. Now mind what I say. You get out of here quietly and cash that check the first thing in the morning, — and mind you don't come sneaking around here to find out if I 'm alive. If you do, I 'll have you arrested for murder — see? Leave your toy here," — his visitor made an effort to speak, — "and clear out, *quick*," continued Mr. Heald; "I 'm going to ring the bell and tell the doctor what an awkward hand I am with pistols. It 's lucky for you the door was shut and the window open. Brace up now," he said, pushing the trembling figure before him with his steady gaze and following him up to the door.

He watched him down the corridor till he disappeared on the stairs, then closing the door went into his bedroom and rang the bell.

A few moments later he was explaining to the doctor how the accident happened. Fortunately he had shielded himself with his left hand, and his explanation was fairly plausible.

"I don't quite see, Mr. Heald, how" — the doctor was saying as he fastened the bandage after dressing the wound, when there was a knock at the door and a policeman entered, followed by the clerk.

"He 's given himself up, sir. The Inspector 'll be here in a minute."

The doctor looked at his patient and smiled.

"The damned idiot!" said Mr. Heald. "I thought he was only crazy, but he 's a fool."

It was thus that the evening "Extras" contained a full account of the attempted murder of the well-known Wall Street operator, Mr. Reginald Heald, said to be a heavy loser by the recent fall in Argonaut shares, with lurid details of an imaginary character and as much of the hitherto unpublished family history of the interested parties as could readily be supplied at such short notice.

XXV.

Mrs. Frazer was greatly relieved to see Mabel come down to breakfast, the morning after their midnight conversation, with all the evidences of a refreshing sleep and a tranquil mind. She had enjoyed neither herself, and had surprised Dolly by marching into the breakfast-room with the assurance of an habitual early riser. Dolly's second surprise came in the form of a kiss from Mabel, who was as usual the last to appear, and who, after stopping at Margaret's chair to say good-morning, stooped to touch her lips to Dolly's hair on her way to the vacant place beside Mrs. Frazer, — a place which the latter had managed to reserve for her. She had a way of coming into a room as the sun comes into the world, with a word and smile of general greeting, which each could accept as a personal communication. She seemed aware of the relief and approval depicted on Mrs. Frazer's face, and still further increased that lady's satisfaction by announcing that she was desperately hungry, adding in a low tone that she had been very silly the night before. Then she proposed to Margaret that they should ride over to the farm to see how the patient was getting on.

She came down in her riding-habit after breakfast was over, and went out to the stables with Margaret in seemingly high spirits. She won the respect of the groom by disdaining the chair which he brought and springing lightly from his hand to her seat. Margaret agreed with her that they needed no one to accompany them.

It was a beautiful day; the snow was melting in the warm sun, and there were people on the piazza as they rode down the avenue. Mabel waved her whip to them as she disappeared under the trees.

"Do you like people?" she asked Margaret.

"Why yes, some people," said Margaret; "don't you?"

"I mean *most* people, the people like the blocks of houses in New York, with eyes and noses like the doors and windows, — the people that only have numbers to distinguish them."

Margaret laughed. "Perhaps it is well we do not all like the same ones," she said.

"Shall we have a gallop? Come!" cried Mabel.

But the snow was softening, and they reined in their horses before reaching the wood.

"I love to ride," said Mabel, patting her horse's neck; "I feel so free. People tie you hand and foot. I should like to ride on and on and on, — and never come back. We have lived so long in cages, though, I suppose we should tire even of freedom. Do we turn in here?"

They rode on side by side down the lane so dear to Margaret, where she had lost her lonely liberty for a sweeter bondage. The doctor's sleigh was at the door, and the blanketed mare whinnied at their approach. Mr. Pearson came out at once, and called to Jim to take the horses. But Mabel refused to dismount.

"How is he?" she asked.

"Waal," said Mr. Pearson, "he 's doin' well enough. I reckon he won't chop no more trees. Trampin' round the country won't be no easy job neither."

The doctor appeared in his shaggy fur coat, and confirmed Mr. Pearson's statements.

"I was thinking we might get up a subscription for a wooden leg," he said to Margaret.

Margaret promised to speak to Mrs. Kensett about it, and asked if there was anything needed.

While she was speaking Mrs. Pearson came to the door, bareheaded, in a checked apron, and after exchanging a word with Margaret stared at Mabel as

if she had a load upon her mind which must be relieved.

"Be you the young lady what helped the doctor? My! You don't look like you 'd hurt a fly. Won't you come in? He 'd be dreadful glad to see you."

"You go," said Mabel to Margaret.

Margaret did not wish to, but yielded, thinking it would give pleasure.

"What would a leg cost?" asked Mabel of the doctor, who was turning his sleigh with Mr. Pearson's help. He told her what he thought the expense would be.

"Order him one," she said, as if she were ordering a box of her favorite chocolates at Maillard's. "I will see it is paid for."

When Margaret rejoined her she proposed they should return through the village.

"It 's nice not to have some one tagging at your heels," she said, as they cantered up the lane to the main road.

"I thought you would be just the person to insist upon a groom."

"Did you? One has to in town. Do you know all these people? Every one we meet bows to you."

"Not all. But they all know me."

"I might live here a hundred years and not know one of them."

"You know the Pearsons and one tramp already."

"So I do," laughed Mabel. "I wonder if they really enjoy life, puttering about on their farms."

"It 's much less tiresome than some of the puttering about we have to do in society."

"Oh, of course. But the life is so narrow, their interests so small. Still, I presume their babies and new dresses are of as much importance to them as ours are to us. Helen, you know, is my baby," she added.

"I like Miss Gaunt very much," said Margaret warmly.

"So do I. We all have a tender feeling for people that cannot walk alone."

"She seems to be making her own way in life."

"I wonder if she could," said Mabel meditatively, "if all the props were knocked away."

Margaret thought the remark a strange one, and, not understanding it, made no reply. She could not make out whether she liked Mabel or not. She could not refuse her a kind of admiration, but when ready to give more Mabel's indifference chilled her. The moment she won a little affection she seemed to throw it deliberately away.

They rode home almost in silence. Mabel's spirits had flagged perceptibly. At the gate they met Dorothy on her pony and a groom, who told them that every one had gone up to the sugar camp for luncheon, and that Mrs. Kensett had said that they were to join her there. She had left word to this effect in case they failed to meet on the way. Mabel made the excuse of letters to write and declined to go. Margaret knew the rule of the house, that one was to do as one pleased, and after a little polite insistence rode off with Dorothy. Ever since her mother's remark that she saw nothing of what was going on about her she had endeavored to cultivate her powers of observation, with the result that she did not know whether it was observation or imagination that was at work. She concluded in this case that it was imagination. She had her own secret happiness and was not disposed to see trouble, and Dorothy's gleeful mood matched her own better than Mabel's did.

The latter had luncheon alone with Mrs. Frazer, whom she won anew by evincing great interest in solitaire and by extreme amiability toward Professor Fisher, who made a long call with his sister in the afternoon.

Helen had resolved to have her explanation with Mabel that morning. She went directly to Mabel's room after dressing, relying upon Mabel's late hours; but the windows were wide open,

and Marie, who was struggling with the chaos of her mistress's toilet, said she had gone down. She was not at the breakfast-table, but came in later from the piazza where Helen had certainly never dreamed of looking for her at that hour. After breakfast she had ridden off with Margaret to the farm, and did not put in an appearance at the sugar camp at all. There were the quiet hours after tea when every one was resting before dressing for dinner, and upon these Helen counted. When tea was brought to her room she said she would take hers with Miss Temple, and followed the servant with the tray to Mabel's door.

Mabel was holding a reception. There were three or four girls with her, including Constance, and the furniture was strewn with costumes for the evening's charades. Constance was pinning the drapery of the Foolish Virgin when Helen came in.

"You are a perfect genius, Constance," Mabel was saying. "You ought to be a dressmaker."

"I will if you will be my model," said Constance, who was kneeling beside her before the pier-glass; "everything fits on you."

"What do you think, Helen?" asked Mabel, looking at herself in the mirror; "will that do? I *must* convert the Bishop." She wore a gold band about her forehead, clasped under her hair, and had pressed a plain, old-fashioned bracelet of Mrs. Frazer's into service as an armlet. "Just enough jewelry to show my folly," she said. Constance, still kneeling, surveyed her work critically.

"You will make the wisest Wise Virgin imaginable," said Mabel, looking down upon her. "You are a perfect image of prudence and demureness. You must not look too sweet to-night or I shall kiss you. I should lose my case with the Bishop."

Constance laughed, and the time slipped by in discussion and chatter which grated on Helen's nerves. When the clock struck seven there was a hurried gathering up of costumes and accessories, a quarter of an hour of last words and suggestions, and then Mabel rang the bell for Marie.

"I want to speak to you," began Helen, who had lingered behind.

"Well — speak," said Mabel, ringing the bell again impatiently.

"Will you let Marie wait a few minutes, Mabel? There is time enough."

Mabel turned.

"Do you mean you have something — particular — to say?"

"Yes."

"Can't you wait till to-morrow? You know I am the Foolish Virgin to-night. You could n't get a drop of wisdom out of me."

Helen summoned up all her resolution.

"I am not going to be treated in this way. I don't know what I have done, but if I cannot have either your love or your courtesy you cannot have my society."

She had gone too far. She had intended to soothe, not aggravate. Indignation at what she considered Mabel's flippancy had carried her away.

Mabel looked at her in astonishment. "It has got to come," she thought. But she was not ready. Would she ever be ready?

"Cannot you wait till to-morrow?" — herself waiting for the sound of Marie's footsteps. "We will have our breakfast here together. It will be quiet, and there will be plenty of time, — there 's hardly enough to dress now. I have something to say to you too."

She saw instantly the effect produced by this last declaration, and in this she was not mistaken. Helen had expected one of Mabel's sudden alternations of mood, — an explanation, she hardly knew in what form, — ending in reconciliation. She had resolved it should not be too easy, and had had a vision of a penitent Mabel, confessing that she

was too old and too reasonable to act like a petulant child. The Mabel she saw was calmer and more in earnest than she was herself, and her quiet announcement that she also had something to say frightened her. Her father used to send for her as a little girl with the same message of mysterious import, and she felt now as she did then when she went trembling to his door wondering what that awful "something" could be.

"How many times must I ring, Marie, before you deign to answer the bell?"

Marie had run all the way upstairs, but knew the laws of mechanics too well to attempt the repression of escaping steam. Experience had taught her that a fit of generosity generally followed an explosion of this sort, and that meekness was better than explanations. She had also observed the signs of an unusual storm, and had the wit to see that her insignificant self was not the cause of it. She therefore closed the door softly after Helen and went about her duties in silence.

The evening's entertainment was a great success. There was an amusing French monologue by the attaché, with charades and tableaux, the audience being increased by a large delegation from Lemington. Paul came up from New York by the last train, and entered just as Margaret sat down before the piano at Mabel's request for an impromptu closing dance, — the Virginia reel. Mabel caught the secret glance of intelligence which passed between Paul and Margaret and interpreted it correctly. She was in her best mood, sensitive as the most delicate instrument in a physical laboratory to everything about her; but the Bishop touched the wrong chord when, bidding her good-night, he said, with a playful smile and admonishing shake of the head, "You made sin very attractive."

She blazed up at once.

"There is n't enough blood in my veins for two," she replied, "but I would give the last drop — for one I loved." The sentence began in deadly earnest, and ended in such an uncertain mixture of seriousness and mockery that the Bishop could not choose between them.

After a function of any description Mrs. Frazer liked to talk things over, and with Paul and Margaret was waiting for Dolly to finish her last words with her scattering guests, when Mabel joined them as though she were one of the family and privileged to remain.

"Did you see Mr. Heald to-day?" asked Dolly, coming up. "He said he would write."

Helen was saying good-night, but the question made her linger, ostensibly for Mabel, as was natural.

"Yes," said Paul. "I met him by chance down town."

"When is he coming back?"

"I don't think he will come back at all."

Helen listened intently.

"I am glad of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Frazer, "I cannot tolerate him."

"Why Laurinda!" said Dolly reproachfully; "you should not speak so of my guests."

"You need not defend him," interposed Mabel. "I am responsible for him. I asked you to invite him."

"He needs no defense here," said Dolly, with dignity. "Mrs. Frazer does not mean what she says."

"I should be willing to put my opinion to vote," persisted Mrs. Frazer.

Paul set his foot on the threatening blaze by saying that the weather in New York was detestable, and that he was glad to get back from fog to sunshine. Then Helen withdrew and was presently followed by Mabel, and Paul had at last the opportunity to tell his news.

"No one knows," he said in finishing, "what Jack has made out of this, — millions, perhaps. As for Heald, Mrs. Frazer, I rather agreed with you this morning. But he 's not such a bad

fellow after all. He 's in luck to have Jack Temple instead of you to deal with at any rate."

He did not feel at liberty to relate his conversation with Mr. Heald, but to Margaret, after the others were gone, he told the whole story.

Helen went to her room with bitterness in her heart. *He was not coming back at all.* And he had not said or written a single word.

In the happiness of his first approaches she had felt that new joy of being sought for, which came into her lonely life, telling her that it had been lonelier than she knew, lifting her out of nothingness into the consciousness that she was worth seeking. Happiness had almost passed her by. It were a thousand times better it had never found her if it were to forsake her now. She tried hard not to doubt it, to silence her misgivings, but she kept stealing back to it in thought, as a mother steals to the cradle of her sick child to search its face for reassuring signs, and when she went to bed she held it in the shelter of her arms.

Was it doomed to die? What, after all, had he said or done? He did not love Mabel, — that he had said. And Mabel had said she would be delighted if he asked her — Helen — to marry him. At the time this had given her unfeigned happiness. It gave her none now. He had not asked her. The thought that Mabel should ever know that choked her. Why had she allowed Mabel to get even a glimpse of her heart so soon? And why had she trifled with fortune when it looked her way? Because she was not sure of herself, because it was so sudden, because the infinite greatness of Love when she looked into its face frightened her, and, worst of all, because she was not sure of him. No one seemed to like him thoroughly. Would that make any difference if she really loved him? She remembered one of her school friends who had been years making up her mind, who declared she never had made it up herself, that it had been made up for her when her lover caught her in his arms. All became clear then, and the marriage had been a very happy one. Was that the story of all women? It was not the picture she had drawn. It was the right and glory of a woman to love as wholly, as consciously, as the man who wooed her. Why then had she run away that day in the picture-gallery? She had told him she hated him. She tried to feel that had been a grievous fault. Why had she said so? It was not true. Why had she put him off afterwards? Every barrier between them she had set up herself. Yet in the depth of her heart she knew all this was miserable subterfuge. If he really loved her he would have broken every barrier down. She had wanted nothing less than to feel the arms about her, even when she turned her back and walked away. And they had not come.

A hundred times before she fell asleep she was on the point of lighting her candle and writing him a letter. She wrote it and re-wrote it in thought, always the same, a single word: Come. But he had left her without a word, without a sign a waiting woman might read; and as she went over and over all that had passed between them since their meeting in the Academy, the foolish raillery which had been so sweet in the anticipation of what was to come seemed foolish indeed, and her poor little romance grew more and more threadbare and insincere.

The truth was, and she knew it, she was afraid — afraid of him. She was willing to be a little afraid of the man she loved, but her fear was the fear of mistrust, — a fatal fear for love. Perhaps it was not love of him, but of independence; the longing to escape from the single-handed struggle with the world and the dread of falling back from ease and luxury into the little miseries of life. How willingly she would have undergone the supreme test, the

embrace of the loving arms that should wake her out of this nightmare of doubt with their final Yes or No.

Then, not knowing whether she had been dreaming or asleep, she heard a voice calling: —

"Helen, Helen, are you awake?"

XXVI.

There was a portion of the daily mail of Cedar Hill which did not commonly penetrate beyond the precincts of the servants' dining-room, for which Dolly had generously provided a sum devoted to the gratification of its literary tastes. It consisted chiefly of publications given up to the record of social events, descriptions of the mode of life and manner of dressing of sovereigns and other distinguished personages, rules for correct behavior in polite society, reproductions of the physical attractions of the stage, and advice suited to a variety of delicate or difficult situations in life.

On this particular morning, however, interest in these things was overshadowed by the lurid account in an evening paper of the tragedy at the Carleton. It was not an altogether correct version. Had it been so it would have failed of its mission, which was, incidentally, to produce the greatest possible effect upon the appetite for news, and thus, ultimately, upon the office receipts. The butler read it aloud in solemn tones to an awestruck audience before the house was astir, and Marie had placed it on the tray with other less interesting mail matter to await the signal for which, for once in her life, she impatiently listened. To her relief it came earlier than usual.

"Something dreadful 's happened, Miss Mabel," she said, while yet feeling her way to the table in the darkened room. "They 've shot Mr. Heald."

Mabel sat up in bed, scarcely comprehending what she heard.

When she fell asleep she was as far as ever from being ready. She had slept soundly, without a dream, as men will on the eve of execution, and had waked suddenly, every sense wide open, as far from being ready as when she dropped into her leaden sleep. She had had moments of self-delusion, as men will have who are doomed to die, when she could almost persuade herself that it was all a nightmare, that Helen had really nothing important to say, and that when she rang her bell Marie would come and open the shutters to the light and happiness of her old, every-day life. Then she fell back into the darkness of reality, groping feverishly for the door which she could not find, lying very still the while, as a man bound fast hand and foot must lie, though he wrestles in mind with the suffocation and oppression of his helplessness. Then, as men will do who must move forward into the unknown whether they wish to or not, she rang the bell in sheer exhaustion — to end it all.

"They 've shot Mr. Heald!" It was not the door she had been groping for. It was the unexpected, undreamed of door. Marie's announcement was a lightning flash, but its import came slowly, gathering force little by little, as the following thunder does.

"Open the blinds, Marie," — she said it from force of habit, — "and put the tray here, on the bed. Now you may go." She saw the paper, but she would not touch it till she was alone. "Is Helen awake?"

Marie said no one was up yet. It was only seven o'clock. Should she get the bath ready?

"No."

It was the no of dismissal, and Marie reluctantly withdrew.

"Awful tragedy at the Carleton. Mr. Reginald Heald, the well-known Wall Street operator, assaulted by a victim of the Argonaut deal. Condition serious, but not desperate. The would-be assassin surrenders himself. Revenge said to be the motive. Suspi-

cious check found on his person. The mystery being probed by our special reporter," — and so it went on in leaded type for several columns.

The details were nothing to Mabel. There was only one fact for her, — this was the man she loved. And all the rights and privileges of love became instantly hers. There was no other love besides hers in the world. She got up, holding the paper tightly in her hand, slipped into her dressing-gown, and went to Helen's door: —

"Helen, Helen, are you awake?"

Without waiting for an answer she drew back the curtain from the window and let in the gray morning light.

"Is that you, Mabel? What is the matter?"

For answer Mabel put the paper into Helen's hand and sat down on the edge of the bed, possessed by one thought only, — this was the woman in the way. She had stood so long between the two impossibilities of self-effacement and self-assertion that any door, though it opened upon another agony, was a relief.

She watched Helen's face breathlessly. There was a scared look in her eyes. Was it possible they saw no opportunity? Were they blind, or dead? And instantly, out of the night in her heart, something, which was not yet hope, shone like a light glimmering far away in the darkness. It was all she could do to keep it out of sight, out of her own eyes, hidden, where it burned in the depth of her heart.

"Helen, Helen," she said, "do you love him enough to go to him?"

All her soul was in the question and all her fate in its answer.

"Helen, dear," she repeated, bending over the head buried in the pillow, and laying her hand on the shoulders shaken with sobs, "that is your place."

"My place," cried Helen, — her face was hidden from sight, — "oh no — no — it was never mine."

"Do you mean" — The words died on her lips.

"He never loved me — it was all a lie, a cruel lie" — the words came fast with her tears — "a cruel, cruel lie."

There was silence.

"And *you?*" It was almost a whisper.

Helen raised herself with a sudden energy. The question almost stopped the tears.

"I should hate him if he were not dying."

"He is not dying," said Mabel gently. Not all the newspapers in the world could make her believe that. She was growing calmer. The light in her heart burned stronger and steadier. But she made one more effort to put it out.

"Helen dear, Helen, you may be wrong. It would be terrible now — when he is in trouble — is there no pity, no forgiveness, in your heart?" She took the swaying figure to her breast and hid the light in her own eyes in Helen's hair.

"It might have been once — it is too late — it is dead — he has killed it — killed it! Oh, why was it ever born!" She held her stricken Love in her arms as a mother holds her dead child.

"But Helen, nothing is too late for love" — she was speaking wildly, but she went steadily on. "It costs nothing to forgive the man you love — it's joy" —

Helen freed herself from the encircling arms and looked into Mabel's eyes. Her own were dry now.

"Do you mean you would throw yourself into the arms of a man who had mocked you — insulted you?"

"Yes."

"Who had — I don't know what he has done — but who has done enough to drive his victim to murder?"

"Yes."

"Mabel, you love him."

"I refused him — once."

"And now?"

"If you do not go to him, I shall."

"Does he love you?"

"Yes."

"He has told you so — again?"

"Yes."

"Here, since we came?" The last poor remnant of her romance was shriveling up like a bit of paper in the flames.

"Yes, I refused him again."

"For my sake?"

"No, for my own."

"Then he has always loved you," she said slowly.

"I do not ask," said Mabel in a low voice. She was thinking of what might have happened if she had never invited him to Cedar Hill, or warned him in the train not to play with Helen.

"And you think I could love a man who played fast and loose with two women, who" —

"Take care, Helen!" But she repressed the rush of feeling and humbled herself again. "Remember, I have been loyal to him and to you."

"Go — go" — It was the cry of the heart that wants to be alone.

Mabel rose from the bedside and went slowly to the door. Her fingers were on the handle before she turned.

"If I go out of your room now — so," — her voice began to quiver, then steadied again, — "I go out of your life. Is that what you wish?"

Helen sprang from the bed and caught her in her arms.

"No, oh no! but go — go." And then the door was shut and Mabel was alone.

She knew it was better so, that she had no words of healing to give. Her mind was fixed already on other things. She went down the long hall resolutely till she came to Mrs. Frazer's door, knocked, and without waiting for an answer went in.

Mrs. Frazer was still in bed; her breakfast, untouched, was on the table beside her. The open paper which fell from her hand as Mabel entered explained why. One glance at her visitor's white face was sufficient to tell her that the shot fired in New York had struck two.

"Will you do something for me?" said Mabel.

"What is it, dear?" said Mrs. Frazer, forgetting even that her wig was on the dressing-table.

"I want you to go to New York with me."

"To New York!" gasped Mrs. Frazer.

"There is a train at nine o'clock."

"But my dear child" —

"If you will not come with me I shall go alone."

Mrs. Frazer glanced at the clock ticking on the table. Questions were needless and expostulations vain — that was clear.

"I do not want to see any one. You can tell Mrs. Kensett," said Mabel.

"You realize that every one will know?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Frazer took one of the cold white hands and pressed it gently.

"Ring my bell," she said quietly. "I will meet you on the piazza in half an hour."

"I shall be at the gate," said Mabel simply. Her gratitude was in her eyes.

Three quarters of an hour later they were driving through the morning mist to the Westford station.

There was one item in Mabel's account with Mrs. Frazer for services rendered which was never set down, and whose magnitude she never appreciated: the work accomplished in the half hour before they started for New York. "I did not dress," Mrs. Frazer used to say in relating the events of the day, "I was harnessed. I hope the Lord will forgive me for the things left undone. It worries me now to think of them. But dear me! nothing is important in itself, not even the getting on of one's wig straight."

She had sent for Dolly at once, and in such gaps as her toilet allowed had

explained the situation, and made some suggestions. They were suggestions in form, but in fact were decrees of law. Dolly was overpowered by the rush of events and the number of her instructions. She was to order the sleigh at once. She was to get from Paul the receipt Jack had signed for Mr. Heald, — it might prove useful. She was to say anything she pleased in explanation of Mabel's departure, — it did not matter much what she said, — and she was to accept the slightest intimation on the part of her guests that the house party should come to an end, — she was to intimate it herself if necessary. She was to see that Marie packed Mabel's trunks and went to New York that afternoon, — for Mabel, of course, could not return. Above all, she was to keep out of the way. In addition to all this she was constantly called upon to assist Mrs. Frazer's maid, a silent, middle-aged woman, incapable of doing in the half of one hour what had always required two. The purse was in the back corner of the upper drawer; the flask of whiskey was vaguely indicated as "somewhere in the closet;" there were her smelling salts, and handkerchief, and spectacles, — the lorgnette could not be found, being on the bed under the newspaper, — and at last Mrs. Frazer, wrapped in her cloak, marched down the stairs. As she got into the sleigh waiting for her she laid her hand impressively on Dolly's arm, and said: —

"To think that of all this we saw nothing!"

There was a slim figure in a dark gray dress at the gate. Not a word was said as they drove down the Westford road, except once when Mabel asked if there was plenty of time. The night express was an hour late. It was the long weary hour with which Fate sometimes mocks us, when the wheels of Time stand still at the wrong moment. Mrs. Frazer said it was the longest hour of her life. She looked up the track to where it curved out of sight, as if looking would bring the belated train; and then they walked up and down, up and down the platform, white with the night's frost, till the cold drove them into the dismal room again and its close hot air drove them back into the cold. At last the welcome roar came down the valley, the mighty engine panted in, and the engineer in his cab, seeing a white face staring into his as he went by, thought of wife and children at home, and said to himself that if the signals showed a clear track he could make up half his lost time.

At the Grand Central Station Mabel led the way. Almost anything became her, but Mrs. Frazer thought she had never seen her so beautiful in spite of the paleness and dark-circled eyes — or so faultlessly dressed. And being a woman, she sighed and wished she was young.

The boy with the morning papers had passed through the car before they reached New York. Either Mabel had not seen him, or did not dare to. She sat still, her gaze fixed on the flying landscape, one hand fast in Mrs. Frazer's under her cloak, repeating to herself, "If the need came to me, would any barrier keep you away?"

"The Carleton," she said, as they got into the coupé.

Mrs. Frazer stood in no great awe of the proprieties. She had scoffed at the conventional all her life. Still, as the coupé rolled on, she began to think what was to be done. She concluded to cross no bridges till she came to them, and to do as far as possible what Mabel wished. They stopped at the ladies' entrance, and a hall-boy came to the carriage door as they drove up, looking, as all the rest of the world did, as if nothing had happened.

"Show us to Mr. Heald's room," said Mabel.

The boy's face betrayed immediate interest and hesitation.

"Do you hear what I say?" said

Mrs. Frazer, who had said nothing. "Show us to Mr. Heald's room."

"The doctor 's up there," replied the boy confusedly.

"So much the better," said Mrs. Frazer tranquilly. She had taken command again.

"This is his parlor," said the boy after they had left the elevator and traversed the long hall. "Who shall I say" —

Mrs. Frazer waved him aside and opened the door. The emergency doctor, summoned in haste the night before, seeing a woman enter so unceremoniously, jumped at the probable.

"Mrs. Heald, I presume," he said, advancing from the inner room.

"I am for the present," said Laurinda.

"He will be glad to see you, — I was not aware" — He was beginning to grasp the strangeness of the reply.

"Then I may go in?"

"Certainly. I am happy to say" —

Mrs. Frazer turned to Mabel. "Go, dear," she said softly.

Mabel's resolution had vanished. He was alive. She had heard the reassuring words. Her heart was beating so cruelly that she could not move.

"Go, dear, go."

Then she went in, and Mrs. Frazer closed the door behind her and shut out the world.

"It was an ugly wound," explained the doctor, "but nothing dangerous. A man does the right thing instinctively. He put out his hand. That probably saved his life, Mrs. Heald."

"I am not Mrs. Heald," said Laurinda sharply, "I am Mrs. Frazer." The doctor smiled discreetly. The smile irritated Mrs. Frazer, and she went on tartly. "The young lady" — she motioned to the closed door — "is Miss Temple."

"Yes, yes, I know her father."

"Very likely, Mr." —

"Drummond," said the doctor.

— "Mr. Drummond, and you will know nothing of what I tell you till I authorize you. Have you a nurse here?"

"She is at breakfast, Mrs. Frazer."

"Very good, I will remain till she returns. Meanwhile will you have the kindness to send this card to Mr. John Temple of Gramercy Park. The coupé at the door is mine." She took a card from her chatelaine bag, wrote a few words in pencil, and inclosed it in an envelope from the desk by the window. "You have no directions to leave before you go?" she asked.

"None. You may count upon my discretion."

"There is no discretion needed," said Mrs. Frazer, unbending. "It is quite sufficient that I am dealing with a gentleman."

The doctor bowed and withdrew. Mrs. Frazer followed him to the door and rang the bell.

"Bring me some breakfast," she said to the waiter; "a bit of broiled steak and some coffee, and a baked apple, with cream. Is there a telephone in the house? Well — send for Mr. Temple's carriage — of Gramercy Park."

She was taking off her cloak and arranging her wig before the mirror above the fireplace when the door opened and shut, a pair of arms were flung about her neck, and a face sobbing with joy was on her breast.

"He wants to speak to you," said Mabel. "I must see papa at once."

"Now listen to me, child. Have you eaten anything this morning?"

"No."

"I thought not. You cannot subsist on air or happiness."

"But I must see papa at once. It is absolutely necessary."

"You will eat first. I have ordered something for you, and I have telephoned for your carriage. Here is the breakfast now. The carriage will be here before you have finished. It 's not proper for you to be driving about alone in a cab."

"I cannot eat here," said Mabel. "What do you think papa will say?" She was excited, eager to go. "You think of everything. Oh, how good you have been to me!"

"I have n't the least idea what he will say," Mrs. Frazer said, moving toward the door. "I have known people to be very nasty under such circumstances. I left word with Marie to come down this afternoon. I shall get you home and return by the three o'clock train. Sit down now and eat your breakfast like a sensible girl." Then she went in.

Mr. Heald was sitting in a chair by the window, his bandaged arm in a sling.

"I want to thank you for your kindness to Mabel, Mrs. Frazer," he said, making an effort to rise.

She waved him back and sat down. "One does what one can with a runaway horse, Mr. Heald."

"She is a noble girl, — it is more than I deserve."

"I have heard that remark from men before," said Mrs. Frazer freezingly. "You seem to have succeeded in making her over; perhaps she may do the same for you. I shall take her to her father, and then wash my hands of the whole business."

Mr. Heald smiled. "You have been very good," he said, "but I have one more thing to ask of you. I have some business to settle with Mr. Temple of which I have said nothing to Mabel. If he would be so good as to come here before he sees his daughter, — do you think you could arrange that? I *must* see him before she does. It is a question of honor."

"I know all about it," said Laurinda, enjoying the stupefaction which spread over his face. "Mr. Graham has been made referee. He told me so last night."

"You seem to know everything, Mrs. Frazer."

"On the contrary," she replied grimly; "so much has gone on under my eyes which I never suspected that I believe I am in my dotage."

"But I must see Mr. Temple," he repeated earnestly. "You would be the first to say so if you knew all."

"Why? Mr. Graham has his instructions from Mr. Temple. Would you like to look at them?" She took a paper from her bag and handed it to him.

He read it slowly, twice.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "I can't accept that, — it is impossible."

"You won't get any better terms out of John Temple," said Mrs. Frazer. "Moreover you are not in a position to exact them."

He passed his unwounded hand over his forehead in a dazed sort of way.

"Will you call Miss Temple, please."

Mrs. Frazer went to the door.

"Mercy!" she cried, "the child 's gone!"

XXVII.

Jack was sitting at the head of the long table in the directors' room on the first floor when Mrs. Frazer's message was brought in from the office. The word *urgent* was a familiar superscription, generally indicating something of more importance to the writer than to the reader, and he twirled the envelope between his thumb and forefinger till the speaker, who was stating his views on the reorganization scheme before the Board, had finished; then, while talking with his nearest neighbor, he took up his heavy scissors and cut the edge. Mrs. Frazer's card fell out.

"Mabel is here. I have done what I could. You had best come and attend to the rest yourself."

It was not a very explicit message. It was not intended to be. It was hopeless to attempt an explanation on a visiting card, it was considerate not to excite undue alarm, yet it was imperative to excite enough to tear Mr. Temple away from less important business.

Jack's mind reviewed all the possibilities and settled upon illness as the most probable. Mabel was a nervous, high-strung girl, always well to be sure, but certainly not used to surgical operations. Something serious it must be to make her abandon a house party at Cedar Hill. Yet the tenor of the message as he re-read it did not exactly fit the illness theory, and there was no address. "Here" must mean home, he thought.

He asked permission to state his views on the question before the Board, expressed his approval of the plan submitted by the Committee, suggested an adjournment in case of any divergence of opinion, requested the Vice President to take the chair, and excused himself on the ground of an unexpected and pressing private call. He went upstairs with Mrs. Frazer's card in his hand, preoccupied and uneasy, less and less satisfied with his first conjecture. Mabel had never justified the anxiety with which he had watched her development. As he had said to the Bishop in all sincerity, she had been a good girl. She had often threatened to be what she never was and to do what she never did, and he remembered with satisfaction that she had always stopped short of precipices with a surprising display of prudence and sense of responsibility. Still, he would have felt less concern if he were dealing with a boy. He knew what boys might do, — but a woman!

He left word for Mr. Brown that he could not see him that afternoon about the superintendency of the Argonaut mine, and would arrange for an interview later. Then he glanced over a litter of papers and documents on his desk, closed the rolling top, and was putting on his coat when the door opened and shut quickly and a pair of arms were flung about his neck. It was a moment before he could disengage himself, a moment in which he realized that it was not illness, but the other thing — whatever that might be. No, she was not ill, she was ominously well.

"Mabel!" he said, half-suffocated, "what is it? What brings you back?"

She was sitting now, not in the visitor's chair, but in his own, radiant with everything foreign to "down town." He loved her, he was proud of her, — he could not help it.

"Take off your coat, papa. I have lots to tell you."

Jack hung up his coat and sat down in the visitor's chair.

"First — do you love me?" She was on his knees now, looking into his eyes.

He admitted that he did. "But what does this mean, Mabel?" he said, halfway between sternness and relentment.

"It means this, papa: I am going to be married." And then came the real surprise. Mabel, who was never silly or hysterical, burst into tears. "I want you to be pleased, papa," — and that was all she could say.

Jack's face had relaxed. So she wanted to be married! Was that all? He did not believe in interfering with affairs of the heart. He knew that when men try to dam the waters of love they are generally swept away. He kissed the tear-stained face and irretrievably committed himself to this view by saying he was pleased. At the same time with the relief came a disturbing sense of helplessness. His child was never so near or so dear to him, yet he was abdicating. Who was taking his place? He realized the enormous difference between theory and practice when Mabel first pronounced Mr. Heald's name. It was impossible to conceal the fact that this was not the man he would have chosen. Mabel could read that in his silence and in the shadow of disappointment on his face. But nothing daunts love at the flood.

"Papa dear, it had to be — I could not help it" — and then, between tears and kisses, she told him all she chose

to tell. He listened patiently, sympathetically, more helpless than ever before the confidence and serenity of love. She could not help it — nor he! It was all settled, fixed, consummated. She made that clear, not arrogantly, but with sweet conviction. It had to be! He was thinking meanwhile that after all the Argonaut mine was not likely to change hands.

"But Mabel," he said, at the first pause, "why should you come to New York in this way? Could you not wait — did not Mrs. Frazer" —

"Papa dear, you must n't try to understand everything." She was quite calm now. "Can you explain every single thing you do?" Jack's thoughts went back into the past. No, he certainly could not do that. "Mrs. Frazer has been very good to me. I think I love her next to you." She looked up suddenly into his face. "I want you to do something for me — promise me you will — without asking what it is — will you, will you?"

"I suppose I must promise you anything to-day, Mabel."

"Would you go and thank her for me? She is to take the three o'clock train for Westford. She ought not to go alone, do you think so? Is there anything to prevent you from going with her? You might bring back Marie, you know, — and explain to Mrs. Kensett," — she paused, then added, "I would rather be alone to-day."

Jack took out his watch. "There is n't much time," he said.

"There is time enough, papa. You can telephone to the house and have your things sent to the train. You can't get back to-night, you know."

"You think it would gratify Mrs. Frazer?"

"It would gratify *me*, papa, to have your open approval — at once — with every one."

That seemed reasonable. His finger was on the bell and he was about to ring, when Mabel spoke.

"Wait a moment, papa; I have another reason. I have quarreled with Helen."

"Quarreled with Helen!" It was a day of surprises. He turned, waiting for her to explain. She had gone to the window, the window out of which he had so often looked away from care into another world, and was silently putting on her gloves. "I hope you are not to blame, Mabel."

"I am not solely to blame."

"Do you wish me to take her any message?"

"No."

He was completely at a loss to understand. "If you are to blame at all, Mabel, would n't that be better — before she comes back?"

"She will never come back."

"What!" said Jack sharply. "Never come back?"

She turned now, and he saw there were tears in her eyes again.

"I cannot explain, papa. You must not ask. If there is any explanation to be made she will make it. But she never will." The logic was hard to follow. "I thought you ought to know before you saw her. She will probably wish to go home." He went over and laid his hand on her shoulder. "Don't ask me any questions, please, papa," she said, forestalling the one on his lips. "She will not come back. I would not if I were in her place."

"You cannot tell me what this means?"

"No. She would not wish me to." How mercifully dull men were!

He could make nothing out of it. He took a turn across the room and came back again.

"You must be acting hastily, Mabel. Helen has been a faithful companion and friend to you."

"Yes, but it is finished. She will tell you in her own way. I should have left her to speak, to make her own explanation, as is her right, but I was afraid you would offer her money."

He was more bewildered than ever. "Money? I should certainly never allow her to leave us without *some* acknowledgment of my appreciation of her services. You would wish that too, Mabel."

"Yes, I could wish it — but you must not dare — all the money in the world" — she stopped short. "Papa, you must go, or you will be too late for the train. Some day," she said, as she kissed him good-by at the door, "I will tell you — not now. It is her secret, not mine."

Jack pondered without result over the matter all the way up town. His man with his bag caught him as the train was moving out. He walked through the cars in search of Mrs. Frazer, and found her sitting wrapped in her cloak, with her back to every one in the car.

"Well" — he said, dropping into the chair beside her. She did not seem surprised to see him, and made no reply at once. She was in the stage of reaction, not altogether sure whether she approved of herself and the world in general or not.

"John," she said at length piteously, "I knew no more of what was going on than a blind puppy." Then she proceeded to tell him her story, in which were certain particulars Mabel had omitted from hers.

"You did quite right," he said soothingly. "There was nothing else to be done."

"Nothing," said Mrs. Frazer emphatically. "We did not know but the man was dead. She would certainly have gone without me."

"I think she would," assented Jack. "I am very grateful to you, and you may be sure Mabel is," he added warmly. "It was she who insisted upon my going back with you." Mrs. Frazer's mouth opened with attentive surprise. "You may feel assured of that," Jack continued; "her heart is sound."

There was a long silence during which something seemed to be slowly taking shape in Mrs. Frazer's mind.

"I think it will be best to send a telegram to Dolly, to let her know we are coming," she said at length.

Jack called the porter.

"Bring me a telegraph blank," interposed Mrs. Frazer. She took a pencil from her bag and wrote the message herself.

"John and I arrive by three o'clock train."

Her pencil hesitated at this point and she looked out of the window before resuming.

"Don't be a goose. We have made no mistakes. LAURINDA."

Then she folded the blank and gave it to the porter.

Dolly received it about five o'clock, as the depleted household was gathering around the tea-table. It had been an exciting day for Dolly, and although the machinery of Cedar Hill ran on with its accustomed smoothness, she was tired, and glad to be alone. It had not been necessary to intimate her preferences. Amusement being the *raison d'être* for the convocation, when amusement was not to be thought of its dispersion became a matter of course. Mabel's abrupt departure was a subject of subdued comment, but was tacitly left in the background of silence. Dolly was never ready with off-hand or specious explanations, designed for smoothing over rough places or veiling what could not be concealed. She would have been glad to shield Mabel if she had known exactly what to shield her from, but she did not. Beyond some discreet expressions of surprise, no one increased her difficulties by awkward questions.

Before tea-time every one had gone except Helen, who, as Dolly explained to Margaret and Paul, was very naturally much distressed by Mabel's conduct. Dolly was not devoid of curiosity or interest, and after the sleigh disappeared with Mrs. Frazer under the

trees of the avenue she had gone to Helen's room for further light and information. But Helen was evidently as completely taken by surprise as she was herself. She was so much older than Mabel, and took so much more serious a view of life and of her responsibilities that Dolly quite pitied her. She told her very sweetly, in her effort to comfort, that she had no reason to blame herself, and that she was sure Mr. Temple would not hold her accountable for anything which had happened. She advised her not to worry, — as one always advises those who do, — and opposed with all the arguments at her command Helen's decision to make a visit to her home in Boston. If she did not feel like going to Gramercy Park, the next best thing to do was to stay quietly at Cedar Hill till she heard from Mr. Temple. Dolly was always hopeful, and did her best to persuade that all would end well. But Helen seemed benumbed by what Dolly thought an altogether exaggerated idea of her responsibility. She wanted to go to Boston, and she wanted to go at once. Poor Helen! it was her one refuge, — and how she dreaded it!

Paul was called upon to consult the time-tables. It was found impossible to reach Boston without passing a night on the way. There was nothing to do but to wait till the following morning.

"I don't see," Dolly was saying as she poured the tea, "why Helen should feel so terribly cut up. She is not in the least to blame. How could she know anything? I have tried to induce her to wait at least till Laurinda comes back. There may be nothing to blame any way. But she has been so close to Mabel for so long a time that I suppose" — and Dolly left her sentence unfinished, as her wont was.

"Is n't she coming down to tea?" asked Paul.

"No. She is to have her dinner in her room. She has been helping Marie with Mabel's packing all the morning, and says she is tired."

Mrs. Frazer's telegram was brought in while Dolly was speaking.

"Mr. Temple" — she could not read it "John" as it was written — "'and I arrive by three o'clock train'" — Then she stopped short.

"Is that all?" said Paul. "She is not very explicit, is she."

Dolly thought she was explicit enough. Her heart was beating furiously. She said she would go and see if Helen had had her tea. Instead of which she went directly to her own room, locked and bolted the door, sat down before the mirror over her dressing-table, and took one long look at herself, stretched out her hands with a little cry of happiness, and then buried her face in her arms. It could not, could not, could not be! Yet it was the surest, truest, dearest thing in the world.

Mrs. Frazer and Jack arrived at six o'clock. Paul went down to the station, and Margaret and Dolly met them at the door. They sat down before the fire in the breakfast-room where tea was served again for the travelers, and talked the whole situation over, including the Argonaut mine. Jack seemed to take things very quietly. He had no blame for Mabel, and apologized for being there at all. He said he felt he ought to have remained with her, but she would not listen to it. She had insisted upon his coming back with Mrs. Frazer. But he would go down in the morning train. Where was Helen?

Dolly got up abruptly and said she would go and see.

She did not return, however, and finally Margaret went in search of her. Then Paul had to go and find Margaret, and Mrs. Frazer was left alone with Jack in the firelight.

"There was one matter of which I have said nothing as yet to any one," said Jack, walking slowly back and forth before the fire; "something which has disturbed me a good deal. Mabel told me she had quarreled with Helen."

He stopped and looked inquiringly at Mrs. Frazer. "Do you know anything about it?"

"I seem to know nothing about anything," she replied a little tartly. "Quarreled with Helen! about what?"

"That is what I do not know. She would not say. She was strangely reticent. She said Helen would make her own explanations — and then again that Helen would not."

Mrs. Frazer listened in silence, her eyes fixed on the slumbering fire, while Jack repeated his conversation with Mabel.

"I cannot understand why she should not wish to go back to Gramercy Park. Do you think you could find out what the trouble is?"

"I think the less said about quarrels the better, John."

"Yes, that was my own thought at first. But it must be something serious. Have you no idea what it can be?"

Mrs. Frazer looked up from the fire into his face. What fools men were, — and women too!

"Mabel has no further need of Helen."

"No," replied Jack, "but it is a pity things should end in this way. It has always been a question with me what would become of Helen. Mabel has not needed her, strictly speaking, for some time. But she would never listen to her going. I hoped she might marry. She would make some one a good wife."

"Have n't we husbands enough on our hands for one day, John?"

"If Helen were really to leave us," he continued, "I should like to — to" —

"To what, John?"

— "to show her in some substantial way our appreciation of all she has done for Mabel. You know she has been with us since Mabel was ten years old. I supposed that would be Mabel's wish too."

"Well, was n't it?"

"She declared it was impossible."

Then silence fell upon them.

"What would you do?" Jack asked at length.

"I should go and dress for dinner," said Mrs. Frazer.

The conversation at the dinner-table was intermittent and constrained. Jack was thoughtful and quiet. Dolly was nervous and tranquil at intervals. Scarcely a word could be extracted from Mrs. Frazer. She looked very much like a bombshell on the eve of explosion.

The explosion came later in the evening when Paul had gone off with Margaret and the three were alone in the room which had been so gay with laughter the night before.

"John," said Mrs. Frazer, looking up from her finished solitaire and putting the cards away in their leather case, "to-day is Wednesday. You are going to New York to-morrow?"

"Certainly," said Jack.

"Could I trouble you to engage my passage on the Saturday Cunarder? I am going to Cairo."

'Laurinda!" exclaimed Dolly.

"This climate depresses me, — I need a change" —

"But Margaret is to be married in the spring!"

"Well, I am not going to marry her, am I?" said Mrs. Frazer.

Dolly was dumfounded.

"It 's a doleful business, traveling alone," Mrs. Frazer said with a sigh. "I wonder if I could persuade Helen to go with me. I think I will go and see."

She had gone before there was any opportunity to comment upon her suggestion, leaving an almost oppressive silence behind her. The inclusion of Helen in her plans, coming so unexpectedly after the abrupt intrusion of the Saturday Cunarder, afforded, Jack thought, abundant material for conversation.

Yet Dolly was silent. Nor did she rise, although it was getting late. She

was sitting in the angle of the deep corner divan, altogether absorbed in her embroidery, and looking, so it seemed to Jack, younger than he had ever seen her look before, — almost girlish.

It was not a passive thing, this silence; but something positive, aggressive, gathering volume like a rising flood. It did not occur to him that she was in any way responsible for it. On the contrary, she appeared to be its victim, and he felt he must get it under control at once. The unforeseen had brought him to Westford, and left him alone with the woman who had said No. How much more embarrassed than even he was she must be!

He did not see any embarrassment, however, when she lifted her face to his. It wore only an expression of deep and tranquil content. He had gone over to where she sat, to take his leave, and stood looking down at that something so profoundly peaceful yet appealing in her eyes.

"Are you going off in that horrid early train?" she asked, letting them fall.

"I must," he said, as he had said it once before. But she did not rise, as then, or say good-night.

"I suppose there is another directors' meeting."

"No, not this time," he said, sitting down beside her on the edge of the divan; "but there 's Mabel, you know."

He was beginning to lose control of the silence, and of speech. He *must* go.

"Yes, there 's Mabel," — and then she laid her hand on his arm, and smiled, "Mabel — and I."

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

(*The end.*)

THE ATAVISM OF ALARAAF.

I.

"But you might uv known somethin' o' the sort would happen when you took him from the porehouse, Ellen. 'All uv 'em was the same." Mrs. Conder paused to match two quilt pieces, curling her fat foot about the hind leg of her chair. These signs betokened embarrassment on her part, for the worried pucker on Mrs. Jenkins's lips went to her good-natured heart. Still, as Mrs. Conder was one who emphatically believed in "speakin' in open meetin'," she pursued, taking hasty stitches in her work:

"Back in mother's time, and before, I reckon, the Pointres had the name uv takin' things that did n't b'long to 'em. Nobody 'ld have 'em for renters. They come out uv the porehouse and died in the porehouse."

"He 's never took anything from us," Mrs. Jenkins put in hesitatingly, "leastwise if he has it ain't come out. What could I do, Jane?" she appealed to Mrs. Conder, turning from the cabbage she was washing. "The porehouse was overrun. Mr. Murray he said Alaraaf 'ld have to go. He, nothin' but a child, looked like I could n't bear the notion uv 'im wantin' for somethin' to eat when we had plenty an' to spare. I just thought, s'posin' me an' Mr. Jenkins was dead, — of little Katharine, an' Polk, an' Abraham wantin' for somethin' t' eat, an' everybody shuttin' their doors on 'em."

Mrs. Conder spluttered indignantly.

"Land alive, Ellen! We 'd all jump to take yore be-utiful children. Why, ever'body 'ld want such little fellers as Abe an' Polk, an' they 'd fight over little Katharine."

Mrs. Jenkins's face cleared, and was illumined by the mild glory of motherhood. She put her head out of the kitchen window, and looked with a swelling heart at the group of young things in the yard. The season, which was late, had burst from spring into summer. The sun had almost a sickening heat, but there was the ecstasy of new life in everything.

Alaraaf lazily weeded the rows of vegetables, and examined the curled leaves of young lettuce with painful exactness. There was more than a suspicion of indolence in every motion. The other children followed him along the rows, or fell into by-play with the clumsy grace of young lambs. On a rug of springing grass an old worthless dog disported herself among a vibrating litter of awkward puppies. A masculine-looking hen, toned down by a following of fluffy chickens, pecked and scratched in the grass, near the complaisant dog, and occasionally raised a fierce yellow eye with a warning word to her biddies, as a bird's shadow crossed the sunny yard.

Mrs. Jenkins's glance fell on the bare, bright head of little Katharine, pressed near the dark, tumbled hair of Alaraaf. They had found a "juny-bug."

Presently the whole troop of children came clattering into the kitchen after a string for the juny-bug, and Mrs. Conder looked disapprovingly at Alaraaf lounging in the door, holding the bug; but the mother smilingly broke off a long thread for the children, and they frolicked into the sunshine.

"He 's so no-count," Mrs. Conder exclaimed acridly, as she cut pieces for her quilt with fierce scissors. "Ellen, you do spoil 'im. Look at 'im!" — she glared through the door, — "playin' with them triflin' puppies."

"You Alaraaf!" Mrs. Jenkins admonished; "look at the hen scratchin' up the strawberries. Oh, sakes!" she cried despairingly, "I do have more trouble 'n my sheer. There 's that miserable old dawg gone an' got puppies. I just been tryin' to get spunk enough to have Mr. Jenkins put her out uv the way, easy-like. Pore thing!" she said, with a catch in her voice, "there she looks so happy among 'em, an' me talkin' 'bout killin' her. She loves 'em, too. Jane, jus' tell me one thing," she demanded with a note of defiance: "do we have any right to kill anything?"

"Ever' time Mr. Jenkins takes off the little lambs and calves to town to sell 'em to the butcher, I jus' have a good cry." She put her apron to her eyes, and said in muffled tones behind it: "One time I seen one uv the little calves pokin' its little shiny head through the slats uv its box, lookin' back, an' — it — must 'a' seen its mammy, for it let out a bawl that 's in my ears yet. It wanted to live, too. What right was ourn to take the pore thing from its mammy — outer the green medder — so somebody could have their delikit eatin's" —

She turned away, and looked with blinded eyes at the worthless dog, tumbling with her foolish babies in the sunshine.

Mrs. Conder felt reproached somehow, and sewed with energy during this appeal, which was too ethical to be comfortable. She felt that a diversion must be created to dispel a constraint in the atmosphere.

Mrs. Jenkins was cleaning a smoked jowl to go with the cabbage, with hands that trembled. Her eyes were red with tears.

"I tell you what ails Alaraaf," Mrs. Conder said, reverting to the original topic, "he 's a klip-to-maniac!" Her eyes started out, and she became apoplectic at the extent of her own knowledge. Mrs. Jenkins hastily brought water to her, and handed her a fan. When her visitor had somewhat recovered, she asked timidly the meaning of the word.

"Can't naturally keep his hands off uv nothin' he hankers for," Mrs. Conder explained in a deep voice, with the weariness of a savant. "As I was tellin' you, it comes straight from his granddaddy.

If he had n't died in the porehouse he would 'v' in jail."

"Air y' shore he took 'em?" Mrs. Jenkins asked tremulously, her mind on her troubles.

"Who?"

"Alaraaf. Could n't — they uv gone some'rs else?"

"*He* took 'em," Mrs. Conder answered with emphasis. "Now Ellen, don't you go to shelterin' 'im. There ain't no religion in it. They was a dozen uv as fine aigs as a hen ever laid. He did n't touch the common uns. Mr. Jackson up to the store bought 'em from Alaraaf. He was the one told me." She saw the ready tears gathering in her friend's eyes, and added hastily: —

"Don't worry, Ellen. I ain't goin' to say nothin' if it don't happ'n again." She rose, her awkward errand dispatched, and stuffed her work into her black crocheted bag. She bade Mrs. Jenkins good-morning, and had reached the gate, when she came waddling rapidly back, and said in a low, deep voice: —

"Ellen, just take 'im into the back shed, and tell 'im I found out about his thievin', an' then larrup 'im good. It 's better 'n the gallows," she finished sharply, as she saw Mrs. Jenkins start and frown with pain.

All of the brightness had gone out of the sunshine for the tender-hearted woman. Even the shrill sweetness of her children's voices as they romped in play did not lift the burden from her mother-soul. She had to punish the bound boy. If it had been possible, she would have postponed the evil hour, but she could not for fear her husband would whip him, and she knew that he would be so much more severe than herself.

She put on her brown sunbonnet, pulling it far over her face, and stepped out into the yard. She saw Alaraaf sprawled on his back at the end of the strawberry-bed, his hat over his eyes, apparently asleep. Instead of hardening her, this only aggravated her pity. She called as firmly as possible to him, and as he struggled stupidly to his feet she waved him toward the back shed, and moving with nervous velocity, snapped off a syringa branch, and stripped it of its leaves as she almost ran after him.

She shut the door, casting out the sun, and said breathlessly, —

"Alaraaf, Mis' Conder has told me ever'thing about you takin' them aigs o' hern and sellin' 'em to Jackson's store, an' she says if I give you a whippin' she won't let on to nobody else. She 's mighty clever 'bout it. If Mr. Jenkins or her husbin found it out, they 'd 'a' most kill y'." She broke off, a sob in her voice, and shutting her eyes tightly, she began threshing the air wildly, sometimes getting the boy, but oftener missing him.

When she had worn herself out, she threw back her bonnet fearfully and looked at her wreck. In the dim light she distinguished him wiping one eye with a ragged sleeve. The end of the switch had taken him in the corner of it. She thought him struggling with grief, and drew his head on her arm, uttering consolation, weeping herself, and wiping his large, tearless eyes with her apron.

When the door was thrown back, and the sun again admitted, Alaraaf lounged across the yard sulkily, while Mrs. Jenkins disappeared into the kitchen.

"Did ma give y' a lickin'?" Polk asked morbidly. Alaraaf looked scornfully down on the smaller boy, and with a disconcerting gesture went to weeding strawberries.

II.

The circus was coming to town on the morrow. There had been tidings of it, — delicious mutterings on the horizon for weeks; hints sufficient to make every youngster for miles around yearn for its unguessed allurements.

Since the first intimation of its invasion, little Katharine Jenkins had clam-

ored to go. This was of course unthought of by her parents, for, like many country people, they had an abundance of good food and comfortable clothing, but a silver dollar looked as big as a cart-wheel to them. And it was so hard to deny their baby Katharine anything. Everybody loved her, she was such a darling. It almost tore her mother's heart in twain to have the dimpled hands plucking at her apron, to hear the persistent, husky little voice, —

"But mammy, I *'ant* to go — I *'ant* to go, mammy!"

And her father's sharp blue eyes grew misty when she clambered to his knee, and put her wooing, baby fingers on his brawny neck, and iterated with passionate pleading: —

"Pappy, I *'ant* to go — I *'ant* to go, pappy."

"But, honey, pappy just can't take his lovey," he would say hoarsely, and kiss her velvet lips gently into silence.

Of an evening, when Alaraaf went to the pasture to drive up the cows, she would skip along beside him, her beautiful little bud of a hand clasped in the dark calyx of his palm, and would chant, —

"I *'ant* to go, don't you? I *'ant* to go, don't you?"

Then a look of poetical beauty would fill the dark face with light, and his scornful, morose eyes would grow tender with rare tears.

That night before the circus he was milking the cows, and Katharine stood beside him.

"I *'ant* to go," she whispered in a hoarse little voice to herself. The boy put aside his pail, and timidly drawing her close, he returned in a shaking voice: "You 're goin', Katharine, but don't say nothin' to yo'r pappy or mammy."

She began to dance about him, but seeing his look of warning, she whispered, her eyes overflowing with awed joy: —

"I 'on't tell."

The circus came into the town at ten o'clock the next morning. Mr. Jenkins had driven the children over to see the parade. At first he intended only taking Polk, Abraham, and Katharine, but Mrs. Jenkins had pleaded for Alaraaf to be taken too.

Little Katharine could scarcely be kept in order when the procession of wonderful things began. She shrieked, clapped her hands, and laughed so at the clowns that even their jaded, daubed faces lighted up, and she strained her eyes after the great, plodding elephants, — the restless tigers glaring at the heat and commotion, — the yellow, bearded lions swinging forth and back on their noiseless, cushioned feet, — at everything so intoxicatingly strange to her fresh understanding.

There were to be two performances, — one at two in the afternoon, and the other at eight o'clock at night.

After the noon dinner on the farm, Mr. Jenkins had to finish some late planting, and wanted Alaraaf to help him. The boy complained of being sick. His face was flushed, and he had eaten nothing at dinner. Mrs. Jenkins pleaded for the boy, saying he was not strong, and that he had a fever. So her husband, grumbling, consented to do without him.

The farmer's wife was busy cleaning house that afternoon, and sent the children out to play. She did not see them any more until supper. When Polk and Abraham came in alone, she asked them anxiously where their little sister was.

They did not know, — had not seen her all the afternoon. She ran to her husband, who was watering the horses at the well, and asked with ashen face if Katharine had been in the field with him. He looked at her blankly, his tired face paling under the dust.

"How long have y' missed her?" he demanded with a dry throat.

"Oh, sakes!" she sobbed, "I ain't seen her since dinner at twelve. Whur 's Alaraaf? maybe he knows." A gleam of hope came into her convulsed features.

The farmer, a look of pain hardening his face, searched through the outhouses without success, then went off toward the cow-pasture. The horses, still with the gearing looped up on their sweating sides, fell to grazing the stunted grass about the trough.

Mrs. Jenkins ran aimlessly into the house again, and told the frightened boys that their sister was lost, then fled up into the hot little garret. A wasp whined against the one tiny window, and a bar of sunshine struck across Alaraaf's unmade pallet. The distracted woman pressed her hands to her forehead, and began pacing about the desolate place, uttering short sobs. It seemed to her that she had been hours up there with her agony, when across her distress rippled a baby's chuckling laugh — downstairs. In a minute she was down the ladder, and had little Katharine in her arms.

To her mother's wild inquiries, and her father's sterner demands, she gave no satisfaction, but only gurgled excitedly, and the expression of transcendent happiness on her infantile features made her cherubic.

The next morning, before Mrs. Jenkins had put her house in order, Mrs. Conder came heaving in at the gate. She barely paused to greet her friend, before bursting out in invective against Alaraaf.

"After ever'thing, me lettin' him off so easy, come an' stole a settin' — a settin', mind y' — uv aigs from the Black Spanish. Land alive! they was more 'n half addled," she said angrily.

"It can't be!" protested her friend faintly. "I a'most killed 'im before. I jus' can't whip 'im no more."

"Then my husbin will, or Mr. Jenkins, or he 'll go to jail. I 'm a 'termined woman, Ellen," Mrs. Conder answered inflexibly.

"Oh, sakes!" moaned Mrs. Jenkins in sore distress. "Whur did he sell 'em this time?"

"That 's what I can't find out. I want to get 'em back, an' put 'em under the old Black. She 's jus' wild. They ain't no manner o' good to nobody, now. I tried up to Jackson's store this mornin'. I only noticed last night when the old Black acted so queer. He ain't been to any o' the neighbors as I can find out."

The other woman's face cleared, and a look compounded of relief and sorrow came into it, as she said in a broken voice: —

"Well, it ain't Alaraaf this time, Jane; I know it. — It 's that dawg of ourn" —

"Why, Ellen!"

"Yes, Jane, I 'lowed never to tell y', but she 's an aig-suckin' dawg. I thought she was broke uv it, but when they start it you can't stop 'em. They have t' be killed. I 've been missin' aigs the last week, an' I know Alaraaf ain't taken a one. Mr. Jenkins 'll have to kill her." The eyes of both women followed the mother-dog, encircled by a straggling ring of puppies, as she gamboled ungracefully over the grass.

Mrs. Jenkins turned away hastily, and her neighbor saw her apron furtively lifted.

Alaraaf was visible through the window, making a seesaw for the children at the barn. Mrs. Conder espied him, and said vindictively, —

"But I don't trust that Alaraaf!" She lowered her voice, and grew apoplectic:

"He 's a Latin!"

"A what?" her friend gasped, her cup of distress indeed full.

Mrs. Conder fanned awhile, took several slow sips of water, and explained languidly: "A Latin; you know the breed, — such as Eyetalians, Frenchers, and so on. He 's one o' that kind. I ain't got no manner o' use for Latins myself."

That day at noon, as the farmer watered the horses, and Alaraaf eased the harness on them, Mrs. Jenkins told her husband that the dog must be killed, — she had been stealing eggs from Mrs. Conder. He was for promptly shooting her, and knocking the puppies in the head; but with tears she persuaded him to get

some chloroform at the town, and kill them in that way.

When her husband had gone back to the field, and she was busy baking in the kitchen, Alaraaf came slowly to the table where she kneaded bread, and said in a surly voice, —

"Don't kill the dawg. It wa'n't her took the aigs. I done it."

"What?" She dropped the dough, and looked stupidly at him.

"I took them aigs from Mis' Conder, — an' from you. The ol' dawg ain't sucked n'ary a one. You tell 'im, an' *he'll* whip me."

She did tell her husband, and when she had finished, ran into her bedroom, and clenching her eyes tightly, crowded her fingers into her ears.

That night she was putting little Katharine to bed, and the child said suddenly: —

"Mammy, I wented to the circus."

"Baby!"

"He took me," she continued in a drowsier voice. "He toted me pick-a-pack *all* the way — an' — we saw — ever'fing."

"Who took you?" her mother gasped; and baby murmured, as she was sucked into the soft whirlpool of dreams, "Ala'af."

It took the mother a long, painful hour to realize everything. Now how plain it all was at last, — baby's disappearance on the afternoon of the circus, and Alaraaf's plea of sickness. He had carried the great fat girl two long miles through the sunshine and dust, and he was not strong. But overshadowing everything else, casting a shadow on the mother's heart, he had stolen so that he could take sweet, selfish little Katharine to the circus. Of course it was very wicked of him, but —

He lay supperless in the stifling garret, smarting from a severe flogging.

Mrs. Jenkins took up the candle, and climbed the ladder. She paused at the top, and cast a light on the boy's pallet. He lay facing her, asleep. She could see his features swollen from secret weeping, and her mother-bosom shook with sobs, but even as she looked, his face was crossed by a defiant smile, and he gave a disconcerting, Southern gesture.

Lydia T. Perkins.

THERE IS PANSIES.

TAKE these memories sweet scented,
Gathered while the morning dew
Drenched the silver of the cobwebs,
Heartsease, picked at dawn for you.

Yellow for the days of sunshine,
White for days of peace and rest,
Purple ones for feasts and high days,
Wine-red for the days love blest.

For myself, I keep the black ones,
Memories of grief and pain,
Keep them hidden lest their shadow
Fall across your heart again.

Mildred Howells.

THE CULT OF NAPOLEON.

HALF a century ago if you had said that there could be no real greatness without goodness, you would have been uttering a commonplace. Times are changed, and encomiastic biographers of Cecil Rhodes tell us that Rhodes was not a good but a great man, with a pretty plain intimation that a man of spirit would rather be great than good. Of men who were great without being good Napoleon is the paragon. Transcendent in genius and energy, raised by Fortune to the most dazzling height, he has hardly been surpassed in disregard of moral ties or in the evil which he wrought his kind. It is not wonderful that the interest in him should now be revived, or that Napoleonic literature should blossom anew. We have had the very interesting work of Lord Rosebery. We now have a Life of Napoleon by Mr. Rose, also extremely interesting, and though perhaps rather Napoleonic in its leaning, generally in fact, and always in intention, fair.

The French Revolution, having devoured all its best children, put Bailly to death on a dunghill, guillotined the Girondists, guillotined Danton, whatever the author of the September massacres might be worth, and ended in a paroxysm of sanguinary madness, found itself, that paroxysm over, in the hands of a majority of the Directory, Barras, Rewbell, and La Réveillière, scoundrels all, and of the lowest kind, corrupt as well as murderous, while the private vices of Barras, the head of the gang, were unspeakably scandalous even in that corrupt age. These men were regicides, in constant fear of their heads from monarchical reaction. They were thus obliged to shrink from the moderate party, to persecute violently everything suspected of monarchical tendencies, and to lean for support on the Jacobins. It was with manifest reluctance that they defended public order against the anarchism of Babeuf. The blood of Louis XVI., put to death, not like Charles I., from a misguided sense of justice, but more from lust and vanity of regicide, was thus avenged. The laws against the *émigrés* and the priests were made more frantically cruel than ever, and formed a fatal bar against national reconciliation. The executive government and administration were as bad as possible; life and property were unsafe; crime and disorder stalked unpunished; communications were broken up; mails were robbed; commerce and prosperity could not revive. The Chouans were still active. Government was bankrupt, and its finance was plunder. Only in the army, which, remote from the intrigues of the capital, was fighting the coalition, patriotism and Republican enthusiasm survived.

By the *coup d'état* of the 18th of Fructidor the Triumvirate pretty well cleared public life of probity, independence, and genuine Republicanism, sending them to die in the murderous climate of Cayenne. The military instrument of this coup d'état was Augereau, called to Paris for that purpose. But behind Augereau was General Bonaparte. Thenceforth the chief of the army was virtually master of France. The confusion which follows a revolution naturally calls for a "constable;" but Cromwell had to "plough" his way to power. The victorious chief of the French army had only to step into the place which Fortune had made for him. It was wonderful that when there was nothing to oppose his bayonets, his nerve should have failed him in the critical moment, so that he had to be pulled through by his brother Lucien, who, being a sincere Republican, afterwards repented of what he had done.

Napoleon evidently had administrative and business faculties of the very

highest order. His powers of work were unrivaled. His memory was capacious of any amount of details. He could pass rapidly from one subject to another, completely concentrating his attention upon each in turn. He had also an insight into men and a power of using them as his instruments, each in the place for which he was fitted, such as can hardly be realized by an ordinary intelligence. His power of keeping at once before his mind's eye a multitude of agents and a multiplicity of different affairs was almost miraculous. As First Consul he unquestionably did great service. He restored order in France, thereby giving to commerce and industry a fresh life, which was soon, however, to be again thrown back by his ceaseless and reckless wars. Material improvements of every kind, such as roads, canals, and harbors, he promoted with beneficent energy, though in all that he did military objects were sure to predominate. How much he had to do with the Code which bears his name seems matter of conjecture. That he would follow its composition with intelligent interest, especially where law bordered on politics, cannot be doubted. But though supremely able, he was not inspired, and without inspiration a son of the camp could not be an authority on jurisprudence. The principles of the Code were those which European jurists had been previously evolving, with some help from social philosophers such as Voltaire, and which had been approved in the course of the Revolution; so that it is with some justice that the Code is said to have been found in the Revolutionary bureau. Cambacérès and other professed jurists no doubt were the framers. But valuable as a code may be, respect for justice is more valuable still, and respect for justice, when it stood in his way, Napoleon showed none. Not under his rule could a community be imbued with reverence for the supremacy of law.

Attached to no party, though he had been originally patronized by the younger Robespierre, and was ready to accept help from any political quarter for his designs, Napoleon enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a neutral position, with large powers of arbitration. Under him an end was put to the frantic persecution of royalists and priests, and national unity was as far as possible restored. Royalism was congenial to him; so, as presently appeared, was aristocracy; and his sagacity soon discerned that a Jacobin liked violence of whatever kind, and could presently be turned into a courtier. The only objects of his political enmity were rivals or critics of his own sway. So far his elevation to power was a relief and a blessing to France.

The monarchist and religious party Napoleon could propitiate honorably by the remission of sentences of banishment against emigrant nobles and priests, and by the repeal of the vile hostage law. The Jacobin party, which he seems most to have feared, and which suspected him of monarchism and of a design of restoring the Bourbons, was propitiated by the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, upon which the Jacobins joyfully exclaimed, "He is one of us!" It is not unlikely that this was the chief motive for the crime. Napoleon must have known that to do an act which would awaken the most intense feelings of vengeance, both political and personal, was not the best way of securing his own life. His moral callousness prevented him from estimating the force of the recoil.

As a moulder of institutions, on the other hand, this man was merely a reactionary autocrat, inspired solely with the desire of concentrating, and at the same time mechanically perfecting, government in his own hands. To call him a child of the Revolution and a propagator of its principles is absurd. He restored in his own person hereditary monarchy with all its paraphernalia, with all its pomp and etiquette, and with adulation outvying that of the Court of Louis

XIV. He allied himself by marriage with the most feudal and reactionary of all the hereditary monarchies of Europe. He restored aristocracy, the special object of Revolutionary antipathy, with entail. His institution of the Legion of Honor has been called democratic, but was really autocratic, as all institutions must be which make reputation dependent, not on the verdict of the people, but on the fiat of the Crown. He restored the State Church in its worst form, destroying its freedom, making himself a French Pope, and using the hierarchy and the priesthood as satellites of his rule. Though he did not venture frankly to abolish legislative assemblies, he reduced them to mere ciphers and vehicles of his absolute decrees. He killed public opinion and political thought by waging war against the freedom of the press, which in the end he completely extinguished. Public education he reduced to a mechanical system centralized in his own hands. He wished even to suppress philosophy and the study of humanity, leaving nothing but positive science, as he called it, which could breed no political or social aspirations. The most familiar agencies of his government were espionage and secret police. Nor is there the slightest ground for saying that all this was provisional, and intended, when order had been thoroughly restored, to give place to more liberal institutions. The tendency was all the other way, though in the Hundred Days Napoleon found it necessary to purchase popular support by concessions which, had he won Waterloo, would soon have been withdrawn. His marriage with an Austrian princess showed that he had completely broken with the Revolution, and had linked himself to the old régime of which Austria was the special type. This and his creation of a new hereditary aristocracy in France are the answer to the constant pretense that he was bestowing on the nations equality while he deprived them of freedom. Centralized despotism was from the first, and remained, his ideal; he looked upon men as beings to be governed, not to be trained and guided to self-government. He would only have sneered at Pym's saying that the best form of government was that which actuated and disposed every part and member of a state to the common good. His institutions, therefore, neither took, nor deserved to take, root. On hearing of the extraordinary, though momentary, success of Malet's fantastic conspiracy, he exclaimed in astonishment, "Did no one think of the institutions of the Empire?" The institutions of the Empire were in the tent of the Emperor in Russia, not in the French heart.

Two historical ideals apparently floated before Napoleon's mind, both of them manifestly false and anachronistic: that of the Empire of the Cæsars, and that of the Empire of Charlemagne. In preferring the title of Emperor to that of King, he was looking to the realization of a plan of conquest which should turn the states of Europe into provinces of an Empire having its seat at Paris. This purpose he in fact avowed. The vision was preposterous; but the attempt to realize it by the use of an army then far superior in quality to any other army in Europe cost Europe, and France especially, very dear.

Had this man been good, had he even not been very bad, had his heart been open to noble emotions or aspirations, though he could not exactly have played the part of Washington, the material with which he had to deal and the situation not being the same, he apparently might, with the power which Fortune had put into his hands, have founded liberal institutions, and thus have saved France from the century of revolutions and counter-revolutions through which she has since passed.

Peculiarly odious and noxious was Bonaparte's treatment of the Church. He was himself absolutely devoid of re-

ligion. He said that if he had turned his thoughts to such subjects he would have been prevented from doing great things; and if the story of his rebuking the atheistical savants on the voyage to Egypt, by pointing to the starry firmament, is true, his words must have been merely a jibe. He looked upon religion simply as a force to be brought, like other forces, into servitude to his policy and power. "With my prefects, my *gens d'armes*, and my priests," he said, "I can do anything I like." Utilizing everything, he determined to utilize God. He was, no doubt, right in saying that the French people craved for a religion. The simpler sort of them at all events did. But the right and obvious course was to allow them to follow their bent and to give them, not a state church, but a free church in a free state, such as Italy now has. This, however, would not have served his purpose of making the Church and religion political engines at his command.

His statecraft was successful. The Church, under the Concordat, groveled at his feet, sanctified his buccaneering ambition with her prayers and Te Deums, and taught youth The Catechism of the Empire.

"*Q.* What are more especially our duties towards our Emperor Napoleon I.?"

"*A.* We owe him especially love, respect, obedience, fidelity, and military service; we ought to pay the taxes ordained for the defense of the Empire and of his throne, and to offer up fervent prayers for his safety and the prosperity of his State."

"*Q.* Why are we bound to perform these duties towards our Emperor?"

"*A.* Because God by loading our Emperor with gifts, both in peace and in war, has established him our sovereign and His own image upon the earth. In honoring and serving our Emperor thus, we are honoring and serving God himself."

"*Q.* Are there not particular reasons which should attach us more closely to our Emperor Napoleon I.?"

"*A.* Yes, for God hath raised him up to reëstablish the holy religion of our fathers, and to be its protector. He has restored and preserved public order by his great and active wisdom; he defends the State by his powerful arm; he has become the anointed of the Lord by the consecration which he received from the sovereign Pontiff. . . . Those who fail in their duties towards our Emperor will render themselves worthy of eternal damnation."[1]

Napoleon apparently played with the thought of giving himself out as a divine person, like Alexander, who proclaimed himself the son of Jupiter Ammon. He repined, at least, at having been born in an age when such things were out of the question. A pretty near approach to his deification, however, was made, when on a canopy over a chair of state prepared for him was inscribed, "I am that I am."

In character Napoleon may be said to have been not so much wicked as devoid of moral sense. The first principles of morality seem to have had no place in his mind, and it is difficult to see how they could have found entrance there. He had really no country, and consequently no patriotism. Born a Corsican, and setting out with bitter hatred of France as the destroyer of Corsican liberties, he never really became a Frenchman. He never learned to write the language, hardly to pronounce it. France was the seat and fulcrum of his power, his throne, and the recruiting-ground of his armies. Whatever he might say in proclamations, in his moments of sincerity he spoke of the French contemptuously, as a people who were to be governed through their vanity, which it was necessary to feed with a perpetual course of victories. Domiciled in France, he had consorted with a set of adventurers as profligate as any that the world has seen. The only sort of public morality with

[1] See Larousse's Grand Dictionnaire Universel du xix^e^ Siècle, iii. 566.

which he had ever been impressed was the fidelity of the soldier to military duty. The incidents of his history show that there was no crime of any sort which he would not, when interest or passion moved him, commit without compunction. He murdered the Duc d'Enghien, committing a gross breach of the rights of nations at the same time. He murdered Toussaint-Louverture; he murdered Hofer. Pichegru died "very suddenly and very opportunely" in his hands. He massacred in cold blood at least two thousand prisoners of war at Jaffa, because it was inconvenient to keep and feed them. This he afterwards admitted was "rather strong." The poisoning of the sick is less clearly brought home to him, nor would it have been so criminal if it had been; though he did or said something which called forth a noble protest from the head of the Medical Staff. He left a legacy to Cantillon for having attempted to assassinate Wellington. From fabrication and forgery he shrank no more than from murder. To further his designs against Venice he, as a favorable biographer states,[1] suborned a scoundrel to issue a fabricated proclamation, purporting to come from the Venetian authorities, and urging the people everywhere to rise and massacre the French. There is no doubt that he fabricated the famous dispatch which he pretended to have sent to Murat in Spain, exonerating himself in advance for all the miscarriage and disasters there. He habitually fabricated news. "The notes which you have sent me, upon the powerlessness of Russia," he says to Fouché, "are written by a man of sense. . . . Publish them in a newspaper, as translated from an English paper; choose the name of one that is little known." He fabricated a false account of the battle of Marengo, and put it, instead of the true account, into the archives. When he wanted an heir to his empire he sounded his physician on the subject of introducing a supposititious child. Evidence has now been produced that he embarked in an extensive scheme, to be carried out through infamous agencies, for forging the bank-notes of hostile powers in order to throw their finances into confusion. His own finance was unscrupulous plunder of every State that fell under his power. He was utterly regardless of truth; the falsehood of his bulletins was proverbial, and not the smallest credence could be attached to anything which he said where his interest or reputation was concerned. Once only he felt, or affected to have felt, remorse. It was when he had brought on a needless engagement in which some of his men fell, to indulge with the spectacle of war ladies who had visited him in his camp.

Talleyrand advised the Emperor to retire from Spain, telling him that it would not be deemed a base act (*lache*). "'A base act!' replied Bonaparte; 'what does that matter to me? Understand that I should not fail to commit one, if it were useful to me. In reality there is nothing really noble or base in the world; I have in my character all that can contribute to secure my power, and to deceive those who think they know me. Frankly, I am base, essentially base. I give you my word that I should feel no repugnance to commit what would be called by the world a dishonorable action; my secret tendencies, which are, after all, those of nature, opposed to certain affectations of greatness with which I have to adorn myself, give me infinite resources with which to baffle every one. Therefore all I have to do now is to consider whether your advice agrees with my present policy, and to try and find out besides,' he added (said Talleyrand), with a satanic smile, 'whether you have not some private interest in urging me to take this step.'"

Madame de Rémusat, to whom we owe this anecdote, was deeply disappointed in Napoleon, but she did not regard him with malevolence, nor was she likely to traduce him.

[1] See the Life of Napoleon I. by John Holland Rose, i. 144.

Napoleon's marriage with Josephine having, at the Pope's instance, been repeated with religious forms before their coronation, it was necessary to have recourse to a most wretched quibble for the purpose of invalidating the marriage and opening the way for a divorce. The Pope was at the time under duress, yet his conduct in failing to protest against this evasion of the laws of the Church, like his conduct in coming, immediately after the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, to crown the murderer, was hardly Hildebrandic or highly creditable to the pontificate of morals. Josephine, as we learn from her friend Madame de Rémusat, when her spouse first intimated his intention of getting rid of her, knowing that she could not be lawfully divorced, did him the honor to suspect that she would be quietly put out of the way.

Even writers favorable to Napoleon admit that his conduct in craftily ensnaring Venice and selling her to Austria must excite our loathing. Excite our loathing assuredly it does, and it is to be noted that the man who deliberately planned and artfully carried into effect this deed of perfidy was still young, and might have been expected, if he did not retain the trace of youthful enthusiasm, at least not to have become a callous villain. But the climax was the scene enacted at Bayonne, where this demigod and would-be Emperor of the West, like a common sharper, kidnapped the King of Spain and his heir, in order that he might rob them of their kingdom. Coleridge has noted the advantage which perfect wickedness enjoys in its absolute singleness of aim. Happily for mankind, it at the same time labors under a peculiar disadvantage in its inability to understand moral forces and make allowance for their resistance to its designs. Napoleon, when he trapanned the King of Spain and stole the kingdom, had evidently no conception of the moral forces which he was calling into play among the Spanish people, or of the resistance which they would offer. There are few more instructive episodes in history.

Napoleon's perfidy, as he showed in his proceedings at the time of the Peace of Amiens, was boundless. No promises or treaties could bind him. Great Britain's war with him was a war to the knife for her own independence and that of Europe. Fox, who had opposed the war against the French Revolution, could not help seeing this, and ultimately, after Pitt's death, coalesced with Grenville to carry on the war.

Thiers, in his History, worships Napoleon as the god of war, which Thiers was always wanting, and at last got. In private, he said to Mr. Senior : —

"Napoleon's wars had so brutalized him that he never even took into account the human suffering through which his objects were to be obtained. If Prussia was troublesome, he determined to efface her from the map. 'It will cost me,' he said, 'only two hundred thousand men.' Berthier was one of the best of the marshals of that period. Forbin, my intimate friend, was his aide-de-camp, and told me many stories about him. He seemed to think men born in order to be killed. In one of the battles of the first Russian campaign a post had been furiously contested between us and the Russians. Berthier came up and saw the field covered with dead, each man lying in his place. 'Ah,' he said, 'que ça est beau. Tout le monde est à sa place. Il faut faire voir cela à l'Empereur; cela lui fera plaisir.' Ten days after the beginning of the campaign of 1812 Berthier called together Napoleon's aides-de-camp. 'How is this,' he said; 'we have been ten days in the field et pas un de vous ne s'est fait tuer? Est-ce ainsi qu'il faut servir l'Empereur?'" Napoleon himself said to Metternich that he heeded little the death of a million of men.

The field of Eylau strewn with forty-five thousand dead and wounded, "all," as Ney said, "to no purpose," the sight, in the campaign of Friedland, of a mile

of ground covered with a sheet of six thousand naked bodies stripped by camp followers, and some of them still writhing and imploring relief; even the unspeakable horrors of the retreat from Moscow never touched the conqueror's heart. His bulletin announcing that his army had perished in Russia showed not the slightest feeling, and wound up coolly with the words, "The Emperor never was in better health." Not only was he utterly unfeeling, he seems to have been actually possessed by the passionate love of war, and almost to have reveled in carnage. Berthier's remark, in short, that the sight of the crowd of dead, each man lying in his place, would give pleasure to the Emperor, appears to have been no mere jest. Yet we are expected to feel very indignant about the martyrdom of this man at St. Helena; the martyrdom consisting in the denial of a title of which his own Legislature had deprived him; bickerings with his keeper, caused mainly by his own peevishness; and a confinement which was alleviated by the enjoyment of every luxury, and was absolutely necessary to prevent him from enjoying, at the expense of his kind, such spectacles as fields of battle covered with carnage and agony. What were the most awful sufferings of the race compared with slight annoyances inflicted on one great man who had brought them on himself by making his confinement indispensable to the peace of the world? Is there any limit to the servility of mankind?

The revolutionary ardor which had fired the army when Napoleon took command presently expired, and gave place to mere service of its chief's ambition, rewarded with a share of his glory, and more substantially by the plunder of conquered countries; while its generals, instead of militant Republicans, became marshals and princes, owing to their Emperor, with their titles, wealth showered upon them out of the fruits of his rapine. At the same time the quality of the army was being constantly lowered, and every vestige of patriotic spirit in it was being smothered by the increasing infusion of forced levies from the foreign countries under the Emperor's sway.

Napoleon's supreme military genius has been contested by nobody, except perhaps by the eccentric Colonel Mitchell, on whom Napier, the incarnation of professional militarism, falls with the fury of a devotee, the divinity of whose idol has been questioned. Yet in estimating military success the measure of the opposing forces must be taken, and Fortune must receive her due. Napoleon started on his Italian campaign with an army formed, not of social refuse such as was sent to Marlborough and Wellington, but of the best material called out by forced levies; ragged it is true and unpaid, but full of revolutionary fire and eager for the conquest of rich provinces. The brethren of these men, and probably some of the men themselves, had already conquered under other Republican generals: Pichegru, Jourdan, Marceau, and Moreau. Opposed were the armies of a coalition, Austrian and Piedmontese, whose diversity of territorial interest interfered with the unity of military action. The Austrian troops were devoid of national spirit. They surrendered in masses when they were beaten. They were commanded by generals of the old school, who moreover were trammeled by the interference of the Aulic Council. Alvinzi might have held his own pretty well if the Aulic Council had let him alone. Suppose Napoleon had been pitted at the outset against Wellington or Suvaroff, with the troops which they commanded: he would have been superior, no doubt, to either of them; but would he have had so easy a game, or have so readily established his military prestige? At Marengo he was beaten, till Desaix came up and old Melas was compelled by his infirmity to leave the field. It was necessary afterwards to cook the record of the battle in order to show that it had been won by Napoleon himself.

The political element is an important factor in war power. Marlborough was trammeled by political party at home, which robbed him of his final triumph, and by the nervous interference of the Dutch. Wellington had his difficulties at home as well as difficulties of a most trying kind with the provisional governments of Spain and Portugal. Patronage deprived him of free choice of officers. He said he had not power to make a sergeant. Napoleon had from the first practically a free hand, the finance of the Directory depending on his Italian plunder, and as Emperor he disposed at will of all the forces of the Empire, promoted the men of his choice, and had to answer for no miscarriage. Perfect unity was thus given to his operations. This was what Wellington meant when he said that the presence of Napoleon in person would be worth forty thousand men.

Napoleon's sanguine temperament, sustained by his marvelous physique, led him to dare immense risks. So long as the resistance was senile and spiritless, the results of his ventures were immense and splendid; an Austerlitz or a Jena. But when the spirit of the nations had been roused by insufferable oppression and insult, the results were no longer the same. Eylau was a drawn battle; almost so was Borodino. The campaign of Aspern and Wagram against Austria, some national spirit even among the Austrians having been awakened and their army having been reformed by the Archduke Charles, was very different from that of Austerlitz. The Spaniards, though easily beaten in the field, were never subdued. Then came the general uprising of the trampled nations, and thereupon the end.

Was there ever anything more insane than the Egyptian expedition? Europe had been alarmed and roused to arms by the raids made on Switzerland and Rome to provide the bankrupt exchequer of France with the means of fitting out the expedition. War was evidently impending. In face of this, Bonaparte carried away the best army of France and her best officers to be locked up in Egypt. The French admiral Brueys said that if the expedition had fallen in with the enemy on the voyage, ten British ships would have sufficed for its destruction. The British navy had shown its decisive superiority on the first of June, at Cape St. Vincent and at Camperdown. The result was, as it was sure to be, the annihilation of the French fleet and the capitulation, after some easy but useless triumphs over Mameluke or Turkish mobs, of what remained of the French army, left by its commander to its fate. So palpable was the error, that it has even been ascribed to a perfidious intention on the part of Bonaparte to denude the French government of its forces and expose it to defeat, in order that he might more easily become its master. Of this Napoleon may be readily acquitted. Wild dreams of dominion in the East combined with insane hatred of the power which then reigned there were the probable sources of the aberration.

Another instance of supreme folly surely was the projected invasion of England, inspired by the same insane hatred as well as by devouring lust of dominion. If the flat-bottomed flotilla could have effected the passage, an idea which naval authorities derided, the army, landed in England, would at once have been cut off by Nelson's fleet, and even if it had won a battle, its ultimate fate, in a desperately difficult country, and in face of such national resistance as it would have encountered, could hardly have been doubtful. In fact, it is rather to be deplored that Napoleon did not land in England, where his unmeasured ambition would almost certainly have found its grave. So wild was the scheme, that some have questioned whether it was really intended to be carried into effect, or was merely a pretext for raising an immense force to be employed in more hopeful ways. Such doubts are

set at rest by the existence of Napoleon's medal representing Hercules crushing Antæus, with the inscription, "Descente en Angleterre — Frappée à Londres."

Moreover, a part of the enterprise actually took effect, and with signal results. By the Emperor's cruel and unjust taunts the brave and devoted Villeneuve was goaded, against his own opinion and that of the other naval authorities, into giving battle to Nelson, the certain issue of which was Trafalgar. "I could not be everywhere," was Napoleon's ejaculation on hearing of the destruction of his fleet. But, in truth, he had been at Trafalgar, driving his admirals and fleet by his blind will to assured ruin. He had framed for the enterprise an arbitrary plan, assuming complaisant delays on the part of Nelson. He might surely have known that on the part of Nelson there would be no complaisant delay.

But of all Napoleon's insanities, for they were nothing less, the climax was the invasion of Russia. What motive can he have had for this, saving delirious ambition, and what was also undoubtedly strong in him, sheer love of the bloody game of war? He evidently reckoned on encountering the Russian army of defense nearer the frontier, winning an Austerlitz or a Jena, dictating terms as he had dictated them to Austria or Prussia, and returning to Paris in triumph. He was deceived in the character of his enemy. He tried in vain to force a battle at Smolensk. The Russians, instead of fighting him near the frontier, retreated before him, gave up their country to his ravages, compelled him to make a march in which he lost a great part of his enormous host, and after handling him very severely at Borodino, evacuated Moscow, leaving it in flames. They then refused to treat with him. He had consequently to decamp without having provided for retreat or subsistence. He lost almost his entire army in the wintry wastes, and but for the extraordinary conduct of Kutusoff in letting him and his guard pass unopposed, would himself have fallen into the hands of the enemy. This error was on a far more imposing scale and more tragical than any blunder of Beaulieu or of Mack. But was it less of a blunder, or less of a detraction from the reputation of the man of action, or even from that of the commander? It is frightful to think what power a despot has for evil. There was probably not a soul on either side, saving Napoleon himself, who desired the Russian expedition.

At Leipzig Napoleon allowed himself to be held at bay by a greatly superior force, while he neglected the obvious precaution of throwing bridges over the Elster for his retreat, causing thereby a hideous catastrophe. His conduct in this case was severely condemned by Wellington, a perfectly fair critic of opponents. "If Bonaparte," wrote Wellington, "had not placed himself in a position that every other officer would have avoided, and remained in it longer than was consistent with any ideas of prudence, he would have retired in such a state that the allies could not have ventured to approach the Rhine."

Soldiers say that no two battles ever were worse fought than Borodino and Waterloo. Hannibal found his Waterloo at Zama; but he had there only a remnant of old soldiers with a large body of raw levies to oppose to the tried legions of Scipio. Napoleon, with seventy-four thousand French soldiers, most of them tried, since he had got back his garrisons from Germany, encountered an army of which only twenty-four thousand were British, the rest being of different nationalities and in part untrustworthy. He had also a very great superiority in artillery. True, Blücher came up; but that was the game; and Wellington's acceptance of battle under such conditions was notice that Blücher was at hand. On the morning of Waterloo Napoleon spoke with utter contempt of the English general and his troops; as did the French commander on the morning of Agin-

court. His army was not only beaten but destroyed. He seems himself to have fled from the field without making any attempt to organize and direct the retreat.

It has been truly remarked, as a qualification of Napoleon's extraordinary success in war, that he had often to deal with coalitions whose action was more or less wanting in the unity of a single will. In the Campaign of Miracles he had to deal with a very cumbrous and disjointed coalition, one member of which, Austria, was half-hearted, while its armies were commanded by Schwarzenberg, who was irresolute as well as second-rate. It is doubtful, even, whether the coalition would have held together, much more whether it would have pressed on to the goal, had not Castlereagh's force of character prevailed.

Cæsar's career was one of unbroken success, with the inconsiderable exception of his repulse at Dyrrhachium, where he encountered a first-rate general in Pompey. Marlborough serenely commanded victory to the end, and had not party at home betrayed him, he would probably, after Bouchain, have brought the war to a triumphant close at Paris. Wellington failed only in his attempt to take Burgos without a siege train. Napoleon's military career closed in utter and redoubled disaster.

Napoleon on his way to Elba had to disguise himself as a courier to escape being torn to pieces by the people. Such was the verdict of France herself on the effects of his rule so far as the happiness of Frenchmen was concerned. In that infuriated crowd there would be few whose young sons or relatives had not been torn from them as conscripts to feed the cravings of a perfectly selfish and insane ambition. Drafts indorsed by a servile Senate, and forestalling the regular conscription, had, during the last years, been sending to the field of slaughter immense levies of mere boys. The stature of the nation had been stunted, and its physique had been impaired by the drain. The wars were represented as waged for the purpose of feeding the appetite of the French for glory, and thereby securing their allegiance to Napoleon's throne. But the best evidence tends to show that the people had long ceased to take an interest in the distant conquests of the armies, or to sigh for anything but peace. To peace, though repeatedly tendered on terms more than satisfactory to the nation, the despot obstinately refused to sacrifice the dictates of his personal pride. To him it was nothing that France was being desolated by invasion. Like a desperate gambler throwing his last piece of money on the board, he staked his last conscript in the game of war. Then, instead of facing defeat with dignity, and doing what he could in extremity to save the interests of the people who had done and suffered so much for him, he attempted suicide, from which he was saved, once more to break his plighted faith and deluge the world with blood in the interest of his chimerical ambition.

At the point at which France put herself into Napoleon's hands, had he been honest and patriotic, Republican institutions, so far as we can see, might have been founded. The fever fit was over, and everybody was sighing for stability and peace. Indeed, there was not much fault to be found with the framework of the existing Constitution, consisting of an executive Directory and two legislative chambers. The fruit of Napoleon's betrayal of his trust was a century of revolutions and convulsions, some of them bloody, all of them disastrous to political character and the foundations of the State. In the series was included a revival, under Napoleon's reputed nephew, of his despotism, with all its iniquity and corruption, with another outbreak of militarism and another cataclysm of military disaster. Nor is it possible at once to work off all the noxious elements which have been generated in the

process, and from the disturbing influence of which the French Republic is even now not secure.

There is a vague idea that the French armies by their occupation of conquered countries inoculated the nations with valuable ideas in compensation for all that they carried away or consumed upon the spot. When the French armies, their revolutionary enthusiasm having expired, had become hosts of disciplined marauders, the sole idea which they universally created among the nations was burning hatred of their insolence, rapacity, and lust. The immediate consequences of the struggle for freedom from French domination were monarchical ascendency and the Holy Alliance; the nations having been fain to rally round their hereditary governments in their struggle for liberation from the foreign oppressor. If afterwards there was a general outburst of European liberalism, no credit was due for it to Napoleon or his system. It was the resurrection of that spirit of progress which had been killed for the time by the extravagances and enormities of the French Revolution, though combined no doubt with the impulses of nationality and liberty generated in the effort to cast off the French yoke. Napoleon III. had studied the policy of Napoleon I., and aped it in everything to the utmost of his power. What he did with liberalism was to clap its leaders into prison-vans, shoot it down in the street, or deport it to Cayenne.

The world at large owes to Napoleon a vast recrudescence of militarism, with all the destructive barbarism attendant thereon; Cæsarism, with its glittering autocracy and its offer of a dead-level equality beneath the Cæsar as compensation for the loss of freedom; above all, a most dazzling example of immoral success and renown. One lasting benefit, however, he did, though involuntarily, confer on Europe. By the conquests of the Revolutionary armies the territories of France had been so far extended as to endanger the balance of power and threaten Europe permanently with French domination. Napoleon I. in the end lost these extensions with his own acquisitions, and brought French power again within safe bounds. Napoleon III. improved upon the work of his predecessor and prototype in this respect by resigning, after his defeat in the war with Germany, the territorial plunder of Louis XIV.

Goldwin Smith.

THE GLAMOUR OF A CONSULSHIP.

REMINISCENCES OF AN EX-CONSUL.

FORTUNATE indeed is the American citizen who has never been afflicted with the itch for government office. I must confess I fell an easy victim to this complaint in my senior year at college when first I began anxiously to plan for the future and to cast about for a suitable occupation. Then it was that Cæsar's sententious phrase, "Let the consuls see to it that the Republic suffer no harm," rang in my ears and solved the problem. Yes, I would be a CONSUL, a name to conjure with, evoking the majestic shades of Cæsar and Napoleon and visions of imperial grandeur. The moment for action was certainly auspicious: the Republican party had just returned to "its own" after four lean years of bitter exile; the inauguration was over, and already the consular plum tree was being vigorously shaken at the behest of an army of eager patriots.

I promptly decided upon a certain consulate in Europe, and sent my petition to the President of the United States, laying stress upon the desire to continue my studies abroad as the motive of the application. The circumstance that I was not yet of legal age by a few months caused me no little uneasiness, but I considered it a good beginning in diplomacy not to obtrude that fact upon the attention of the President. In support of the application I secured and forwarded several choice testimonials in the form of letters of recommendation from the president and professors of the university. I was especially proud of the president's letter, superbly couched in exquisite language, and quite what one would expect from the noble pen that revised a standard dictionary and bequeathed to the world The Human Intellect. These precious papers filed, I waited several weary months, vainly seeking my name from day to day in the list of presidential nominations. Graduation came and I returned to my home town and its peaceful routine; not hopeless, — office-seekers very rarely become that, — but quite reconciled to private life. Suddenly — really unexpectedly — I was appointed consul at Ghent, Belgium.

How well I remember the day I was struck by government lightning! It was the manner of my notification that was so delightful. Unconscious of the momentous event, I was at home poring over the intricacies of Blackstone, when an aggressive ring at the door-bell interrupted my train of legal thought and in a moment a reporter on The Daily Record stood before me with a telegram announcing the appointment. He had been sent to interview me about myself and Ghent and Belgium and international relations. Verily I had been magically transformed into a personage whose opinions were in public demand! In gratitude for the joyful tidings, I responded glibly to the journalist's interrogatories, and he went on his way contented. When the door closed I threw Blackstone into the corner with a shout of triumph.

But it was a mistake. In the light of experience, let me earnestly advise any ambitious youth face to face with the alternative that confronted me that day not to drop his law books for the siren call of a consulship, unless, perchance, the pending Lodge Bill, or some other equally meritorious measure for the reorganization of the consular service, shall meantime have been enacted into law, whereby that branch of the government shall afford a permanent tenure, adequate compensation, and regular promotion as a reward of merit. Only on that condition can he afford to abandon a career of usefulness at home to enter the consular service; but if there shall be no radical reform, and he fail to take my advice, he will surely live to rue it, just as I have done and hundreds before me and scores since. He will waste the most potential years of life in a more or less remote place, amid more or less uncongenial people, out of touch with American institutions and progress, and almost forgotten by friends; and when finally his precarious tenure of office is terminated, he will return to find himself outstripped by his contemporaries, demoralized for competitive work, and a laggard in the race. This applies to the favored sons of fortune as well as to those who must "keep the pot boiling," but, of course, emphatically to the latter.

Shortly after the visit of the journalist, I received the official notification of appointment, with instructions respecting the formalities of qualification, and hastened to Washington, where I presented my formal acceptance, took the oath of office, and filed a goodly sized bond to protect the official fees belonging to the government. Then followed the usual "instruction period" of thirty days, with salary, which, by the way, begins with the oath of office and continues until the consul leaves the service

on completion of the homeward journey. The salary was small and the additional income from notarial fees inconsiderable enough to modify my transports, but all financial misgivings were swallowed up in the honor of being incorporated into the foreign service of the United States; then there was always the possibility of transfer to a more lucrative post, — every little consul has nursed that illusive hope, — and, most important of all, a vague, half-formed belief that I was entering the service at the opportune moment for a life career. At the previous session of Congress some wise statesman had introduced a bill to reform the consular service along the lines of the classified service in the executive departments at Washington. The proposed legislation perhaps raised scarcely a ripple at the Capitol, but it certainly elicited widespread favorable comment in the press of the country, and I began to assume the certainty of its adoption. Fortunately for those now embraced in the consular service, the present movement for its reorganization on a solid foundation has advanced too far to fail so ignominiously as did that to which I clung as to an anchor of hope.

At Washington I paid my respects to President Harrison, who inquired if I had read How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix, and to Secretary Blaine, and then spent a few days in the department looking over the official dispatches on file from my predecessors. The chief of the Consular Bureau at that time was Dr. Francis O. St. Clair, a most efficient and sympathetic official. His principal instruction to me was to apply myself diligently, yea, with religious fanaticism, to the study of the Consular Regulations, a fat little volume of some seven hundred pages. I took this cheerful injunction literally, and supplemented it by consulting works on international law treating of the functions and duties of consuls, their rights and privileges under the law of nations and by virtue of special treaties. At the outset the information was disappointing in one respect: it was emphatically stated that consuls have no diplomatic functions nor representative character as regards the government to which they are accredited (excepting under certain conditions which did not concern me), but are merely the official representatives of the commercial interests of their country. I derived no little comfort, however, in the distinction so finely drawn by one writer, that while the diplomatic agent represents his government at the seat of government of the foreign country and is therefore an envoy of one government to another, the consul is the official representative in the consular district of the individuals of his own country. This was a just source of pride: I was to represent some sixty million sovereign American citizens, including Alaskans, in the provinces of East and West Flanders, wherein dwelt no less than two million thrifty souls. Could I have foreseen the present epoch of national expansion, how I would have envied the American Consul of A. D. 1903, who represents nearly ninety millions of people living under the protection of the Stars and Stripes in lands upon which the sun never sets! (This is astronomically true of the summer sun.)

I was highly gratified to discover in the Consular Regulations that consuls of the United States rank with colonels in the regular army, or captains in the navy, although, even before learning this, I felt quite as important as any colonel. The chapter on the Official Relations of Consuls to Naval Officers was also pleasant reading. Whenever an American war vessel (or squadron) visits a port where a United States consul is stationed, it is the duty of the commander to send a boat ashore with an officer, to visit the consul and tender him a passage to the ship. The consul must accept the invitation, visit the commander, and tender him his official ser-

vices. While the vessel is in port the consul is entitled to a salute of seven guns (nine for a consul-general), which is usually fired while he is being conveyed from the vessel to the shore. The official etiquette requires the consul to face the ship, and at the end of the salute acknowledge it by raising his hat. All this has practical significance to our consuls at Mediterranean ports, but none whatever in the case of Ghent, situated some twenty miles inland. But, nevertheless, Ghent is technically a "seaport," thanks to a ship canal to Terneuzen, on the lower Scheldt, admitting vessels of eighteen or nineteen feet draught. My vain hope was that some inquisitive man-of-war of the United States would manage to penetrate to Ghent; whereupon the seven guns would boom forth, shaking the dust of ages from the ancient belfry, and reverberating through the ruins of the mediæval castle of the counts of Flanders. This, of course, was a mere dream.

The scales have long ago dropped from my eyes, and, looking back through the years, I realize that I was afflicted with an insidious malady very common — almost universal — among newly appointed consuls, and which we may appropriately call consular megalomania. It appears at once on appointment, increases in intensity throughout the instruction period, reaches the crisis on shipboard, — where the consul sits in the seat of honor at the captain's table and receives the homage of his compatriots, — and then gradually abates until the temperature of self-esteem is normal.

On arrival in Belgium I paid my respects to the United States Minister at Brussels and proceeded to my post, where, on the receipt of my exequatur from the Belgian government, and completion of the inventory of official property, I relieved my predecessor of his "public trust," inheriting a native Belgian as vice-consul, a British subject as clerk, and a room in the aforesaid Belgian's counting-house as the office of the consulate, — three flies in the ointment of our present consular system.

In pursuance of custom I made ceremonious calls upon the governor of the province of East Flanders, who is the local representative of the king, and upon the burgomaster of the city. I also left cards at the homes of all the members of the Consular Corps, forty in number and representing thirty-six nations, including every European power with the exception of Switzerland, nine countries of South America, all those of Central America, Persia, Hawaii, Liberia, and one or two other petty governments. Of course, the great majority of these offices were only titular, and, in fact, all but three of the consuls, vice-consuls, and consular agents composing the corps were native citizens of Belgium, who had sought appointment on account of the social prestige conferred, or (formerly) in order to secure exemption from service in the *garde civique*. The exceptions were the consul of the United States, the German consul, and the British vice-consul in charge.

We were all embraced in an association styled the Cercle Consulaire, whose constitution contained the following article: —

"Il a pour but d'offrir à ses membres un centre de réunion pour poursuivre la réalisation des progrès reconnus favorables à la prospérité et à la dignité du Corps Consulaire."

It was presided over by a dean, the consul longest in commission, and in its relations with the local authorities and with official society closely resembled the diplomatic corps. We addressed one another as "mon cher collègue," and, once a year, held a banquet, where the nations of the earth met to exchange toasts in grandiloquent sentiments, and each worthy Belgian, laying aside petty business rivalries and for the nonce denationalizing himself, strove hard to uphold the dignity of his appointing government. At ceremonious functions,

such as the celebration of a Te Deum in the cathedral, we followed close at the heels of the governor, passing between long lines of saluting soldiery, every consul, except myself, resplendent in a uniform prescribed by the government he represented.

Much might be said of the multitudinous duties imposed by our laws upon consular officers, and hence the importance of the appointment of men of irreproachable character, intelligence, and education, resourcefulness, and sound judgment; but I need not dwell on these matters. My routine duties consisted in certifying invoices of merchandise exported to the United States, making commercial reports, performing notarial services, and replying to letters of inquiry relating chiefly to the extension of American trade. American vessels coming but very rarely to Ghent, I had not the police control to exercise over shipping which is an important function of the consul at a large seaport, and only infrequently had occasion to intervene with the local authorities in behalf of the personal rights of American citizens.

Ghent being to one side of the beaten highway pursued by the restless army of tourists, I met comparatively few compatriots traveling for pleasure, and hence was but rarely called upon to cater to the whims and fancies of the unreasonable, as is the lot of the average American consul in Europe. As a rule, the Americans who sought me out belonged to the class which every consul dreads: the stranded and the importunate, as well as the tricky and the unscrupulous. Perhaps as many as two thirds of all the Americans who set foot in the consulate during my four years came to solicit a "loan" of from five to twenty francs to enable them to continue their homeward journey. Sometimes they had drifted on the waves of charity from consulate to consulate, from as far eastward as Berlin. By the time they reached Ghent they had become past masters in the art of wheedling money out of the consul; their stories were gems of pathos and their acting creditable to any star of the footlights. Many of the applicants appealed to me as a matter of right, and displayed astonishment, if not unbelief, when informed that the government of the United States makes no provision for the relief of its destitute citizens other than seamen, when stranded abroad. But, fund or no fund, it is quite natural that distressed American travelers should turn in their trouble to the official representative of their country, and in meritorious cases it was a pleasure personally to extend some slight measure of relief.

But for self-protection against bankruptcy, I had a hard-and-fast rule of action in these cases. The third-class railway passage to Antwerp with its boundless sailing possibilities cost about half a dollar. To every applicant who was not manifestly a downright fraud, I offered this aid from my own pocketbook, and whenever accepted sent the clerk with the person to the railway station, with iron-bound instructions to purchase the ticket and speed the parting stranger on his way. This was policy as well as humanity, for if the unfortunate remained without resources in my district he might be landed in jail as a vagrant or for doing something desperate, and might then invoke consular intervention, thus involving more or less thankless labor.

I remember one instance rather out of the usual order. A fashionably attired young man, of commanding presence and polite manners, called at the consulate one day in a cab. He stated that he was a resident of Boston and on the way home from a tour of the Continent. After chatting interestingly a full hour, he turned to leave, but suddenly wheeled about and said in a *blasé* tone: "Oh, by the way — hem — hem — such a *trifling* matter, I hate to mention it, but I find myself deucedly short most unexpectedly. Instructed

my father to send my usual remittance of a thousand to me at my hotel here — has n't come — some mistake. If you let me have, say, twenty-five francs, I 'll try to make ends meet until I get to Antwerp, and remit you double from there to-night. Thousand pardons for bothering you for such a trifle." His final acting had the consummate touch of a professional dead-beat and swindler, and so I promptly declined, and then unfolded to his crestfallen majesty my relief plan. Rising to his full height, and withering me with a scornful look, he spurned the offer, and left the office in wrathful indignation. But an hour or so later he returned — still in the cab — and humbly applied for the ticket-money, which was given him without the usual formality of sending the clerk to purchase the ticket. That same evening the cabman in question drove up and announced that "my friend" had swindled him out of three hours' fare. He had driven his passenger to a hotel on a corner near the station, and the latter entered to get his baggage; this was the last he had seen of him. All that the hotel proprietor could say by way of enlightenment was that a stranger had come in the front door and, after setting his watch by the clock, had passed out the side entrance. That cabman thinks to this day that he has a strong case in equity against me for his lost fare.

The most peculiar individual whom I served in an official capacity was an American who called one day to secure the authentication of a document to be used in court in the United States. This service duly performed, he inquired the fee, and, learning that it was two dollars, looked troubled, and alleged that he had expected to pay only about twenty-five cents; but after fumbling in his pockets for some time his face brightened, and he offered an extraordinary compromise. He was, he said, a "glass-eater" by occupation, and temporarily out of employment after filling engagements at the annual fairs in several towns of France and Belgium. In discharge of his obligation he proposed to give me a special performance of his art. Believing him to be one of the numerous fakirs who rely on sleight of hand in so-called glass-eating feats, I expressed incredulity. "Gimme a thin goblet," said he, "and I 'll eat it all up." I complied. Grasping it firmly with both hands, as a boy would a big apple, he unhesitatingly munched off a large piece, the fragments crackling horribly under his massive teeth and disappearing down his throat. He was precisely what he claimed to be, — a human ostrich; but it was not a pleasant way of receiving a notarial fee, and I hastened to inform the glass-eater that his debt was discharged.

Soon after my arrival, an American negro, who had formerly been employed as barber on one of the transatlantic liners, drifted to Ghent with a little capital, and blossomed out as the proprietor of an *estaminet* at the docks; the sailors patronized him and he flourished. Although there was a resident English colony, this lone negro was, for a long time, my only compatriot in the city of Ghent. Aware of that fact, he called frequently at the consulate to greet his consul, whom he insisted on addressing as "Your Excellency." No self-expatriated American whom I ever knew was more patriotic than he; it was touching to see the fervent admiration with which he gazed up at the coat-of-arms on the façade of the consulate, and I doubt not he was made of the same heroic stuff as the gallant troopers of the Tenth United States Cavalry, whose devoted lifeblood stained San Juan hill. It therefore grieves me to reflect that I was obliged to deny the only favor he ever asked of me. It was this way.

Shortly before the Fourth of July he presented himself, all excitement and enthusiasm, and announced that he was making preparations to celebrate our national holiday in handsome fashion at his place of business. His saloon would

be decorated with evergreens and bunting, and the first free lunch in the history of Ghent would be served to all comers; he begged me to be present on the festive occasion, and to loan him the consular flag, which, he assured me, would be draped in the post of honor *over the bar*. It was easy to dispose of the flag question: it sufficed to explain that it must fly from its own staff on that Day of all Days; but the matter of personal attendance required the exercise of diplomacy, even of the Machiavelian brand. He had gone to the expense of having cards of invitation printed, and it was with intense dismay that I read at the bottom thereof: "The American Consul will be present." To avoid hurting the poor darky's feelings I am afraid that I may have given him the impression that the Consular Regulations require every consul to remain in retreat at the consulate throughout Independence Day. But it was quite as well that I did not attend the celebration at the estaminet, for I afterwards learned that the news of the free lunch attracted such a large rough crowd, and the scramble for food was so eager, that the police had to be summoned to quell an incipient riot.

The years rolled by and the political complexion of the Administration changed. New officials took charge of the Department of State, and then ensued a consular Reign of Terror unsurpassed since the foundation of the government, the apotheosis of the spoils system. Just as St. Bartholomew's Day stands out in ghastly prominence in the history of the Huguenots, so does the year 1893 in the annals of the consular service of the United States. Within a period of less than ten months exactly thirty consuls-general out of a total of thirty-five, and 133 consuls of the first class out of a total of 183, besides the great majority of the minor consuls, were superseded, and their places hastily filled by persons belonging to the dominant party, to the disorganization of the service and consequent detriment to the business interests of this country. After all, however, it was nothing more than an unusually drastic exhibition of the time-honored practice following a change of administration involving transfer of partisan power.

My turn came at last, and, rather curiously, it was the press again that gave me the first intelligence; for one evening I read in the list of appointments by the President simply this: "Mr. So-and-so, Consul at Ghent, Belgium." A few weeks later, stripped of my consular halo and shorn of power, I began my homeward journey, convinced for the first time that the spoils system is brutal and barbarous. *Sic transit gloria consulis.*

John Ball Osborne.

BARATARIA: THE RUINS OF A PIRATE KINGDOM.

For the last three hundred miles of its course the dark old Mississippi ploughs through a land of swamp and bayou, cypress and water oak. There comes a point as we go southward where the swamps are penetrated by tide water and the bayous widen out to rival in breadth even the Father of Waters himself. At last these bayous, great currentless swamp rivers, merge into Old Ocean as wide bays, or as lakes cut off from the sea by narrow little strips of reed-covered sand, rising as islands from the alluvial marsh. Some of these swamp-locked bays are deep enough to sail a good-sized schooner. Wilderness, whether mountain or forest or swamp, is ever a preserver of primitive condi-

tions, and it is not strange that when the high seas became too thoroughly civilized for the freebooter, piracy should make its last stand in the place where progressive Old Ocean gives way to the conservative marsh. Neither was it strange, when the law stepped in to blot out freebooting forever, that the swamp closed up to hide its own, and that conditions prevailing in pirate days should be preserved like some prehistoric monster sunk in a bog of peat, or like a city covered with the ashes and lava of a spurting volcano.

The student of American history knows that among the defenders of New Orleans in 1814 was Jean Lafitte, the pirate, with some hundreds of his men who came from their settlement on the islands and *cheniers* about Barataria Bay; he knows that when the city had been saved these men were granted a full pardon, and that many returned to civilized life. But the fate of the Baratarian settlement, — that was left to the student's guess. So completely was the region forgotten that the average New Orleans citizen to-day has little or no idea of the route to be pursued in reaching it. Inquiries at hotel and steamer offices gave me very little help when, one day in April, I went to and fro about the Crescent City, asking a way to reach the country of the pirates. At last I bethought myself of the French Market, whither go the shrimp, fish, and turtles from Barataria. There, among dark-haired Hungarians and fat-faced French madames, I learned the name of a little steamer which plies back and forth in the Barataria trade.

The boat would leave in two days, said the kindly old gray-haired captain, and would arrive at Grand Pass, between Grande Terre and Grande Isle, on the second day out. When I asked how far that might be, he answered, —

"Fifty-four miles, if you mean the way the duck flies. Fifty-four thousand, if you want to communicate with any one who lives there."

The vessel lay at the head of Harvey's Canal, one of the little channels by which luggers make their way to the swamps and bayous and back again to the river. The steamer had a stern wheel, and drew so little water that the shallow bayous and receding tides offered no great menace. Its little cabin was saloon, bar-room, clerk's office, and sleeping quarters all in one. Its crew consisted of an engineer, a cook, and three colored deck hands. The engine gave forth a puff-puff, puff-puff-puff, and we started southwestward from the city, disputing the passage with a raft of cypress logs, which persisted in crowding our steamer into the bank. Slowly the raft yielded to the little vessel's prow, scraped along the port side, and left its length behind us as we pushed down the canal. The reed-covered marsh gave way to dense cypress swamp, cypress whose limbs were draped with long festoons of gray Spanish moss. Turtles scurried from every fallen log. Water snakes swam lazily along the shore. Huge garfish jumped like trout, splashing the water in our front. The huts of moss gatherers, with their adornment of stupid, wondering black faces, passed. Then we issued upon an almost currentless stream of brackish water, — a stream half as wide as the Hudson at Albany. This was the Bayou of Little Barataria.

Now we are approaching the country of the pirates. The bayou branches and branches again, and at one forking place there is a high shell mound, and about its foot a modest extent of land that rises always well above tide water. Here in the old days was Lafitte's chief distributing point. By a dozen routes contraband could be brought from the Gulf to one of the cypress-shaded passes that led hither. And from here to the portages leading into New Orleans the way was safe to follow and easy to guard. Here was the palace royal of the buccaneer chief. Here it was that Lawyer Grymes, invited to Barataria

to receive his fee of $20,000 for the defense of the younger Lafitte, was wined and dined by the "most polished gentlemen of the world." It was back through the same bayou by which we came that he went with his gold, in a splendid yawl. It was at plantations whose charred ruins we have seen that he met hospitable planters, and played sinful games that left him to arrive in New Orleans penniless and in debt.

From here to the Gulf of Mexico extended the rule of Lafitte. The shell heaps were his stations. The higher land was settled by his followers. The bayous were his routes of travel and places of hiding. When piracy ceased with the battle of Chalmette, his people improved the plantations that existed, and made new ones on every bit of land that rose high enough for tilling. The old civilization was continued on a new basis, only a little more in touch with Louisiana laws, and far less in touch with Louisiana people, than in the days of the freebooter.

It is thirty-five miles by the most direct bayou route from this point to Grande Terre, on the Gulf Coast. Yet over the whole persists the personality of Jean Lafitte. It is a strange thing, this immortality of strong characters. One who has visited Mount Vernon feels that Washington still lives. At Monticello one finds Thomas Jefferson alive in the traditions that connect him with every object. So lives Lafitte on Barataria bayous and on Barataria Bay.

Here, at his old headquarters, we see the pirate collecting and disposing of his plunder. We look in upon the feasts as he entertains his friends over a heavy silver service and with costly wines. Below, we catch him burying his treasure in shell heaps, or sinking it in the bayous at spots marked by crossing chains whose ends reach out to trees upon the bank. Always he leaves with four negroes who pull the yawl, always seated in the stern with a musket in his hands and his belt bristling with pistols. Invariably we see him returning alone, and imagine the last terrors of the four blacks whose bones rest where the alligators left them.

Yonder is a shell heap covered with trees. Beneath a huge live oak that once grew there, tradition tells us that Lafitte stood while a storm was raging. Lightning struck and shattered the tree, but Lafitte was left unharmed. The atmosphere is charged with pirate personality, and every time the long dark skiff of a negro moss gatherer comes silently out of some cypress-draped bayou, we start, half expecting to see the handsome, heartless outlaw king sitting in the stern.

Elements of the supernatural mingle in the tales of pirates. Many years ago New Orleans sent men out for shells to pave her streets. A certain steamer captain came hither with a tug and barge. He tied to a live oak on one of the cheniers near Little Temple. Next day his tug steamed back to the city towing an empty barge. During the night the captain declared that the ghost of Jean Lafitte had come to his cabin, and with drawn sword demanded the surrender of his vessel, only to fade away and leave the terror-stricken steamboat man bathed in perspiration.

The men who recall these tales are mainly dark-faced, handsome planters of the swampy bayou farms. But sometimes they are native fishermen or grizzled shrimp catchers. Now the story-teller is of pure Spanish origin, again of pure French. Sometimes there is a dash of color in the blood, indicating almost certain descent from some old pirate and his colored mistress.

They are men who believe in dreams and spells and supernatural apparitions. There would seem to be some ground for the belief that their land is accursed. Time after time tidal waves have swept the portions nearest the Gulf Coast, and in the middle days of the last century, when the more enterprising Baratarians had flourishing plantations and hoped

to grow as rich as their freebooting ancestors, a crevasse opened in the western bank of the Mississippi, and the plantations were flooded so that cane grew no more. Then the factories turned into picturesque ruins, which stand today, the remnants of a lost civilization.

At the old distributing point near Lake Salvador is a prehistoric shell mound, and on this, beneath the live oaks, lie two brothers, sons of a follower of Lafitte, who even as late as the civil war ruled over Barataria. In the ruins of the old slave hospital lives an ancient negro who served the brothers as a slave. He brings them to life, and lets us see them in one phase of their piratical character.

"Dey both had niggah wives," said he, "an' yallah chilluns. De younges' he die first. We all niggahs hab to go to de funeral. De odder brudder he read de sermon out'n a book. He read awhile, an' de li'l' yallah chilluns ob de dead brudder all cry an' say, 'O daddy, daddy!' Den he stop readin' an' say, 'Shut up, you damn li'l' niggahs!' Den he read some moah. Bimeby de chilluns cry ag'in an' say, 'O daddy, daddy!' Den he stop readin' ag'in an' say, 'Shut up, you damn li'l' niggahs! Cain't you alls lemme read dis here sermon fur you all's damn noise?'"

From a scene like this it is not far to transport ourselves to the day when religion and freebooting went hand in hand; when a buccaneer captain would compel his crew to attend divine worship on Sunday; when he asked the blessing of heaven upon every voyage, asked that his prizes might be easily captured and heavily treasure-laden, and, the conquest complete, read services of thanksgiving.

A little below this point with its graves, we come to the "peach orchard," a live oak forest, where in the days of piracy peach trees flourished. In the decade following the war of 1812, the land fell into the hands of a Spaniard, who found upon it a jar of Spanish doubloons that made him immensely rich.

Here a passenger comes on board our little vessel. He is a man of more than fifty years, tall and straight, and dark as an Indian. He is a pleasant man of Spanish descent, and owns one of the rice farms on this bayou. His father was here before him, and his conversation is as full of the strange atmosphere of Barataria as of the quaint accent of the bayous.

"One time," he says, "my god-fah'r out on Lake Salvador in evening. He see boy come in boat. De boy seem all tired out. He say to my god-fah'r, 'You take me to Company's Canal.' God-fah'r say, 'No, boy. I no time take you Company's Canal. You come home wi' me an' stay all night.' De boy say, 'You take me Company's Canal an' I give you t'ree hundred dollar'.' My god-fah'r say he do it. He fasten de boy's towline to his lugger an' start. Right away dat boy fast asleep for he all tired out. Bimeby my god-fah'r say, 'Here, boy. We at Company's Canal.' Boy get up an' say, 'See what I got.' He had a bag an' dat bag was full of gold pieces shape' like hearts. He say his fah'r been wid Lafitte, an' tell him when he die where money was hid. He had work t'ree day to fin' it. He live 'way down on Lower Coast, an' god-fah'r never see him again or know his name."

Some thirty miles below New Orleans, Bayou du Pont branches off to the eastward, Bayou Barataria turns into Bayou Rigulets, and we continue southward through this into Little Lake, a sheet of water some fifteen miles across. Flocks of ducks and pelicans rise from marsh and water. Fishing luggers manned by Hungarians or Malays, or the mixed breed of Barataria, are left behind. We pass Grand Bayou and steam out among the channels, shoals, and bird-covered islands of Barataria Bay. Before us, a low stretch of marsh grass, rising from the waterline, is an

island, beyond which we see the great blue Gulf. On the island's extreme western end stand an abandoned fort and two lighthouses. One of these latter is deserted, and the other marks Grand Pass, the channel between Grande Terre and Grande Isle, the pass by which the schooners of Lafitte sailed from Gulf to bay and back again from bay to Gulf. This low-lying island is Grande Terre. Just westward across the pass is Grande Isle. Here, beyond low stretches of marsh and spits of sand projecting westward, rises a higher bit of land covered with live oaks. Amid the trees, in a spot as fertile and as beautifully flower-covered as any on earth, dwell sons of the Baratarian pirates. On the bayous above we have met children from the same ancestors, but among them are men of a more recent importation, so intermarried and assimilated to the community that it is difficult to tell where the relationship begins or ends. But here the descent is clear and direct.

Grande Terre has been more intimately connected with the name of Lafitte than has the higher island to westward. It was there that he had his fort, — a fort not designed to guard the pass against incoming vessels, as many have supposed, but made to cover the bay and sink any schooner on which a slave cargo might break its bonds or a crew become mutinous. The pirate fort was washed away many years ago, but the channel whereby yawls approached may still be seen. The homes of Barataria were chiefly built on Grande Isle and Chenier Caminada, — the latter a low spit of land projecting from the marsh on the island's westward side.

In early days there came to be a strange line of demarcation between Grande Isle and the Chenier. The pirates and smugglers who made homes in the bay took unto themselves wives. But like the early Romans they found eligible sweethearts scarce. Some therefore chose the handsomest women from cargoes of negro slaves, which the repeated raids upon plantations in the West Indies gave to Lafitte, and these became mistresses of most Baratarian homes. Others had wives of their own color, — women who left civilization to share the fortunes of pirate lovers, and perhaps other women who, torn from their early homes, became, like the Sabine women, reconciled to their masters.

Gambia, one of the lieutenants of Lafitte, became the nucleus about which clustered the pure white blood of Barataria. He and his descendants lived on Chenier Caminada. Rigault, another lieutenant, manager of transportation, who handled the goods that went from Barataria Bay to the points above, became the leading figure on Grande Isle.

Little by little a caste line grew up between the children of Grande Isle and those of the Chenier. The two communities were friendly. They ate and drank together, and visited at one another's homes. But it became a rule that no one of colored blood could live on the Chenier.

The sons and daughters of Grande Isle were just as handsome as those of the Chenier, which is saying a good deal, for the tall, straight, active bodies and well-modeled, sun-blackened faces are full of a beauty peculiarly their own. True, too, Grande Isle men and women were just as intelligent and just as well to do. The two peoples were shriven by the same priest when the latter made his periodical visit from a station of Bayou Lafourche, and gathered in the same little chapel to say their prayers. They had the same teacher, and went to the same balls and the same quaint celebrations of the holidays. But parents of pure white origin drew the line at the marriage of their children with those of far-off colored ancestry.

Yet the youths of the Chenier have persisted in loving the handsome daughters of the island, and the daughters of the Gambia faction have not disdained

the sons of Rigault's clan. So the sons and daughters of the Chenier have married the daughters and sons of Grande Isle.

Parents have opposed, pleaded, threatened, and cursed. To the Baratarian a parent's curse is something dreadful. In a community where men put out to sea in little boats, where tropical storms rage and sweep island homes to sudden destruction, where death is ever lurking in a hundred forms, the man accursed stands an excellent chance to meet an untimely fate. And when such an one dies, it is easy to remember that he was under a curse, and to forget that many others died in the same manner. It may be, too, among men who believe in the weird and supernatural that the dreaded parent's curse serves as a handicap. Perhaps in the critical moment of danger the belief in a certain doom furnishes just sufficient force to take away the trifle of strength and courage that makes the difference between life and death. At any rate, many a son and many a daughter have been crushed when an angry parent upon the Chenier called down evil from heaven to rest upon a child that must from now on live upon Grande Isle with a parti-colored mate.

One of my first acquaintances among the pirate people was a man who had been so accursed. He is Mandeville Marques, a Spaniard by descent, some sixty years old, and grandson of a follower of Lafitte. I had left the little vessel, and with the ancient trader in command had landed and was walking about Grande Isle. The Marques home lay in the midst of gardens where roses bloomed amid cauliflower, cabbage, and cucumbers. Like all Grande Isle houses, it stood on posts some four feet high, to guard against any sudden tidal wave. It was made of unpainted cypress boards. Oak and banana trees gave shade. Young orange trees flourished in front, in the place of older ones, which succumbed to the cold of '98. A line of coops containing gamecocks stood just westward of the house. It was these that brought my escort to the place. For Marques is a breeder of cocks as well as a professional hunter. The owner stepped from the house. He is something more than six feet in height. His shoulders set well back, and his head is proudly poised. A red bandana, knotted in cowboy fashion, is his only neckwear, and furnishes contrasting background for a grizzled beard. We must step inside and have a drink of wine or milk or coffee. The room is bare save for a bed, chairs, a long-barreled duck gun, and a stand on which are glasses and bottles of wine. The bed has high posts and is hung with mosquito netting.

"Blank says you have some gaffs for him," began the trader.

"Not so," shortly replied Marques.

"He said you promised him some gaffs to go with the chicken you sent him last week."

"Never say it. Never say it. Not got gaffs to give away. I sell cocks. I sell gaffs."

Then followed the sale of two murderous-looking gaffs made by hand, according to the rule handed down through generations of cock-breeding Spanish ancestors. Leaving the house, we met Madame Marques. Her age was not far from that of her husband, but one could see signs of a handsome girlhood. Her head was tied in a colored handkerchief. She spoke no English, but when she saw us look at a specially beautiful rosebush she came forward and insisted on cutting a bouquet for each.

Marques comes from a family of pure Spanish blood. His wife has a fraction of color. His father opposed the marriage, and pronounced a curse upon all children of the union. Might none ever grow to manhood to disgrace the name of Marques. Sure enough, of the two sons born, one was killed in childhood, while the other grew to be a man in body, but remained a child in mind.

The oldest man on Grande Isle is

Victor Rigault, son of the Rigault who served Lafitte as lieutenant. We came upon him kneeling in his garden among beds of early cucumbers. His beard was white, and his shoulders stooped. He wore a broad palmetto hat, and arose on our approach to greet us with "bon jour." Born in 1823, he remembers the time when his father's comrades discussed their adventures beneath the black flag. But he is shy of the subject, and is not proud of the fact that his fathers were freebooters. He has seen the storms that have swept the region during seventy-eight years, and tells of them in Baratarian French.

In that time many have been the vicissitudes of his family. Down by the bay, on the spit of land where our skiff approached the island, stand the ruins of the first Rigault home. A great brick cistern and the foundation posts of a house are all that remain. Victor tells us that these are the ruins of his father's home, long ago swept away by storm. The foundation was laid for another, and part of the building was complete, when a second storm came and swept this also away. A house was then built back from the beach among the orange trees, but this was destroyed by fire. Now Victor lives in a little low frame building. His wife came down from the house as we approached. She is very dark save for her snow-white hair, and wore a curious brown sunbonnet with triangular flaps sticking out on each side, giving the impression of wings. In her ears were plain gold rings.

In early days the Rigaults were rich. They owned a sugar plantation on the island, and Victor and his brother did an extensive business in the city. Defying custom, they deposited money in New Orleans banks. Then came the civil war: the banks failed. A tidal wave ruined the plantation, and the family went back to depend upon fishing luggers, duck boats, and gardens for income, and on shell heap and chimney for places of deposit.

This latter method of saving is almost the only one in Barataria, and for this reason coin is much more popular than paper in the trade. It is asserted by those who have long traded here that an immense amount of old Spanish coin is still in the possession of Baratarian families. However true or false the tales may be, it is certain that in two instances, at least, the great storm of '93, which tore down houses and cut channels through the levees, did reveal the hiding-places of Spanish doubloons.

Chenier Caminada is some inches lower than Grande Isle, and has less protection from trees. As a result, almost its entire population perished in the last great storm. Many valuable relics of the old days were lost. One family, according to an old resident, had some wonderfully fine oil paintings, handed down by fathers who had snatched them from heaven knows where. These went tumbling into the sea with the house and its inhabitants. Others had old guns, swords, and divers relics, all of which were lost. Grande Isle is fortunate in having oak trees, many of them, in its settled portion. When waves came up over the land these broke the force. Several men lived through that night of awful storm in treetops. Others escaped because their houses were held by trees and prevented from going out to sea.

It is on an occasion such as that of the last storm that the pirate blood in the Baratarians shows itself. One whose house was blown from its foundation, who spent part of the night clinging to the roof, and saw at daybreak a steamer stranded in his own front yard, tells me that next day the younger generation broke forth in acts of lawlessness, running here and there, from ruin to ruin, plundering every house, and looking in tumble-down chimneys and beneath brick foundation posts for hidden gold. Not content with this, they carried away boards from houses, and every bit of furniture or other property that could

be useful. This was not the work of the older ones, but of the youngsters, whose inherited love of loot had not been suppressed by years of discipline.

The population of Grande Isle is something like twelve hundred persons. The life is an easy one of plenty. Never have I seen such fruits, such vegetables, and such flowers. On the April days spent there we found blackberries, half as large as a man's thumb, growing in every spot which cultivation had not claimed. The gardens were full of the finest peas, beans, cabbages, tomatoes, and nearly every other vegetable that is prized in the early market. The poorest is never hungry. Besides the garden produce, which he may gather every month in the year, he has oysters for the taking, and a single cast of the net will always yield a mess of fish. Crabs and turtles are likewise plentiful at all times.

The land was early apportioned among the families by common agreement, and remains to-day practically as thus divided. The Rigault estate belongs to the Rigault family, and on the west gives way to the land of the Ludwigs. Narrow little lanes, whose bordering live oaks intertwine their branches above the way, separate farm from farm. The low ground where marsh grass thrives is a common pasturage for cattle.

Attempts have been made by outside parties to invade the island. Years ago planters from Bayou Lafourche and the Lower Coast of the Mississippi resorted hither in summer for the fishing and fine sea bathing. But their hotel was wrecked in the storm of '93, and those who went through that awful night of tidal fury have not cared to return to a resort so exposed to wind and water.

The loss of the hotel brought little sorrow to the Baratarians, for they have fought unceasingly to preserve their island as it was in the old days. Once a planter from the Lower Coast undertook to purchase a large interest in the island, but the older heads, led by René Rappellet, opposed the sale, declaring that the life Baratarians were living was far better for them than the life that would follow the coming of men from the outside world, with strict views as to the association of whites and men of color. The deal was not made.

Similar has been the fight against any change in the face of the island. Some years ago a movement was started among the younger men to clear away the live oaks and make larger truck gardens. But the older ones placed a veto on the scheme. Honore Coloun, one of the second generation from piracy, a man whose boyhood had been spent on the Chenier, and who had left it with a father's malediction on marrying a Grande Isle lass with a trace of color, declared that the trees would be the salvation of the island and its people. When the storm came it was seen that his reasoning had been sound.

The storm of '93 has left its traces over the whole region, not only in the desolation produced, but in the traditions, superstitions, and miracle tales of the people. The wind had been blowing very strongly from the Gulf for several days. Water had been forced into Barataria Bay through the passes, and the bay had risen several feet. One night, at ten o'clock, water had reached some of the gardens, and men believed it was at its worst. At one o'clock the wind changed, and the water which had been piling up in the bay was suddenly forced seaward. The narrow passes could not empty it fast enough, and the masses of liquid, literally piled up by the hurricane, went tearing seaward, through pass and over island alike.

Then men were wakened by the moving of their houses as they rocked in the torrent. Over and over went the smaller structures, and hundreds of the inmates were drowned at once. Some stood the first shock, and families climbed to attic and roof to go floating away: a part to the sea, and a part to the treetops.

Many, finding their houses held by the live oaks, remembered the prophetic advice of Coloun. Since that time the live oak has been a sacred tree in Barataria.

Over on the Chenier, where the land was lower and the trees very scarce, the desolation was something awful. Old chimneys, broken and crumbled, told where homes had been. Great pools and ditches showed where whirlwinds and water spouts had torn their way. A few men and women had time to get into their luggers. Some of these came straggling back to look upon the wreck and wait about, hoping the sea might give up their friends.

Those at sea in luggers fared little better than those on shore. One old fisherman told me his story: —

"Dere were twelve luggers where I be. De wind came stronger and stronger. De waves very bad. Den de wind turn and de waves come both ways at once. Whichever way we head we in de trough. Den de boats fill an' de men drown. Ten of dose twelve boats all gone. When I come back to Chenier, pier gone, house gone, wife gone. It seem like de en' come to de world."

One tale of the weird will serve as an example of many. It is a tale that Baratarians tell in all the faith of their simple, quiet lives. Gilbau, a resident of Chenier Caminada, had invited his friends to a feast on the night of the storm. Rare old china was laden with the finest of game. Old wine sparkled in cut glass goblets. Roses and oranges adorned the table. Gilbau arose at the opening of the feast and said in Baratarian French: —

"My friends, I want you to have the best dinner I have ever given you. Later I will tell you why."

At the close of the meal he arose again and said: —

"I asked you to have the best dinner I could give. I hope you have enjoyed it and will remember, for this is the last night of your neighbor Gilbau. I am going to die to-night. I do not know how, but I know that to-night I shall surely die."

When Gilbau's body was washed up by the tide, those of his guests who were alive remembered his words, and another tale of mystery had been added to the many which are handed about in Barataria.

The storms have carried away most of the relics of pirate days. The character of old Barataria is preserved mainly in the conservatism of a quiet, kindly, handsome people. The remains of the old are the strange intermixture of races, the quaint jumble of French, Spanish, and Portuguese tongues, the superstitions, the love of wine, and the fearless seamanship.

Down near the bay, on the shore of Grande Isle, by the old cistern of Lafitte's day, stands a little collection of brick tombs, that have resisted wind and decay and wave. In one of these lies the body of Rigault the pirate. Once Rigault manned the sloops and yawls which carried slaves and goods from the buccaneer schooners to distributing points above. Once he confounded revenue officers and dealt with polished men, who deemed it no crime to buy in the cheapest market. Now his dust lies on the shore of the bay where formerly his yawls were laden. A dozen little ivory images, a rosary, and a cross are there for the good of his soul. An orange shrub and a thorn bush strive with each other for the honor of giving shade. Harsh Spanish daggers present their sharp, piratical points to the visitor. A mocking-bird sings a song of multitudinous notes. Cardinals whistle and flash in their spring love-making. Now and then a flock of awkward pelicans will circle near, and a great white gull bend his flight close down, as though keeping watch over the dust of a sea-rover once as free and careless as himself.

Leonidas Hubbard, Jr.

LULLABY.

At sunset our white butterflies
Vanish and fold and creep,
Where now the golden daylight dies,
Out in the field to sleep;
Among the morning-glories furled
They furl their drowsy wings,
Forget the sun upon the world,
And what the sparrow sings;
They will not know what dews may kiss
Nor what stars vigil keep;
Fold up, white wing, and be like this
All in the twilight deep;
With every thing that pretty is,
My little lady, sleep!

Joseph Russell Taylor.

A SUMMER MORNING.

Among her mountain solitudes, sought only of bird and beast, netted roots send up from the shadowed mould the product of their secret forces, pale blossoms, leaf-encircled, coming forth for their brief manifestation amid the myriad life of the world; one pure corolla after another to droop back from the summer air into the earth, but leaving a likeness of itself within the brown seed lodged in the lichened cleft of the rock. And in places scarcely less lonely are her sons and daughters, with needs beyond the flowers', bitter and unsupplied, their poignant beauty hidden from the eyes of men; sweet but unnourished lives, falling at last into darkness, leaving somewhere among the whirling atoms of Time the essence of their unregarded years.

Hewn logs made the walls of the low room; overhead was the framework of rafters, poles of pine, the bark still clinging to them in places, outlined against the gray shingles of the roof with their black rain marks. A partition of upright boards shut off the other half of the garret; a steep stairway of three-sided steps came up from the room below; in the western wall was a window with four small panes of glass. The furnishings of the room were as old and plain: a high, four-posted bed, painted an orange that had grown brown through the years, was covered with a woolen counterpane, hand-woven in a pattern of blue and white wheels; there was a pine table with a little black-framed looking-glass slanting above it, a washstand that matched the bed, and two trunks, a zinc one, new and cheap, the other of hide studded with round brass tacks worn thin and shiny; a chair was set stiffly against the wall, a low white-oak rocker stood under the window. There was neither fireplace nor stove, but the December sun shone boldly into the chill atmosphere, even as the perfect cleanliness and order of the apartment triumphed over its poor belongings, light of another sort from a luminous soul.

A woman came up the twisted stairs, an elation in her face and manner, and stood for a minute at the foot of the bed as if planning the details of some task. She was less frayed than women in surroundings like hers are wont to be. Somewhere within her was a countervailing force to poverty and isolation, but it was volant rather than resistant, of the bird and not of the rock. Her hands and face showed marks of toil and weather, but her slim figure had bowed but little to either, and her cheap calico dress and the little sack of coarse brown jeans only emphasized the clearness of her features and the youthful poise of her shapely head with its crown of soft abundant hair. As she stood there in thought, glancing about the room, her blue eyes softened, their look seeming to embrace one familiar object after another with the unpremeditated tenderness of farewell.

She turned and began to remove from their nails her own and her husband's few garments, brushing and folding them carefully. She took down with pious respect a picture of Washington in a flat wooden frame that hung above the bed, and from its shelf the pointed mahogany case of a clock which had long ceased to run. Her mother's grandfather had brought both with him when he journeyed southward between the ranges of the Blue Ridge in search of fresh land, finding the land, but never the people who should make of solitude a society, and furnish to his descendants the incentives and surroundings necessary to progress. Nevertheless there had been transmitted to this youngest child of his blood one precious tendency; within her also was an impulse that reached forth along unexplored paths for some higher good than the visible things of her poor environment.

To this instinct, which so differentiated her from those whose humble histories were lived so close to her own, the circumstances of her married life had given a definite aim. Seven years before, she had come to this house a bride; a few days later her husband's father had lost his right arm in a gin. Alvin Hollis as the eldest son had remained in the home to be the provider for the family till the younger boys should grow up, and his wife became daughter and sister to his people. At first she took her share in the household tasks with not a thought beyond the happy sense of being equal to love's demands. Then there was the slow coming of dissatisfaction and the slower shaping of discontent into desire; and even while her feet continued willing and her hands busy, she kindled and kept alive in her husband's duller nature the purpose to have some day a home of their own. Working constantly with him to that end, she could have told at the end of each succeeding year how every dollar of its painful savings had been made. To-day Alvin had gone to the village recently laid out on the new railroad, to pay over those few hundreds for the four-roomed cottage, with its acre or two of land, which she herself had selected two months before.

"Hideous little cheap wooden houses with not a tree to hide their ugliness, — a thousand times more depressing than the old towns dead years ago!" a woman on her way back to New York had said to her companion when their train stopped at the village station. But to the seeing eye this crudeness was not without its pathos and its promise. To Dora Hollis "a town" represented forces that appealed to her imagination because of their vague greatness, and the white cottage day and night was before her eyes. Since visiting her sister, whose husband was getting good wages in the city, she had had a new ideal of what a home might be; but Annie's house had been bought ready furnished; the things that should go into her own would be the precious acquisitions of years, each with its separate history of willing toil and sacrifice.

As she bent now over the old hair

trunk, taking out and rearranging its contents, her mother-in-law came up from the room below, and drawing the rocker to Dora's side watched her movements with serious intentness. She was a tall, spare woman, and there was a definite correspondence between her clean faded garments, unmitigated in their subserviency to merest necessity, and the knotted, sinewy frame. It was beyond imagination to recall in that furrowed brown face the possibilities of youth; narrowing circumstance had reshaped every lineament after its own likeness. But there is something that lies too deep even for circumstance, and back of the lines on cheek and brow was the impress of the mystery of human relations, birth and death and marriage, the suffering with and because of another.

As she sat there, the thought of the change that lay ahead of her daughter-in-law seemed a bright contrast to her own monotonous years. "I reckon you 're right glad you 're going away," she said, but with no suggestion of complaint in her slow voice.

"Glad, glad," Dora's heart repeated, but her perceptions were quick and her sympathies tender. "I am not glad to be leaving you, mother," she answered.

There was a long silence. Mrs. Hollis's spare form drooped forward in its faded raiment, her chin sank into the palm of her long wrinkled hand. The unusual stimulus of the occasion had sent her mind on a train of reflection, but only its closing inference found brief expression.

"It 's not best for us to set our hearts on anything in this world," she declared, raising her face to Dora's.

The dictum glanced aside from the young heart, impervious in its confidence of hastening good. There was a moment of stillness. Then Dora laid a blue gingham skirt across Mrs. Hollis's lap. "You might make this over for Ida in the spring," she said.

The elder woman was not diverted from her thought. Ignorance limits the range but perhaps not the acuteness of moral perceptions. Conviction was as deep in the dim eyes looking out from their withered sockets as if their owner had beheld all the pomp and glory of the earth, and had measured their emptiness. She spoke with solemn concern, albeit the words at her command were few. "I don't want you and Alvin to set your heart on the things of this world, Dora. I 'm afraid of worldly-mindedness."

In her anxiety to make a reply of some kind, Dora confided one of her happy secrets. "These are to plant in my front yard," she said, taking the top from a small tin box, and holding it out for her mother to see.

"English peas in a front yard?"

"They are sweet peas," Dora said. "Flowers."

"Did Annie give them to you?"

"When I was there last summer." Dora held the box as an empress might hold a case of jewels. "Would you like to have some of them, mother?"

Mrs. Hollis shook her head. "I would n't have time to work with 'em," she answered. "I 'll have less time than ever, now that you are going, Dora."

The words were the first spoken recognition of her daughter-in-law's faithful service, and the quick blood rushed to Dora's face. "You 've been good to me, mother," she said; "don't you think I 'll ever forget it."

But when she was alone, and the brief winter sunshine had faded out of the room, a sudden revulsion of feeling, common to timid humanity on the brink of a long deferred happiness, came over her, a dim twilight of the heart, and her mother-in-law's exhortation returned like an indictment.

She went to the little window and looked westward to the bar of purple cloud, back of the fine tracery of the bare trees. "Seven years without our own table, without so much as a fire to sit down before together," she argued with

her self-accusings. "Is it wrong to be glad now?"

A disappointment hidden through the years, and keener than any pang of poverty, asserted itself in sudden, sharp vindication of her innocence.

"I am not worldly-minded," she whispered. "I do not want the house too much" — She looked up at the wintry sky and her eyes filled with tears. Her childlessness had been a bitter thing to her.

She was eager that night for Alvin to relate the details of the purchase. Her active mind had gone over it all, — the dingy room at the back of the store, the counting over of the six hundred dollars, Miller Boyd's sharp eyes peering out covetously from under his shaggy eyebrows, his hard exactions, her husband's slow remonstrance and final yielding of the points at issue, as all men yielded to Miller Boyd, the transfer of the deeds, — and yet she wanted to hear it put into speech. But for some reason Alvin would not talk. The next morning, during their slow ride in the heavily loaded wagon, her heart was too tender over the parting from the old home and its inmates for her to care for conversation, and she scarcely noticed his silence. But when they had reached the village, instead of driving to the white cottage quite at its upper end, her husband turned his team into the lane leading to the old brick house, a landmark for half a century, and occupied by Miller Boyd before the coming of the railroad had given his lands an undreamed-of value.

"What are you driving down here for, Alvin?" she asked in surprise.

"Because it 's our house," he said gruffly. "I bought it yesterday."

He got out of the wagon and walked by the side of his mules, and she sat white and still, like one overtaken by some calamity too sudden and terrible to be apprehended as a reality.

It was with the same cessation of feeling that she suffered him to lift her down from the wagon, and began to assist him to unload and carry in their things. At first they carried them only as far as the piazza; it was when Alvin unlocked the doors and she went inside, that the sense of what had happened came upon her. There were two large rooms on the first floor, the light coming in garishly through the blindless windows, and a half-story above. The shed rooms had been taken away, but the body of the house was firm, and it was less its decay than its squalor that affected her with a confusion of painful impressions, of which the only distinct one was that the ceiling and high chair-boarding were evenly marked with curling black spots, which some one had laboriously made by holding against their dingy white a lighted candle. The place had been rented since Miller Boyd had moved to his new house across the railroad, and the last tenants had left the floor and stairs littered with broken pieces of shabby furniture, bits of crockery, and cast-off clothing. The air was heavy with odors as old as the house.

To Dora, immaculately neat in all her being, there was the immediate necessity of attacking that which was so repugnant to sight and smell. When she had produced a semblance of cleanliness, she sat down with her husband to the dinner which she had providently brought with her, and when he had appeased his hunger, her question came: "Why did you do it, Alvin?"

He was on a sorry defensive. "Because I got this house and ten acres of land for what I would have had to pay for the cottage and one acre."

"There are more than ten acres in this place."

"There are twenty-five. I 've got five years to pay for the other fifteen in."

"With interest on your note?"

"Of course," he replied with irritation. "You did n't expect he 'd let me have 'em any other way, did you?"

"The land is worn out, Alvin, nearly all of it."

"It 's land," he said doggedly.

She was silent.

"You might count that the house was just thrown in for nothing," he argued. "The land by itself is worth what I paid for it."

A sick depression came over her face.

"These two rooms are a good deal larger than any of the rooms in the other house," he suggested.

There was nothing to be said on a point so obvious. Their few pieces of furniture seemed lost between the wide spaces of dingy floor, worn in uneven ridges by the tread of many feet. She wanted to say something, but a numbness that was not that of anger held her in its grasp.

He cast himself upon history. "That 's the way Miller Boyd first got his start," he said, "taking care of travelers in this very house. I 've heard people say that sometimes there would be a dozen men here to stay all night at one time. That was in the old days when people used to wagon it from the up-country down to Athens and Augusta."

"Yes, this is an old house," she answered with an effort.

"It 's old, but it will last as long as you and me will ever have need of a home."

The depression on her face deepened. Yes, it would last.

During the weeks that followed, rainy and cheerless for the most part, her mind turned wearily back upon itself. She had never minded hardships, but her intelligence shrank from futile labor. She wished for the simple conveniences of life, not to spare her strength, but that she might be satisfied with the reasonableness of her toil. And she craved something of grace and beauty to ennoble the sordidness of a mere keeping the body in life. The house into which they had come answered few of the requirements of a home; but worse to her than its inconvenience was its ugliness, an ugliness which she knew could not be mitigated until the land was paid for. But she felt no ill-will toward Alvin. Better than he could tell her, she guessed how little of Miller Boyd's cunning had sufficed to entrap him in the poor trade. She could understand that to her husband land represented a good so supreme that her own preferences were as nothing in comparison. And she found no fault; even the unwonted quiet of her manner did not affect him as a reproach. For him the situation resolved itself into very simple elements. He had the land; he was going to own it, if not in five years, then in ten. That he had an incentive for his daily toil, and that his wife had been suddenly deprived of all purpose in life, he was not subtle enough to discover, much less to reason upon.

On a morning early in March, as she returned from one of the village stores, she looked over the fence into Mrs. Boyd's vegetable garden and saw something that set her slow blood beating with its oldtime quickness. Protected by a covering of light brush were two long rows of light green leaves showing evenly above the dark soil, and the seeds of her flowering peas were still in the tin box, — so much imprisoned life which she herself might set free in the awakening world!

She hastened home and regarded with new interest the open space before her door. Semblance of flower or shrub there was none; the bare red earth trodden almost as hard as stone. Before it could be ready for planting, the ground needed to be ploughed, but she knew Alvin would not consent to be hindered from his crop, and she determined herself to loosen the soil with the hoe. She worked at it in her spare time for a week, drawing away the heavy clods, and bringing fresh black earth from the woods a few hundred yards away; and while she toiled with tired back and limbs, a song fluttered from her lips. Once more a heart had thrown itself on the eternal promise and was saved by hope.

The appearance of the first green tips along the even rows was the banishment of all her heaviness. She watched for every new leaf and tendril, and shut in her dingy rooms; the consciousness of the lovely miracle just outside was vividly with her. The same miracle indeed, multiplied infinitely, was over all the land. She watched with hushed spirit — the old, old longing tenderly subdued within her — the rising tide of life spreading away from her lowly doorstep over hill and valley to the far horizon. She marked it with wordless questioning in the grass at her feet, in the springing corn and cotton, in her husband's patient tillage, in the orchard trees, in the distant landscape, with its infinite gradations of delicate color. Then she turned from a beauty that was more than she could endure to the vines which her own hands had planted, feeling for them a bond, not of possession, but almost of kinship, as she bent over their fresh growth. Moreover, the spring had brought to her a human friendship, as unexpected as it was sweet.

On the Sabbaths when there was no preaching in the village the men would congregate in a shady spot near the post office in comfortable companionship. Alvin returned one Sunday morning from this interchange of opinion and information, alert with interest. After his thirty years in the country the opportunities he now enjoyed seemed to him the opulence of social privilege. "Myrtis Boyd is going to marry that young man she walks with so much," he announced.

It was like having a rude hand brush carelessly aside some treasured mystery, but Dora recognized the kindly intent and smiled.

"Have you ever seen them together?" he asked.

"Sometimes."

"Didn't she stop in to see you yesterday?"

"Yes."

"And one day last week?"

"Yes, she comes in often."

"Has she ever told you she was going to marry?"

"Not in words." Dora was thinking of the light in the girl's eyes, of her little wayward impulses to speech, ending only in a happy silence.

"I heard all about it up town. They are going to have a fine thing of it I reckon."

He waited a moment and then spoke with some hesitation. He was beginning to discern dimly what his wife had never put into words. "Do you know where they are going to live?"

She had not heard, but his manner told her. Her disappointment, quiescent for weeks, assailed her fiercely, bitter with a sudden jealousy toward the young life which, finding some secret sympathy, had turned clingingly to her own. "In our cottage?" she asked.

He nodded gloomily. And then he fell back, in his desire to comfort, upon one of the few generalizations which had come to his limited understanding, he knew not from what teacher. "Some people can have all they want in this world," he said, "and some can't have anything."

The door was set wide to the fresh air of early summer. In the sunlight just beyond, the sweet peas lifted their first few blossoms, pink and white, above the green tendrils clasping them.

"We all have something," Dora answered; and the shadow lifted from her face.

A week later Mrs. Boyd came down to invite them to the marriage. Social amenities were still too undeveloped in Brandon for any class distinctions to have originated on their account. Myrtis herself came soon after and took Dora back with her to see the pretty clothes spread in state in the upstairs chamber.

The girl touched a dress of fine white muslin and blushed rosily. "You will come and see me in it to-morrow," she

said. And then she caught Dora's worn little hand and drew it in a sudden caress to her own soft cheek. "There is no one like him in the world," she whispered. "You have only just seen him; you cannot think how dear and perfect he is until you know him as I do."

Everybody in Brandon rose earlier than usual that Tuesday in June. Myrtis Boyd's wedding was the one point of significance in the day. Household duties lost their importance, the counters in the little stores were deserted, even the school was dismissed an hour before the time, and, for all the good that was done, need never have been assembled.

Dora's heart awoke her an hour before the early summer dawn. She had for Myrtis a gift which no one else had thought of for her, which no one else indeed could bestow. She gave Alvin his breakfast, and then, while the dew still lay on leaf and petal, she despoiled her vines of their bloom, and bore the white clusters, glowing here and there with pure rose, like the blushes of a bride, to Miller Boyd's house and up to his daughter's door.

As she returned through the shining air she was unconscious of a step that she took over the moist earth. The fullness of the summer morning swept through her heart. And there entered with it a gladness unrelated to herself, — the happiness of the young bride, the charm of the cottage which was to be her home, the large promise of a wedded joy which her own mind had not before conceived of, — all the wide bliss of earth, overflowing personal ends and sorrows. She walked past the dewy hedgerows of the lane with uplifted head, and stood looking on her despoiled vines in exultation. All her past years seemed to have been gathered up in this splendid moment; the future would be only the lengthening out of this sweet present. Suddenly her husband's voice, guiding the horse with which he was ploughing, came to her ears, and all her heart flowed out to him. Who was she to have so much, so much, and apart from him!

She turned, and walking swiftly through the damp grass waited at the rail fence until he should reach the next furrow and face her. He saw her standing there and hurried his horse a little.

"Did you want anything, Dora?" he asked, leaving the plough and coming to where she stood leaning toward him. He could not understand the look in her eyes.

It is hard when the soul is called to give account of herself, as though she belonged to time and earth. The more when the body has never learned even the poor language of gracious speech and unabashed caresses. Dora's could only look through a pair of stainless eyes, and call yearningly to another soul back of the dull, poverty-smitten face turned to her own.

A sudden tenderness rose tremulous to her husband's eyes, like the vibrant glow in a cloud far to the north, when across the paling sky the setting sun has sent into its shadows a beam of light.

He stretched out his arms to draw her to him, bewildered at his own emotion.

"Dora, Dora!" he cried gently.

Mary Applewhite Bacon.

THE LITTLE TOWN OF THE GRAPE VINES.

THERE are still some places in the West where the quail cry, "*Cuidado;*" where all the speech is soft, all the manners gentle; where all the dishes have *chile* in them, and they make more of the Sixteenth of September than they do of the Fourth of July. I mean in particular El Pueblo de Los Vinos Uvas. Where it lies, how to come at it, you will not get from me; rather would I show you the heron's nest in the Tulares. It has a peak behind it, glinting above the Tamarack pines; above, a breaker of ruddy hills that have a long slope valley-wards, and the shoreward steep of waves toward the Sierras.

Below the Town of the Grape Vines, which shortens to Los Vinos for common use, the land dips away to the river pastures and the Tulares. It shrouds under a twilight thicket of vines, under a dome of cottonwood trees, drowsy and murmurous as a hive. Hereabout are some strips of tillage and the headgates that dam up the creek for the village weirs; upstream you catch the growl of the *arrastra*. Wild vines that begin among the willows lap over to the orchard rows, and take the trellis and rooftree.

There is another town above Los Vinos that merits some attention, a town of arches and airy crofts, full of linnets, blackbirds, fruit-birds, small, sharp hawks, and mocking-birds that sing by night. They pour out piercing, unendurably sweet cavatinas above the fragrance of bloom and musky smell of fruit. Singing is in fact the business of the night at Los Vinos, as sleeping is for midday. When the moon comes over the mountain wall new washed from the sea, and the shadows lie like lace on the stamped floors of the patios, from recess to recess of the vine tangle run the thrum of guitars and the voice of singing.

At Los Vinos they keep up all the good customs brought out of Old Mexico, or bred in a lotus-eating land: drink and are merry, and look out for something to eat afterward; have children, nine or ten to a family; have cock-fights, keep the siesta, smoke cigarettes, and wait for the sun to go down. And always they dance, at dusk, on the smooth adobe floors, afternoons, under the trellises, where the earth is damp and has a fruity smell. A betrothal, a wedding, or a christening, or the mere proximity of a guitar, is sufficient occasion; and if the occasion lacks, send for the guitar and dance anyway.

All this requires explanation. Antonio Sevadra, drifting this way from Old Mexico with the flood that poured into the Tappan district after the first notable strike, discovered La Golondrina. It was a generous lode, and Tony a good fellow; to work it he brought in all the Sevadras, even to the twice removed, all the Castros, who were his wife's family, all the Saises, Romeros, and Eschobars, the relations of his relations-in-law. There you have the beginning of a pretty considerable town. To these accrued much of the Spanish California float swept out of the Southwest by Eastern enterprise. They slacked away again when the price of silver went down and the ore dwindled in La Golondrina. All the hot eddy of mining life swept away from that corner of the hills, but there were always those too idle, too poor to move, or too easily content with El Pueblo de Los Vinos Uvas.

Nobody comes nowadays to the Town of the Grape Vines except, as we say, "with the breath of crying," but of these enough. All the low sills run over with small heads. Ah, ah! There is a kind of pride in that if you did but know it, — to have your baby every year

or so as the time sets, and keep a full breast. So great a blessing as marriage is easily come by. It is told of Ruy Garcia that when he went for his marriage license he lacked a dollar of the clerk's fee, but borrowed it of the sheriff, who expected reëlection, and exhibited thereby a commendable thrift.

Of what account is it to lack meal or meat when you may have it of any neighbor? Besides there is sometimes a point of honor in these things. Jesus Romero, father of ten, had a job sacking ore in the Marionette, which he gave up of his own accord. "Eh, why?" said Jesus, "for my fam'ly."

"It is so, Señora," he said solemnly. "I go to the Marionette; I work, I eat meat — pie — frijoles — good, ver' good. I come home Sad'day nigh'; I see my fam'ly. I play a lil' game poker with the boys, have lil' drink wine, my money all gone. My fam'ly they have no money, nothing eat. All time I work at mine I eat good, ver' good grub. I think sorry for my fam'ly. No, no, Señora, I no work no more that Marionette; I stay with my fam'ly." The wonder of it is, I think, that the family had the same point of view.

Every house in the Town of the Vines has its garden plot, corn and brown beans, and a row of peppers reddening in the sun, and in damp borders of the irrigating ditches clumps of *yerba santa*, horehound, catnip, and spikenard, wholesome herbs and curative, but if no peppers then nothing at all. You will have for a holiday dinner in Los Vinos soup with meat balls and chile in it, chicken with chile, rice with chile, fried beans with more chile, enchilads, which is corn cake with a sauce of chile and tomatoes, onion, grated cheese and olives, and for a relish chile *pepinos* passed about in a dish; all of which is comfortable and corrective to the stomach. You will have wine which every man makes for himself, of good body and inimitable bouquet, and sweets that are not nearly so nice as they look.

There are two occasions when you may count on that kind of a meal; always on the Sixteenth of September, and on the two-yearly visits of Father Shannon. It is absurd of course that El Pueblo de Los Vinos Uvas should have an Irish priest, but Black Rock, Minton, Jimville, and all that country round do not find it so. Father Shannon visits them all, waits by the Red Butte to confess the shepherds who go through with their flocks, carries blessing to small and isolated mines, and so in the course of a year or so works around to Los Vinos to bury and marry and christen. Then all the little graves in the Campo Santo are brave with tapers, the brown pine head-boards blossom like Aaron's rod with paper roses and bright cheap prints of Our Lady of Sorrows. Then the Señora Sevadra, who thinks herself elect of heaven for that office, gathers up the original sinners, the little Elijias, Lolas, Manuelitas, Josés, and Felipés, by dint of adjurations and sweets smuggled into small perspiring palms, to fit them for the Sacrament.

I used to peek in at them, never so softly, in Doña Ina's living-room; Raphael-eyed little imps, going sidewise on their knees to rest them from the bare floor; candles lit on the mantel to give a religious air, and a great sheaf of wild bloom before the Holy Family. Come Sunday, they set out the altar in the schoolhouse, with the fine drawn altar cloths, the beaten silver candlesticks, and the wax images, chief glory of Los Vinos, brought up muleback from Old Mexico forty years ago. All in white the communicants go up two and two in a hushed, sweet awe to take the body of their Lord, and Tomaso, who is priest's boy, tries not to look unduly puffed up by his office. After that, you have dinner and a bottle of wine that ripened on the sunny slope of Escondito. All the week Father Shannon has shriven his people, who bring clean consciences to the betterment of appetite,

and the father sets them an example. Father Shannon is rather big about the middle, to accommodate the large laugh that lives in him, but a most shrewd searcher of hearts. It is reported that one derives much comfort from his confessional, and I for my part believe it.

The celebration of the Sixteenth, though it comes every year, takes as long to prepare for as Holy Communion. The Señoritas have each a new dress, the Señoras a new *rebosa*. The young gentlemen have new silver trimmings to their sombreros, unspeakable ties, silk handkerchiefs, and new leathers to their spurs. At this time, when the peppers glow in the gardens and the young quail cry, "Cuidado," "Have a care!" you can hear the *plump, plump* of the *metate* from the alcoves of the vines, where comfortable old dames, whose experience gives them the touch of art, are pounding out corn for *tamales*.

Schoolteachers from abroad have tried before now at Los Vinos to have school begin on the first of September, but get nothing else to stir in the heads of the little Castros, Garcias, and Romeros but feasts and cockfights until after the Sixteenth. Perhaps you need to be told that this is the anniversary of the Republic, when Liberty awoke and cried in the provinces of Old Mexico. You are roused at midnight to hear them shouting in the streets, "*Vive la Libertad!*" answered from the houses and the recesses of the vines, "*Vive la Mexico!*" At sunrise shots are fired commemorating the tragedy of unhappy Maximilian, and then music, the noblest of national hymns, as the great flag of Old Mexico floats up the flagpole in the bare little plaza of shabby Los Vinos. The sun over Pine Mountain greets the eagle of Montezuma before it touches the vineyards and the town, and the day begins with a great shout. By and by there will be a reading of the Declaration of Independence and an address punctured by *vives;* all the town in its best dress, and some exhibits of horsemanship that make lathered bits and bloody spurs; also a cockfight.

By night there will be dancing, and such music! old Santos to play the flute, a little lean man with a saintly countenance, young Garcia, whose guitar has a soul, and Carrasco with the violin. They sit on a high platform above the dancers in the candle-flare, backed by the red, white, and green of Old Mexico, and play fervently such music as you will not hear elsewhere.

At midnight the flag comes down. Count yourself at a loss if you are not moved by that performance. Pine Mountain watches whitely overhead, shepherd fires glow strongly on the gloomy hills, the plaza, the bare glistening pole, the dark folk, and the bright dresses are lit ruddily by a bonfire. It leaps up to the eagle flag, dies down, the music begins softly, and aside. They play airs of old longing and exile; slowly out of the dark the flag drops, bellying and falling with the midnight draft. Sometimes a hymn is sung, always there are tears. The flag is down; Tony Sevadra has received it in his arms. The music strikes a barbaric swelling tune; another flag begins a slow ascent, — it takes a breath or two to realize that they are both, flag and tune, the Star-Spangled Banner, — a volley is fired, we are back, if you please, in California of America. Every youth who has the blood of patriots in him lays hold on Tony Sevadra's flag, happiest if he can get a corner of it. The music goes before, the folk fall in two and two, singing. They sing everything, — America, the Marseillaise, for the sake of the French shepherds hereabout, the hymn of Cuba, and the Chilean national air, to comfort two families of that country. The flag goes to Doña Ina's, with the candlesticks and the altar cloths; then Los Vinos eats tamales and dances the sun up the slope of Pine Mountain.

You are not to suppose that they do

not keep the Fourth, Washington's Birthday, and Thanksgiving at the Town of the Grape Vines. These make excellent occasions for quitting work and dancing, but the Sixteenth is the holiday of the heart. On Memorial Day the graves have garlands and new pictures of the saints tacked to the headboards. There is great virtue in an *ave* said in the Camp of the Saints. I like that name which the Spanish-speaking people give to the garden of the dead, Campo Santo, as if it might be some bed of healing from which blind souls and sinners rise up whole and praising God. Sometimes the speech of simple folk hints at truth the understanding does not reach. I am persuaded only a complex soul can get any good of a plain religion. Your earthborn is a poet and a symbolist. We breed in an environment of asphalt pavement a body of people whose creeds are chiefly restrictions against other people's way of life, who have kitchens and latrines under the same roof that houses their God. Such as these go to church to be edified, but at Los Vinos they go only for pure worship, and to entreat their God. The logical conclusion of the faith that every good gift cometh from God is the open hand and the finer courtesy. The meal done without buys a candle for the neighbor's dead child. You do foolishly to suppose that the candle does no good.

At Los Vinos every house is a piece of the earth, — thick-walled, whitewashed adobe that keeps the even temperature of a cave; every man is an accomplished horseman and consequently bow-legged; every family keeps dogs, flea-bitten mongrels that loll on the earthen floors. The people speak a purer Castilian than obtains in like villages of Mexico, and the way they count relationship everybody is more or less akin. There is not much villainy among them. What incentive to thieving or killing can there be when there is little wealth, and that to be had for the borrowing? If they love too hotly, as we say, "take their meat before grace," so do their betters. Eh, what! shall a man be a saint before he is dead? And besides, Holy Church takes it out of you one way and another before all is done. Come away, you who are possessed with your own importance in the scheme of things, and have got nothing you did not sweat for, come away by the brown valleys and full-bosomed hills, to the even-breathing days, to the kindliness, earthiness, ease of El Pueblo de Los Vinos Uvas.

Mary Austin.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

INTIMATE LITERATURE.

No theory is more useful and comforting to critics than the theory of literature as an art. It breaks a road through much difficult country, and keeps the line open between the reconnoiterer and his base. Yet there are moments when he doubts its reliability. He sees here and there bits of pure literature which appear to have been born, not made; they are offhand and impulsive and altogether lacking in artifice. They offer a most convenient handle to such active uncritical minds as that of Mr. Kipling, who is able to dispose of the whole business of art and criticism in the jaunty announcement, —

> "There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
> And every single one of them is right."

Of course Mr. Kipling's clever phrase is brought to bear directly upon poetry,

but it is equally true, or untrue, of a good deal of prose. Literature is really produced now and then by a kind of inadvertency; and it is easy to see why. Men who have a taste for that form of expression are likely to get a training in it which they know nothing about. We use paint or clay because we choose, and words because we must. We may, therefore, by the grace of Heaven, stumble upon forms of speech or of colloquial writing so individual and sincere as to be better than anything we could bring forth by a more conscious impulse. A process like this cannot yield sustained flights of prose or verse, but it does yield such masterpieces of their kind as the immortal Diary of the unliterary Pepys, and the still famous letters of that author of once famous novels, Frances Burney.

I.

Madame D'Arblay died in 1840 at the age of eighty-eight. Very soon afterward her Diary and Letters [1] were published, to be reviewed at once by Macaulay, who, absorbed as usual in the development of a paradox, did them scant justice. His "review" devotes a half-dozen sentences to the Diary and Letters and a good many pages to the novels. He is at great pains to show how much better Evelina is than Camilla, but evidently does not understand that the real classic of his author lies, fresh from the press, in his hands. In order to deepen the ignominy of Madame D'Arblay's later Johnsonian manner, he speaks of the "simple English" of the first novels. The truth is, Evelina's epistolary manner was less stilted than it might have been, without incurring ridicule, in that day. But simple, in the sense in which Miss Burney's letters are simple, it is not. Perhaps Macaulay was not far enough in practice from the formality which he scorned in theory, to keep from thinking the letters a little too simple, not to enjoy, but to praise as literature. After saying that they are written "in true woman's English, clear, natural, and lively," he finds nothing else to say. Possibly nothing else needs to be said, unless that the world which takes delight in this artless record of Johnson's clever and amiable "little Burney" ought to take pride in it, too. The early letters and entries are the best: those which were written before the death of "Daddy Crisp" and Johnson. With the loss of Mrs. Thrale by her second marriage, and the fatal court appointment, Frances Burney ceased to be a demure, independent, engaging little woman of genius, and became a royal appurtenance and a fine lady.

According to her own account, Miss Burney's conversation was not at all brilliant. She records her own trivialities and other people's cleverness with the same candor, and was doubtless consoled by the consciousness that the colloquial flow and humor of her letters in some degree made up for the primness and parsimony of her speech. It was just the other way with Johnson. His style cannot be said to have been his undoing, though it was the undoing of many others. But it did not express him; he wore it like a tragic mask, and it remained for Boswell and Miss Burney, by the record of his speech, to let us know what a good fellow the great man was. Miss Burney gives us the more favorable picture of him as a member of society; indeed, the total impression gained from Boswell is not agreeable. After the familiar accounts of him as a glutton, a sloven, and a boor, it is a pleasure to find him, in the presence of his dear Burney, always considerate, delicate, and chivalrous. In his physical habit she did at first find a good deal that was amusing, and a little that was offensive, but before long the impression of his essential goodness and greatness made her forget all that. There is something very touching in their fondness for each

[1] *The Diary and Letters of Frances Burney, Madame D'Arblay.* Revised and edited by Sarah Chauncey Woolsey. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1902.

other. Here is a bit from the description of their first interview: "Dr. Johnson, in the middle of dinner, asked Mrs. Thrale what was in some little pies that were near him. 'Mutton,' answered she, 'so I don't ask you to eat any, because I know you despise it.' 'No, madam, no,' cried he, 'I despise nothing that is good of its sort; but I am too proud now to eat of it. Sitting by Miss Burney makes me very proud to-day.'" The meeting took place not long after the appearance of Evelina, which Johnson greatly admired, but except for an apparently accidental allusion to one of the persons in the story, he was careful not to bring it into the talk. "How grateful do I feel to this dear Dr. Johnson," the shy girl writes in her diary, "for never naming me and the book as belonging one to the other, and yet making an allusion that showed his thoughts led to it, and, at the same time, that seemed to justify the character as being natural." They were soon on terms which made such restraint unnecessary, but in spite of his love of banter he never relaxed for an instant the tender courtesy with which she seems to have inspired him from the first. "The dear Doctor received me with open arms," she writes years later of a visit to Johnson, then not far from death, and sorely oppressed in body and spirits. "'Ah, dearest of all dear ladies!' he cried, and made me sit in his best chair. He had not breakfasted. 'Do you forgive my coming so soon?' said I. 'I cannot forgive your not coming sooner,' he answered. I asked if I should make his breakfast, which I have not done since we left Streatham; he readily consented. 'But sir,' quoth I, 'I am in the wrong chair.' For I was away from the table. 'It is so difficult,' said he, 'for anything to be wrong that belongs to you, that it can only be I am in the wrong chair, to keep you from the right one.'" This may not be in the subtlest manner of gallantry, but it was at least not spoken "like a whale."

II.

There is very little difference between Miss Burney's diary and her letters. The great diarists, in fact, have merely written letters to themselves; so, in a sense, have many essayists and not a few novelists. The habitual tone of Sterne and Thackeray hardly differs in kind from that of Pepys and Montaigne; though the diarist and the letter-writer are in the nature of things less subject to suspicion of "playing to the gallery." Not a few great writers have kept journals which are of comparatively little interest. Hawthorne's notebooks are surprisingly commonplace; probably because his art was massive and deliberate, and he had no faculty for spinning delight out of next to nothing. His personality, too, was of a subtlety and remoteness which could not be interpreted colloquially; perhaps it was only in his rarest creative moments that the man was intimate with himself.

Whether the familiar essayist has been born to his medium or has simply seized upon it can be determined pretty easily by appeal to his letters. Lamb and Holmes stand the test perfectly; they were not more literary, not more colloquial, in writing to a thousand persons than in writing to one. With Montaigne the case is a little less clear; we have not a great many of his letters, and it cannot be denied that most of what we have are reasonably dull. He lived in a formal age, however, and was simply finding his own when, in his essays, he escaped from the trammels of polite letter-writing. The apologist for Robert Louis Stevenson cannot make out quite so good a case. His letters are not in the least like his essays, and, though both have a certain quality of intimacy, neither mode seems to express the man's personality quite satisfactorily. The Vailima letters, with all their cleverness, do not increase one's regard for the writer. They lack the dignity and restraint which

belong to all worthy forms of self-expression. One does not need to be always throwing a chest, but then, one cannot afford to doff his manners with his frock coat. Stevenson thought it rather fun to be — in point of literary taste, let us say — a little underbred with his familiars. Such was the fate of one to whom art was a heaven-blessed "stunt." What perfect literary breeding there is in all the letters of Cowper or Gray or FitzGerald; here is true intimacy without familiarity, the "ease with dignity" which is the sign of classics in this kind.

III.

The new series of Mrs. Carlyle's letters [1] must interest first of all those who are familiar with the earlier series, and who remember the discussion which followed their publication by Froude. Yet few sensations can hold their own for a quarter of a century; and it would hardly be possible, even among such readers, to galvanize that old enthusiasm of concern into life. They may even peruse with a sort of wonder the vigorous and thoroughgoing denunciation of Froude in which the introduction to the present volumes mainly consists. Perhaps this was the best way of attacking the subject, since, if Froude had done his duty, these Letters and Memorials would have been printed with the others long ago. It is certain that, unlike most introductions, this essay in the course of its ninety pages or so is never dull; it has the frank British animus which may betray criticism into special pleading, but guards it, at least, from degeneration into mere benevolent twaddle. Froude, we learn, could produce a book about Carlyle [2] "packed full of misquotations, garbled extracts from letters, and fallacious statements of fact, with a running accompaniment of calumny, detraction, and malicious insinuation." The history of the Letters and Memorials is simple, from this point of view. Some time after his wife's death, Carlyle set himself the task of reading over all of her letters, journals, and other pieces of writing. "The revisal and annotation of them had been a labor of love, a pathetic pilgrimage through the land that he and she had traversed hand-in-hand. . . . Every step he took was poignant with grief, but soothed with dulcet memories; and as he neared the end he grieved that his grief was over: 'Ah! me, we are getting done with this sacred task, and now there is at times a sharp pang as if this were a second parting with her; sad, sad this too.'" The whole product of this labor was turned over to Froude, with instructions to make what use of it he saw fit. Froude saw fit to publish less than half of the letters, and, according to the present complainant, to publish them in garbled form. The new series contains the material which he omitted. Froude's choice was not made at random. "It was deeply rooted in his mind that Carlyle had, throughout their whole union, behaved badly to his wife, and had deputed him, as a sort of literary undertaker, to superintend a posthumous penance in the publication of his confessions."

The present letters refresh rather than alter our conception of Mrs. Carlyle's intellectual character, but do, on the whole, in spite of their harping upon sickroom details, increase our impression of her womanly charm. It is impossible to lay aside these volumes, as one could Froude's, without feeling that the Carlyles loved each other devotedly, and were, like other people, in a human way, content with each other. This is plainly indicated by the following letter which was written after seventeen years of married life: —

[1] *New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle.* Annotated by THOMAS CARLYLE and edited by ALEXANDER CARLYLE, with an Introduction by Sir JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE. 2 vols. New York: John Lane. 1903.

[2] *Thomas Carlyle.* A History of the First Forty Years of his Life. 1882.

TO T. CARLYLE, AT MR. REDWOOD'S, S. WALES.
CHELSEA, 14th July, 1843.

DEAREST, — Even if I had not received your pathetic little packet [Carlyle had sent her a birthday gift, and, presently dissatisfied with it, had taken pains to send a second] for which I send you a dozen kisses. I meant to have written a *long* letter to-day; but there is one from Geraldine Jewsbury requiring answer by return of post; and it has taken so much writing to answer it, that I am not only a little weary, but have little time left. . . .

Yesterday evening I received a most unexpected visit from — Kitty Kirkpatrick! A lady sent in her card and asked if I would see her, "Mrs. James Phillips;" I supposed it must be some connection of Kitty's, and sent word, "Surely, if the lady can stand the smell of paint;" and in walked Kitty, looking as tho' it were the naturallest thing in the world. . . . Oh, my Dear, she is anything but good-looking! Very sweet, however, and says such flattering things. She told me that two friends of hers, a Mrs. Hermitage and a Mrs. Daniel ("wife of the great East India merchant") were dying to know me (?); they had seen, I think she said, some of my *letters!* (Ach Gott!) and had heard of me from so many people. . . . "But," said Kitty, "what can I say to them? They will take no refusal, and I promised they should make your acquaintance — in fact they are now in the carriage at the door!" A shudder ran through my veins: the fine ladies, the dismantled house, the wet paint; good heavens, what should I do? A sudden thought struck me; my courage rose superior to the horrors of my situation. "Well," I said, "I will go if you wish, and make their acquaintance *in the carriage!*" "Oh, how obliging of you! If you *would* be so *good!*" I jumped up hastily, lest my enthusiasm of desperation should evaporate, walked along the passage under fire of all the enemies' eyes; peremptorily signalled to a blue-and-silver footman to let down the steps, and, to the astonishment of the four fine ladies inside, and my own, mounted into their coach and told them here I was, to be made acquaintance with in such manner as the sad circumstances would admit of! Kitty stood outside, meanwhile, throwing in gentle words; and the whole thing went off well enough. I should not know any of these women again; I saw nothing but a profusion of blond and flowers and feathers. It was an action equal to jumping single-handed into a hostile citadel; I had no leisure to notice the details. Mercifully (as it happened) I had dressed myself just half an hour before, and rather *elegantly*, from a feeling of reaction against the untidy state in which I had been Cinderella-ing all the day; it was as Grace M'Donald said when she broke her arm and did *not* break the glass of her watch, "There has been *some* mercy shown, for a wonder!" . . . See what a deal I have written, after all. Again bless you for your thought of me. The umbrella was *no* failure, however — do not think that.

Ever your affectionate
JANE CARLYLE.

The letters are full of little personal touches, trivial items of domestic routine, family jests, deliberately retained by Carlyle, and tenderly annotated for publication; his pride in the woman he loved having overcome his Scottish reticence. It was not, perhaps, a thing which a man of less genius and more formal breeding would have done, but the effect justifies the motive — his confidence that the method would, from its very freedom, produce the best monument of a genius which had never found public expression. The notes in themselves constitute a document of parallel importance, and afford a proof, possibly the best that we have, of the spontaneity and consistency which, with all his oddity, belonged to the prophet's style.

IV.

In the recently published English version of Taine's life and letters,[1] one is a little disappointed by the absence of the purely personal element. It was his express wish that only the impersonal portions of his correspondence should be published. "One of the principal traits of his character," reads the Preface, "was his horror of publicity and of indiscreet revelations concerning his private life, which — noble and dignified as it was — he kept from the outside world with jealous care. . . . And, by his will, any reproduction of intimate or private letters is absolutely forbidden." Most of the letters included in this volume have to do, consequently, with the intellectual interests, rather than with the social or family life, of M. Taine. Fortunately, a few letters are included which, while they make no "indiscreet revelations," do possess the intimate and personal quality. Here is a glimpse at the life of a French philosopher and professor of twenty-three. He is writing to his sister: —

"You ask me for details, my dear girl; they are not very amusing, but here they are: I get up at 5.30, prepare my class till 7.30, give it from 8 to 10, practice the piano till 11, and have lunch from 11 to 12. From 12 to 4, and from 7 P. M. to 10, I work for myself. I give a lecture in College from 4.15 to 5.15, and have some music from 5.15 to 6, when I dine. On Thursdays and Sundays I am free. . . . I am very comfortable; my room is nice, my bed soft; when my head aches with work, I have my piano and cigarettes. I have begun two long papers; ideas run in my head and chatter away all day. I have not a minute to be bored. . . . I could frequent a few drawing-rooms if I liked, but I hardly wish to do so, I revel too much in my solitude and freedom. My books and music recall so many things, happy talks and conversations by the fireside in the evening! How difficult it is to converse! Stiff commonplaces with my colleagues, jokes at dinner with my fellow boarders, that is all. Every day the human level seems to me lower. But I bury myself in my philosophy, and (forgive my fatuity) I think myself good enough company not to be bored when alone.

"Uncle Alexandre came on Monday. I took him to the table d'hôte, and we chattered in my room all the evening, before *my* fire, and sipping *my* coffee. I laugh to think of myself as a housekeeper, a host! I assure you, I manage very well. I do not see that any expenses are required; it is pleasure that costs men so much, and I take mine very economically, seated at my writing-table."

An amiable, human young prig, we exclaim. It is a pity that only his boyish letters are here published; it would be a pleasure to know whether in later years the jokes of his fellow boarders continued to make the human level seem lower every day.

The personality of Darwin was, by race and training, less emotional, but more steadfast and simple than that of M. Taine. It altogether lacks the self-consciousness and egotism of the literary philosopher. Darwin could never have thought of stipulating that the data of his personal experience should be kept dark. Naturally the great majority of his newly published letters [2] have to do with details of scientific research; yet the final impression which they leave is of a man with a cool observing mind, but of a really simple and affectionate nature. The great scientist appears to have had a very modest estimation of his own value as a man, and to have been touchingly conscious of his professional preoccupation. In the lyrical moment which

[1] *Life and Letters of H. Taine.* Translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

[2] *More Letters of Charles Darwin.* Edited by Francis Darwin and A. C. Seward. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

precedes the marriage of any healthy-minded man, he writes to his betrothed the day after his betrothal, and ten days before his marriage: —

"I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed my Maer visit. I felt in anticipation my future tranquil life: how I do hope you may be as happy as I know I shall be. . . . I think you will humanize me, and soon teach me there is greater happiness than building theories and accumulating facts in silence and solitude. My own dearest Emma, I earnestly pray you may never regret the great, and I will add very good, deed you are to perform on the Tuesday; my own dear future wife, God bless you." Many years later he wrote in his autobiography, "I marvel at my good fortune, that she, so infinitely my superior in every moral quality, consented to be my wife."

In middle life Darwin suffered much from ill health, and had at one time recourse to a water cure. "One most singular effect of the treatment," he wrote, "is that it induces in most people, and eminently in my case, the most complete stagnation of mind. I have ceased to think even of barnacles! . . . I happened to be thinking the other day over the Gamlingay trip to the Lilies of the Valley: ah, those were delightful days, when one had no such organ as a stomach, only a mouth and the masticating appurtenances."

V.

Besides letters, diaries, and essays, there are other "human documents" which have the effect of even more direct communication, though, as in reported conversation, the service of a third person may have been required. Our impression of a great personality which has expressed itself primarily in action is likely to be either rigid or dim. The chances are that with the advance of time, it will have become petrified into a historical relic, or translated into a poetic figure. We are not disturbed by this fact, and may, indeed, recoil from any newly discovered piece of evidence which bids fair to modify an accepted impression. Something of the romantic glamour attaching to the name of the great Jeanne may perhaps be sacrificed by a careful examination of the latest important book about her.[1] Neither in the reported words of the Maid herself, nor in the testimony of her contemporaries, is there anything to encourage a sentimental view of her person or manner. The supposed portrait here given as frontispiece does not suggest the beauty with which painters and sculptors have frequently clothed her. But the book gives plenty of evidence as to her femininity; she regarded her service to France as a temporary sacrifice, and looked forward to marriage as her natural portion when she should be released. "From the first time I heard my Voices," she says in one of the private examinations before the Bishop of Beauvais, "I dedicated my virginity for so long as it should please God; and I was then about thirteen years of age." Even more moving and human is the story of her recantation in the face of death, followed by an immediate resumption of faith and courage which bore her through to the end. In a very remarkable way, this series of legal depositions, with their dryness of tone and form, their inevitable repetitions, their triviality and ingenuousness, gives one the sense of contact with a real and living personality.

H. W. Boynton.

[1] *Jeanne d'Arc:* Being the Story of her Life, her Achievements, and her Death, as attested on Oath, and set forth in the Original Documents. Edited by T. Douglas Murray. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

NEW ASPECTS OF ART STUDY.

Ten years ago the English or American reader who wished to study the history of this or that painter or school outside the pages of a few compendiums was obliged, in most cases, to seek an authority in a language not his own. He had access, of course, to the sterling works of Crowe and Cavalcaselle, — works still indispensable, — and Morelli was available in English. He could find profit in Ruskin, too, as he can find it to-day, if aided by an instinctive faculty for separating wheat from chaff, sound principles from rhapsody. Symonds's pages on the fine arts, in his history of the Italian renaissance, were there to give him much instruction and more suggestion, and he could learn something from Walter Pater. Hamerton, at least in his book on etching, was likewise a guide worth following. But even with these authors, and with certain others figuring honorably in the bibliography of his subject, if he wanted to pursue that subject beyond a certain point, he was driven to consult French, German, and other Continental writers. Since that time things have changed, and at the present moment an extraordinary number of art books exist in English, constituting a phenomenon to which, in my opinion, insufficient attention has been paid. The causes underlying their production deserve examination for the light they throw on the development of mechanical appliances, commercial enterprise, and public taste.

If I mention the mechanical aspect of the question first, it is for the very good reason that without the perfecting of reproductive processes the appearance of these books would have been indefinitely postponed. Though it is many years since the proprietors of the Gazette des Beaux-Arts strengthened their magazine by using, in addition to the etchings for which it had long been famous, the heliogravures of M. Dujardin, and Mr. Hamerton improved the Portfolio along the same lines, the costliness of these photographic plates militated against their frequent employment in really popular publications. Heliogravures and photogravures of a high quality are still expensive, but they are more accessible than they were, and with the rapid development of the half-tone process, susceptible of yielding remarkably good results, the making of an adequately illustrated book on art became easily possible. Photography having been carried to a high state of perfection by the invention of the isochromatic lens, which assures a faithful reproduction of color values in a print, such a publication is now solidly valuable to the student, which the old picture books were not. To allude to those old picture books is to show where commercial enterprise has found its opportunity. Around the Christmas holidays the serious work on art has taken the place of the cumbrous gift book which for years used to present itself — in all the panoply of ambitious but rarely satisfying engravings, "graceful" text, and altogether appalling binding — as the sole literary "decoration" for one friend to give to another. Publishers have found that a book on art intelligently written, well illustrated with photogravures or half-tones, or both, and printed and bound in good taste, pays quite as well as the monstrosity of a former day, and even better, since its sale is not necessarily confined to the holiday season. The public has promptly shown its appreciation. In the first place it could not but see the improvement lying upon the surface, and, moreover, it has steadily experienced improvement in its taste, owing to the impetus which the half-tone process has given to the publication of

art periodicals and to the treatment of artistic subjects in the miscellaneous magazines.

In England, even before Mr. Hamerton's death, the Portfolio had to be abandoned and the success of the Portfolio Monographs, which took its place, was never what it should have been. But the Studio, which was founded in London some ten or twelve years ago, has been helped, not only by good editing, but by the use of reproductive processes, to great prosperity; other magazines, like the Art Journal, and the Magazine of Art, have weathered periods of depression, and are now very popular; the Connoisseur, started a couple of years ago, is firmly established; and only the other day the first number of a new periodical devoted to the interests of the student and collector, the Burlington Magazine, was brought out in sumptuous form. In Paris, the home of art publications, the Gazette des Beaux-Arts prints more plates than ever, which it is fair to assume it would not do if there were not an increased demand for the magazine; M. Leroi has successfully revived his once famous periodical, L'Art; and a new monthly, Les Arts, remarkable for the size and excellence of its half-tones, has been brought out with the text printed in English as well as in French, and has been running with success for more than a year. American art magazines have in the past come up and flourished only to die from neglect, but there is talk of new and ambitious ventures in this field, and it is probable that if they are controlled by a wise and liberal policy, they will be generously supported. Certainly we have shown the fullest hospitality to foreign publications of the sort, and to more than one series of reproductions such as the Hundred Best Pictures, the Cosmos Pictures, the Riverside Art Series, and Masters in Art. Does not all this show that a good deal of water has gone under the bridges in the past ten years, and that the literature of art has attained to a standing and an influence in this country which we may fairly call unprecedented? It is safe to say that if we have more exhibitions than ever, if more people visit them, and if in architecture and decoration public taste has markedly improved, the wider dissemination of books on art has had a great deal to do with it.

It is interesting, in a brief survey of some of the more recent of these publications, to consider them with special reference to the foregoing remarks. One naturally is curious to see from just what points of view the makers of art books, authors and publishers, are treating their opportunity. Two points may be indicated in regard to the latter. In the first place, they are practically unanimous in making the most of photographic processes, leaving the engraver, who was once so important to them, to shift for himself. In this, I cannot but feel that they are, on the whole, well advised. The American school of wood engraving has in the past achieved so many fine things that one regrets to see it fallen upon evil days, but the logic of events is indubitably against its rehabilitation, unless its members devote themselves to purely original work, as Lepere has done with so much success in France, or cultivate the art of portraiture on wood as Mr. Gustav Kruell has done in such masterly fashion in this country. For reproductive work — and it is reproductive work that is required in the art book of the day — the wood-engraver is at a disadvantage. Witness the latest of the volumes by Mr. Timothy Cole,[1] brought out after the blocks in it had appeared in the Century Magazine. This collection of engravings after the old English masters testifies to Mr. Cole's individuality and skill as a craftsman, but while

[1] *Old English Masters Engraved by Timothy Cole.* With Historical Notes by John C. Van Dyke, and Comments by the Engraver. New York: The Century Co. 1902.

such a version as he gives you of a masterpiece by Hogarth, Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, Constable, or any one of half a dozen others, may be admired for its own sake, as an attractive piece of black and white work, it is not comparable for a moment to a good photogravure as an equivalent in monotone for the original painting. Decidedly the publishers are right in adhering to the photographic process. Whether they are right or not in bringing out some of their art books on a more than luxurious scale, with no edition at a modest price, is an open question. For my own part, I cannot regard a book as really published, in the proper sense of that term, which is printed at anywhere from seventy-five to three hundred dollars a copy in a very limited edition. Books of this sort are subscribed for by wealthy collectors; it is no uncommon thing for the list to be completed before the book is off the press, and when it is at last printed, it passes straight from the publisher to some library not generally accessible. It might as well not have been printed, for all the good it does to the world at large. Here, however, we may take leave of the publisher, and consider the labors of the author.

We go to the author primarily for facts, for accurate biographical narrative and systematic description of the works that illustrate the life of his master. These, be it said, we get in abundance, and set forth in admirable fashion. Fine writing seems, fortunately, to have fallen into disrepute, — not the least welcome result of that reaction against Ruskin which it is impossible to ignore, for all that, as I write these lines, there is issuing from the press of his old publisher, George Allen, a new and uniform edition of his complete works. I rejoice in the appearance of this edition, which, under the competent hand of Mr. E. T. Cook, is to be put together in some thirty volumes containing all the old illustrations and many new ones. It will be a fitting monument to the great critic, and it will be very useful. There is nothing more foolish than to imagine, because Ruskin fell into more than one error and has been jauntily "exposed" by one critic after another, that he has been permanently invalidated. He is bound to survive among writers on art if only as a source of kindling enthusiasm, as a storehouse of provocative ideas and suggestions, waking in the reader a zest for beautiful things. But by this time the absurdity of trying to use Ruskin's style without his genius has been pretty generally recognized, and just as the critics of to-day have learned to avoid the whimsical theorizing which he made so popular for a time, so they have learned to tell a straightforward tale in plain language.

As regards the criticism which they bring to the telling of it, it is never inspired, it is often of a decidedly pedestrian order, but in the main it is based on painstaking research, and is trustworthy in a surprisingly large number of its conclusions. It is divided into three schools: the scientific or archæological, founded by the late Giovanni Morelli, whose morphological tests have commended themselves to a vast number of the younger writers of the day; the popular historical and æsthetic, in which the late Eugene Muntz and the late Charles Yriarte were conspicuous exemplars; and the impressionistic, in which the influence of the studio is paramount, fortified by Fromentin in literature, but even more constant in reliance upon the *obiter dicta* of Mr. Whistler and those of his colleagues who would confine the criticism of art to artists. Perhaps the most encouraging fact about the situation is that the first two of these schools are not unwilling each to take a leaf from the other's book, and both are wise enough to make use of what is good in the third, with the result that there is not much confusion abroad and the public is greatly benefited.

Mr. Bernhard Berenson is the salient

figure in the first of the groups outlined above, important in his own work and as the master of a goodly number of disciples. He is now putting through the press a book which ought to prove more interesting and valuable than anything he has hitherto produced, an elaborate work on the drawings of the Florentine masters. While engaged upon this task he has published two volumes on the Study and Criticism of Italian Art,[1] made up of miscellaneous papers previously printed in periodicals. They present some of the most characteristic studies of an extraordinarily clever follower in the footsteps of Morelli, essentially scientific in spirit. He can put his science to good purpose. The patient ingenuity with which he analyzes the Caen Sposalizio, long given to Perugino, and justifies his attribution of it to Lo Spagna, leaves one not only appreciative of Mr. Berenson, but very favorably impressed by the critical method he has adopted. But that method, even in Morelli's own hands, was always "suspect" as having too much in it of the rule of thumb, which leads to arrogance and stodge. Mr. Berenson has hitherto had far too much confidence in it, and dozens of less experienced writers have threatened to bring it into positive disrepute. Happily, in the second of the two volumes just mentioned, the author shows signs of a change of heart. "In the work of art, at least," he says, "genius is, after all, everything," a broad enough hint, as it seems to me, that there are regions in which science, with its tape measure, cannot offer, after all, the last word of criticism. "The ultimate test," Mr. Berenson goes on, "of the value of any touchstone is Quality. . . . The Sense of Quality is indubitably the most essential equipment of a would-be connoisseur. It is the touchstone of all his laboriously collected documentary and historical evidences, of all the possible morphological tests he may be able to bring to bear upon the work of art." It is doubly comforting to read this candid admission, because Mr. Berenson is bound to profit by turning his back on what is worthless in the Morellian system, and is not unlikely, by this plain speaking, to keep some of his disciples from going too far astray. They have done a great deal of work for the now voluminous series of popular monographs, edited by Dr. G. C. Williamson, under the general title of the Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.[2] These are, in the main, excellent little books, workmanlike in arrangement and style, containing fairly complete catalogues, and often valuable documentary appendices. They are freely illustrated with half-tones, and the frontispiece is always a good photogravure. Not seldom, however, they have been marked by the bumptiousness and erratic judgments which proclaim the amateur, cutting his fingers upon tools forged in the Morellian workshop. I mention the series partly to give it the commendation which in general it deserves, and partly as illustrating the point that the Morellian hypothesis, if it has done some good, has done and may still do harm. Mr. Berenson has discovered its limitations. Perhaps if he continues to make public admission of them, in season and out of season, the half-baked, pseudo-scientific art book will become more and more infrequent. In the meantime other forces are at work, and it is one of these other forces which is productive of the majority of the art books now being placed before the public.

It is well represented by Mr. Gerald S. Davies, whose Frans Hals[3] is among

[1] *The Study and Criticism of Italian Art.* By Bernhard Berenson. Two Volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

[2] *The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.* Luini, Velasquez, Donatello, Wilkie, Watteau, Memlinc, etc. Written by Various Hands and Edited by Dr. G. C. Williamson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901–1903.

[3] *Frans Hals.* By Gerald S. Davies, M. A. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

the important publications of the season. In this book, which is, by the way, a superbly illustrated folio, packed with photogravures and half-tones, an effort is made, typical of recent authorship in this field, to clear up the obscurities in the career of a master, to strip his art of all rhetorical and adventitious accretions, and to put the man and his work before us in the simplest manner possible. Mr. Davies explodes the old conception of Hals as a terrible toper; grants that he was a materialist, who never painted a picture having for its *raison d'être* "either a moral motive or a pathetic motive;" but insists that he painted the life around him with sincerity and truth, as well as with skill, and is to be valued as a consummate master of realism. He scoffs at the idea that the Dutch struggle with Spain had anything to do with the development of Hals's art. On the contrary, he maintains that the painter reflected in his work, as a matter of course, the ingrained thoroughness of his race, whether in peace or at war, and, in short, he brings Hals out into the light of day where one may see him as he was and appraise him as a man of entirely ponderable qualities, not in the least an esoteric figure. It is for this common sense, as I may call it, that I am chiefly grateful to Mr. Davies. He might have gone off at a tangent on the subject of what patriotism may or may not have done for Hals. He might have filled pages with the jargon of the studio, where Hals is exalted as a "painter's painter," — and one might, perhaps, have forgiven him, for painter's painting is undeniably an inspiring theme. But the book is worth having, first and last, because it tells the reader simply what he wants to know, and tells it to him with brevity and clearness. This then is the kind of art book that is most to be desired at the present time, and that, fortunately, is most often published.

It is for their critical sanity and for their unassuming workmanlike character that I would praise the three stately volumes in which three great English masters have lately been commemorated. The first of these is, in part, an old volume reprinted, Mr. Austin Dobson's classical work on Hogarth,[1] but in its new form this seems almost a new book. The large folio overflows with fine reproductions of the works of the master, so that we have, in addition to Mr. Dobson's minutely historical text, a veritable Hogarth gallery. This means much. The special merit of many of these photogravures consists in their having been made, not from the prints through which the satires are chiefly known, but from the original paintings, and in a prefatory chapter Sir Walter Armstrong re-states the case for Hogarth as a colorist and brushman. I say that he re-states it, because there have not been wanting other critics, at least in the last twenty-five years, to lay stress upon Hogarth's power as a painter. Nevertheless, no book has ever been made about him in which the point has been so well elucidated as in the present publication, or with such an array of really eloquent reproductions. This volume, therefore, like Mr. Davies's, renders a definite service. We all know that Hogarth was a great satirist. Not all of us know that he was, merely as a manipulator of pigment, worthy to stand beside Velasquez or Hals, especially Hals. He lacked, perhaps, the wonderful *maestria* of the Dutchman, as shown in the great corporation pieces at Haarlem, and, with a certain accent of restraint, in the Laughing Cavalier of the Wallace Collection. There is a sharper note, there is a more brilliant virtuosity, in one of Hals's old fish fags, or in the Bohemien of the Louvre, than in Hogarth's Shrimp Girl in the National Gallery. But I have always felt in that enchantingly vivid sketch, in

[1] *William Hogarth.* By Austin Dobson. With an Introduction on Hogarth's Workmanship by Sir Walter Armstrong. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

the Captain Coram, in the Mrs. Salter, and in the satirical canvases in the National Gallery and the Soane Museum, a full measure of that instinct for sheer paint and the magical handling of it for its own sake, which one discerns in Hals. Hogarth's repute as a satirist and historian of manners is likely to overshadow, as it has long overshadowed, his repute as a painter, as a purely pictorial designer. Sir Walter Armstrong cannot hope completely to reverse the judgment established by the usage of generations, and, indeed, there is no reason why he should; modification, not complete reversal, is what is wanted. This he seems likely to bring about in many new quarters. By the influence of his introduction to Mr. Dobson's book the prints can lose nothing of their fame, and the paintings promise to have their merits more widely recognized.

Sir Walter Armstrong had a more difficult task before him when he wrote his new book on Turner,[1] another folio like the Hogarth, and, like it, richly illustrated with photogravures. He had in this case to defend his hero from unfair critics and to save him from his friends. Ruskin, who has some impeccable passages on Turner, treated him at large with too much enthusiasm, wrapping the painter in a most misleading glamour. Later writers, with the fear of the technical critics before their eyes, have again and again gone to the other extreme, and where Ruskin saw sublime visions of beauty, they have seen a specious iridescence. Sir Walter Armstrong steers between the two schools, and I find him very persuasive in what he says of Turner's knowledge of landscape structure, of mountain, tree, and cloud forms, and of his sensitiveness to atmospheric effects. But it seems to me that Turner's "habit of noting down nature as color" lured him a good deal further away from the essential truths of nature than Sir Walter Armstrong is ready to admit. He asks a very pertinent question: "Why do so many of those whose souls are moved by beauty, whose emotions are really touched by a fine piece of Nankin, by a Caffieri mount, by a Pisano medallion, by a Dürer drawing, by a Rembrandt etching, by a picture of Titian, Velasquez, or Gainsborough, — why are people of various races who really love, *and understand*, such things as these, so often unmoved by Turner?" The most definite of his answers is that it is because "Turner was no decorator;" but a much more satisfactory answer is supplied by putting the painter to a very simple and practical test, by spending an hour or so among his pictures in the National Gallery. One turns away, at last, surfeited of nothing more or less than mere color. In other words, it was by his greatest gift that Turner was betrayed. His "habit of noting down nature as color" ended by making him more faithful to his notes than to nature, and turned his great landscapes and heroic compositions into mere prismatic splendors, beguiling for a while, but not permanently satisfying. He was a man of genius, a poet on canvas, a virtuoso incomparable for audacity and a kind of orchestral plangency. He was not, to my mind, a constructive pioneer in modern landscape, a man of durable influence; in fact, the line of development from the old Italian masters through Poussin and Claude and the painters of the Low Countries, to the rise of naturalism in England and in France and the culminating achievements of the Barbizon school, has always seemed to me to have suffered no more than a temporary dislocation through the ministrations of Turner, great as he is in his own restricted sphere. Sir Walter Armstrong says all that can be said in support of his high opinion of him, and undoubtedly does a great deal to clarify appreciation of him. If he does not give Turner a totally new lease of life, he places

[1] *Turner.* By Sir Walter Armstrong. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

him, at any rate, in a more rational perspective, and certainly detaches him, once and for all, from his dubious identification with Ruskin's phosphorescent prose.

The sterility of Turner's art, historically speaking, appears in an even clearer light if the reader turns directly from Sir Walter Armstrong's book to the similarly imposing folio recently published by Mr. C. J. Holmes, Constable and his Influence on Landscape Painting.[1] In the first, one seems to have turned back, in a mood absolutely impersonal, to the consideration of a great museum hero; in the second, one is in the current of art as it still flows through the schools of to-day. Mr. Holmes has written, as the title of his book suggests, a critical monograph rather than a biography; and even though his condensation of personal details were not amply justified by the existence of Leslie's standard work, I should not be inclined to quarrel with him. Constable's place in history has needed just the *éclaircissement* it receives at his hands. That it implies a large share in the growth of French naturalism is well known, — too well known, perhaps; for, like many a commonplace of the text-books, the record of Constable's sensational appearance in the Salon of 1824 has been taken by many readers as something talismanic and conclusive, the monument of a masterful and revolutionary incursion into a field waiting for this creative organizer and no other. It does not weaken the famous Englishman's position, it only makes him the more interesting, to have his relation to those memorable proceedings defined with precision. Mr. Holmes is at pains to show that on the Continent, in the twenties, "revolution was already in the air," and that the exhibition of Constable's pictures, "however far it may have determined the course of the new movement, was only one of several agents that precipitated the crisis," — that is, the leading literary and dramatic figures in the Romantic Revival. The artist himself seems to have had no very clear consciousness of having set the Seine on fire. "They are amusing and acute, but shallow," he said of the French criticisms that his wife translated for him, — and he remains altogether, at this significant epoch in the history of his beloved art, so little stirred by his own reference to it that to see him in the spectacular rôle of the bold innovator is to see him falsely. Mr. Holmes, deftly elucidating the situation as it existed in Paris when Constable's work first made itself felt there, is equally accurate and instructive in treating the earlier and later phases of his problem. His object is not to sing pæans over the exploits of an individual, isolating Constable as though he were a unique phenomenon, but to trace backwards and forwards from him that stream of artistic principle on which landscape in all ages has alone been able to move toward legitimate success. He misses no point of contact between Constable and the various Old Masters to whose tradition he was, in a measure, susceptible; but he is decisive on the courage and power with which his painter broke with that tradition under the pressure of his *dæmon*, and gave impetus to the new régime of broader method, racier truth, healthier sentiment, and sincerer style, which, to the men of our own generation, makes the classical temper almost unthinkable. The book is valuable for its luminous exposition of just what Constable accomplished. It is also valuable for its full and interesting survey of general principles, amounting to a concise résumé of the essentials in the history of landscape art. It closes on a passage so judicious and so apt that I cannot forbear quotation: —

"Painters and their friends are nowadays as fervent devotees of Nature as then they were devotees of the Old Masters. Indeed, there would almost seem to be a risk of naturalism being made

[1] *Constable and his Influence on Landscape Painting.* By C. J. Holmes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

as heavy a chain for the young artist as were the classical canons in Constable's time. Were that to happen, the painter would forget that nature is not the end of art, but only one of the means towards it, and, by that forgetfulness, would lose the privilege of freedom to do what his soul desires — to reveal the beauty his imagination has constructed — in the fittest possible way that his education and his instinct can invent, however traditional, or novel, or laborious, or summary that way may be. Such personal freedom, and not realism or idealism, or any other hard and fast theory, was the guiding principle of Constable's life, as it has been the guiding principle of all other true artists before or since."

If this passage embodies a warning to landscape painters in particular, it pleads, tacitly, for greater catholicity among artists and art students in general. It is a curious paradox that there is no one like your modern artist for the drastic delimitation of the artistic frontier, no one more eager to expel from the sacred soil any type, ancient or modern, not instantly adjustable to certain narrowly defined conditions. Thus I have heard Raphael gravely denounced, and have seen him expeditiously legislated into the limbo of things "played out," because he had never learned to paint in the manner of Velasquez. Consternation and compassion were written upon the face of a great painter to whom I happened to say, not long since, that I thought of traveling from Paris to Montauban in order to see the rich collection there of drawings by Ingres. I believe he thought that I had lost all sense of the value of time. It still seems to me, however, as I wrote in this magazine nine years ago, that in knowledge of what is good in *all* the schools lies the path to the truest freedom, and I have watched with peculiar satisfaction the growth of public interest in those earlier Italians, for a revival of whose influence, as I pointed out at that time, there is great need. They occupy the larger proportion of the series of popular handbooks edited by Dr. Williamson to which I have referred, and the more ambitious volumes devoted to them are constantly increasing in number. How important these studies have become to the English-speaking public is shown in the first place by the appearance of such excellent monographs as the Fra Angelico [1] of Mr. Langton Douglass, which has lately been printed in a second edition, and by a fact in the highest degree creditable to publishers and readers, I mean the issuance of scholarly works by foreign critics in English before their publication in the tongue of the author. In 1901 Herr Kristeller's authoritative book on Mantegna [2] was published in an English translation before the German edition was got under way. One of the best books of the season now closing, Ricci's Pintoricchio,[3] was written at the request of a London publisher, Mr. Heinemann, who put English and French translations of it simultaneously upon the market, in handsome form. I may mention, by the way, that this book is notable for the colored plates it contains, promising, if not wholly successful, specimens of a process which is destined to play a great part in illustration; but the first merit of the work is that it does tardy justice to a fascinating painter. It is the fashion to decry Pintoricchio, as though, since he is of lighter calibre than Perugino and Raphael, he could not ask to be taken seriously. Dr. Ricci so takes him, realizing that if he had not the ecstatic

[1] *Fra Angelico.* By Langton Douglass. Second Edition. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

[2] *Andrea Mantegna.* By Paul Kristeller. English Edition by S. Arthur Strong, M. A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1901.

[3] *Pintoricchio* (*Bernardino di Betto of Perugia*). His Life, Work, and Time. By Corrado Ricci, Director of the Brera, Milan. From the Italian by Florence Simmonds. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co. 1902.

sensibility of Perugino, or the creative force of Raphael, he had technical ability, great resource in pictorial narration, and a rich fund of that naïve sweetness which passed as by a kind of artless clairvoyance into the paintings of the Umbrian school. It is a mistake to assume from the absence of dramatic weight, of spiritual sublimity, and of the "grand style" in his work, from his expression of even his most poignant ideas in terms of graceful narrative, that he had nothing in him of the heroic strain which we associate with the masters of the Renaissance. The sheer bulk and variety, and the unfailingly decorative rectitude and beauty of his wall paintings at Rome, Siena, and Spello, testify to his possession of more than ordinary powers. He has in these and in his Madonnas and portraits, if any Italian of his time has it, charm; and the craftsmanship which he brings to the exploitation of it is so polished and so personal in its edge that I confess I find it very difficult to perceive what the writers are driving at who balk at giving him a commanding place in the artistic Pantheon. It is true that he was inferior to Raphael or Mantegna in passion and in intellectual grasp, but he was none the less a superb decorator, and, I repeat, a man of the most persuasive charm. It is exhilarating to find Dr. Ricci celebrating his genius and career with loving care, doing him justice with no less discretion than zeal, and making it, when all is said, a little more difficult than before to wave away Pintoricchio's claim to high renown.

There are one or two other studies of Italian themes which I must notice. Mr. Douglass, the author of the monograph on Fra Angelico already cited, has written in his History of Siena [1] not only a spirited account of the development of the famous hill town, but some uncommonly sympathetic and useful pages on the Sienese school of painters and sculptors. Unlike the great folios at which I have been glancing, this is a handy volume, well calculated at once for use in the library and for the traveler. Similar in form is the Story of Siena and San Gimignano,[2] by Mr. Edmund G. Gardner, but this author, while not inattentive to the artists, gives them no such illuminating treatment as they receive at the hands of Mr. Douglass; he blends his descriptions of pictures and monuments with a systematic narrative of Sienese history. Both books are well illustrated; Mr. Douglass's with photogravures and half-tones, Mr. Gardner's with plates made by the same processes, and a quantity of clever pen drawings by the late Helen M. James. Mr. Fletcher's Andrea Palladio [3] is a rather baldly written but nevertheless welcome sketch of an architect whose influence, filtering through English practice, was once not without effect in this country, and may very easily be of service to us again. American architecture has shown itself extremely sensitive to the example of an essentially idiosyncratic genius like the late H. H. Richardson, but for a number of years it has gravitated, in its eclectic way, far more to the neo-classical models provided by the Italian Renaissance, and despite the recent vogue of French academic ideas, brought back by our younger men from the École des Beaux-Arts, a recrudescence of the Palladian mood is easily possible. It might not be altogether desirable if it were guided too literally by Palladian precedent. The purer and more creative style of Bramante remains by all odds our best inspiration in the Renaissance. But there is something very beguiling, very effec-

[1] *A History of Siena.* By Langton Douglass. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

[2] *The Story of Siena and San Gimignano.* By Edmund G. Gardner. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

[3] *Andrea Palladio: His Life and Work.* By Banister F. Fletcher, A. R. I. B. A. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

tive in a picturesque way, in the masterpieces of Palladio. At Vicenza especially, his native town, which is richly endowed with monuments of his genius, he has always struck me as possessing an almost romantic amplitude and humanized stateliness, and our public buildings would not suffer if the designers of them were to profit by his teachings. They would lose nothing in the qualities of balance and proportion, and they would gain in breadth of feeling, in play of light and shade. The scholarship on which many an official façade in America is based might be bettered by a tinge of that robust quality which is characteristic of the Vicentine architect at his best, for if our scholarship is often sound it also often yields results as thin and bloodless as they are correct. Mr. Fletcher's book, filled with good half-tones and line drawings, may contribute something to the enforcement of this point.

To the completion of Lady Dilke's great work on the French art of the eighteenth century, signalized by the appearance of her volume on the Engravers and Draughtsmen,[1] it is impossible to make more than the briefest allusion; an adequate criticism of the four volumes would require all the space devoted to this article. I cannot refrain, however, from noting the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to the author of these books. Every year students are learning that the eighteenth century was most decidedly not the mother of dead dogs that it was once supposed to be, and in art, especially, the lesson is sinking deep. Lady Dilke has shown, as no one else has shown in English, the true value of the French architects, painters, sculptors, decorators, furniture-makers, draughtsmen, and engravers of the time; her work is a mine of important facts, most conveniently arranged; it abounds in good criticism, and it is lavishly illustrated with first-rate photogravures and half-tones. The student could not do without it, and it is equally significant for the collector, who has of late begun to take a livelier interest in the masterpieces of the earlier French school.

I have referred to the impressionistic criticism which is active in these days, though productive of fewer books than emanate from the scientific and historical schools. It has just been illustrated by two excellent volumes, a sumptuous folio on Nineteenth Century Art,[2] by Mr. D. S. MacColl, the critic of the Saturday Review, and a pocket collection of Views and Reviews,[3] by Mr. W. E. Henley. Mr. MacColl has written nominally to commemorate the last Glasgow exposition, but he has ignored many of the works there exposed, framing an independent analysis of the development of nineteenth-century painting. He is an original and stimulating thinker, with an extensive vocabulary and a very terse, convincing way of putting things. His book is so well worth reading that I wish it could be reprinted in handy form for popular circulation. Mr. Henley's knowledge of art is less technical than Mr. MacColl's, and he gives his essays on modern men and movements a more literary flavor. He is more self-assertive into the bargain, and has to be read with greater care. But he, too, is stimulating, and the reader who takes his book, Mr. MacColl's, and Mr. W. C. Brownell's admirable French Art, studying all three together, will find his equipment for the appreciation of modern painting and sculpture enormously strengthened. I commend to the same reader, as suggestive introductions to a wider range

[1] *French Engravers and Draughtsmen of the XVIIIth Century.* By Lady Dilke. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

[2] *Nineteenth Century Art.* By D. S. MacColl. With a Chapter on Early Art Objects by Sir T. G. Gibson-Carmichael, Baronet. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

[3] *Views and Reviews: Art.* By W. E. Henley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

of study, the Meaning of Pictures,[1] by Professor J. C. Van Dyke, and the Enjoyment of Art,[2] by Carleton Noyes, both judicious and entertaining little handbooks. Finally, to the lover of the curious in this field of investigation, I may point out the fresh interest of Mr. Theodore Andrea Cook's Spirals in Nature and Art,[3] wherein, by a cogent process of reasoning, the open staircase at Blois, in Touraine, is attributed to Leonardo da Vinci.

Royal Cortissoz.

HELEN KELLER'S STORY OF MY LIFE.

It is seldom that a book is greeted by such a chorus of superlatives as has welcomed the appearance of Miss Keller's autobiography.[4] It is still more seldom that the superlatives are so well justified. For the book is indeed unique. The story itself and the years of effort which have made its telling possible, the personality which it reveals, and the creation of that personality, — these are things which, even when pondered, are apt to seem little short of miraculous. So it is not surprising that the reviewers, in their eagerness to make generous acknowledgment of the greatness of the achievement, have not always been discriminating, and have not always wondered most at the strangest things.

The obvious facts are indeed strange enough. Here is the narrative of a young woman who has been deaf and blind from infancy, written in idiomatic English, and indicating the possession of a culture well above the level of that owned by the average college girl of her age. Such an achievement is a new thing in the world. When it is considered in detail, the marvel becomes both greater and more curiously interesting. The style, one finds, is not only idiomatic, but individual and rhythmical. The culture consists not merely in knowing the usual things in literature and art, but in reaching an intelligent enthusiasm about those phenomena within her reach which appeal to her temperament. Her education, though hampered and hindered by a thousand obstacles, has not only stored her mind, but has freed her spirit. So successfully has her imagination been nurtured that it has served as an irrigation system to water and make fertile the great barren spaces in her consciousness which the missing senses left desert. Thus, as one reads, one forgets to make allowances for limitations which are apt to slip out of sight, until a chance phrase recalls one with a start to the realization that the mind which deals so freely and so normally with the ordinary factors of human life dwells forever in silence and the dark.

Striking as all this is as an intellectual feat, the qualities which a close study of the case brings out as extraordinary are moral rather than mental. It is clear, to be sure, that Miss Keller had originally a good mind; the shutting out of all distractions (which is the small compensation for her great deprivations) devel-

[1] *The Meaning of Pictures.* Six Lectures given for Columbia University at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

[2] *The Enjoyment of Art.* By Carleton Noyes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

[3] *Spirals in Nature and Art.* A Study of Spiral Formations based on the Manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci. By Theodore Andrea Cook, M. A., with a Preface by Professor E. Ray Lankester, F. R. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

[4] *The Story of My Life.* By Helen Keller. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1903.

oped her power of concentration and her memory; and these, along with an emotional temperament unchilled by the gaze of the unsympathetic, and an exceptional power of language, account largely for the intellectual side of her achievement. But there remains the evidence of a courage and a tenacity of purpose well-nigh appalling, — the courage and the tenacity to face and to persist in the endless drudgery of learning, in spite of failure and discouragement and distrust, without the vision of the printed book or the sound of the teaching voice. In the possession of these qualities, and in their triumph, there is glory enough, and there is no need to claim for their possessor, as some have done, the quite different attribute of genius.

For if genius is to be spoken of here at all, it is when we turn to the other heroine of the book, her teacher, Miss Sullivan. Consider a moment the problem which fifteen years ago confronted her, and the manner of its solution. She had placed in her charge a child of seven, utterly undeveloped in mind or in affections, without an idea of the existence of language, almost brutish in her personality, and capable of being approached only through the avenues of touch and taste and smell. In two weeks she had tamed her and gained her affection. In four her pupil had grasped the conception of language, and was eager to name everything in her world. In three months she had learned over three hundred words, and a fortnight later was writing little childish letters to her relatives. By the end of the first year she had caught up with girls of her age in point of written expression, and very soon she surpassed them.

Nor was this the result of the skillful application of an established method. The system used by Miss Sullivan was the outcome of her own observation and reasoning, and was as different in its working as in its results from the ordinary devices for teaching language to the deaf. As it is described in her letters it seems as simple and obvious as most great discoveries after they are discovered. This is her account of it before she knew how it was to succeed: "I asked myself, 'How does a normal child learn language?' The answer was simple, 'By imitation.' . . . He hears others speak, and he tries to speak. But long before he utters his first word, he understands what is said to him. I have been observing Helen's little cousin lately. . . . These observations have given me a clue to the method to be followed in teaching Helen language. I shall talk into her hand as we talk into the baby's ears. I shall assume that she has the normal child's capacity of assimilation and imitation. I shall use complete sentences in talking to her, and fill out the meaning with gestures and her descriptive signs when necessity requires it; but I shall not try to keep her mind fixed on any one thing. I shall do all I can to interest and stimulate it, and wait for results." The outcome of this method of constant spelling into her pupil's hand, not detached words or formal definitions, but ordinary conversation, was that when Helen began to use language herself it had none of the stiff artificial character such as the language of the deaf usually has, but it was from the first natural, speedily became fluent and colloquial, and later acquired distinction and cadence.

Miss Keller's own letters, which form one of the most interesting sections of the book, afford an illuminating exhibition of this growth of style. They begin with these words: "helen write anna george will give helen apple simpson will shoot bird." Then by almost undiscernible gradations they improve, until we meet with such sentences as this: "I think only those who have escaped that death-in-life existence from which Laura Bridgman was rescued can realize how isolated, how shrouded in darkness, how cramped by its own impotence, is a soul

without thought or faith or hope." Apart altogether from the considerations of deafness and blindness, these letters form a most suggestive series of documents on the subject of the art of writing.

This, then, is the outcome of Miss Sullivan's method. What the application of that method must have entailed, the infinite toil and pains, the thought required to invent devices to overcome new difficulties that appeared at every step, the tact and rare moral quality that moulded a character as well as a mind, — these things even the teacher's candid yet reserved letters here printed hardly do more than suggest. This week-by-week record of a great experiment, carried out almost single-handed by a young girl with no equipment but a fair education and an intuition amounting to genius, holds one spell-bound. Nowhere does one read of a process so nearly approaching to the creation of a soul.

Of the significance of the achievement for the future of the teaching of the deaf-blind we cannot here speak; but for all who are interested in the subject this book marks an epoch. To Miss Keller herself for her touching and eloquent telling of her own story; to Miss Sullivan for permitting the publication of her fascinating letters, and to the editor, Mr. Macy, for the skill of his arrangement and selection of material, and the suggestiveness of his explanation and comment, both the special and the general public are under deep obligation.

William Allan Neilson.

EMERSON AS SEER.[1]

Emerson was not a logician or reasoner, and not a rhetorician, in the common sense. He was a poet, who wrote chiefly in prose, but also in verse. His verse was usually rough, but sometimes finished and melodious; it was always extraordinarily concise and expressive. During his engagement to the lady who became his second wife, he wrote thus to her: "I am born a poet, — of a low class, without doubt, yet a poet; that is my nature and vocation. My singing, be sure, is very husky, and is, for the most part, in prose. Still, I am a poet in the sense of a perceiver and dear lover of the harmonies that are in the soul and in matter, and specially of the correspondences between these and those." This husky poet had his living to get. His occupations in life were those of the teacher, minister, lecturer, and author. He was a teacher at various times between 1818 and 1826, but he never liked teaching; a preacher at intervals from 1826 to 1847; but a settled minister only from 1829 to 1832. His career as a lecturer began in the autumn of 1833, and his first book, Nature, was published in 1836, when he was thirty-three years old. His lectures for money were given as a rule during the winter and early spring, and for thirty years the traveling he was obliged to do in search of audiences was often extremely fatiguing and not without serious hardships and exposures. These occupations usually gave him an income sufficient for his simple wants; but there were times when outgo exceeded income. The little property his first wife left him ($1200 a year) relieved him from serious pecuniary anxiety by 1834, although it did not relieve him from earning by his own labor the livelihood of his family. In 1834 he went to live in Concord where

[1] Address at Symphony Hall, Boston, 24 May, 1903.

his grandfather had been the minister at the time of the Revolution, and in 1835 he bought the house and grounds there which were his home for the rest of his days. Before settling in Concord, he had spent one winter and spring (1826–27) in the Southern states, and seven months of 1833 in Europe. Both of these absences were necessitated by the state of his health, which was precarious during his young manhood. With these exceptions, he had lived in Boston or its immediate neighborhood, until he settled in Concord. His progenitors on both sides were chiefly New England ministers. His formal education was received in the Boston Latin School and Harvard College, and was therefore purely local. How narrow and provincial seems his experience of life! A little city, an isolated society, a country village! Yet through books, and through intercourse with intelligent persons, he was really "set in a large place." The proof of this largeness, and of the keenness of his mental and moral vision, is that, in regard to some of the chief concerns of mankind, he was a seer and a fore-seer. This prophetic quality of his I hope to demonstrate to-night in three great fields of thought, — education, social organization, and religion.

Although a prophet and inspirer of reform, Emerson was not a reformer. He was but a halting supporter of the reforms of his day; and the eager experimenters and combatants in actual reforms found him a disappointing sort of sympathizer. His visions were far-reaching, his doctrines often radical, and his exhortations fervid; but when it came to action, particularly to habitual action, he was surprisingly conservative. With an exquisite candor and a gentle resolution of rarest quality he broke his strong ties to the Second Church of Boston before he was thirty years old, abandoning the profession for which he had been trained, and which, in many of its aspects, he honored and enjoyed; yet he attended church on Sundays all his life with uncommon regularity. He refused to conduct public prayer, and had many things to say against it; but when he was an Overseer of Harvard College, he twice voted to maintain the traditional policy of compelling all the students to attend morning prayers, in spite of the fact that a large majority of the Faculty urgently advocated abandoning that policy. He manifested a good deal of theoretical sympathy with the community experiments at Brook Farm and Fruitlands; but he declined to take part in them himself. He was intimate with many of the leading abolitionists, but no one has described more vividly their grave intellectual and social defects. He laid down principles which, when applied, would inevitably lead to progress and reform; but he took little part in the imperfect step-by-step process of actual reforming. He probably would have been an ineffective worker in any field of reform; and, at any rate, strenuous labor on applications of his philosophy would have prevented him from maintaining the flow of his philosophic and prophetic visions. The work of giving practical effect to his thought was left for other men to do, — indeed for generations of other serviceable men, who, filled with his ideals, will slowly work them out into institutions, customs, and other practical values.

When we think of Emerson as a prophet, we at once become interested in the dates at which he uttered certain doctrines, or wrote certain pregnant sentences; but just here the inquirer meets a serious difficulty. He can sometimes ascertain that a given doctrine or sentence was published at a given date; but he may be quite unable to ascertain how much earlier the doctrine was really formulated, or the sentence written. Emerson has been dead twenty-one years; and it is thirty years since he wrote anything new; but his whole philosophy of life was developed by the

time he was forty years old, and it may be doubted if he wrote anything after 1843, the germinal expression of which may not be found in his journals, sermons, or lectures written before that date. If, therefore, we find in the accepted thought or established institutions of to-day recent developments of principles and maxims laid down by Emerson, we may fairly say that his thought outran his times certainly by one, and probably by two generations of men.

I take up now the prophetic teachings of Emerson with regard to education. In the first place, he saw, with a clearness to which very few people have yet attained, the fundamental necessity of the school as the best civilizing agency, after steady labor, and the only sure means of permanent and progressive reform. He says outright: "We shall one day learn to supersede politics by education. What we call our root-and-branch reforms, of slavery, war, gambling, intemperance, is only medicating the symptoms. We must begin higher up — namely, in education." He taught that if we hope to reform mankind, we must begin not with adults, but with children: we must begin at school. There are some signs that this doctrine has now at last entered the minds of the so-called practical men. The Cubans are to be raised in the scale of civilization and public happiness; so both they and we think they must have more and better schools. The Filipinos, too, are to be developed after the American fashion; so we send them a thousand teachers of English. The Southern states are to be rescued from the persistent poison of slavery; and, after forty years of failure with political methods, we at last accept Emerson's doctrine, and say: "We must begin earlier, — at school." The city slums are to be redeemed; and the scientific charity workers find the best way is to get the children into kindergartens and manual training schools.

Since the civil war, a whole generation of educational administrators has been steadily at work developing what is called the elective system in the institutions of education which deal with the ages above twelve. It has been a slow, step-by-step process, carried on against much active opposition and more sluggish obstruction. The system is a method of educational organization which recognizes the immense expansion of knowledge during the nineteenth century, and takes account of the needs and capacities of the individual child and youth. Now, Emerson laid down in plain terms the fundamental doctrines on which this elective system rests. He taught that the one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil, dissipation. He said: "You must elect your work: you shall take what your brain can, and drop all the rest." To this exhortation he added the educational reason for it, — only by concentration can the youth arrive at the stage of doing something with his knowledge, or get beyond the stage of absorbing and arrive at the capacity for producing. As Emerson puts it, "Only so can that amount of vital force accumulate which can make the step from knowing to doing." The educational institutions of to-day have not yet fully appreciated this all-important step from knowing to doing. They are only beginning to perceive that, all along the course of education, the child and the youth should be doing something as well as learning something; should be stimulated and trained by achievement; should be constantly encouraged to take the step beyond seeing and memorizing to doing, — the step, as Emerson says, "out of a chalk circle of imbecility into fruitfulness." Emerson carried this doctrine right on into mature life. He taught that nature arms each man with some faculty, large or small, which enables him to do easily some feat impossible to any other, and thus makes him necessary to society; and that this faculty should determine the man's career.

The advocates of the elective system have insisted that its results were advantageous for society as a whole, as well as for the individual. Emerson put this argument in a nutshell, at least fifty years ago: "Society can never prosper, but must always be bankrupt, until every man does that which he was created to do."

Education used to be given almost exclusively through books. In recent years there has come in another sort of education through tools, machines, gardens, drawings, casts, and pictures. Manual training, shop-work, sloyd, and gardening have come into use for the school ages; the teaching of trades has been admitted to some public school systems; and, in general, the use of the hands and eyes in productive labor has been recognized as having good educational effects. The education of men by manual labor was a favorite doctrine with Emerson. He had fully developed it as early as 1837, and he frequently recurred to it afterwards. In December of that year, in a course of lectures on Human Culture, he devoted one lecture to The Hands. He saw clearly that manual labor might be made to develop not only good mental qualities, but good moral qualities. To-day, it is frequently necessary for practical teachers, who are urging measures of improvement, to point this out, and to say, just as Emerson said two generations ago, that any falseness in mechanical work immediately appears; that a teacher can judge of the moral quality of each boy in the class before him better and sooner from manual work than from book-work. Emerson taught that manual labor is the study of the external world; that the use of manual labor never grows obsolete, and is inapplicable to no person. He said explicitly, "A man should have a farm or a mechanical craft for his culture;" that there is not only health, but education in garden work; that when a man gets sugar, hominy, cotton, buckets, crockery ware, and letter paper by simply signing his name to a cheque, it is the producers and carriers of these articles that have got the education they yield, he only the commodity; and that labor is God's education. This was Emerson's doctrine more than sixty years ago. It is only ten years since the Mechanic Arts High School was opened in Boston.

We are all of us aware that within the last twenty years there has been a determined movement of the American people toward the cultivation of art, toward the public provision of objects which open the sense of beauty and increase public enjoyment. It is curious to see how literally Emerson prophesied the actual direction of these efforts: —

> "On the city's paved street
> Plant gardens lined with lilac sweet;
> Let spouting fountains cool the air,
> Singing in the sun-baked square;
> Let statue, picture, park, and hall,
> Ballad, flag, and festival
> The past restore, the day adorn,
> And make to-morrow a new morn!"

We have introduced into our schools, of late years, lessons in drawing, modeling, and designing, — not sufficiently, but in a promising and hopeful way. Emerson taught that it is the office of art to educate the perception of beauty; and he precisely describes one of the most recent of the new tendencies in American education and social life, when he says: "Beauty must come back to the useful arts, and the distinction between the fine and the useful arts be forgotten." That sentence is the inspiration of one of the most recent of the efforts to improve the arts and crafts, and to restore to society the artistic craftsman. But how slow the institutional realization of this ideal of art education! We are still struggling in our elementary and secondary schools to get a reasonable amount of instruction in drawing and music, and to transfer from other subjects a fair allotment of time to these invaluable elements of true culture. They speak the universal language. Yet the ultimate object of art

in education is to teach men to see nature to be beautiful and at the same time useful; beautiful, because alive and reproductive; useful, while symmetrical and fair. Take up to-day the last essays on education, the last book on landscape architecture, or the freshest teachings of the principles of design, and you will find them penetrated with Emerson's doctrine of art as teacher of mankind. Emerson insists again and again that true culture must open the sense of beauty; that "a man is a beggar who only lives to the useful." It will probably require several generations yet to induce the American people to accept his doctrine that all moments and objects can be embellished, and that repose in energy, cheerfulness, and serenity are the "end of culture and success enough."

It has been clearly perceived of late that a leading object in education is the cultivation of fine manners. On this point the teachings of Emerson are fundamental; but the American institutions of education are only beginning to appreciate their significance. He teaches that genius or love invents fine manners, "which the baron and the baroness copy very fast, and by the advantage of a palace, better the instruction. They stereotype the lesson they have learned into a mode." There is much in that phrase, "by the advantage of a palace." For generations, American institutions of education were content with the humblest sort of shelters, with plain wooden huts and brick barracks, and unkempt grounds about the buildings. They are only lately beginning to acquire fine buildings with pleasing surroundings; that is, they are just beginning to carry into practice Emerson's wisdom of sixty years ago. The American cities are beginning to build handsome houses for their high schools. Columbia University builds a noble temple for its library. The graduates and friends of Harvard like to provide her with a handsome fence round the Yard, with a fair array of shrubs within the fence, with a handsome stadium instead of shabby, wooden seats round the football gridiron, and to take steps for securing in the future broad connections between the grounds of the University and the Cambridge parks by the river. They are just now carrying into practice Emerson's teaching; by the advantage of a palace they mean to better Harvard's instruction in manners. They are accepting his doctrine that "manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth; that for the most part his manners marry him, and, for the most part, he marries manners. When we think what keys they are, and to what secrets; what high lessons, and inspiring tokens of character they convey, and what divination is required in us for the reading of this fine telegraph, — we see what range the subject has, and what relations to convenience, power, and beauty."

In Emerson's early days there was nothing in our schools and colleges which at all corresponded to what we now know too much about under the name of athletic sports. The elaborate organization of these sports is a development of the last thirty years in our schools and colleges; but I find in Emerson the true reason for the athletic cult, given a generation before it existed among us. Your boy "hates the grammar and Gradus, and loves guns, fishing-rods, horses, and boats. Well, the boy is right, and you are not fit to direct his bringing-up, if your theory leaves out his gymnastic training. . . . Football, cricket, archery, swimming, skating, climbing, fencing, riding are lessons in the art of power, which it is his main business to learn. . . . Besides, the gun, fishing-rod, boat, and horse constitute, among all who use them, secret free-masonries." We shall never find a completer justification of athletic sports than that.

In his memorable address on The American Scholar, which was given at Cambridge in 1837, Emerson pointed out that the function of the scholar

should include creative action, or, as we call it in these days, research, or the search for new truth. He says: "The soul active . . . utters truth, or creates. . . . In its essence it is progressive. The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. . . . They look backward and not forward. But genius looks forward. Man hopes: genius creates. Whatever talents may be, if the man create not, the pure efflux of the Deity is not his; — cinders and smoke there may be, but not yet flame." And more explicitly still, he says: "Colleges have their indispensable office, — to teach elements. But they can only highly serve us when they aim not to drill, but to create." When Emerson wrote this passage, the spirit of research, or discovery, or creation had not yet breathed life into the higher institutions of learning in our country; and to-day they have much to do and to acquire before they will conform to Emerson's ideal.

There are innumerable details in which Emerson anticipated the educational experiences of later generations. I can cite but two of them. He taught that each age must write its own books; "or rather, each generation for the next succeeding. The books of an older period will not fit this." How true that is in our own day, when eighty thousand new books come from the press of the civilized world in a single year! Witness the incessant re-making or re-casting of the books of the preceding generation! Emerson himself has gone into thousands of books in which his name is never mentioned. Even history has to be re-written every few years, the long-surviving histories being rather monuments of style and method than accepted treasuries of facts. Again, contrary to the prevailing impression that the press has, in large measure, stripped eloquence of its former influence, Emerson taught that "if there ever was a country where eloquence was a power, it is the United States." He included under eloquence the useful speech, all sorts of political persuasion in the great arena of the Republic, and the lessons of science, art, and religion which should be "brought home to the instant practice of thirty millions of people," now become eighty. The colleges and universities have now answered in the affirmative Emerson's question, "Is it not worth the ambition of every generous youth to train and arm his mind with all the resources of knowledge, of method, of grace, and of character to serve such a constituency?" But then Emerson's definition of eloquence is simple, and foretells the practice of to-day rather than describes the practice of Webster, Everett, Choate, and Winthrop, his contemporaries: "Know your fact; hug your fact. For the essential thing is heat, and heat comes of sincerity. . . . Eloquence is the power to translate a truth into language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak."

I turn next to some examples of Emerson's anticipation of social conditions, visible to him as seer in his own day, and since become plain to the sight of the ordinary millions. When he accumulated in his journals the original materials of his essay on Worship, there were no large cities in the United States in the present sense of that term. The great experiment of democracy was not far advanced, and had not developed many of its sins and dangers; yet how justly he presented them in the following description: "In our large cities, the population is godless, materialized, — no bond, no fellow-feeling, no enthusiasm. These are not men, but hungers, thirsts, fevers, and appetites walking. How is it people manage to live on, so aimless as they are? . . . There is faith in chemistry, in meat and wine, in wealth, in machinery, in the steam-engine, galvanic battery, turbine wheels, sewing-machines, and in public opinion, but not in divine causes."

In Emerson's day, luxury in the present sense had hardly been developed in our country; but he foresaw its coming, and its insidious destructiveness. "We spend our incomes for paint and paper, for a hundred trifles, I know not what, and not for the things of a man. Our expense is almost all for conformity. It is for cake that we run in debt; it is not the intellect, not the heart, not beauty, not worship, that costs us so much. Why needs any man be rich? Why must he have horses, fine garments, handsome apartments, access to public houses and places of amusement? Only for want of thought. . . . We are first thoughtless, and then find that we are moneyless. We are first sensual and then must be rich." He foresaw the young man's state of mind to-day about marriage — I must have money before I can marry; and deals with it thus: "Give us wealth and the home shall exist. But that is a very imperfect and inglorious solution of the problem, and therefore no solution. Give us wealth! You ask too much. Few have wealth; but all must have a home. Men are not born rich; in getting wealth the man is generally sacrificed, and often is sacrificed without acquiring wealth at last."

We have come to understand by experience that the opinion of masses of men is a formidable power which can be made safe and useful. In earlier days this massed opinion was either despised or dreaded; and it is dreadful if either confined or misdirected. Emerson compares it to steam. Studied, economized, and directed, steam has become the power by which all great labors are done. Like steam is the opinion of political masses! If crushed by castles, armies, and police, dangerously explosive; but if furnished with schools and the ballot, developing "the most harmless and energetic form of a state." His eyes were wide open to some of the evil intellectual effects of democracy. The individual is too apt to wear the time-worn yoke of the multitude's opinions. No multiplying of contemptible units can produce an admirable mass. "If I see nothing to admire in a unit, shall I admire a million units?" The habit of submitting to majority rule cultivates individual subserviency. He pointed out two generations ago that the action of violent political parties in a democracy might provide for the individual citizen a systematic training in moral cowardice.

It is interesting, at the stage of industrial warfare which the world has now reached, to observe how Emerson, sixty years ago, discerned clearly the absurdity of paying all sorts of service at one rate, now a favorite notion with some labor unions. He points out that even when all labor is temporarily paid at one rate, differences in possessions will instantly arise: "In one hand the dime became an eagle as it fell, and in another hand a copper cent. For the whole value of the dime is in knowing what to do with it." Emerson was never deceived by a specious philanthropy, or by claims of equality which find no support in the nature of things. He was a true democrat, but still could say: "I think I see place and duties for a nobleman in every society; but it is not to drink wine and ride in a fine coach, but to guide and adorn life for the multitude by forethought, by elegant studies, by perseverance, self-devotion, and the remembrance of the humble old friend, — by making his life secretly beautiful." How fine a picture of the democratic nobility is that!

In his lecture on Man the Reformer, which was read before the Mechanics' Apprentices' Association in Boston in January, 1841, Emerson described in the clearest manner the approaching strife between laborers and employers, between poor and rich, and pointed out the cause of this strife in the selfishness, unkindness, and mutual distrust which ran through the community. He also described, with perfect precision, the

only ultimate remedy, — namely, the sentiment of love. "Love would put a new face on this weary old world in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long. . . . The virtue of this principle in human society in application to great interests is obsolete and forgotten. But one day all men will be lovers; and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal sunshine." It is more than sixty years, since those words were uttered, and in those years society has had large experience of industrial and social strife, of its causes and consequences, and of many attempts to remedy or soften it; but all this experience only goes to show that there is but one remedy for these ills. It is to be found in kindness, good fellowship, and the affections. In Emerson's words, "We must be lovers, and at once the impossible becomes possible." The world will wait long for this remedy, but there is no other.

Like every real seer and prophet whose testimony is recorded, Emerson had intense sympathy with the poor, laborious, dumb masses of mankind, and being a wide reader in history and biography, he early arrived at the conviction that history needed to be written in a new manner. It was long before Green's History of the English People that Emerson wrote: "Hence it happens that the whole interest of history lies in the fortunes of the poor." In recent years this view of history has come to prevail, and we are given the stories of institutions, industries, commerce, crafts, arts, and beliefs, instead of the stories of dynasties and wars. For Emerson it is always feats of liberty and wit which make epochs of history. Commerce is civilizing because "the power which the sea requires in the sailor makes a man of him very fast." The invention of a house, safe against wild animals, frost, and heat, gives play to the finer faculties, and introduces art, manners, and social delights. The discovery of the post office is a fine metre of civilization. The sea-going steamer marks an epoch; the subjection of electricity to take messages and turn wheels marks another. But, after all, the vital stages of human progress are marked by steps toward personal, individual freedom. The love of liberty was Emerson's fundamental passion: —

> "For He that ruleth high and wise,
> Nor pauseth in His plan,
> Will take the sun out of the skies
> Ere freedom out of man."

The new National League of Independent Workmen of America has very appropriately taken its motto from Emerson: —

> "For what avail the plough or sail
> Or land or life, if freedom fail?"

The sympathetic reader of Emerson comes often upon passages written long ago which are positively startling in their anticipation of sentiments common to-day and apparently awakened by very recent events. One would suppose that the following passage was written yesterday. It was written fifty-six years ago. "And so, gentlemen, I feel in regard to this aged England, with the possessions, honors, and trophies, and also with the infirmities of a thousand years gathering around her, irretrievably committed as she now is to many old customs which cannot be suddenly changed; pressed upon by the transitions of trade, and new and all incalculable modes, fabrics, arts, machines, and competing populations, — I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; — indeed with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity, she has a secret vigor and a pulse like a cannon."

Before the civil war the Jew had no such place in society as he holds to-day. He was by no means so familiar to Americans as he is now. Emerson speaks twice of the Jew in his essay on Fate, in terms precisely similar to those we commonly hear to-day: "We see

how much will has been expended to extinguish the Jew, in vain. . . . The sufferance which is the badge of the Jew has made him in these days the ruler of the rulers of the earth." Those keen observations were made certainly more than forty years ago, and probably more than fifty.

Landscape architecture is not yet an established profession among us, in spite of the achievements of Downing, Cleveland, and Olmsted and their disciples; yet much has been accomplished within the last twenty-five years to realize the predictions on this subject made by Emerson in his lecture on The Young American. He pointed out in that lecture that the beautiful gardens of Europe are unknown among us, but might be easily imitated here, and said that the landscape art "is the Fine Art which is left for us. . . . The whole force of all arts goes to facilitate the decoration of lands and dwellings. . . . I look on such improvement as directly tending to endear the land to the inhabitant." The following sentence might have been written yesterday, so consistent is it with the thought of to-day: "Whatever events in progress shall go to disgust men with cities, and infuse into them the passion for country life and country pleasures, will render a service to the whole face of this continent, and will further the most poetic of all the occupations of real life, the bringing out by art the native but hidden graces of the landscape." In regard to books, pictures, statues, collections in natural history, and all such refining objects of nature and art, which heretofore only the opulent could enjoy, Emerson pointed out that in America the public should provide these means of culture and inspiration for every citizen. He thus anticipated the present ownership by cities, or by endowed trustees, of parks, gardens, and museums of art or science, as well as of baths and orchestras. Of music in particular he said: "I think sometimes could I only have music on my own terms; could I . . . know where I could go whenever I wished the ablution and inundation of musical waves, — that were a bath and a medicine." It has been a long road from that sentence, written probably in the forties, to the Symphony Orchestra in this Hall and to the new singing classes on the East Side of New York City.

For those of us who have attended to the outburst of novels and treatises on humble or squalid life, to the copious discussions on child-study, to the masses of slum literature, and to the numerous writings on home economics, how true to-day seems the following sentence written in 1837: "The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning of household life are the topics of the time."

I pass now to the last of the three topics which time permits me to discuss, — Emerson's religion. In no field of thought was Emerson more prophetic, more truly a prophet of coming states of human opinion, than in religion. In the first place, he taught that religion is absolutely natural, — not supernatural, but natural: —

> "Out from the heart of Nature rolled
> The burdens of the Bible old."

He believed that revelation is natural and continuous, and that in all ages prophets are born. Those souls out of time proclaim truth, which may be momentarily received with reverence, but is nevertheless quickly dragged down into some savage interpretation which by and by a new prophet will purge away. He believed that man is guided by the same power that guides beast and flower. "The selfsame power that brought me here brought you," he says to beautiful Rhodora. For him worship is the attitude of those "who see that against all appearances the nature of things works for truth and right forever." He saw good not only in what we call beauty, grace, and light, but

in what we call foul and ugly. For him a sky-born music sounds "from all that 's fair; from all that 's foul: " —

"'T is not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings."

The universe was ever new and fresh in his eyes, not spent, or fallen, or degraded, but eternally tending upward: —

"No ray is dimmed, no atom worn,
My oldest force is good as new,
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
Gives back the bending heavens in dew."

When we come to his interpretation of historical Christianity, we find that in his view the life and works of Jesus fell entirely within the field of human experience. He sees in the deification of Jesus an evidence of lack of faith in the infinitude of the individual human soul. He sees in every gleam of human virtue not only the presence of God, but some atom of His nature. As a preacher he had no tone of authority. A true non-conformist himself, he had no desire to impose his views on anybody. Religious truth, like all other truth, was to his thought an unrolling picture, not a deposit made once for all in some sacred vessel. When people who were sure they had drained that vessel, and assimilated its contents, attacked him, he was irresponsive or impassive, and yielded to them no juicy thought; so they pronounced him dry or empty. Yet all of Emerson's religious teaching led straight to God, — not to a withdrawn creator, or anthropomorphic judge or king, but to the all-informing, all-sustaining soul of the universe.

It was a prophetic quality of Emerson's religious teaching that he sought to obliterate the distinction between secular and sacred. For him all things were sacred, just as the universe was religious. We see an interesting fruition of Emerson's sowing in the nature of the means of influence, which organized churches and devout people have, in these later days, been compelled to resort to. Thus the Catholic Church keeps its hold on its natural constituency quite as much by schools, gymnasiums, hospitals, entertainments, and social parades as it does by its rites and sacraments. The Protestant Churches maintain in city slums "settlements," which use secular rather than the so-called sacred methods. The fight against drunkenness, and the sexual vice and crimes of violence which follow in its train, is most successfully maintained by eliminating its physical causes and providing mechanical and social protections.

For Emerson inspiration meant not the rare conveyance of supernatural power to an individual, but the constant incoming into each man of the "divine soul which also inspires all men." He believed in the worth of the present hour: —

"Future or Past no richer secret folds,
Oh friendless Present! than thy bosom holds."

He believed that the spiritual force of human character imaged the divine: —

"The sun set, but set not his hope:
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up:
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eye."

Yet man is not an order of nature, but a stupendous antagonism, because he chooses and acts in his soul. "So far as a man thinks, he is free." It is interesting to-day, after all the long discussion of the doctrine of evolution, to see how the much earlier conceptions of Emerson match the thoughts of the latest exponents of the philosophic results of evolution.

The present generation of scholars and ministers have been passing through an important crisis in regard to the sacred books of Judaism and Christianity. All the features of the contest over "the higher criticism " are foretold by Emerson in The American Scholar. "The poet chanting was felt to be a divine

man; henceforth the chant is divine also. The writer was a just and wise spirit; henceforward it is settled the book is perfect. Colleges are built on it; books are written on it. . . . Instantly the book becomes noxious; the guide is a tyrant." This is exactly what has happened to Protestantism, which substituted for infallible Pope and Church an infallible Book; and this is precisely the evil from which modern scholarship is delivering the world.

In religion Emerson was only a nineteenth-century non-conformist, instead of a fifteenth or seventeenth century one. It was a fundamental article in his creed that, although conformity is the virtue in most request, "Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist." In the midst of increasing luxury, and of that easy-going, unbelieving conformity which is itself a form of luxury, Boston, the birthplace of Emerson, may well remember with honor the generations of non-conformists who made her, and created the intellectual and moral climate in which Emerson grew up. Inevitably, to conformists and to persons who still accept doctrines and opinions which he rejected, he seems presumptuous and consequential. In recent days we have even seen the word "insolent" applied to this quietest and most retiring of seers. But have not all prophets and ethical teachers had something of this aspect to their conservative contemporaries? We hardly expect the messages of prophets to be welcome; they imply too much dissatisfaction with the present.

The essence of Emerson's teaching concerning man's nature is compressed into the famous verse: —

> "So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
> So near is God to man,
> When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
> The youth replies, I can."

The cynic or the fall-of-man theologian replies — Grandeur indeed, say rather squalor and shame. To this ancient pessimism Emerson makes answer with a hard question — "We grant that human life is mean, but how did we find out that it was mean?" To this question no straight answer has been found, the common answer running in a circle. It is hard indeed to conceive of a measure which will measure depths but not heights; and besides, every measure implies a standard.

I have endeavored to set before you some of the practical results of Emerson's visions and intuitions, because, though quite unfit to expound his philosophical views, I am capable of appreciating some of the many instances in which his words have come true in the practical experience of my own generation. My own work has been a contribution to the prosaic, concrete work of building, brick by brick, the new walls of old American institutions of education. As a young man I found the writings of Emerson unattractive, and not seldom unintelligible. I was concerned with physical science, and with routine teaching and discipline; and Emerson's thinking seemed to me speculative and visionary. In regard to religious belief, I was brought up in the old-fashioned Unitarian conservatism of Boston, which was rudely shocked by Emerson's excursions beyond its well-fenced precincts. But when I had got at what proved to be my lifework for education, I discovered in Emerson's poems and essays all the fundamental motives and principles of my own hourly struggle against educational routine and tradition, and against the prevailing notions of discipline for the young; so when I was asked to speak to you to-night about him, although I realized my unfitness in many respects for such a function, I could not refuse the opportunity to point out how many of the sober, practical undertakings of to-day had been anticipated in all their principles by this solitary, shrewd, independent thinker, who, in an inconsecutive and almost ejaculatory

way, wrought out many sentences and verses which will travel far down the generations. I was also interested in studying in this example the quality of prophets in general. We know a good deal about the intellectual ancestors and inspirers of Emerson, and we are sure that he drank deep at many springs of idealism and poetry. Plato, Confucius, Shakespeare, and Milton were of his teachers; Oken, Lamarck, and Lyell lent him their scientific theories; and Channing stirred the residuum which came down to him through his forbears from Luther, Calvin, and Edwards. All these materials he transmuted and moulded into lessons which have his own individual quality and bear his stamp. The precise limits of his originality are indeterminable, and inquiry into them would be unprofitable. In all probability the case would prove to be much the same with most of the men that the world has named prophets, if we knew as much of their mental history as we know of Emerson's. With regard to the Semitic prophets and seers, it is reasonable to expect that as Semitic exploration and discovery advance, the world will learn much about the historical and poetical sources of their inspiration. Then the Jewish and Christian peoples may come nearer than they do now to Emerson's conceptions of inspiration and worship, of the naturalness of revelation and religion, and of the infinite capacities of man. Meantime, it is an indisputable fact that Emerson's thought has proved to be consonant with the most progressive and fruitful thinking and acting of two generations since his working time. This fact, and the sweetness, fragrance, and loftiness of his spirit, prophesy for him an enduring power in the hearts and lives of spiritually minded men.

Charles W. Eliot.

"GIVE ME NOT LOVE."

Give me not love which would inthrall
  A spirit panting to be free;
But give me love which more than all
  Would find it sweet to soar with me!
The bird that close to earth doth cling,
May, darkling, be content to sing,
But full the sunlight shines afar —
And there be heights where eagles are.

Give me not love which hour by hour,
  Like to the rose, doth pale its hue;
But love still constant as the flower
  Which opens to each morn anew:
Not love which, shadowed by the tomb,
A little space doth languid bloom,
But love which draws its deeper breath
From altitudes that know not death.

Florence Earle Coates.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

How Mr. Emerson Took It.

ACCORDING to Goethe, doughty Götz von Berlichingen of the Iron Hand contrived to get on famously with a metallic substitute for his quondam member of bone, sinew, and nerve. But, then, Götz was not a piano virtuoso like Paderewski with no other gift but to trill with his fingers as Shelley's skylark with its throat. Now hereby hangs my tale, a little reminiscence of an evening spent with Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Probably everybody who is subject to the peculiar creepy nervous sensation called "goose flesh" comes by it and its results in his own individual way. For one, I confess to especial liability to attacks of the kind at concerts, where the shivering thrills set running along the nerves by certain wails of the violin seem to fall into kindred vibration with those precipitated by a draft of cold air from a suddenly opened door. While listening enraptured to the rippling musical wavelets and rolling billows of a player like Paderewski, all at once by some diabolic "cantraip" of atomic escapade my imagination is whirled off to a spectacle of veritable tragedy. For example, it is a raw and gusty March night outside. Whew! how the wind blows and drives the snow! Then in a trice I seem to see the weird magician himself as all alone, the concert over and the audience gone, he is making his way across the lower vestibule to go out on to the street. Just as with might and main he pushes open the great door, there comes a violent blast and, as he seizes with both hands the ponderous lid, it slams to. And there! there! there! those magic hands a crushed and mangled mass of bone and flesh. Paderewski gone forever! His soul itself lies mangled there. Ah! the tragic is never the tragic till it drives home its shaft to the one central seat of irremediable loss and pain. How will the poor victim be able to bear up against so annihilating a blow? Other men's hands and mutilations can be replaced; some seemingly as easily as a wrenched-off lobster's claw. But then the lobster will never be called on for a delicately sensitive interpretation of a Chopin Nocturne. But that Paderewski's magic hand should thus be exposed to the mercy of an insensate blast of wind, there lies, if not the irony of fate, at least the "tears of things."

It was, then, under full liability to this especial infirmity of the flesh already described, and to its imaginative vagaries, that some years ago I set out to spend the evening and night at the Emerson house in Concord. I had not seen Mr. Emerson for several years, and had learned that meanwhile he had been sorely visited home by the disease of aphasia, or incapacity to call up words. He, the magician of words, with Prospero's wand to summon the Ariels of the sky or the Calibans of the muck-swamp before our eyes, thus broken in his hands! It seemed nothing less tragic than the destruction of Turner's miraculous color-sense, dooming him to paint his Fighting Téméraire with all the prismatic tints and dyes on his palette now indistinguishable from so many drabs. How could he bear up under such an infliction! He, to whom the breaking on his mind of a single happy word in which to incarnate his idea had often been enough to glorify a whole day! A-Phasia, no speech, and to such a revealer! It must be tantamount to A-Theism, no God, to a rapt saint.

Even for all I knew of Mr. Emerson's old-time serenity, I did not, therefore, see how it could prove otherwise but that I should find him dejected, humiliated, even rebellious in spirit over a fate that had struck so wanton a blow at the dignity of a man dowered with so

high a commission. Besides, I was too well up in the story of literary and artistic calamities to be misled by any surface show either of seeming cheerfulness or of Stoic triumph. Milton's sonnet on his blindness! Yes, I had read that with its trumpet blast of resolve to "bate no jot of hope or faith, but still bear up and steer right onward." But I had equally read his Samson Agonistes, and listened awestruck to the wails of agony and despair blindness had wrung from him. And so I fairly dreaded a close interview which should inevitably expose the infirmity of a man at whose feet I had reverentially sat for years, pondering his every freighted word.

Mr. Emerson was always a surprise from the first hour in which he dawned on New England. But the climax of his surprises must, I think, have come to those who talked with him in the days of his aphasia. Thousands have laughed over his transcendentally humorous retort to the Second Advent apostle who tried to appall him with the assurance that the destruction by fire of the whole material world was immediately at hand: "Well, I don't see why we should n't contrive to get on just about as well without it!" I bear authentic witness to the fact that during a full hour's talk with him that evening the predominant impression left on my mind was, "Well, were the whole complex vocabulary of human speech destroyed, I don't see why — so far as peace of mind is concerned — we should n't be about as well off without language as with it." The native sweetness of Mr. Emerson's nature revealed itself at every turn. There was no trace of sense of humiliation or wounded pride; neither any trace of enforced resignation or resolve to master repining or grief. Aphasia was taken as naturally and serenely as a midsummer moonlight row on Concord River.

Perfectly evident was it that Mr. Emerson's intellect was as clear as ever. He thought connectedly, and, in his mind's eye, saw distinctly the shades of idea and feeling and of object and imagery he wanted to present, only that ever and anon the requisite word or epithet obstinately refused to come to the rescue. To offer one or two examples of this! He was giving me, for instance, an account of a recent visit to Montreal, and it was in this way he proceeded: "I was called on by the — by the — how do you name the principal personage of a city?" "The mayor?" I suggested. "Yes, the mayor! He came in an open barouche to take me the famous drive round the Mountain. After a while the — the — the — how do you call what stores up water till it is suddenly — suddenly — what shall I say? not squeezed out?" "A sponge!" I said. "No, no," with the sweetest of smiles and a sweeping motion of the hand up to the sky. "The clouds, perhaps!" "Yes, the clouds began to roll up and threaten rain. I had forgotten to take with me my — my — my — by the way, what is that people always borrow and never return?" "Umbrella?" "Yes, umbrella," and so on and on throughout the conversation. Perception, humor, vivid interest in persons and scenery, all were plainly on the alert within. But the word in which to embody these continually failed. While, as everybody recognizes, the inmost philosophical essence of the umbrella was thus intellectually grasped, the mere empirical designation of its silk, stick, and whalebone would not turn up.

I fairly marveled at the composure and genial patience of a mind of such calibre. The habit of a lifetime thus dislodged, the free flow of expression which had been his perpetual joy thus dammed back, one would have looked for inevitable gestures of impatience or annoyance. Indeed, the situation was at first very trying to me personally. The idea of my sitting there, supplying from my beggarly vocabulary words to Mr. Emerson, struck me as a trifle too

much like carting quartz pebbles to the diamond mines of Golconda. But each word — mayor, cloud, umbrella, — no matter what — was received with as gracious courtesy as though it had been the veritable Kohinoor.

Later on in the conversation, I asked Mr. Emerson about the hygienic rules he, as a student, had found most conducive to health and power of work. "At what time of day have you found it best to take your principal meal?" This query seemed to cause him especial trouble. He was ill at numbers, and the dial plate of the clock evidently suggested as recondite problems as the cycles and epicycles of Hipparchus. The way, however, in which he extricated himself from the dilemma was psychologically very interesting, as revealing how entirely logical was the idea in his brain in its struggle with the clogged channels of expression. "I have always been accustomed," he replied, "to take my principal meal at — at — at — o'clock." The blank, however, he could not fill. So, composedly spreading the fingers of his left hand, and manipulating them with the forefinger of his right, he began audibly a process of counting. "At twelve, eleven, ten o'clock! Yes, at ten o'clock my principal meal!" Then feeling that somehow he had not hit the right number, he smiled an amused smile and triumphantly began to reverse the process of calculation. "No, at twelve, thirteen, fourteen o'clock! At fourteen o'clock, I have taken my principal meal." With this outcome he was perfectly satisfied. The oddity of the number fourteen never struck him. What he had aimed to get at was two hours from noon, and seeing his mistake in at first trying his method backwards, he genially smiled and tried it forwards.

I record these instances simply to emphasize the beauty of spirit revealed in Mr. Emerson. Here was a man who did not seem to belong to the ordinary category of humanity, but to be lifted above its usual infirmities. No trace of the grief, despondency, sense of indignity to which age is so often a prey, but in their place an inexpressible sweetness of serenity. He had won fame and been courted all over the civilized world. Yet now a new divine depth seemed to me to nestle down into the word, "Except you become as a little child, you shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom." Certainly not into this kingdom! And all so naturally.

> "It is time to be old,
> To take in sail."

Why not! — as much as to be born, to love, to marry, to take the world captive. Here before my eyes was the living commentary on his wonderful poem of old age, Terminus: —

> "As the bird trims her to the gale,
> I trim myself to the storm of time,
> I man the rudder, reef the sail,
> Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime;
> 'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
> Right onward drive unharmed;
> The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
> And every wave is charmed.'"

Emerson's Esteem for Thoreau.

In view of the observance of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Emerson, it has occurred to me that the Contributors' Club might be disposed to publish an interesting letter from the poet philosopher, which he sent to me from his Concord home on January 22, 1877. When I was a much younger man than I am now, I wrote, and had printed in one of the magazines, an essay on Emerson and his writings and platform addresses, in which I was injudicious enough to underrate Thoreau and his work. Since then, of course, my opinion of that remarkable genius has undergone much change, and I have read and re-read him with growing pleasure and profit. Even his eccentricities have for me a charm of their own, which is quite distinct. With this brief introduction, the letter may follow: —

Dear Sir, — I have to thank you for the very friendly notice of myself which

I find in your monthly magazine, which I ought to have acknowledged some days ago. The tone of it is courtly and kind, and suggests that the writer is no stranger to Boston and its scholars. In one or two hints, he seems to me to have been misinformed. The only pain he gives me is in his estimate of Thoreau, whom he underrates. Thoreau was a superior genius. I read his books and manuscripts always with new surprise at the range of his topics and the novelty and depth of his thought. A man of large reading, of quick perception, of great practical courage and ability, — who grew greater every day, and, had his short life been prolonged, would have found few equals to the power and wealth of his mind. By the death recently, in Bangor, Maine, of his sister, Miss Sophia Thoreau, his manuscripts (which fill a large trunk) have been bequeathed to H. G. O. Blake, Esq., of Worcester, Mass., one of his best friends, and who, I doubt not, will devote himself to the care and the publication of some of these treasures.

When your journeys lead you to Boston, it would give me pleasure to have a card from you of your address.

With kind regards,

R. W. Emerson.

The Plaint of a Decadent Town.

In our village we have been reading The Regeneration of Rural New England, and we are very low in our minds. There is no doubt whatever but that we are a decadent town, — a coast, not a hill town, to be sure, but that makes no difference. Do not houses rent with us for fifty dollars a year, whenever they rent at all? And did not one of our fellow citizens leave his ancestral home to the owls and bats, who could fly down through the hole in the top of it while he took out the chimney for the sake of the bricks? After this we hardly need to confess that our minister, who gets six hundred a year according to the requirements of the Home Missionary Society, is under bonds to put one dollar of it back into the contributors' box every Sunday, but perhaps it is as well to have the worst out at once. And the trouble is that, even after reading Mr. Hartt's excellent articles, we have not the slightest idea what to do about it. "Go ye forth," he says to such as we, "and persuade a social settlement to take up its residence amongst you, or get ye hence into the place of departed townships;" but we are Yankees and practical, and we cannot forget that while our soil is perfectly adapted to the cultivation of nothing but turnips (the poorer the soil the better the turnip), their price is but thirty-five cents a bushel, and the freight thereon fifteen cents to our nearest market. We fear that the settlement farm would not soon grow rich on that basis.

Perhaps the worst feature of our situation is that our hearts are still unregenerate and fail to respond to such efforts as have been made for our redemption. There was the real estate speculator, whose idea was to cut up our hills and shore into fifty-feet lots with a neat matched-board cottage in the centre of each one. It was undoubtedly a noble and progressive ideal, but such is our perversity that we could not help feeling glad when we found out that he had no money with which to realize it. Then there is our multi-millionaire. He was born in the next town, and his childhood's friend lives in ours, so he takes an interest in us; but at present he seems to feel that our one great need is piazzas, and he has bought up an extraordinary number of empty houses and clapped those appendages on them all. Probably they will bring us wealth and prosperity, but as we built our own house recently without a piazza, we, at least, cannot be expected to sympathize with his diagnosis of our case. Indeed, we have a good deal of fellow feeling with the mother of Aladdin, who, as you will remember, never took any solid satisfaction in her son's genie, because she thought one never can

be quite sure what such an all-powerful individual may do next. That is the way with a multi-millionaire in a small town. The day we went out and found that this piazza epidemic had broken out all over our peaceful village, we sympathized not only with Aladdin's mother, but even more acutely with his unfortunate father-in-law, the Sultan of Cathay, who is said to have opened his chamber window one morning and found that a brand-new palace had sprung up during the night and was cutting off all his view. On such occasions we wonder sadly why all the things that are good for us have to be so disagreeable, and we cry with the impassioned poet of our childhood, —

"'Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,'

and keep all these admirable improvements for the benefit of the next generation." But that, of course, only proves more clearly than ever that we are decadent.

There are our summer boarders, too. There could not possibly be a pleasanter set of summer boarders than we have. They talk to us with the greatest good fellowship all the summer through on gardening and preserving, the making of wines and jellies, and the qualities of our stock, and they even write to us during the winter on these subjects. But to go farther, even with the best of wills, does not seem to be as easy as the critic fondly fancies. One kind and genial visitor subscribed to Harper's Magazine for us, and was very happy thinking how much we should enjoy it. But Harper's that year did not cater to the sons of the soil; we thought it was all nonsense, and after the first we did not waste the time to cut the leaves. Another gave us Puck; but we must confess that we did not see the point of the jokes. Still another gave us a sensational newspaper, and we liked that very much, but we had awful fears that it was not good for us. In our hearts we like books like Barabbas and In His Steps better than any others, and when our summer boarders tell us that this is not the highest class of literature, we do not in the least know what they mean. They tell us, too, that we ought each to get interested in some one topic, and study that, and they have worked hard to get us a little library whose catalogue is always greatly admired by our visitors. They call it "an excellent assortment," but for some reason or other when we have got interested in a subject we never find there exactly the books we need to pursue it. We seem to be all in the same case as the little girl whom one of our summer boarders interested in butterflies last year. She went to the library and tried to find a book about them, but there was none. The librarian gave her a charming volume on birds, which she thought would do as well; but, as the little girl aptly remarked, "Butterflies ain't birds."

Every one says that visiting in the city is an excellent specific for the cure of decadence. One of our neighbors visited her son in Somerville last winter, and when she came home she began to do over her sitting-room. We waited in eager expectation until it was finished, and then we went to see it. She had a red plush "set," and a tapestry carpet in faded colors; the woodwork was of that jaundiced color known as "hard wood finish," and a wealth of shellac atoned for the dearth of grain; a brass lamp with pink paper roses on its shade decorated the table, and there was an easel in one corner with a picture mercifully veiled by a silkalene scarf. We had to confess that we were deeply disappointed, and we were glad to get out of that room and into Aunt Mercy's little sitting-room across the road, where there is not a picture or a piece of furniture which is not at least fifty years old. We glanced at the dear old daguerreotypes on the walls, at the two blushing ladies in hoop skirts curtsying to us from the top of the old-fashioned mirror, and at Miss Mercy herself rocking peacefully in her big chair,

with the feather cushions puffing comfortably up around her, and her patchwork on her knee, and we began to wonder whether, after all, we were doing so badly in keeping out of the world for a while, just until our class in it had progressed beyond the stage of shellac and silkalene scarfs.

All this does not mean that we do not want a social settlement. Certainly not; nothing would please us better. But we really do not see any opening for one just yet, and we are puzzled about what to do.

An Appendix to Bacon.

I HAVE often thought that Lord Bacon might have known even more about revenge than he did, if he had observed it in children. For, being a kind of "wild justice," its features are clearest before they have been blurred by the conventions of a society wherein justice is supposed to have been tamed, if not actually domesticated.

Instances of the juvenile type have attracted my notice from time to time, and I am moved to record three of them, for the use of some future philosopher.

One was a scheme planned by a practical-minded little boy, to take effect against his mother. He spent one entire afternoon, and enlisted the services of his friends, in making what he called "dirt-traps" along the garden walk, — a system of simple levers so arranged that any person who passed would strike the foot against one end of a stick, making the other end fly up and fling a little bunch of earth into his face. Of course the person passing was to be the unnatural mother; after so much industry on his part, Providence would surely take care of that. I forget whether Providence did, but as I look back, I like the boy's attitude of mind. He has since become a scientist, with a good grasp of the concrete.

Of quite another type was the revenge carried out by a little girl I knew. She had a big brother who teased, and a bigger brother who did n't, because he was too big. Now and then she could pay back some of her scores, but the accumulation of those unpaid touched her soul with gloom. At last the children gave a play, wherein she, as the Princess Ariel, rejected Prince Percival (big brother) and eloped with a poor suitor (bigger brother). At a certain point in the play Percival was repulsed with the words, "I spurn thee, villain! hence! away!" During the rehearsals it was suggested by the coach that the princess might accentuate her scorn by touching the kneeling youth with the toe of her slipper. She did so, gently, tasting the pleasure of this new kind of revenge. But on the night of the performance, excitement unseated such powers of restraint as a short life had furnished her with; the wild justice burst forth, and the gilt-slippered little foot did not gently spurn, it hotly kicked. The princely lover, unprepared, tumbled over on his side and rolled beautifully "down centre." The audience applauded such spirited acting, and perhaps only one of those present guessed how in that moment the wrongs of years had been wiped out by a vengeance that was satisfying because at once public, concrete, and symbolic.

But that which I admire most of all was planned by a little country boy — he became a successful city man — whose heart was filled with bitterness toward his schoolteacher. Not for him were the crass forms of immediate retaliation, but at recess, as he ate his apple, he thought, and the gray eyes grew dark and intent. The apple was eaten, but the seeds — ah, they were shut tight in the small fist until an unmolested moment came. Then each little brown speck was carefully pushed under the edge of the schoolhouse and jammed down, by black-nailed fingers, into the earth. The boy went back to his books, but the poet's brain behind the gray eyes saw into the years to come, — saw the unrighteous teacher still at her desk, the hateful little schoolhouse still standing, while, outside,

those little seeds were bursting, rooting downward, and stretching upward; saw the young shoots gaining strength, bracing and straining at the house timbers, till they stirred and cracked; saw the house wrenched and tottering, the teacher grasping her reeling desk, and then — ruins, with blooming apple trees rising in triumph over them!

And meantime, the gray eyes were bent on the book, content to wait until the future should right the past. Magnificent!

A "Now" Descriptive of a Damp Day.

"A FRIEND," says Leigh Hunt in beginning one of his most engaging essays,—"a friend tells us that having written a 'Now' descriptive of a hot day, we ought to write another descriptive of a cold one; and we accordingly do so." One delights to think that this friend was Keats, and the pleasant hypothesis is more than possibly correct, as may be seen by the following extract from Hunt's Autobiography: "The paper that was most liked by Keats, if I remember, was the one on a hot summer's day, entitled 'A Now.' He was with me when I was writing it and reading it to him [*sic*], and contributed one or two of the passages." Ah, which? We do not know for certain; yet it is easy to put a finger on precisely — and only — two bits that have distinct Keatsian quality. Look — and let the mind's ear listen: "Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat." And again: "Now a green lane . . . thick-set with hedgerow elms, and having the noise of a brook 'rumbling in pebble-stone,' is one of the pleasantest things in the world." Perhaps, too, it was Keats who brought the "plate of strawberries" that put an end to the writing.

There is no inspiring friend at *my* elbow; yet it is my whim to attempt still another "Now," a damp-day "Now." I *may* not achieve a companion piece to Hunt's little miracles of word-work, but I mean at any rate to put a dash of the antique and the right British into my literary manner, in memory of the classic "Nows."

Now then — which phrase is indeed, as Hunt hath it, "fit only for the delicious moments of a gentleman about to crack his bottle, or to run away with a lady, or to open a dance, or to carve a turkey and chine, or to pelt snow-balls, or to commit some other piece of ultra-vivacity [like the present] such as excuses a man from the nicer proprieties of language," — Now then —

Now, when, getting up in the morning, you thrust a bare, warm foot into a morocco-lined slipper, you wince as if you had stepped on a frog. Now sponges have not dried overnight and are odious in consequence. Now your linen laid ready when you went to bed, upon a chair by the open window, is so damp that you must get out everything again; which takes time, for a drawer sticks, and has to be coaxed open, end by end, until, losing patience, you give it a vicious jerk and it comes out with disconcerting abruptness.

Now the morning paper requires to be aired twice as long as usual. Now the elderly gentleman, adjusting his spectacles, issues from his doorway to consult the barometer; stooping over with an outspread hand resting on the front of each leg just above the knee, he peers at the mercury sulking near the bottom of the tube. Now rims of salt-cellars, whereon salt has been spilt, are moist, and sugar refuses to be sprinkled. Now, as you attempt to rise from breakfast, your chair sticks on the rug; the sound it makes when it *does* move gives you spinal shivers. Now plants watered yesterday afternoon still have dark circles about their roots. Now

> "The maid . . . in the garden hanging out the clothes"

thinks the "wash" will never dry. Now — in the lyrical phrase of Mr. Browning — "John's corns ail;" and neuralgia pounces upon its victims; and dear old

Dr. W., merriest martyr that ever sciatica twisted, greets little Miss Lindsay, who has run in to ask after his health, with an "Ah, my dear! Pray excuse my not rising. The villain has me on the hip this morning."

Now horses driven up to roadside watering-troughs merely snuff at the water; then, lifting their heads, gaze abstractedly off into the landscape, until the driver, impatient at having wasted his time, starts them up again with a jerk. Now smoke rises lazily out of chimneys. Now odors, as of Araby the curst, emanate from antique rugs, and one small balsam-pillow makes a whole room redolent of the forest primeval.

Now shepherds, finding the wool of their flocks limp and soft, prognosticate yet thicker weather. Now the sky is all gray, having, however, to the seeing eye, a hundred exquisite, subtle tones; a luminous blur marks the position of the sun. Now, notwithstanding one's approval of the prevailing grays, one delights in a bit of color here and there, — a child's red frock, a bunch of nasturtiums, best of all a bonfire.

Now the city is smokier and sootier than ever; and Jones, meeting Robinson with a smudge on his nose, is mightily amused, and wonders what Robinson was grinning at, confound him! — until he himself encounters a mirror. Now it is warm, and the atmosphere suggests the steam-room of a Turkish bath, and people say to one another, "It 's the dampness that makes the heat so oppressive;" or it is chill and you feel as if you were in a cellar, and the universal opinion is that one would n't mind the cold, were it not so detestably raw. Now artificial ringlets uncurl, and natural ones twine the tighter; and ostrich feathers look forlorn; and starched cuffs and collars "wilt;" and fashionable creases vanish from trousers, and unfashionable ones appear; and wooden walks and steps are slippery; and whistles sound asthmatic; and the fishmonger's looks quite as unpleasant as did a similar establishment, on Hunt's cold day; and any person who has been taking active exercise feels almost like what Mr. Mantalini threatened to become. ("'I shall be . . . a demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body!' exclaimed Mr. Mantalini.") Now rust doth corrupt; and cheap gilt tarnishes; and seamstresses bless the man who invented emeries; and we wonder what Aunt Penelope's nerves are made of, that she can sit there knitting silk thread with steel needles. Now, likewise, the butler or housemaid regrets having burnished the silver yesterday, and deems it folly to rub the brasses to-day. Now, on the other hand, the amateur of old copper hangs enraptured over his verdigrised treasures. Now is the confectioner complacent, his week-old wares being scarce distinguishable from fresh ones. Now the print-collector thinks apprehensively of his portfolios, and the housewife of her jam-pots; and biscuit grow soft, and cheese grows fuzzy; and ill-seasoned doors and window-sashes are too tight in their frames; and stringed instruments get out of tune; and woe to the tennis or ping-pong racquet left lying about! Now the ink on our pen stays wet while we are thinking what to say next, contrary to its irritating custom in dry weather. Now there seems to be an extraordinary number of cobwebs and little cottony cocoons sticking, in out-of-the-way corners, on the outside of the house. Now Pamela, packing her box to pay a visit, laments aloud, prophesying the ruin of her finery; whereupon the family punster remarks that she will at least be able to display several new wrinkles.

Now, as evening comes on, you want (unless the weather is *very* warm) a bit of a blaze on the hearth, to dry the air and to look bright. Now matches will not take fire at the first stroke; and lighted windows across the way show as mere yellow parallelograms in the fog, the outlines of the houses to which they

belong being invisible; and my lady, dressing to dine out, decides not to wear the tulle bodice; and drivers are continually shouting, "Look out there!" and narrowly escaping collisions, and interchanging retrospective profanity with the other fellow; and quite sober citizens go up the wrong doorsteps; and 't is to be hoped the housemaid will not turn down the sheets long before bedtime.

The Curious Impertinent.

For several years past there have been published in various periodicals articles devoted to telling one half of the world how the other half lives. One young man becomes a tramp, and goes up and down the highways and byways, arrayed in false rags, deceiving the tramps into confidences, and the timid or kindly housewives into mistaken charity. Another youth graduates from college, and masquerades as an unskilled laborer, toiling at tasks for which all his ancestry and education have rendered him unfit, and making his aching muscles the theme of his marketable copy. Three women, promptly following suit, become respectively working-woman, factory operative, and domestic servant, and record in detail their sordid experiences in the depths whereto they plunge. And all these have, they believe, found their inspiration in the nobler motives.

One might fairly question the good of it all. Were the inquiries worth making? If worth making, was the method of inquiry well chosen to secure valuable results? To answer both these questions, it is enough to refer the student of social conditions to the published results of the several experiments. Let them be carefully edited down to their residuum of *novel* facts, and you shall find but a thimbleful of actuality strained out of a barrelful of good "copy." For we will admit it all good copy and excellent magazine stuffing, well seasoned and put skillfully together. But need we dive so deep to learn that tramps are lazy, talk thieves' lingo, and beat the railroads at every opportunity? or to be assured that the girls employed in factories dress absurdly, and do not read the classics in their leisure hours? or that some mistresses are kind and considerate of their servants, while others are the reverse?

I claim that not only are these quests fruitless and mischievous, but that if they were of the utmost value and of twenty-fold the interest, they are still unjustifiable, because they are deceitful and dishonest. No man or woman has a right to force a way into the affairs of others, or by deceitful pretense of social equality to obtain information not otherwise to be acquired. It is an infringement of personal rights.

Let us take the matter home to ourselves. Let us imagine an employee of some great mill or factory to be commissioned by fellow laborers to enact the part of a "society man," and having the education and breeding to fit him to escape detection. He obtains in disguise the right to social equality, cultivates the acquaintance of the owners of the factory, and, being a clever writer, gives his fellow operatives a fair and unvarnished account of the way in which the mill-owner and his family expend the profits derived from the labor of himself and his fellow laborers in the mills. He might, in some cases, make copy fairly comparable to that afforded by similar study of the home life of the working folk. Possibly, the comparison might not be all in favor of Mr. and Mrs. Dives and their offspring. But that is not the question. What we ask is what Mr. and Mrs. Dives and their friends would think of their clever employee. Would they invite him again to dinner, or again offer him the spare seat in their automobile? Or do you imagine that they might have a strange and unaccountable feeling that he had not been quite the true gentleman they had invited to their home? And would it have made so very much difference if the Dives family had lived in an apartment house, or in a flat, or even

in a boarding-house? And yet, what is the essential difference whether the party spied upon is Mr. Dives or his workwoman, Miss Lazarus? If either is to be protected against the inquisitive reporter, let it be the helpless poor, rather than the rich. If either has any right or reason to conceal the private life, it is more likely to be the poor worker than the rich and prominent owner.

Between Sizes.

It had been lurking vaguely in the background of consciousness for a long time, like a decomposed thing trying to gather itself together. And the tailor did it. I knew, as I looked into his complex eye, that I was on the eve of an event. I felt, as Celia Thaxter felt, the Something about to Happen when the red-headed, cross-eyed elevator boy asked in doomful accents, "Are you ready?"

I looked again at the tailor. He, too, had eyes which were trying to embrace all the universe in one glance. I felt he held me in the hollow of his hand. His lips opened, and he said in tones fraught with teleological awfulness, "You are between sizes." The truth was known. It had come at last. My destiny was sealed. The tailor had said it. I was between sizes!

The fact that a little padding here and there would set me right in the eyes of an undiscriminating world was of no consolation to me. My body might be fixed up on the lines of a fashion-plate, but *myself* — my real ego — was, I knew, between sizes. I had felt it dimly for years, but now I saw no more through a glass darkly.

Wearily I dragged myself out of the tailor's cramped shop, and sought the coolness of the Gardens in their spring array of flaunting tulips. There, seated on one of the benches full of humanity between sizes, I drew in deep breaths of sweet spring air, and gave myself to retrospection in the midst of the new life around me.

My brain was soon disposed of. Obviously a thing that could conceive the absurdities that my brain had conceived was not wholly blameworthy. It was only between sizes. That I had failed to write the novel which in the planning was so subtle, so typical, so everything it ought to be, merging finally into a monstrosity of literary style, — which was a cross between that of Mrs. Humphry Ward and that of Charlotte M. Braeme, — was not strange. What else could the poor brain do?

And my heart — why was it that it beat so passionately when it should be gay, and so flippantly when it should be sad? Why did it open itself so utterly to the need of one, and become dull and dead to the cry of one more worthy, perhaps? There were a dozen poor human things pressing close, to which it gave not one response of sympathy; and yet there in the crowd, so closed in upon that it required effort to find her out, was a girl with a light in her eyes that set every feeling found in love for humanity burning with ceaseless fire.

No; I was not even that which in the last extremity one is usually called; — I was not "good-hearted." My heart, too, was between sizes.

The Teacher in District No. 3.

His name was E. Y. Savage. He came originally from a small college somewhere in Maine. His methods, as I look back on them, were those of genius. The school in District No. 3 under a succession of dry-as-dust principals had degenerated, and the new committee, entering proudly into office, had declared that the coming year should see a change. They wrote boldly to a New York agency. The concrete result was E. Y. Savage. He arrived one windy day in September driving a little nondescript horse attached to a light sulky. He explained that he had to take exercise, and that he was especially fond of this little mare. Later, when it was discovered — with the accompaniment

of misplaced dollars — that the little mare's paces were far from nondescript, the preference was understood.

Mr. Savage engaged board at the most expensive place in town, and took a seat for the year in the First Church. These preliminaries arranged, he settled down to the steady business of enlivening the school in District No. 3. His methods, as I have intimated, were unique. Under preceding instructors, we had ground away at arithmetic in orderly fashion. Beginning each term where we had left off the term before, we had worked drudgingly through rule and application. We had seasons of review and examination. The dim hope that we should some time reach the last page of Greenleaf's Practical had never consciously appealed to us. It was too remote and shadowy. Without enthusiasm, therefore, we heard the first command of the new campaign, "Take your slates and arithmetics." We filed into the small recitation room, filling it to the last bench. The Savage — as we soon learned to call him — placed his armchair across the doorway. Arranging his slippered feet against the door-casing, he opened a book and proceeded to teach arithmetic. The method had no apparent sequence or order. Example and rule, application and answer, chased each other from seat to seat. We came out dazed, but alert. Faint glimmerings of practical application floated before our blinking eyes.

"Gymnastics" was the next order. We marched and counter-marched to the tune of a wheezy old organ, heretofore consecrated to morning worship. It was a little backward, at first, like the rest of us, in catching this new pace. Our exercise the first day must have been entirely "free-hand." Later, wands, rings, and dumb-bells found their way up the stairs. The gymnastic hour became an escape valve for energy generated in the small recitation room. The term "gymnastics" covered many forms of exercise. It included a figure very like a quadrille, and approached at times what, in evening dress, might have resembled a waltz.

Each morning we were marshaled into the little room. Instead of devoting a fraction of a day to each study, we worked all day on the same subject. Even the dullard of the class was cornered and educated. If he failed too ignominiously, a particularly bright little girl would be summoned from the primary room. She would peep shyly in, frightened, and more than half pleased. The Savage would explain very carefully and gravely the point at issue and demand "what the answer was and how she got it?" The prodigy would recite in a high bashful treble. The Savage would chuckle, pat her on the head, and send her back to her books with an injunction not to grow too fast; and we would return to arithmetic.

What caused Mr. Savage to sever his connection with District No. 3 I have never known. Three eventful years he ruled over us. Two years in succession pupils went from our high school to college, a thing never before known in the history of the town. But at last something happened. It may have been fate. It may have been the little mare. Mr. Savage drove away from District No. 3, leaving only a breezy memory and a sense of gratitude. As years have passed the gratitude has deepened that for three years, at least, education in District No. 3 had a little wholesome neglect.

ODE.

[Read at Symphony Hall, Boston, on the Eve of the Centenary of the Birth of Emerson, May 24, 1903.]

Not on slight errands come the Immortals;
Loud the alarum; they burst the portals,
Bringing new ages,
Saints, poets, sages;
They rend, they trample;
Their power is ample
To do great deeds and tasks unshared,
That only the single soul has ever dared.
In them, and what they can,
Is the greatness of man.

O City, set amid the bloom and brine
Of bowery summer by her Northern seas,
Sweet is thy azure morn, thy blowing breeze;
But deeplier our lives with thee entwine;
And as young children at their mother's knees
Gaze on her face, such loveliness is thine;
For half their eyes behold, and half their hearts divine,
And their dropt lids adore the unseen throne;
So has our boyhood known
The heavenly glory felt in greatness gone
That in its native fields long lingers on:
Blest feet that walked thy ancient ways,
And edged with light thy morning days;
Forms that along thy ice-bound shore
The sword and lamp in each hand bore;
Who build one age, and hew the next,
While Freedom hoards each gospel text.
Through lowly lives the frugal centuries roll
And each rude cradle holds a child of God;
Long generations nurse the new-born soul,
And show the shining track the Saviour trod.
So from that first and famous race
Who smote the rock whence poured this stream of years,
Came forth the bloom of prayer and flower of grace
Whose incense sweeter in the sons appears.

O Mother-state, white with departing May,
A hundred Mays depart; this beauty aye
Streams from thy breasts, a thousand children owning
Whose lives are made the scriptures of thy youth,
And foremost he, whose prophet voice intoning
With pointing finger read God's primal truth.
From sire to son was stored the sacred seed;
Age piled on age to meet a nation's need;
Till the high natal hour,
Rounding to perfect power,
On climbing centuries borne,
Found genius' height sublime,

And set a star upon the front of time,
That spreads, as far as sunset flames, thy spiritual morn.

O boon, all other gifts above
That loads our veins with power, with love,
Joyful is birth wherever mothers are,
Since over Bethlehem stood the children's star!
Ever by that transcendent sign
The budding boy is born divine;
Infinity into his being flows
As if all nature flowered in one rose;
A million blooms suffuse the fragrant hills,
And, look! a manhood race our emerald valleys fills!

I see great cities stand,
Mothers of equal men,
Each leading by the hand
A multitude immense, sweet to command,
Her clinging broods; the tool, the book, the pen,
Letters and arts whereby a man may live,
To each child she doth give,
And with fraternity she binds all fast,
Honoring the spark of God; she cherisheth
The mighty flame to be her blood and breath,
And her immortal pinion over death;
For as these little ones shall fare, her fates are cast.

A manhood race! we are not children now,
Fronting the fates with knit imperial brow,—
Lords over Nature; fast her mystic reign
Fades in the finer mystery of the brain,
That now with intellect and will informs
Her clashing atoms and her wandering storms;
Deep in the sphere the mighty magic plies;
Darkness has fled from matter; from the skies
Space has departed; the invisible
Pestilence shivers in life's ultimate cell;
While continents divide like Egypt's sea,
And the still ocean-floors wonder what thought may be.
And better in the human strife
We labor blest, the lords of life,
Blending the many-nationed race
Where God through all mankind has poured the torrent of His grace.
Bright in our midst His Mercy-seat
Throngs with innumerable feet;
Nor hath He made their multitude complete;
And where the human storm terrific rears
Above the flying land,
One word the throne of heaven hears
That all tongues understand:
America, they whisper low
As down through flame and blood they go
To the pale ocean strand;
Nor once, nor twice, this rising coast appears

Beneath its heaven-streaming torch illumed,
Man's ark of safety on the flood of years;
There have we clothed them naked, and there fed
On Freedom's loaf, whose blessed bread,
Forever multiplied and unconsumed,
As if the Master's voice still in it spoke
Our hands have to uncounted millions broke;
There have we wiped away a whole world's tears.
Wide as the gates of life, let stand our gates,
Nor them deny whom God denied not birth;
Nor, though we house all outcasts of the earth,
Christ being within our city, fear the fates!

O birthright found the sweetest
That in our blood began!
O manhood-faith found fleetest
Of all the faiths of man!
We own the one great Mother
Who first the man-child bore,
And every man a brother
Who wears the form Christ wore.

Such mighty voices murmured round our youth,
Souls dedicated to immortal toil;
And, battle-bound, the fiery wings of truth
Sublime swept past us o'er the sacred soil;
So loud a morn was to our childhood given,
And mixed with flashes out of heaven
Pealing words our spirits shook,
And awful forms with superhuman look, —
Our cradle-truths; so native to our lips,
That like our mother tongue their thunder slips;
We have no memory when it was not so.
Wherefore we fear not, coming to our own;
Men are we, greatness that our sons shall know
Who us inherit; now we wield alone
The glory; for the mighty ones lie low;
They are dead, brain and hand; they are dust, blood and bone.

I lay the singing laurel down
Upon the silent grave;
'T is vain; the master slumbers on
Nor knows the gift he gave.
I take again the murmuring crown
Whose life is here and now;
And every leaf sings Emerson;
His music binds my brow.

For in this changeful mortal scene,
Where all things mourn what once has been,
Only the touch of soul with soul
At last escapes from death's control:
And from himself I learnt it, — the true singer
Of his own heavens must be the bright star-bringer,
And sphere of dawning lights his morning song;
So shall his music to God's time belong,

Not to an age, thus did his orb,
Though dark with earth, the eternal ray absorb
And bright renew; he heard the wind-harp's strings,
The cosmic pulse, the chemic dance,
And saw through spirit-mating things
Man's secular advance.
The song the sons of morning sang
He found on Nature's lyre,
And carols that angelic rang,
Within the heart's desire;
Thence he drew with burning palms
Hymns and far millennial psalms;
And, high o'er all, one strain no dark could daunt,
With notes sublimely dominant,
Sang victory, victory, victory unto man
In whose fair soul victorious good began;
The vision beautiful,
The labor dutiful,
Truth, the finder,
Love, the binder;
And close about our mortal tasks the sacred faces came,
Sweet faces pale beside our paler flame.
He fed our souls with holy dew,
Yet taught us by the line to hew,
Shaping here the type ideal
Our farthest years shall bright reveal
In millions multiplied,
Who shall swarm the green land o'er,
The snow-clad and the golden shore,
And dwell with beauty, side by side;
A type to witness what the spirit can
Amid its daily tasks,
Even such a one as the pure gospel asks,
The bravest lover of his kind, the man American.

And thou, O Fountain, whence we issued forth,
Source of all kindly grace and noble worth,
Who in our fathers poured so wide a flood,
Leave not our temples, fail not from our blood;
Even this that doth along my pulses fleet
From the crown of my head to the soles of my feet,
With all the American years made sweet,
The sweetest blood that flows!
Make us to dwell secure where tempests are,
And find in peace the mightiest arm of war;
And if, past justice' bound, our foes increase,
Make war the harbinger of larger peace;
So in us shall the higher be found
With palm and olive, equal trophies, crowned.
Last for the soul make we our great appeal
There foster and confirm thy own ideal;
Grant us self-conquest and self-sacrifice,
Since only upon these may virtue rise.

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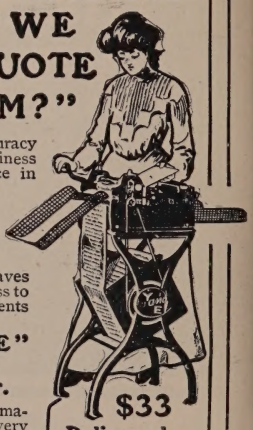

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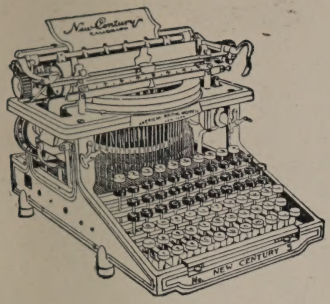

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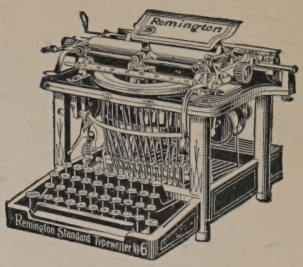

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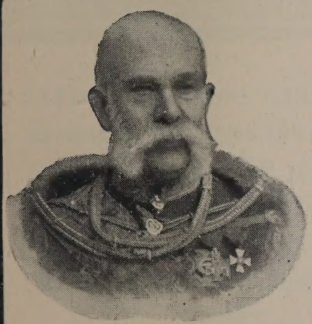

Emperor Franz Josef

Wien, den 7. Feber 1903. Die grösste einzelne Bestellung die jemals gemacht wurde, ist von der Österreichischen Regierung plaziert worden.

Translation of above:

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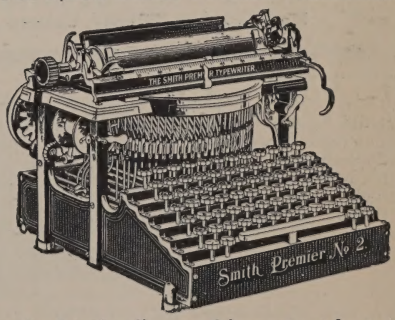

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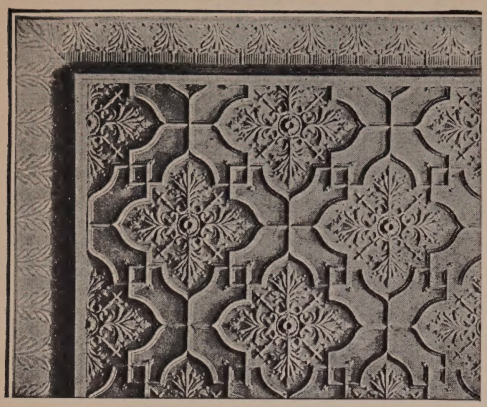

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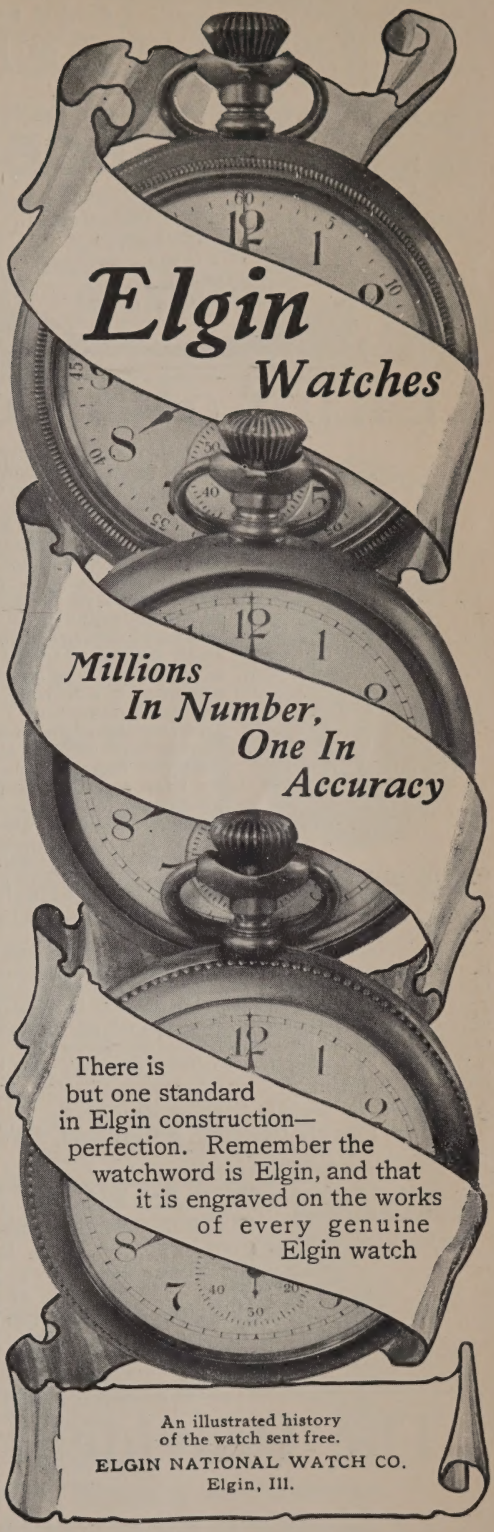

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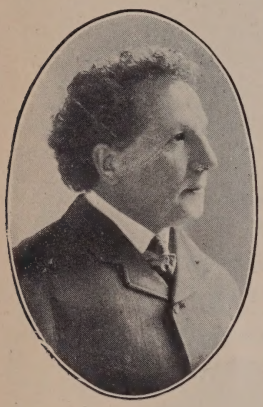

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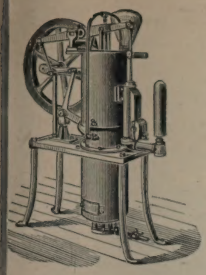

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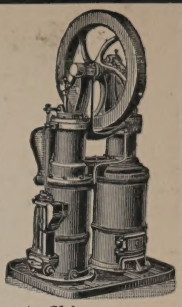

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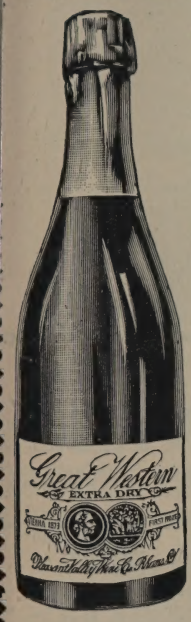

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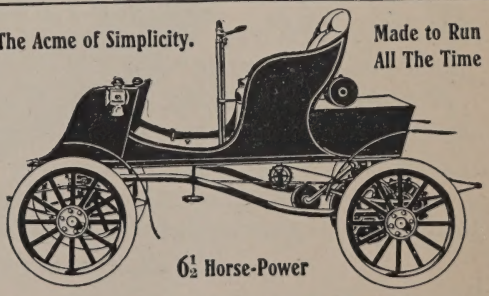

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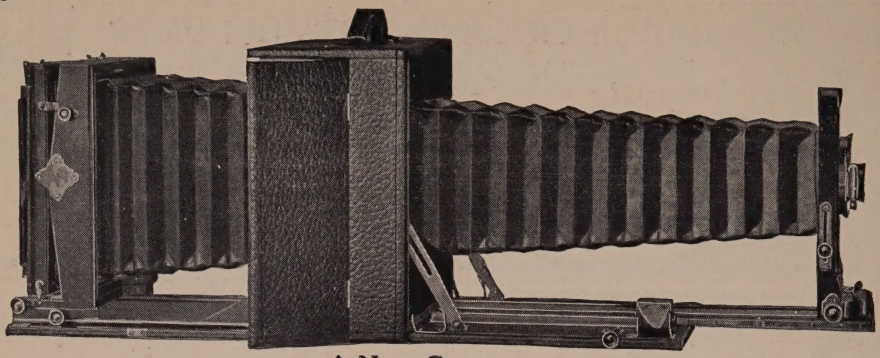

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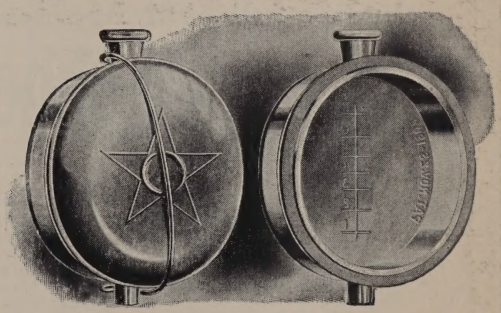

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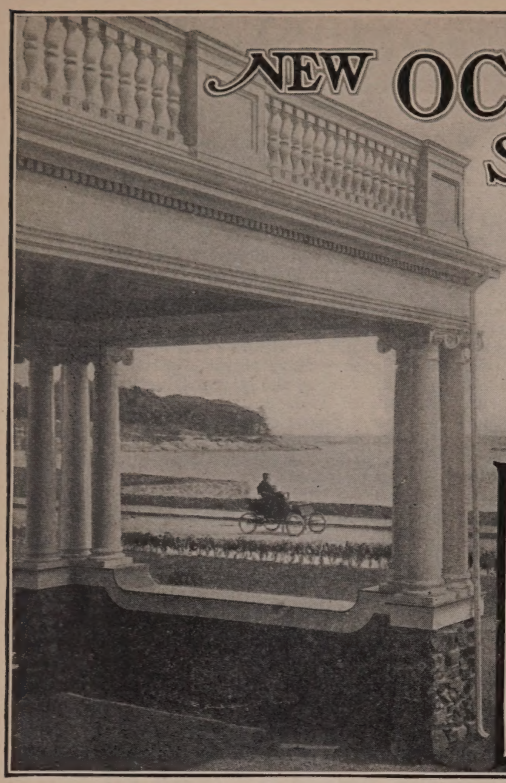

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Kitchen Utensils Having This TRADE MARK (burned in the enamel) are SAFE

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The delightful country of health-giving, light, dry air and inspiring scenery is the ideal place to spend your

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A country perfectly suited for either rest, recreation or sport, abounding in good hotels and boarding places adapted to any man's means. It is an inexpensive place to visit and the trip requires but one night en route from Chicago via the

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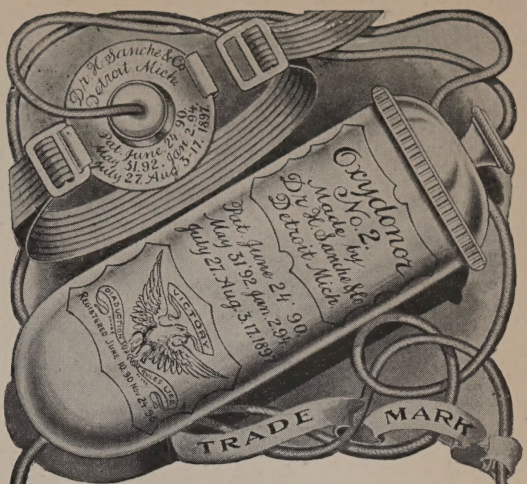

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Oxygen is Life's Necessity — without it man dies, but when the blood is well filled with it, man lives in the full enjoyment of health.

Oxydonor compels the whole organism to drink freely of oxygen from the air, and sets in operation an energizing, irresistible, vital force which eliminates disease of every form by natural process.

Rheumatism, Sciatica, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Influenza, La Grippe, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Indigestion, Debility, Diabetes, Nervous Prostration and all Nervous Complaints, Blood and Skin Diseases, etc., are cured by the use of Oxydonor at any reasonable stage.

Oxydonor supplies to any person who uses it rightly, restoration from any disease, *followed by vigorous health, affording physical and mental force unknown to medicine-takers.*

Oxydonor is not a medicine nor a battery, but it is something infinitely superior to all things used in the past. It lasts a lifetime and will serve the family. Successfully used in all climates and for all diseases.

Write *to-day* for instructive literature and reports of many cures.

Dyspepsia. Rheumatism.

HUDSON, New York, March 8, 1895.
Dr. H. Sanche. Dear Sir: — From the use of Oxydonor my entire system has received wonderful invigoration. The Rheumatism which was serious for more than a year, and the Dyspepsia with its train of difficulties, have been removed to a great extent, so that I have enjoyed unwonted continuous health for the past six months, although my age is seventy-five. Yours respectfully, (Rev.) AARON HUNT.

Eight Years Later.

416 Worth Ave., HUDSON, N. Y., March 14, 1903.
Dr. H. Sanche & Co. Dear Sirs: — Am pleased to report I am getting along finely for an old man in his 83rd year. I get out daily and have not been sick a day the past winter. I own two Oxydonors and an Animator. They are all used in my family when needed with great confidence and satisfaction. Yours very truly, (Rev.) AARON HUNT.

Beware of DANGEROUS IMITATIONS. The name of the Originator and Inventor — Dr. H. Sanche — is stamped on the genuine. LOOK FOR THAT NAME.

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Among the Rocky Mountains in Colorado there are hundreds of resorts where the climate is cool and delightful all summer long. The scenic attractions alone are well worth the trip. Low rates make these vacation trips inexpensive. Living expenses in Colorado are moderate.

If you are interested a postal card will bring complete information.

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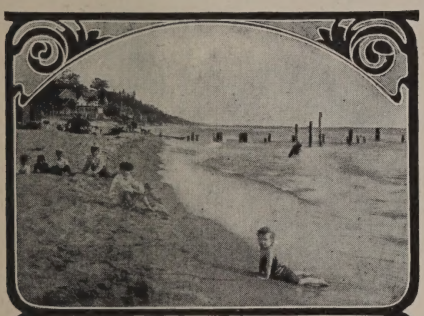

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A complete guide to the Summering places on the coast of Lake Michigan in Michigan, reached by the lines of

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Booklet of 64 pages, illustrated in fine half-tone engravings, with information concerning hotels, sports, etc., will be sent to any address.

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A guide to the spot where the best sport is to be found in Michigan, mailed on request.

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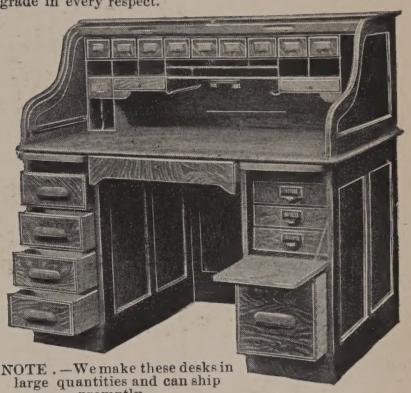
$24.00 = BUYS THIS GENUINE OAK "MACEY"

desk, No. 27A, *exactly as illustrated*, direct from our factory at Grand Rapids, Mich., **Freight Prepaid** east of the Mississippi, and north of Tennessee (points beyond equalized), sent "On Approval," to be returned at our expense if it is not the best roll-top desk ever sold at the price. (Ask for catalogue.)

THIS DESK is 50 inches long, 30 inches wide, and 48 inches high; it has quartered oak front, closed back, front base mould, 22 pigeon holes, 9 oak front file boxes, 2 arm rests, large center drawer (with lock) *ball-bearing* casters, 2 ink wells, 5 large *anti-friction* pedestal drawers, 2 pen racks, 2 stamp drawers, **1 card index drawer, 3 letter files** with indexes *complete* (with lock) — Macey-Pascal patent curtain lock, mouse and dust-proof bottoms. It is made with our **sectional** construction by which it can be quickly taken apart and put together, and the entire desk has our special **velvet polish finish.** It is strictly high-grade in every respect.



NOTE.—We make these desks in large quantities and can ship promptly.

Never in the history of the entire desk business has a HIGH roll-top desk, *so complete*, of *equal size*, and *strictly* **high grade** in every detail, both of *material* and *finish*, been sold direct to the user by a factory at any time, on such **liberal terms** and at **so low a price.** This is a strong statement but the desk itself merits it.

THE FRED MACEY CO., Ltd., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Makers of High-Grade Office and Library Furniture, including the most complete lines of
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6% PER ANNUM, TAXES PAID

IN order to take care of our rapidly increasing business, we propose to enlarge our factories at Grand Rapids, Michigan; and in order to do so, offer for sale, at par, 1000 shares of $100 each, of our 6 per cent Treasury Preferred Stock. This stock is CUMULATIVE—pays 3 per cent SEMI-ANNUALLY, and the TAXES ARE PAID by the company. For Particulars address Fred Macey, Chairman, The Fred Macey Company, Ltd., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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THE PERFECT SEASONING for
SOUPS, SALADS, OYSTERS, CLAMS, FISH, SAUCES, GRAVIES, ETC.

Indispensable on the table and in kitchen. Assures good digestion. Imparts delicious flavor. Purer and more healthful than any ground pepper. **Ask for McIlhenny's Tabasco Sauce at your dealers.**

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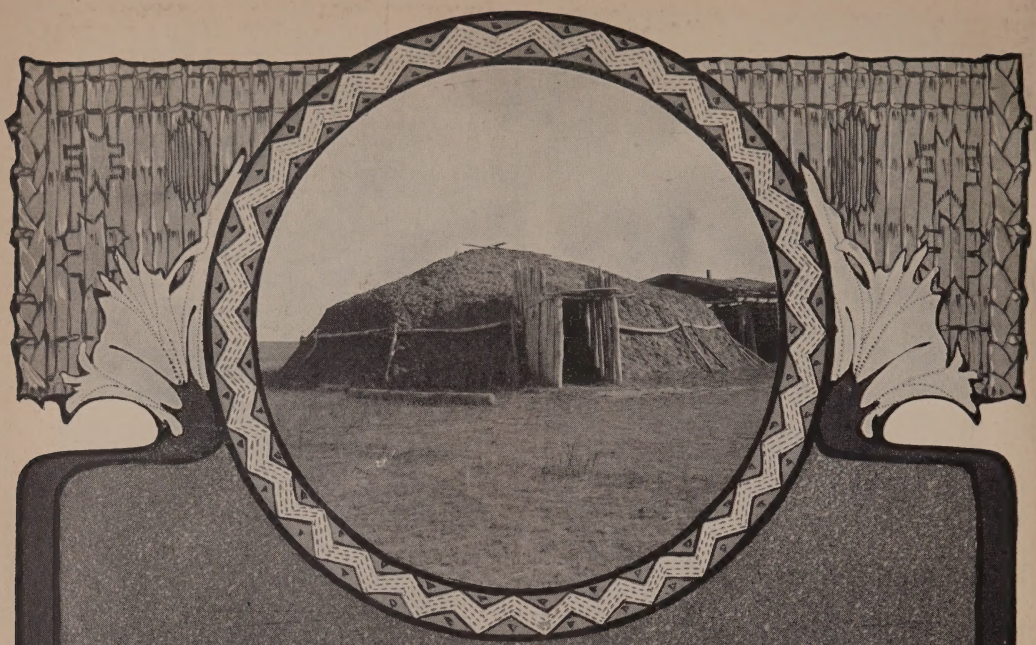

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Earth Lodge was a unique structure.

Read about it in "WONDERLAND 1903" sent for six cents to any address and any where.

Other interesting things there to read about too. Yellowstone Park for example.

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The Maximum of Effect
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SILVER POLISH
IN CAKE FORM

This novel preparation cleans as well as polishes. Does not cake or fill up even the minutest interstices of ornamental work. Contains no deleterious ingredients and is most economical in use.

Price 25 cents a package

If unobtainable at your jewelers', send 25 cents in stamps for trial package to

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QUALITY AND PRICE.

No cobbler sticks to his last as we stick to quality and price—the best piano for the money—the very best. A reputation for reliable goods is better than a reputation for low prices, but a good piano for less money than we charge for one, does not exist. The

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is one that holds a unique position. Whenever or wherever it is spoken of, words of praise are always used. Back of its high position in "pianodom" is over half a century of honest effort to make the very best piano possible. The price is reasonable, and we guarantee satisfaction. Sold on easy terms anywhere in the United States. Send for illustrated catalogue and easy payment plan.

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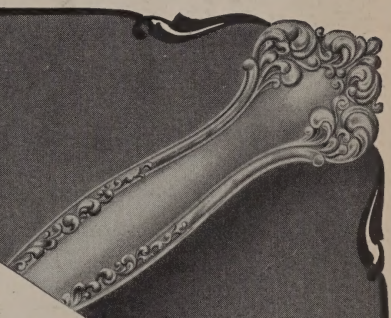
56 Years Ago—*Quality*



From the starting point back in **1847**, when **Rogers Bros.** silver plated ware was first made and sold, there has been no reduction from the original superior quality.

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

goods were first made at a time when "quality counted." The high standard has ever been maintained—even increased, and to that has always been added the beauties of new designs that progress brings to skilled workmen. To-day the complete trade-mark "**1847 Rogers Bros.**" stands alike for *quality* and *beauty*, and is the guiding mark for purchasers of "*Silver Plate that Wears.*" Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Beautiful patterns are fully illustrated in our catalogue No. F-4 sent free anywhere. Address

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn., (International Silver Co., Successor.)

TO-DAY—*Quality and Beauty of Design*

The Water Used in Schlitz Beer comes from six wells bored to rock

We are on the shore of Lake Michigan, yet we go into the earth to get water that is absolutely pure.

And we go to Bohemia for hops, when other hops cost but half.

We spend fortunes on clearness.

We not only filter the beer, we filter all the air that touches it.

And we age the beer for months in refrigerating rooms, so it cannot cause biliousness.

Then we sterilize each bottle, to kill every possible germ.

Schlitz sales increased 132,916 barrels last year

That's a greater increase than of any other brewery in the world, and above are the reasons for it.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.

ikes Life H[illegible], More Productive."

You Should Know

ORANGEINE

POWDERS

Because Orangeine promptly **corrects all pain,** fatigue and the "little ills that lead to serious ailments."

Because Orangeine **cures** Headache, Colds, Neuralgia, Indigestion and a host of common ills.

Because Orangeine is a positive "Tissue Builder" and Tonic to the system.

"Acts while you take."

The Best Indorsed Because Most Useful Prescription.

NOTE—Our direction booklet in every package gives full simple directions from countless successes and **describes the composition** of Orangeine Powders. Our mail is a delightful panorama of human attest from all over the globe and from every human age and condition.

To Illustrate We Select The Following:

Foreign Appreciation of Orangeine.

[illegible] following cable order for $1800 worth of Orangeine, from a big London distributor, Illustrates the London demand:

"London, Apr. 3rd, 1903.

Rush 35 gross quarters; ten gross 50's; five gross dollar. GARRATT."

LADY DOROTHY STANLEY, in 1898 said: "Orangeine acts like magic."

In March, 1903, she writes: "I am glad Orangeine can be bought here, as I have had to send to America for it. There is nothing like it for headache and nervous fatigue."

Chevalier J. P. SPANIER writes from Rome, Italy:

"Please send me by mail, registered, as usual, with bill, 300 powders of Orangeine. I would not get along without them. Also send the same to *Sir John Tyler, Portland Place, London,* whose card I enclose. Sir John generally disapproves of patent remedies, but expresses absolute belief in Orangeine. *He is one of the greatest physicians in London, and attends royalty.*"

MR. JAS. R. WALKER, a prominent resident of Chicago, now in Europe, writes from Berlin:

"I have always appreciated Orangeine, but did not fully realize how important it was for the health and comfort of my family and myself, until I was no longer able to buy it. Please send me 12 dollar packages."

Colds and Grip.

Thousands describe the promptness of Orangeine to Prevent—Heal—Dispel after effects.

Saves Time and Suffering.

MR. RALPH MCNEIL, 108 West 42nd St, New York City, writes: "I am foreman in a large factory, employing many girls. I find Orangeine very useful, to correct their small ills, and keep them at work. Have so used it for months."

Now About Hay Fever.

Our motto for Hay Fever sufferers, **"Stay at Home, Go Anywhere"** has been appreciated, during the past five years, by thousands of liberated mortals, who have taken Orangeine under our simple directions, beginning two or three weeks before the expected attack.

Specimen Experiences.

MR. W. K. SEAGO, of the great firm of W. K. Seago & Co., New Orleans, writes: "For 15 years, Hay Fever drove me to the mountains or lake resorts. During the past season, by the aid of Orangeine, I remained at home, with greater comfort and relief than any Hay Fever resort ever afforded. What more can I say?"

MR. W. M. HUGHES, a prominent Banker of Newport, R. I., writes: "My first experience with Orangeine Powders was in connection with Hay Fever, which troubled me many years. I am frank to say, Orangeine has accomplished an entire cure."

Nervous Prostration and Melancholia.

MR. WALTER H. BRADLEY, writes from Kalispell, Montana: "Please send me $10.00 worth of Orangeine, which I use and distribute to friends wherever possible. About two years ago I bought $2.00 worth of Orangeine, while residing in Michigan, where I was ill with Nervous Prostration. I treated with the best physicians in the state but got no relief until I began to use Orangeine."

MRS. E. B. COLLINS, of Carson City, Mich., whose experience has literally established Orangeine in her community wrote the other day: "We cannot keep house without Orangeine."

HEADACHE.

Nervousness. Fatigue.

MRS. PAUL KENNICOTT, Wood Lake, Neb., writes: "Orangeine has become a regular time saver for me, nipping in the bud what used to be all day and all night headaches."

MRS. MILLIE NORRIS writes from Jamestown, New York: "I can not extol Orangeine enough—it has almost entirely cured me of the worst sick headaches any one ever suffered."

MISS HELEN BERTRAM, the popular American song bird, described the peculiar action of Orangeine when she said: "I find Orangeine a perfect remedy for headache and a tonic for the voice and nerves."

Nervous Dyspepsia.

Major J. A. OLMSTED, U. S. A., Commandant Iowa State Normal School, Cedar Falls, Iowa, writes: "I have long suffered from an obstinate case of Nervous Dyspepsia. Orangeine is doing me great good, and I look for ultimate recovery. It is the only medicine I have ever found that helped me and there is no reactive effect from it."

Its Wide Range.

DR. C. L. LAWRENCE of Oakland, Cal., recently telegraphed for $10.00 worth of Orangeine, and later wrote as follows: "I am using about $5.00 worth of Orangeine per month with the best of satisfaction to myself and patients. I have used Orangeine during the past 2 years in a hundred different ways, always with the same result of relief, and have yet to find any detrimental after effects. Among other applications I have had many cases of Measles, Neuralgia and even Hepatic Cholic."

DR. EDGAR C. BEALL writes from New York: "Orangeine by its results *compells my respect more than any drug or combination of drugs I have ever known.*"

MISS CELLAH WATERHOUSE. Wausau, Wis., writes: "My father is using Orangeine successfully for Asthma."

Trial Package Free Orangeine is sold by druggists everywhere in 25c, 50c and $1.00 packages. On receipt of 2c postage we will mail 10c trial package FREE with full directions, composition and description of its wide human influence. **Orangeine Chemical Co. 15 Michigan Av. Chicago.**

NEW MODEL R&G Corset No. 837

is designed to fit the normal average figure. It has a moderately low-bust and moderately deep-hip. It is the best type of straight front corset.

It is a sensible corset, combining comfort of fit with beauty of outline. It will suit all figures except the very slender and the very stout.

The price is **$1.50.** Over 10,000 dealers sell **"837"** and other R & G Corsets, ranging in price from **$1** to **$10.**

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